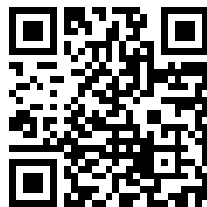

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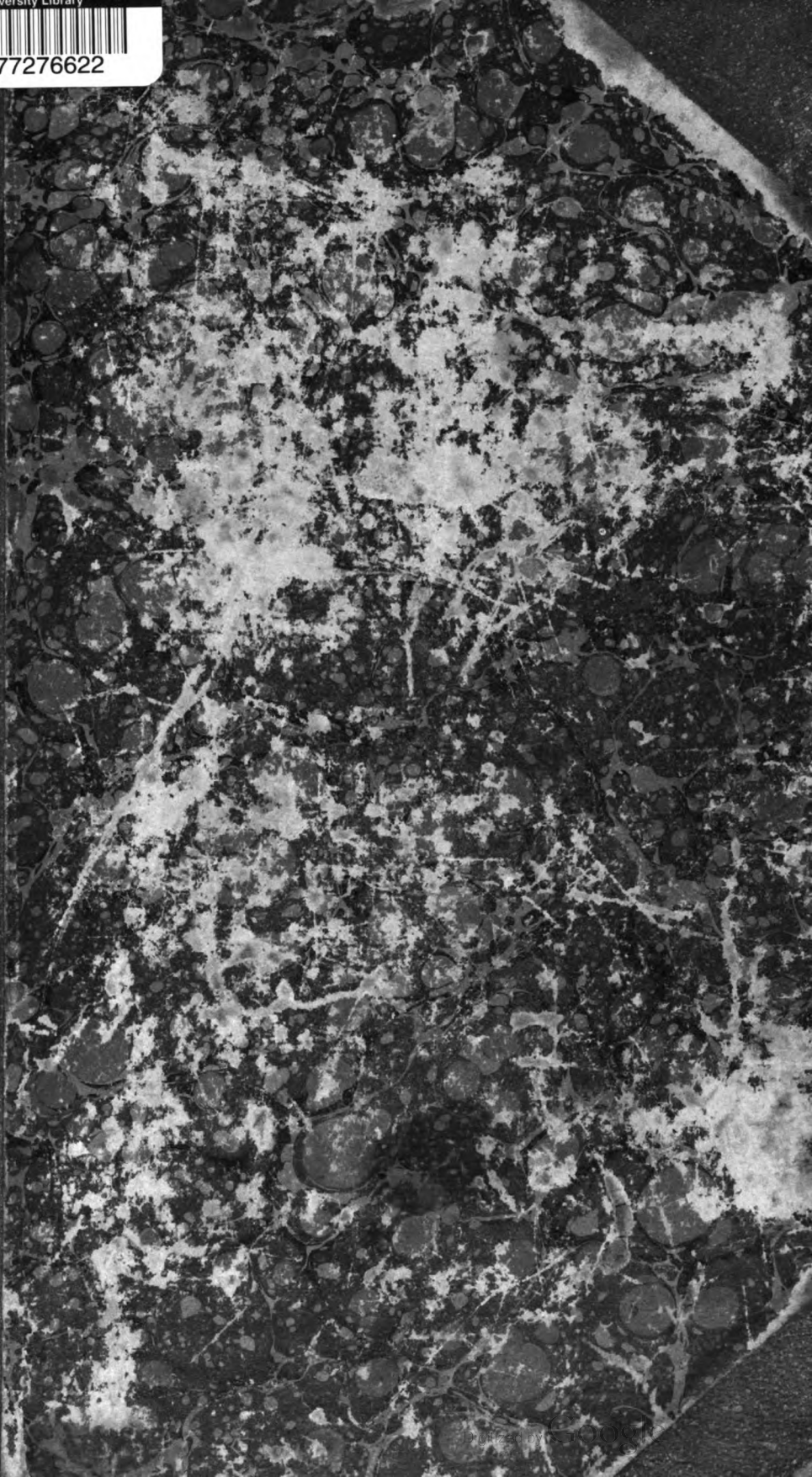
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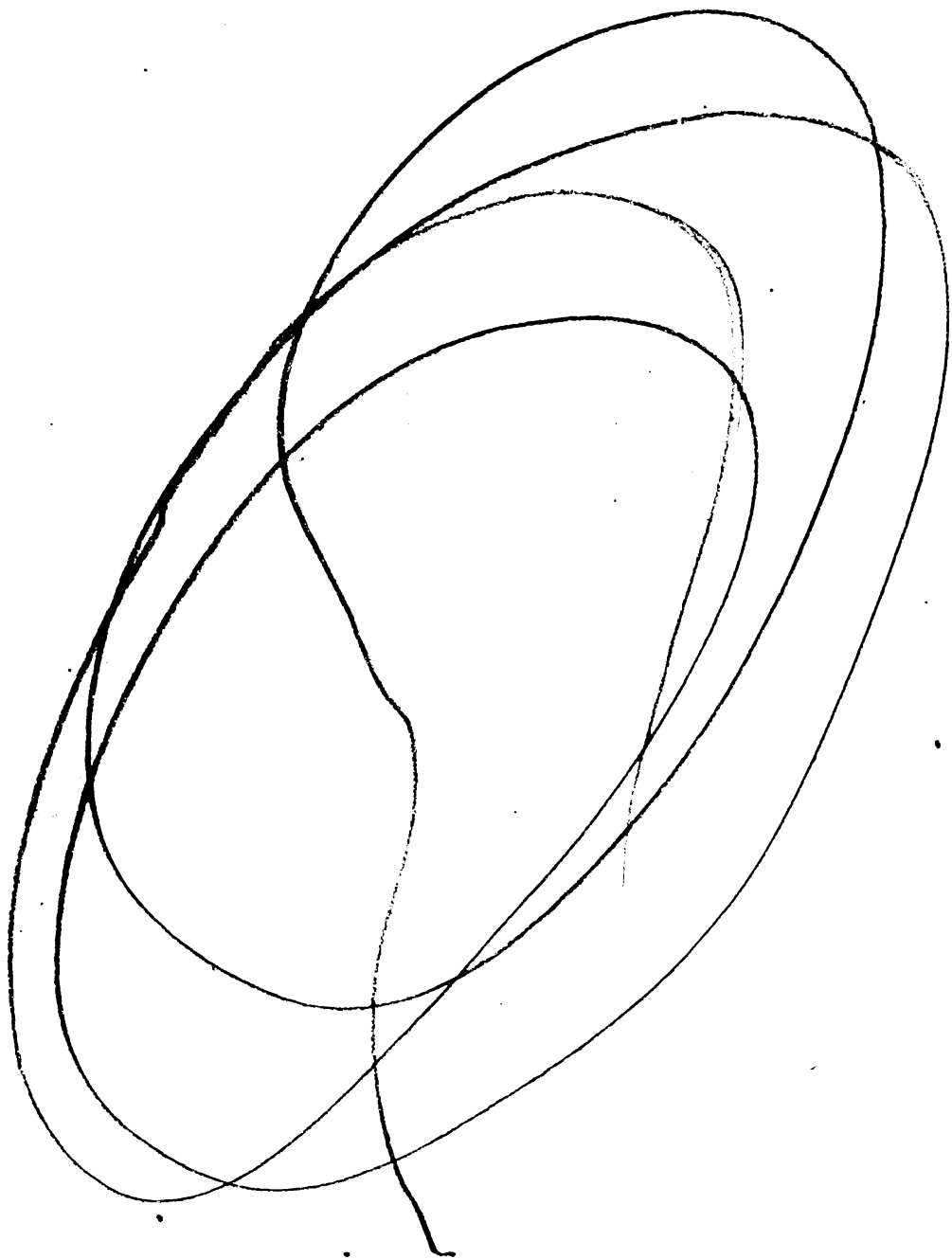


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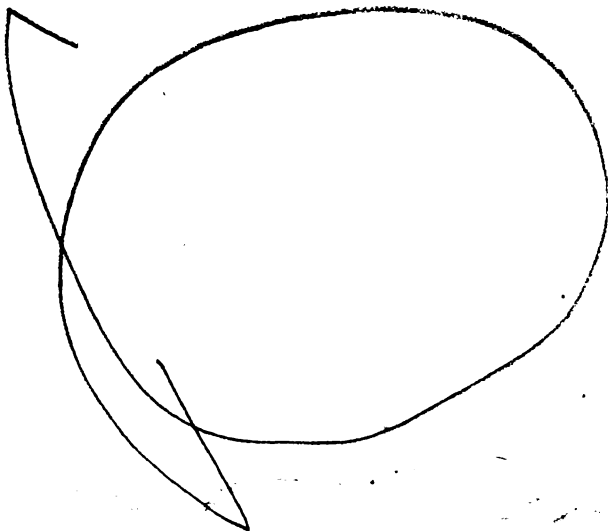
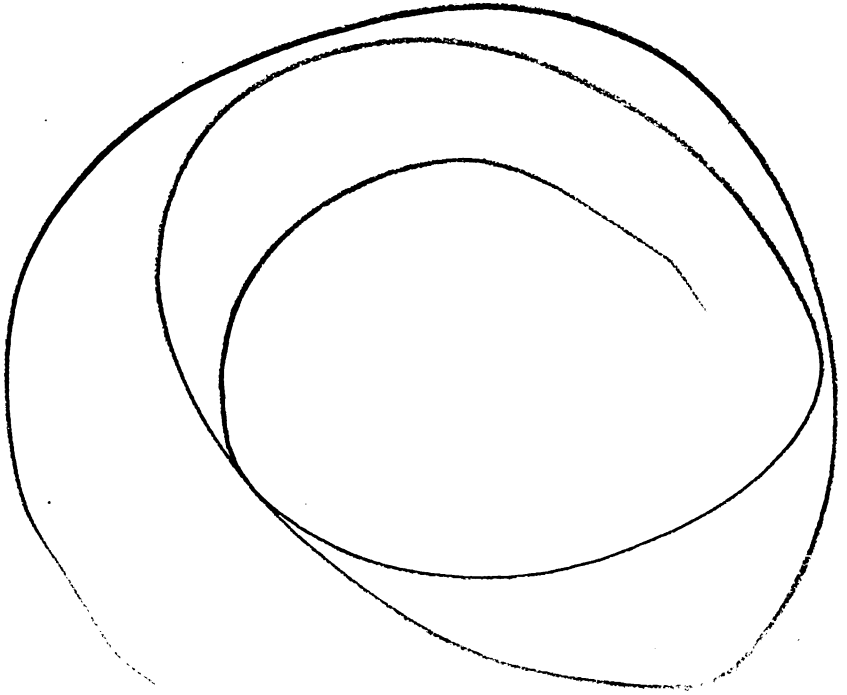


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BALLOU'S
DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XV.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1862.



BOSTON:
OFFICE OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.
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BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1862.

WHOLE No. 85.

GLIMPSES OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

WITH the opening year, we once more come before our readers, and offer in our illustrated department, a fine series of views in Louisville, Kentucky. They occupy the first six pages of the Magazine, and were drawn expressly for us. Louisville is situated on the Falls of the Ohio River, at the mouth of Beargrass Creek, about 130 miles below Cincinnati. In a commercial point of view, it is the most important place in the State. It is the seat of justice of Jefferson county, and stands upon an extensive sloping plain about a quarter of a mile above the princi-

pal declivity of the falls, and seventy feet above high water mark. The falls may be seen from the city. In high stages of water they almost entirely disappear; but when the water is low, the whole width of the river, which is here nearly a mile wide, is covered with foam. The river is divided by a fine island, which gives a picturesque appearance to the scene. To obviate the obstruction to navigation caused by the falls, a canal two and a half miles long has been constructed around them. The Marine Hospital, shown on page 8, is situated on the outskirts of the city,



BRIDGE OVER BEARGRASS CREEK, LOUISVILLE.



SPEED MARKET, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

and is a fine, commodious building. It was built, we believe, in 1823. Our view in Sixth Street presents the general appearance of the Louisville streets, all of them being shaded with fine trees. The church on the right is the First Presbyterian; that on the left is the Saint Paul's Episcopal. Market Street contains several markets, one of which, the "Speed Market," is given herewith. The sketch was taken from near the "Kentucky Market," which is immedi-

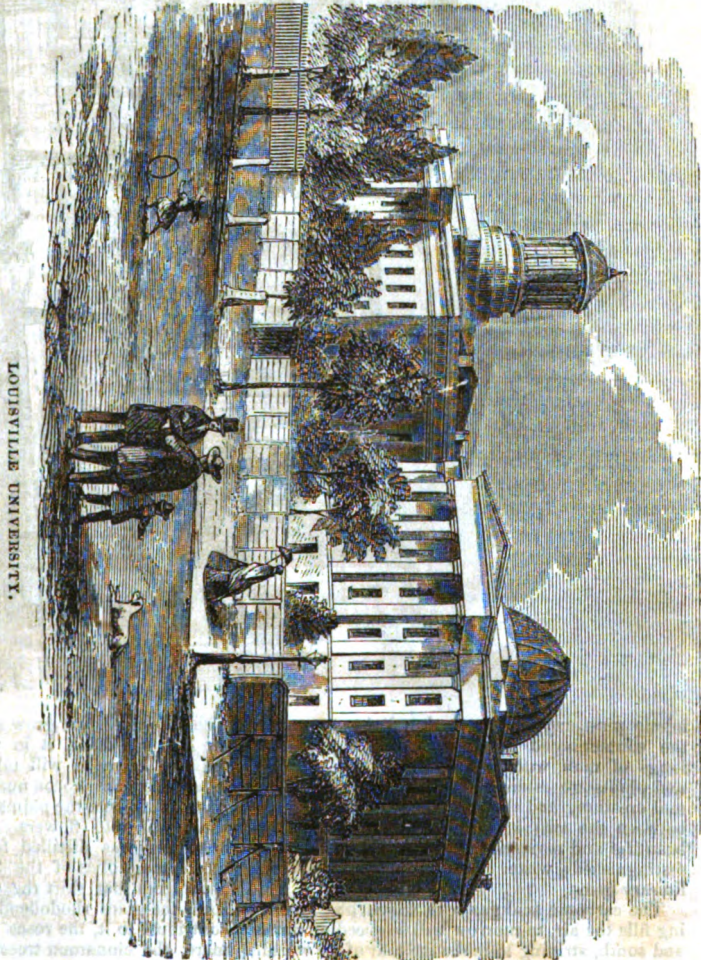
ately in the rear of the spectator, and not seen in the picture. The University of Louisville, on page 7, is situated on Chestnut Street, corner of Eighth Street. The buildings have a fine location, and are an ornament to the city. The left hand building in our view is the Medical, and the other the Law Building. Beargrass Creek, shown on the previous page, is a picturesque locality, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which is seen in the picture. The buildings seen

at the right of the picture are connected with the gas works. Another engraving represents the St. Joseph Infirmary, a Catholic benevolent institution, situated on Fourth Street. Louisville was formerly considered unhealthy, owing to the stagnant waters in the vicinity, and subject to epidemic diseases; but these having been drained, it is now one of the most healthy places on the river. The railroads in course of projection will link Louisville, yet closer with other important towns and cities. The situation and scenery of the place are truly beautiful, and some portions of the city command enchanting views. The streets are broad, well laid out, paved, shaded by ornamental trees, and lighted by gas. Eight of them are parallel to the river. Our artist has sketched those of the public buildings which appeared to him best suited to the purposes of illustration. The Medical Institute, shown in one of his drawings, ranks very high, and was founded by an ordinance of the city council, which appropriated \$50,000 for the library, buildings, etc. The Mercantile Library Association, with its well-selected collection of books, and the Historical Society, deserve honorable mention. Louisville, it is stated, may be said to owe its existence to the Falls, which arrest the course of navigation at this point. The canal, to which we referred above, projected to avoid the Falls, was cut through the solid limestone rock at a cost of \$75,000. The dimensions having been found too small to admit the passage of the largest New Orleans steamers, a railway has been projected on the Indiana side, the object of which is to transport such vessels round the rapids by means of a stationary engine and pulleys. In 1850, the entire trade of Louisville was computed to amount to only \$50,000,000. The wholesale business has increased rapidly since that period. There are now over one hundred houses engaged exclusively in the wholesale business, the amount of which is estimated in round numbers at twenty

millions of dollars. The chief articles of export are tobacco, pork, hemp and flour. Although Louisville is devoted rather to commerce than manufactures, still the latter amount in value to about \$6,000,000 annually. For a place which has been in existence but about three quarters of a century, its growth has been very rapid.

VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL KINGDOM.

There is a ceaseless round of force mutation throughout nature, each one generating or changing into the other. So that force which enters the plant as heat and light, etc., is stored up in its tissues, making them organic. This force, transferred from the plant to the animal in digestion, is given out by its muscles in their decomposition, and produces motion, or by its nerves, and constitutes nervous force—force stored up in the body—resistance to chemical affinity; this force produced directly from the solar rays. The solar rays cause those operations in the vegetable world, by which trees and plants absorb the carbonic acid gas which is expired from the lungs of animals, and by which those very plants also



LOUISVILLE UNIVERSITY.



MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

inhale pure oxygen gas during light, to revive the contaminated atmosphere and supply the lungs of man with the breath of life. Trees and plants are essential to the health of the animal creation, and there is a mutual relationship between the two kingdoms. Respecting these beautiful and mysterious operations of nature, a distinguished writer has given the following literary gem :

The carbonic acid gas with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, striving to make the tour of the world.

The date trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in with their leaves ; the cedar of Lebanon will take hold of it to add to its stature ; the cocoa nuts of Tahiti will grow riper on it ; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us a short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon ; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contribute to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon trees of Ceylon, and forests

older than the Flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages, and lotus-lilies sucked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor, the snows that are lying at the top of our hills. Thus we see that the two great kingdoms of nature are made to co-operate in the execution of the same design, each ministering to the other, and preserving that due balance in the constitution of the atmosphere which adapts it to the welfare and activity of every order of things, and which would soon be destroyed were the operations of any one of them to be suspended. And yet man, in his ignorance and his thirst for worldly gain, has done his utmost to destroy this beauteous and harmonious plan. It was evidently the intention of the Creator that animal and vegetable life should everywhere exist together, so that the baneful influence which the former is constantly exercising upon the air, whose purity is so essential to its maintenance, should be counteracted by the latter.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ARTS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Did the ancients know anything about glass? It was supposed by many that they did not; and a work was written to show that they were not acquainted with its manufacture—when a chamber in the ruins of Pompeii was broken into and found to be full of glass of all kinds, qualities and colors. In an article on the subject, Dr. Lardner undertook to show that it was impossible for a steamer to cross the Atlantic; and during the same month that the article was published a steamer crossed from Europe to America. There is in the British Museum a vase brought from Rome, which has been satisfactorily proved to be Egyptian glass, manufactured thousands of years since. The ancients were enabled to manufacture glass of an elastic nature! An instance is on record where a goblet was thrown and damaged, or bent in, and again restored. Wilkinson brought from Egypt a tube glass, in the centre of which was a small duck of purple color, and perfect in its finish and its feathers. It was covered over with white or transparent glass, and annealed. The windows of the ancient cathedrals in Europe, ninety feet high, were ornamented with rich colors, on the glass, representing a prophet or an apostle, etc.; and where repairs have been made with the best stained glass of modern times, quite a contrast in the qualities of the colors was clearly manifest. Did the ancients know the use of the telescope? Sir William

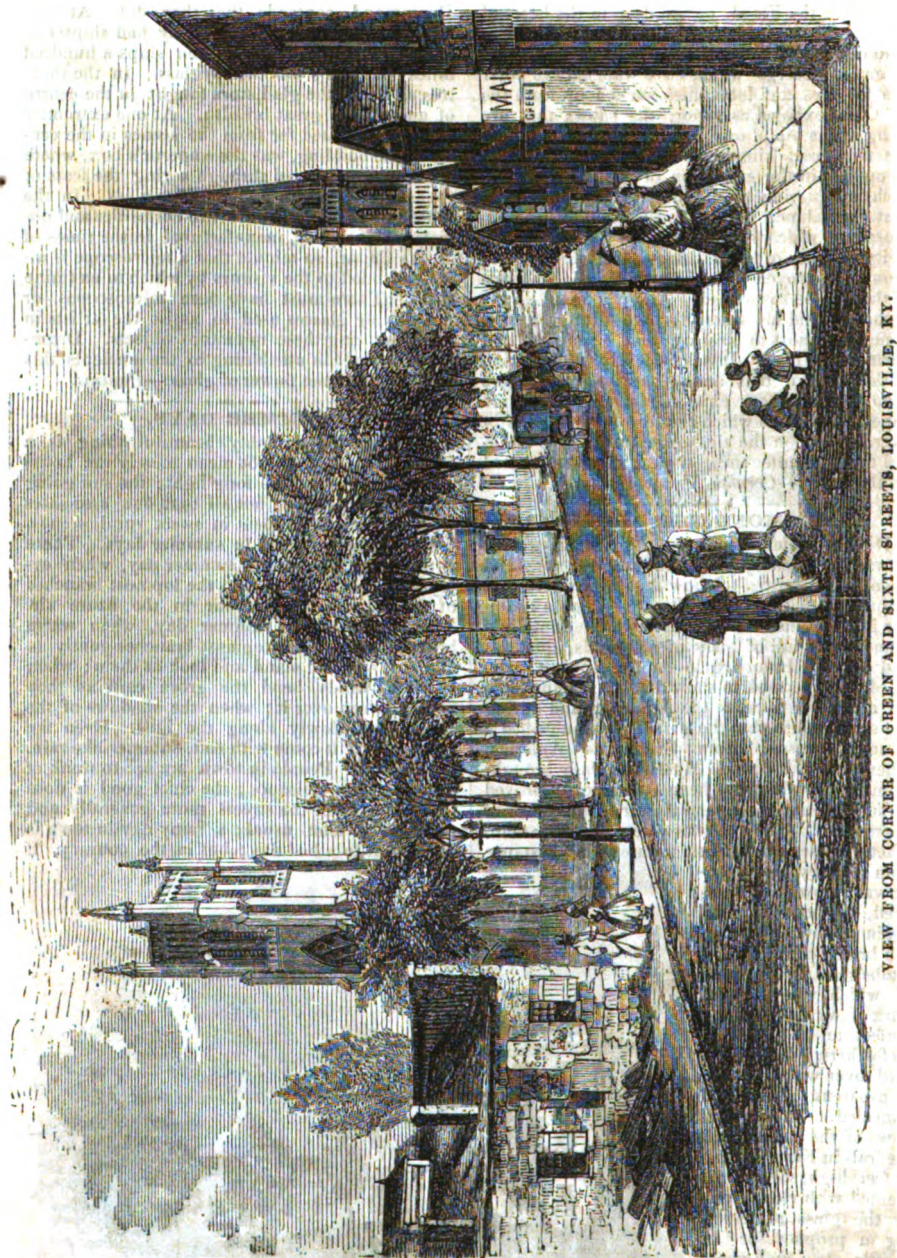
Drummond contends that they did. At Carthage, the historian tells us, they had shipseers, with which they could see their ships a hundred miles off. This was the spyglass. In the theatres at Rome the gladiators fought in the centre of an arena of great breadth. At one extremity of this, separated far from the scenes in the centre of the building, was the emperor's box, where Nero sat, and eyed through a ring the feats of the stage. Here was the opera-glass. In the museums of the old world are curiosities and objects of antiquity, manufactured in the times of Julius Cæsar, so minute that a microscope is always handed to the visitors by which to examine them. There must have been microscopes or magnifying glasses used to assist the artists in manufacturing these miniature objects. Drummond is right in attributing to the ancients this knowledge of the power of glass.—*Phillips.*

SUMMER DAYS.

What an indescribably beautiful thing is a summer day! I do not mean merely the hours as they pass over; the long light; the sun going up and going down; but all that one associates with summer days, spent in sweet rural scenes. There is great variety in summer days. There is the warm, bright, still summer day, when everything seems asleep, and the topmost branches of the tall trees do not stir in the azure air. There is the breezy summer day, when warm breaths wave these topmost branches gently to and fro, and you stand and look at them; when sportive winds bend the green corn as they swiftly sweep over it; when the shadows of the clouds pass slowly along the hills. Even the rainy day, if it come with soft, summer-like rain, is beautiful. People in town are apt to think of rain as a mere nuisance; the chief good it does there is to water the streets more generally and thoroughly than usual; a rainy day in town is equivalent to a bad day; but in the country, if



ST. JOSEPH'S INFIRMARY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

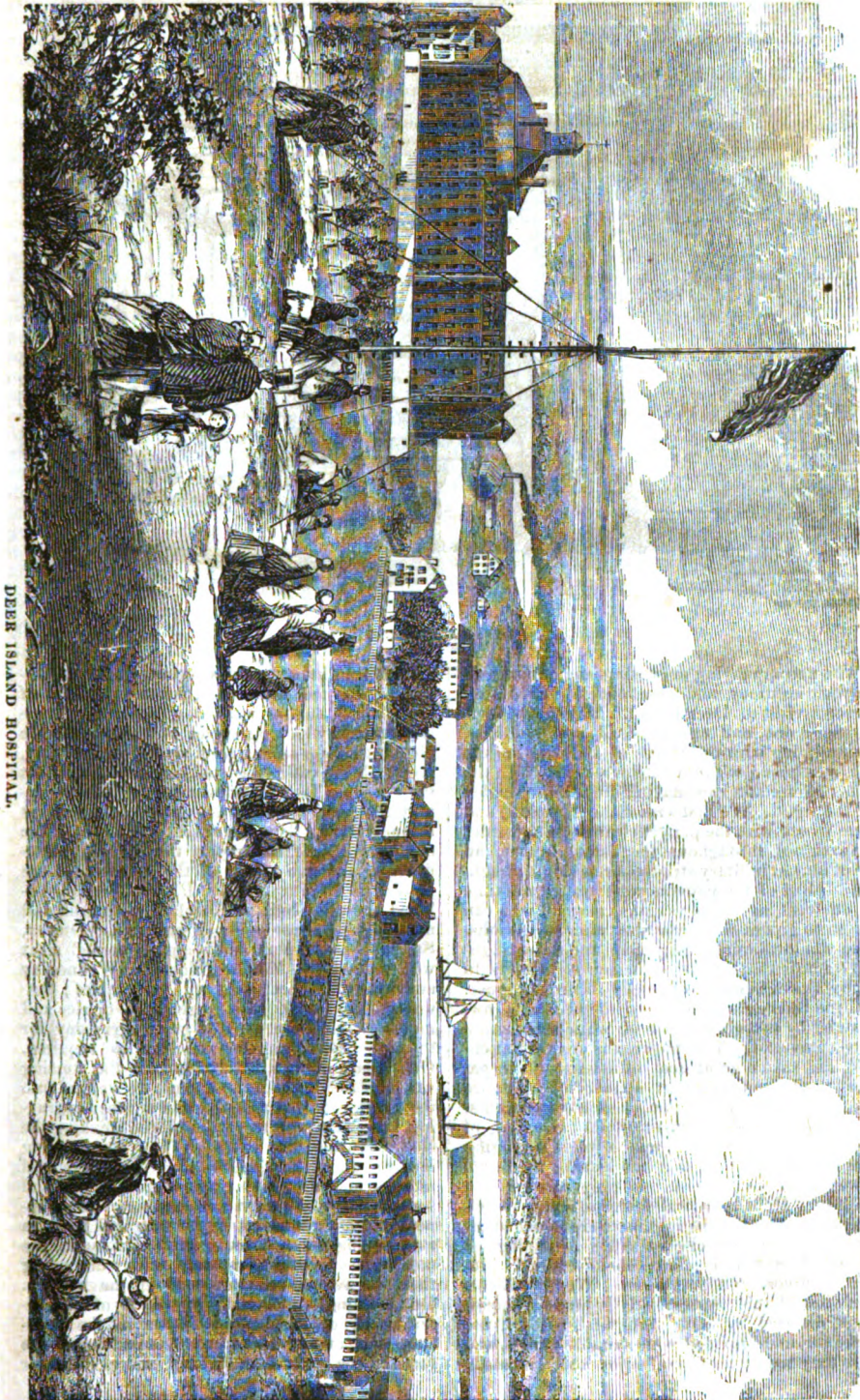


VIEW FROM CORNER OF GREEN AND SIXTH STREETS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

you possess even the smallest portion of the earth, you learn to rejoice in the rain. You go out in it; you walk about and enjoy the sight of the grass momentarily growing greener; of the trees looking refreshed, and the evergreens gleaming, the gravel walks so free from dust, and the roads watered so as to render them beautifully compact, but not at all sloppy or muddy; summer rain never renders well-made country

roads sloppy or muddy. There is a pleasure in thinking that you have got far ahead of man or machine; and you heartily despise a watering-cart, while enjoying a soft summer shower. And after the shower is over, what fragrance is diffused through the country air; every tree and shrub has an odor which a summer shower brings out, and which senses trained to perception will see.—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR.



DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL.



DINING ROOM.

The accompanying engravings are remarkable for their accuracy, and were made for us during a recent visit to Deer Island. The first view is a general one, and embraces all the buildings, commencing with the House of Industry on the left, continuing with the doctor's house, with the Alms House and Hospital buildings intermingled on the right. We first visited the Hospital, and were struck with the perfect cleanliness and order that reigned throughout the establishment, an air of almost military strictness reigning throughout. Most of the patients were out at the time of our visit, as the physicians cause all who can do so to go out whenever the weather admits. The windows were mostly open, and the sunlight fell on beds that would be a source of envy to many a poor resident of a city boarding-house. All the bedsteads are of iron, the beds of straw, covered by two good blankets, white sheet and a check coverlid. The physicians are very attentive, and take a great deal of interest in the patients, who, on their part, appear to have entire confidence in their position, and the attendants. In the female department of the Hospital, of which we give a sketch, was a most engaging and interesting child, that had lost the use of his lower limbs, otherwise perfectly formed and healthy. He is a general favorite, and his intelligent smile and engaging manners touched us more than anything else we saw. Adjoining the Female Hospital, is a large room devoted to infants and very young children. We give a correct view of this nursery. It is here the foundlings, deserted by their unnatural parents, are cared for, and provided with suitable nurses, and here they toddle about and enjoy their infantile

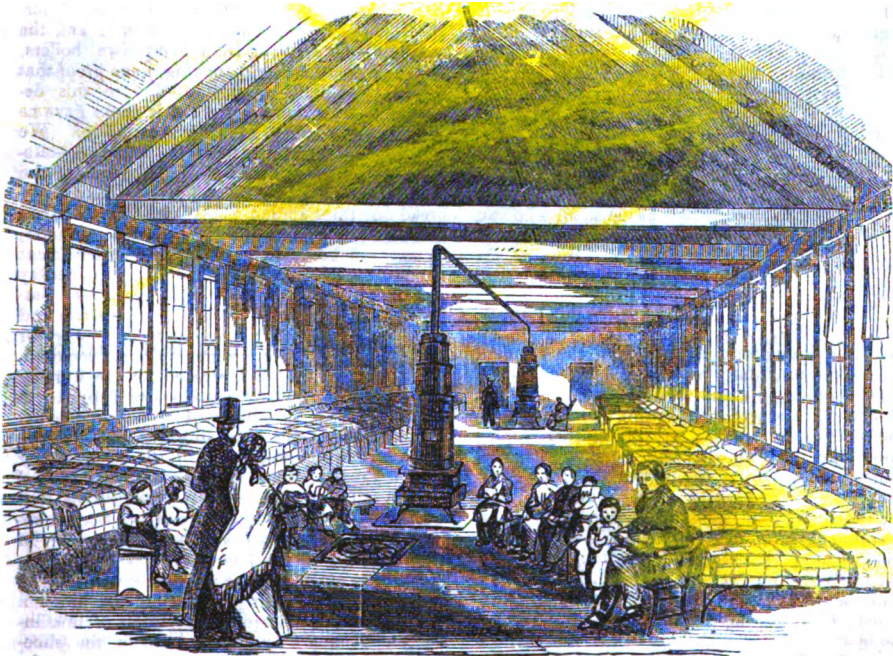
existence in happy unconsciousness of their position. In the kitchens (likewise models of cleanliness) supper was being prepared. Enormous healthy-looking loaves of bread, and the pleasant aroma arising from overgrown boilers, on which the coffee was cooking, gave proof that there was no lack of substantiality in this department, which, one of the Celtic cooks gave us to understand, they were very proud of. We cut from the official report the following statement of the daily fare of the inmates of the House of Industry, Deer Island: Breakfast—bread one-third Indian, chocolate, with milk and molasses. Supper—bread and tea. Dinner, Sunday—baked pork and beans, or corned meat with vegetables; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, beef soup with vegetables; Saturday, beef soup, with vegetables, or rice and molasses. Mutton or veal broth every day for the sick. Beef juice for the sick as required. One quart of milk is furnished for the nursing women daily. From the kitchen we stepped into the Work-room, also depicted in another engraving, where the women are employed, making the clothes worn on the island. They were sitting in rows, quietly making up the coarse blue stuff into garments. One or two were reading, and some walking about, and to us there was an appearance of indulgence we did not look for. In the Dining-room, a long, low apartment, the men of the establishment were quietly discussing the meal we had seen prepared in the kitchen. Our drawing is a correct illustration of this interior. They are employed, some in the shoeshop, and others in various occupations on the farm, in the garden and bakery, and in whatever

necessary work they are capable of performing. Apart from the necessary restriction on their personal liberty, they are much better off than their class in the city, and a great deal better employed than in going about begging of people, who, if they refuse assistance, think they have done wrong, and if they give, feel that they are fostering imposters and loafers. Upon the arrival of a patient or candidate for poorhouse accommodations, his clothes are exchanged for a suit of the poorhouse manufacture, the old one being packed up and put away, numbered, till they are prepared to leave. The next thing is to give them a good bath, and a dose of simple medicine, to relieve the system of the stimulants with which they are mostly supposed to be filled. Then after a rest of a day or two, if not confined to the Hospital, they have some employment apportioned them. Almost the only thing needed to make the institution perfect, is newer and more commodious buildings; those now occupied were never intended for their present use, having been originally erected as temporary hospitals for the yellow fever patients. They are capitally ventilated, but in other respects are rude and unsubstantial. A recent report of the Directors of the Houses of Industry and Reformation states, in regard to the farming operations, that "the product of the farm this year has much exceeded that of the past, and though presenting no tangible result in a pecuniary form, has, nevertheless, been turned to profitable account in the support of the inmates of the institution, and the feeding of the stock of animals. The condition of the island has, also, been much improved, and its productive power increased, by the judicious

culture of the soil by the officer in charge; the beneficial results of which may be looked for in future years." The location of the institutions on Deer Island is admirable for quarantine and hospital purposes, for no spot within the vicinity of Boston is more salubrious; and if not quite as accessible as some spots that might have been selected, still, for the purpose of some of the institutions, its very isolation is a recommendation. There is no question of the fact stated in the official report that the condition of the island is very rapidly improving, and a visit there will satisfy any one of the care and attention bestowed on the patients.

A RUSSIAN WOMAN SHOW.

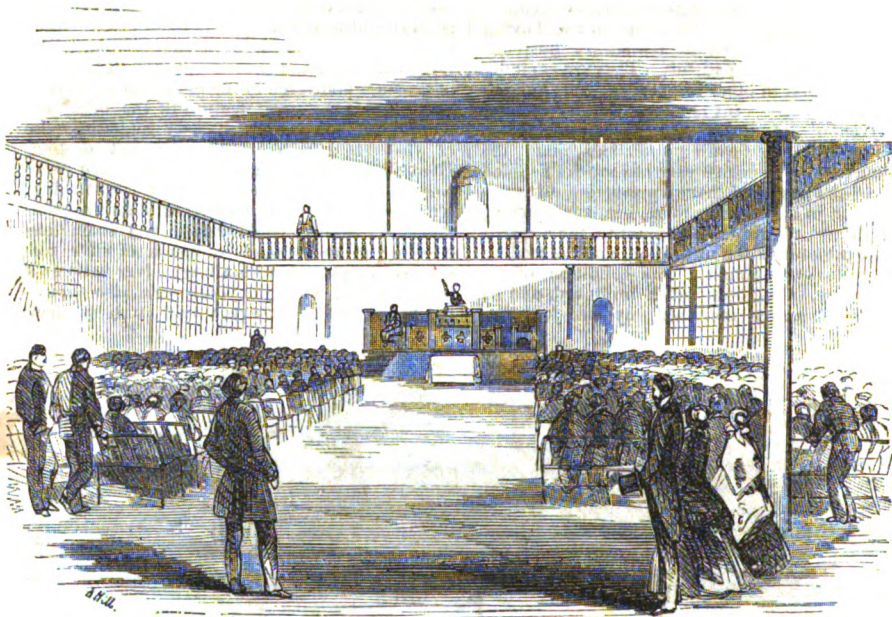
A St. Petersburg correspondent gives the following as one of the peculiarities of northern life. The scene is laid in the "Summer Garden," one of the pleasantest places of popular resort in that city, on Whitsunday afternoon—a festival "observed with scrupulous care," when "it is the custom to decorate the dwelling, boats, rafts, carriages, and church doors, with branches of linden," and when in the old times the "Wife Show" was the great feature of the occasion: The Wife Show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble, to select their partners for life. The girls would come decked out in all the ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver teaspoons; or playing with a huge silver ladle as if it were a fan; while the young men, also appearing to the best advantage, would stroll by them,



DORMITORY AND SCHOOL.

and on seeing any young lady who particularly struck their fancy, would politely inquire about her dower from her parents, who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels. The custom so far exists in the present day that, had I been matrimonially disposed, I might have selected a wife without even the trouble of advertising, to say nothing of saving the time which the more conventional customs of my native land deem requisite for a courtship. Here comes a group attracting more than ordinary attention. They are candidates for matrimony—two young sisters, apparently about eighteen years of age. They are rather pretty, and quite elegantly dressed in light colors, and wearing the little jaunty hats and feathers. Behind them come their parents and an old woman plainly attired, but after all one of the most important members of the fam-

many a sphingster. Her name is Ekatarina, and her dower is so many rubles. After some further cross-questioning the parties separate. In the evening the old woman states to the parents the various propositions she has received, and to the one who has the largest income a note is sent. If all his statements are found correct the thing is considered settled, and Ekatarina is married to Ivan with little more ado. She never thinks of objecting, and neither bride nor bridegroom has any idea of wasting time in courting. But this custom is fast falling into desuetude, and this year not more than half-a-dozen candidates for matrimony presented themselves at the Summer Garden Wife Show for 1861. Two or three years more, and the custom will be a tradition of the past.—*American Gent's Newspaper.*



PRISON CHAPEL.

ily. If a young man is taken with the appearance of the candidates he will give the old lady's shawl a gentle pull, and they will together step on one side and avoid the crowd by turning into one of the side walks. A conversation something like the following will ensue, it being, of course, understood by the parties that the young bachelor is wife-hunting: Old Woman—Well, sir, what is your name? Young Man—Ivan Petrovitch, little mother. O. W.—Where do you live? Y. M.—In Gargarovitch Street, No. 6. O. W.—You are well off? Y. M.—Yes; I get so many rubles from my little store in Gostinnor Diver, and have so much laid up. What's the name of the young lady—the one at the right, little mother? O. W.—You're not the first that has asked me that, for a finer young woman has not been on the Summer Garden for

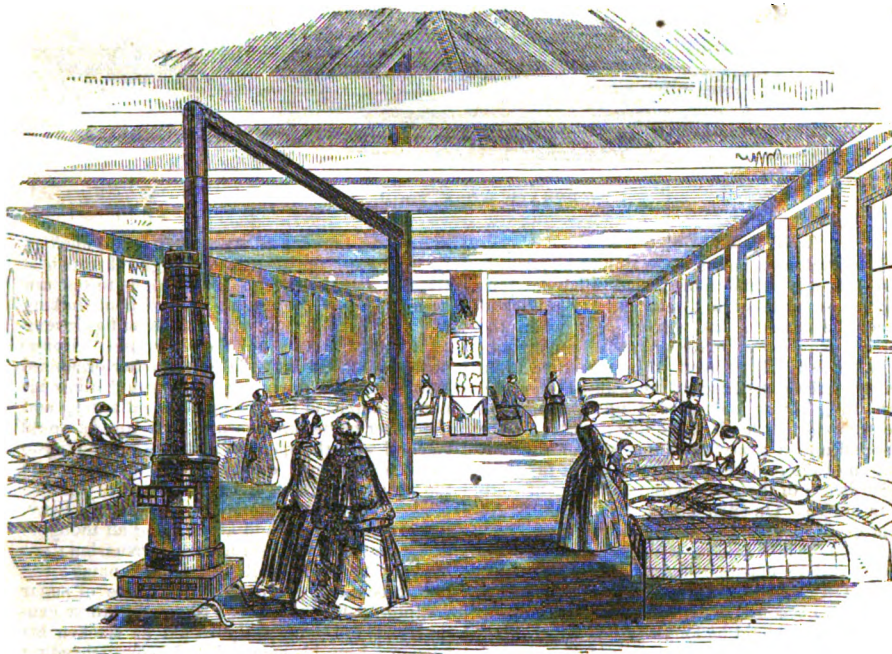
STREETS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The public thoroughfares of the metropolis were unpaved, and were little better than the country lanes; the inhabitants, and even the butchers, threw the offal into the streets, and swine revelled unmolested in the gutters. In Paris a French prince of the royal blood was killed by a fall from his horse in consequence of a sow running between his animal's legs. An order was issued to prohibit them from wallowing in the muddy streets; but the order, it is said, excited the anger of the monks of the abbey of St. Anthony, who from time immemorial had enjoyed the privilege of turning their swine into the public thoroughfares. The monks urged their plea with such pertinacity that it was found necessary to grant them an exclusive right of sending their pigs about town without molesta-

tion, only requiring that the holy fathers should turn them out with bells hung round their necks. The swinish multitude grew fat upon the filth, and formed, with the kites, crows, and other ravenous birds, the only scavengers of the busy streets of Paris and London. In France the people were allowed to throw out of their windows into the streets, filth of the most offensive nature on calling out three times, "Gare Peau!" The principal streets of Paris were not paved until the latter part of the twelfth century, and those of London not until a much later period. Holborn, the great artery of modern Babylon, through which pours in thick succession one loud, busy, rattling stream of life and commerce, was not paved till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Some of the minor streets were scarce-

NAPOLÉON'S COAT OF MAIL.

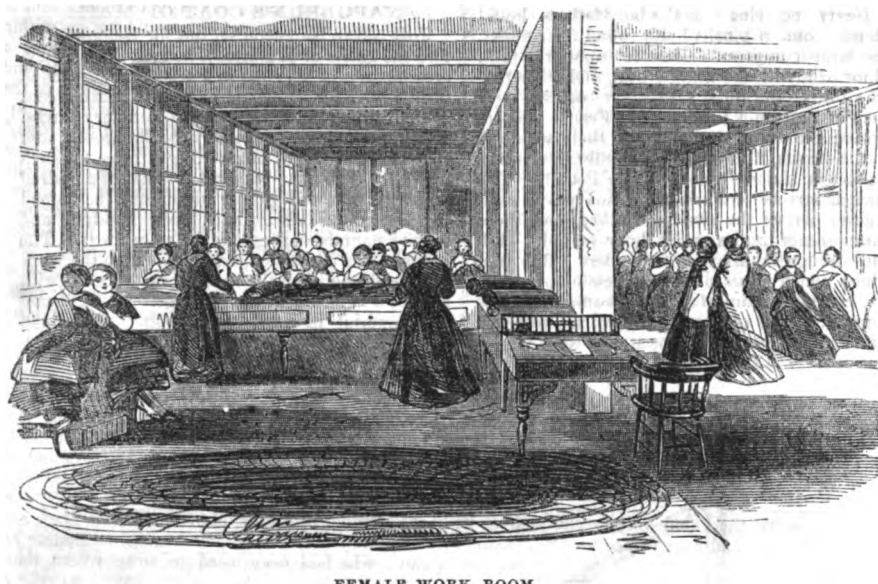
Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs (seven hundred and twenty pounds sterling) as the price for it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the emperor. "Now," said his imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its effica-



FEMALE HOSPITAL.

ly passable. Narrow lanes with hedges, broken only here and there by a straggling house, were the primitive Wood streets, Gray's Inn lanes, and Aldgate streets, of modern times; some would venture to traverse them in the day, but few would risk such perilous thoroughfares at night. Some of the streets were so bad in the prosperous days of King Henry VIII., that they are described as "very foul, and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot." Along such dangerous paths the traveller at night had to grope his way about town in total darkness, except he was near enough to be guided by the lanterns on the steeple of Bow Church, which served as the only landmark to the bewildered strangers.—*Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times.*

cy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" And he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."—*Before and after Waterloo.*



FEMALE WORK ROOM.

THE LADIES' HORSE.

The bridle of a lady's horse should be a single rein—never a snaffle to be pulled upon—requiring the strength of a thread only to guide and direct the animal, and drawn only when the horse is required to be stopped, at all other times to be kept slightly in hand, or be permitted to lie gently on the arched neck of the beautiful creature, permitting him to look abroad upon things and see the road that he is travelling; starting with a bound into a graceful canter at the slightest motion of the rein, or a natural trot at the leaning forward of the rider, without the use of whip or incentive. On such a horse the female figure is properly developed, and its beautiful proportion brought into action, with no longer the fear that the whole machine—horse, rider and all—would fall to pieces were the screws that held it together to become loosened! The paces of the lady's horse should be long, rather than short, that the rider may bend gracefully forward, and not be jerked backward at every step in the most vulgar manner imaginable. A lady equestrian must never appear in a hurry; it is unbecoming and ungenteel, and shows plebeian blood; and many instances are on record, showing that a horse knows a gentleman or lady at sight, as well as most of us. An English lady of rank and wealth, now in Egypt, writes as follows:—"I fear you may deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship, when I tell you that two Arab horses that threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause, however, was not in my skill, but in the very remarkable predilection these intelligent animals feel towards the weaker sex. Let the wildest and fiercest Arabian be mounted by a woman, and you will see him suddenly grow mild and gentle as a lamb. I have had plenty of opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stable there is a beautiful gray Arab, which nobody but myself dare ride. He

knows me, anticipates my wishes and judiciously calculates the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience. It is curious to see how he manages to quicken his pace without shaking me, and the different sort of steps he has invented to remedy contradictory purposes. Horses being as liable to forgetfulness as other organized beings, my incomparable gray would allow his natural ambition to overcome his gallantry, and if another horse threatened to pass him, he would start off with the speed of a whirlwind. Woe to me if under such circumstances, I were to use the strength of my arm, or the power of the bridle! I knew the gallant charger better. Leaving my hand loose, and abandoning all thoughts of compulsion, I would take in persuasion; pat him on the neck; call him by his name; beg him to be quiet, and deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never did these gentle means fail. Instantly would he slacken his pace, prick up his ears as if fully comprehending his error, and come back to a soft amble, gently neighing as if to crave pardon for his offence."

RESPECT TO THE SEX.

It should be the boast of every man that he had never put modesty to the blush, nor encouraged immodesty to remove her mask. But we fear there is far too little chivalry in the present day. If young men do not chuck their partners under the chin, they are often guilty of pressing their hands when the dance affords an opportunity. There is a calm dignity with which to show that the offence has been noticed, but if a lady condescends to reprove it in words, she forces the culprit to defend himself, and often ends in making the breach worse. On the other hand, let a woman once overlook the slightest familiarity, and fail to show her surprise in her manner, and she can never be certain that it will not be repeated.—*Habits of Good Society.*

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

Never be bled! He who loses a pint of blood, loses a pint of his life. Of what is the body composed? Is it not of blood, and blood only? What fills up the excavation of an ulcer or an abscess? What re-produces the bone of the leg or thigh, after it has been thrown off dead, in nearly all its length—what but the living blood, under the vital electrical influence of the brain and nerves? How does the slaughtered animal die? Of loss of blood solely. Is not the blood, then, in the impressive language of Scripture, "the life of the flesh?" How remarkable, that while the value of the blood to the animal economy should be thus so distinctly and emphatically acknowledged, blood-letting is not even once alluded to, among the various modes of cure mentioned in the sacred volume. We have "balms," "balsams," "baths," "charms," "physics," "poultices," even—but loss of blood, never! Had it been practised by the Jews, why this omission? Will the men who now so lavishly pour out the blood, dispute its importance in the animal economy? Will they deny that it forms the basis of the solids, that when the body has been wasted by long disease, it is by the blood only it can recover its healthy volume and appearance?—*Dr. Dickson's Lectures.*

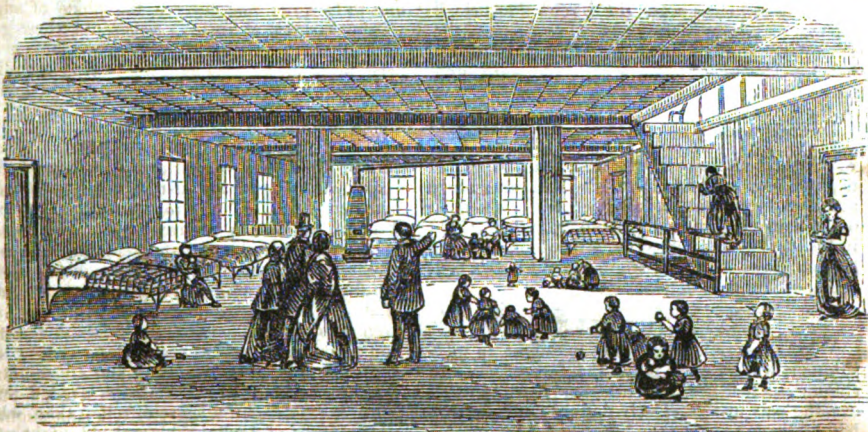
A CANINE ANECDOTE.

A gentleman connected with a Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through

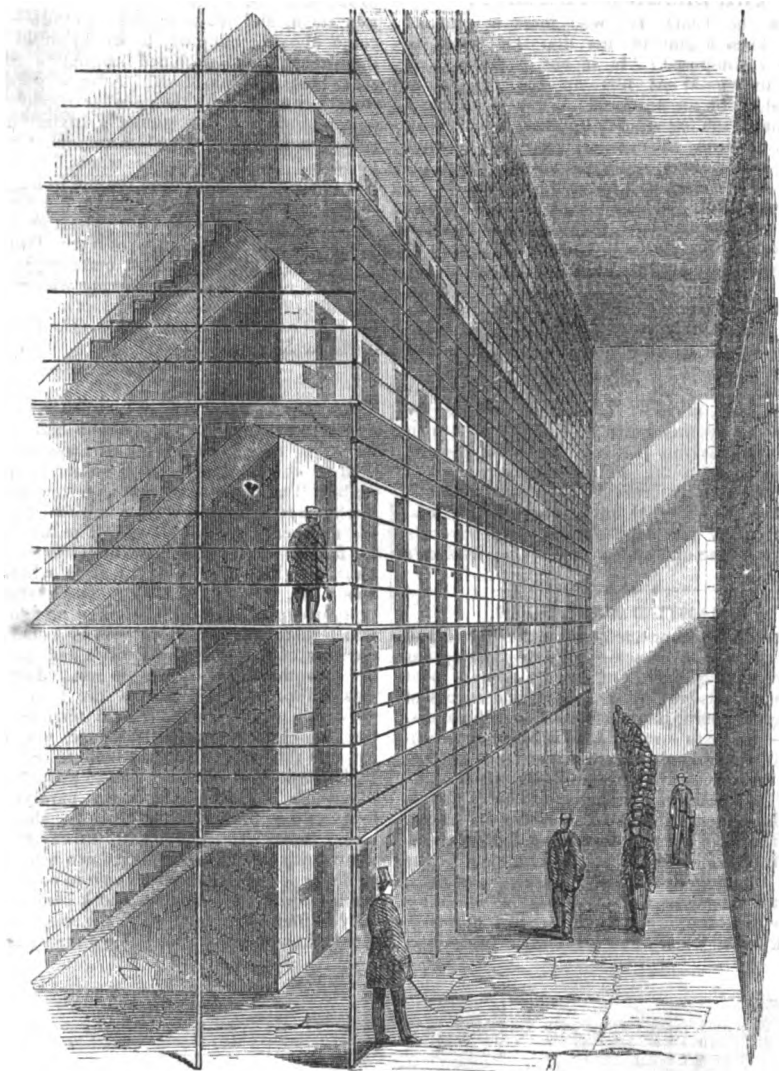
to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning. "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?—*Rev. C. J. Atkinson in "The Zoologist."*

A GHOST STORY.

One day lately an old lady, at Southwick, paid a visit to her nephew, whom she had not seen for a long time. He of course was extremely glad to see her, and insisted on her stopping all night. The house consisted of a front and back kitchen upon the ground floor, with a corresponding number of rooms above. The nephew and his family slept above, and to accommodate his aunt, who had been used to sleep where there was a fire, the old lady slept down stairs. A pony occupied the back kitchen as a stable, from which there was communication by a door. The old lady having made up the fire and performed her devotions, lay down to rest. Just as she was about to fall asleep, the fire then burning very dull, she was startled by a terrible apparition, which stalked across the floor, very slowly, towards the fire. Not being able to see distinctly, her agitation may be better imagined than described. Terror completely paralyzed her, and, as she described afterwards, she had not power to speak. The ghost, however, feeling the fire very comfortable, lay down before it, but in doing so, his hind parts came in contact with the bedstead. The sudden shock caused the old lady to find her tongue, when she cried out: "O, Lord, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!"



NURSEY.



CELLS IN NEW WING.

which she continued to repeat so loud, that her nephew heard her up stairs, when he came down and discovered that the terrible ghost was none other than the poor old Dobbin, who, being cold in his stable, had forced open the door, and laid himself down near the fire in the old lady's bedroom.—*Shields Gazette.*

DAYLIGHT SLEEP.

What most impressed me at midnight, in mid-summer, was, not so much the fact of the sun shining, as that the line between morning and evening was just as clearly defined as if the sun had really gone below the horizon. At a quarter before midnight, you can see it, and yet at a quarter past it was morning, and what you had

said or done only a quarter of an hour before, belonged to yesterday just as much as if night had intervened. You can read all night long. You do nothing in a hurry; you are never belated; and something of the burden and pressure of life seems at last to be lifted quite off your shoulders. But after a few days you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing, thinking, and even enjoying. There is no refreshing sleep; you lie down to rest in broad day. Every time you open your eyes, you think you are to get up. You are never asleep, but always tired, I never felt a more delightful sense of relief than when, after months of daylight, blessed old night came back again, and covered me up to sleep, as a mother covers up her restless child.—*Taylor.*

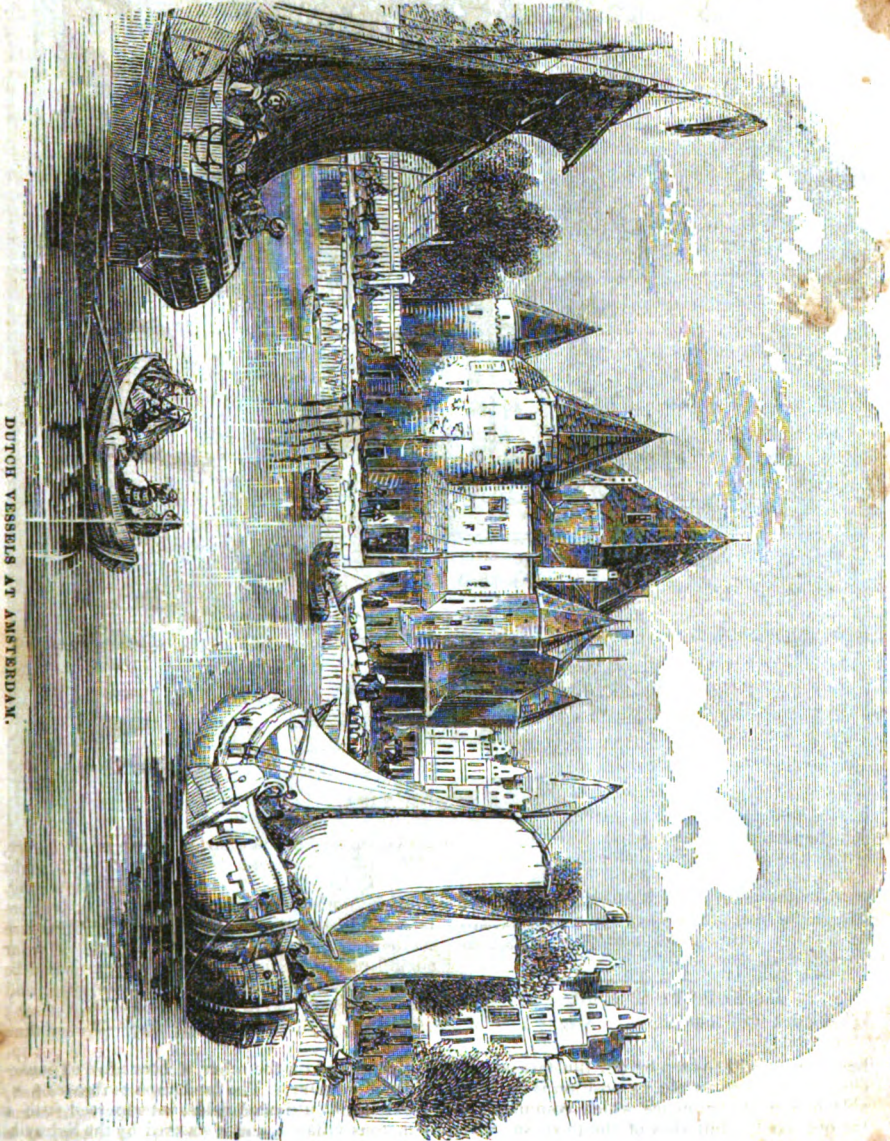
DUTCH VESSELS AT AMSTERDAM.

The engraving herewith presented, not only conveys a good idea of Dutch naval architecture, in the representation of the tub-built and clumsy vessels which they still build, but a pleasant notion of the quaint old city of Amsterdam, with its gable-ended houses, its pointed roofs, and little, antiquated windows. Though the Dutch still build some fine vessels, yet they are, generally, behind the age in naval architecture, and instead of originating models, seek them from other countries. We have seen some of their barques, built after American models, which could hardly be distinguished from Yankees. Yet the Dutch at one time bade fair to be the

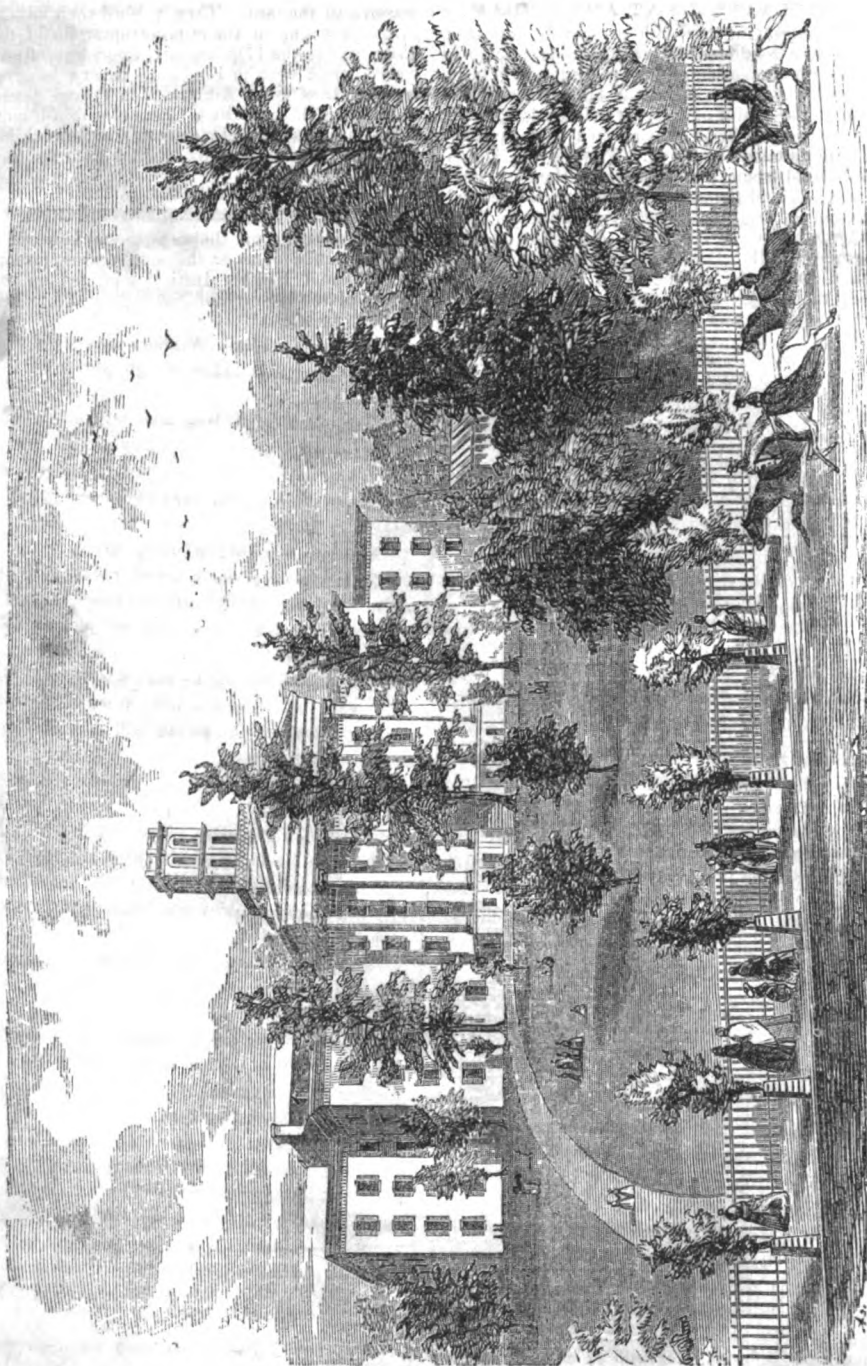
masters of the sea. They pushed their adventurous voyages to the remotest quarters of the globe, and in the 17th century, their ships-of-war were a terror even to England. Every one remembers how boldly Admiral Van Tromp spread his canvass in the British Channel with a broom at his masthead, thereby delicately intimating his intention of sweeping the British from the face of the ocean.

OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The engraving on the next page is from a drawing made for us on the spot, and represents the Oakland Female Institute, located on the border of the borough of Norristown, Pa. The



DUTCH VESSELS AT AMSTERDAM.



OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.

building, as will be seen by our illustration, is an elegant structure, while its position is an admirable one, on an eminence which commands, on the one hand, a full view of the town and its en-

virons, and on the other, a beautiful expanse of rural country. The landscape embraces a wide extent of cultivated fields, interspersed with numerous villages, and is watered by the Schuylkill.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO ONE AFAR.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

Thy last kiss lingers on my lips,
 I feel e'en now thy clasping hand,
 I seem to hear thy voice's tone,
 And see thy smile, so clear and bland.
 I love to dream that thou art near,
 That thou art ever by my side;
 E'en though between us lie broad fields,
 And laughing waters gaily glide.

I can at twilight's peaceful hour
 In fancy roam afar to thee,
 And as I gaze upon thy face,
 Thy pictured face, so dear to me,
 It seems as if the lips must part,
 And loving words fall on mine ear—
 Sweet words of friendship, strong and pure,
 From one I hold in memory dear.

And if, my friend, we meet no more
 Upon the shores of this bright world,
 O, may we both live such a life,
 That when death's banners are unfurled,
 And we are called to cross the stream
 That lies 'tween this and other lands,
 That we may meet in heaven, friend,
 And be united by those bands

That never more are reft in twain,
 Where tears and partings are unknown,
 And seeds of discord, grief and pain
 Are never with bright blossoms sown;
 Where all are happy evermore,
 O friend I love so fondly well,
 Let's try to meet each other there,
 Where never's heard the word farewell!

[ORIGINAL.]

COUSIN JULIET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Look, Wilmot—quick, before she's lost in the crowd."

"Before who is lost in the crowd?"

"The lady I was speaking to you about last evening."

"Where is she? which way must I look?"

"There, just at the left of the group standing in front of the window, where those fine engravings are exhibited."

"Do you mean her in the cloak of rich black velvet, and the bonnet with a black lace veil, and ornamented with tufts of red flowers?"

"Yes."

"Did you say you were acquainted with her?"

"No, I am not acquainted with her."

2

"But you've seen her several times, if I rightly remember what you said last evening?"

"Yes, within the last three weeks I have seen her as many as six or seven times."

"Where?"

"It appears to me, Wilmot, that you catechise me pretty closely."

"I have a good reason for so doing, as I will explain to you at some suitable time. Now, Lyndon, tell me when and where you have seen that lady."

"The first time I saw her was at the theatre."

"Was she alone?"

"What a question, Wilmot. I believe it is not customary for ladies to go alone to the theatre."

"True—I forgot. She was with a party of friends, perhaps?"

"No one was with her except a gentleman, as may be safely inferred, they two being the only persons in the box."

"And you thought the lady pretty?"

"No, the word *pretty* is a very poor one to apply to her. It conveys no adequate idea of a face and air like hers. She was beautiful—superb—angelic."

"The idea conveyed by such a string of high-sounding words, is vague and unsatisfactory. In the first place, if you please, tell me what her complexion was."

"A clear brunette."

"And pale?"

"Yes, when in a state of perfect repose, but all the finer passages of the play were sure to send a rich and eloquent glow to her cheeks in a way which told of quick and changeable currents of feeling."

"Changeable is a word well chosen in her case, I should say, and may be applied to her in more ways than one."

"You know the lady?" said Lyndon, turning sharply round, so that he could look Wilmot in the face, the paleness of which startled him.

"I do," was the answer.

"I am rejoiced to hear it, that is, if you are on terms so friendly, that I may, through you, obtain an introduction to her."

"Excuse me, Lyndon, we will speak of that some other time. Now, I beg that you will answer me one more question."

"Certainly—but how pale you look. You are unwell."

"No, no—I was seized with a sudden pain, but it's gone now."

"Well, your question—what is it?"

"The person you saw with her at the theatre—did you know him?"

"No, but I inquired his name of Harry Harcourt, who knows everybody, and—"

"No matter whom you inquired of—tell me at once, if you know. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"For the simple reason that you interrupted me before I had time to tell you."

"Well, was this Harry Harcourt able to give you the desired information?"

"He was. His name, he said, was Lucian Warder."

"There will be no need of my making a note of it, for I shall be certain not to forget it," replied Wilmot, with a faint attempt to smile.

"By the way, Wilmot," said Lyndon, puzzled at his friend's close questioning, and the agitation he so palpably manifested, "when are you going to redeem the promise you made me a few days since?"

"Promise, did you say? What promise?" said Wilmot, with the air of a man whose mind was engrossed with something else.

"Why, to invite me home with you, and give me an opportunity to judge for myself of the wife you are so proud of for her beauty and many good and attractive qualities."

"When I made the promise, I thought I had good reason to be proud of her."

"And doubtless had, and still have, and yet, as I have hinted, I should like to have an opportunity of judging for myself. What would those of our fellow-students say, who used when we were in college, to call us the modern Damon and Pythias, if they knew you had been married full three months, without ever expressing a wish to introduce me to the woman of your choice? I have half a mind to invite myself to dine with you to-day."

"No, not to-day—not to-day," said Wilmot, quickly, and deprecatingly.

"I see," said Lyndon, smiling, "that you are determined not to invite me to visit you, so I shall avail myself of the privilege of an old friend, and suddenly pop in upon you some day, when you least expect it. Good morning."

"Stay one minute," said Wilmot.

Lyndon turned back.

"The first time you saw the woman we've been speaking of, was at the theatre?"

"Yes."

"And three weeks ago?"

"Not far from that."

"I wish you could tell the exact evening."

"You may do that yourself, if you can recollect what day it was that you started on your journey south."

"That I can readily do—it was Wednesday."

"Then it was Wednesday evening that I first saw her."

"You are certain?"

"I am."

"There must be no room for doubt."

"There is none. As you may remember, we happened to fall in with each other near the railway station, the morning you were going to leave for Richmond."

"Yes, I recollect."

"Soon after parting with you, I met Harry Harcourt, and he spoke to me about going to the theatre that evening."

"And you went?"

"Yes, and it is the only time I have attended this season. Of course, therefore, there can be no mistake."

"None, whatever—thank you." And turning abruptly away, he commenced walking rapidly, in the direction of his own home. For a few moments, Lyndon remained where they had parted, regarding him as he hurried along the sidewalk, with a look of much perplexity.

"What has come over Wilmot?" he murmured half audibly. "He appears as if he was demented, or—but no, that cannot be," and leaving the sentence unfinished, he proceeded in a direction opposite to that which had been taken by his friend.

Wilmot stood on his own doorstep in an almost inconceivably short time after leaving Lyndon, when the distance accomplished was taken into view. He rang the bell with such force as to threaten its demolition, and yet the summons, imperative as it was, failed to be promptly answered.

"That stupid girl," said he, to himself; "does she think that she is at liberty to keep people waiting at the door all day? If she does, she'll find herself mistaken. She shall be dismissed at once." And he gave a second vigorous pull at the bell.

This time, ere the quick, sharp tinkle had reached its culminating point, the door was opened by a girl, who manifested a good deal of hurry and trepidation. This did not escape him, as he unceremoniously thrust her aside, for which there was certainly some excuse, for it must be confessed, that the manner she stood in the doorway, was not exactly favorable to his speedy entrance.

"Where's your mistress?" said he.

"If she hasn't gone up stairs, sir, she's in there," replied the girl, pointing to the keeping-room door, and at the same time looking somewhat frightened.

"That can soon be decided," said he, opening the door.

As he did so, he saw another door on the opposite side of the apartment which opened on a back staircase, hastily drawn to, though it still remained slightly ajar. He could distinctly hear the sound of footsteps ascending the stairway, and as he entered the room, he saw his wife in a hurried manner, he imagined, take some needle-work from a little fairy-looking basket near her. Wilmot cast a sharp glance at her, then round the room, but did not speak. Mrs. Wilmot saw that a cloud darkened his brow, and after some hesitation, ventured to address him.

"You didn't call on Aunt Helen, I suspect, as you thought of doing when you left home this morning," she said, "or you wouldn't have returned so soon."

"No," he replied. "As your engagements were such as to prevent you from accompanying me, I gave it up."

"I regret that you didn't call, for I could perceive by what she said when I last saw her, that she thinks you neglect her."

"You have no such fear on your own account, I suppose?"

"I can't say that I have, for Aunt Helen is neither exacting nor unreasonable, and she knows that I always call whenever I can."

"Which means when there are no such powerful counteractions as the theatre, or, perhaps, a moonlight excursion. Even the engravings at Weston's would doubtless be by her as well as you, deemed a good excuse for refusing the invitation I gave you this morning to call on her."

"I am unable to comprehend your meaning," said Mrs. Wilmot. "Pray explain."

"Explanations are unnecessary."

"I must remain in the dark, then."

"At any rate, you won't pretend that you didn't, for the space of ten, or at least, five minutes, stand in front of Weston's show-window looking at the engravings."

"When?"

"This morning—half an hour ago, perhaps."

"I've not been absent from here a moment to-day."

"Look at that sofa, madam, and see those witnesses against you."

"O, you mean that cloak and bonnet?"

"I do."

"I had forgotten they were there—they belong—"

"Yes, I thought you had forgotten them."

"You think they belong to me!"

"I know they do. Haven't I seen you wear them twenty times?"

Mrs. Wilmot made no reply, but rising from her chair, went to the door which opened on the back staircase.

"Stay," said Wilmot. "Before you leave this room, let me tell you that I was aware that some one hastily retreated through that door at the moment of my entrance."

"I didn't suppose that you entered in time to catch sight of her."

"Her, did you say?"

"Yes, 'twas my cousin, Juliet Bruce."

"Rather singular that she should be so anxious to avoid me."

"It does seem so, but she had particular reasons for not wishing to see you just then."

"And Jane—you had taken her into your counsels, it seems. The girl actually placed herself in the doorway in such a manner as to bar my entrance. I was obliged to push her aside."

"Poor Jane! she wasn't expecting to see you, and was sadly nonplussed, as only a few minutes previous, I directed her if a gentleman called to wait on him into the drawing-room."

"You did?"

"Yes, but you don't seem satisfied," and opening the door near which she stood, she called, "Juliet, Juliet."

Light footsteps were heard, and then the question, "What do you wish, Agnes?"

"Have you changed your dress yet?"

"No."

"Come down just as you are, then."

"I must know who has come first."

"Your Cousin Edgar."

"Then you've told him?"

"No, come and let him see for himself."

The answer to this was a musical laugh, and the next minute Juliet Bruce swept into the room with an affectation of haughty grace, which, with her stately and symmetrical figure, was in admirable keeping, as far as can be gathered from the annals of royalty, with the regal appearance of Elizabeth, Queen of England, whom she sought to impersonate, when that imperious lady was in her prime.

The skirt of her dress, of rich, white brocade embroidered with gold, was very full, and faced with stripes of miniver in the robing form. The bodice of the same material as the skirt, was slashed with purple velvet edged with gold, as were the sleeves, of the form which in the modern nomenclature of costume, is sometimes termed *gigot*. Her waist was encircled by a jewelled girdle, and her head-dress consisted of a coronet of gems, surmounted with a wreath of laurel leaves made of gold gauze. From this wreath descended lappets ornamented with gold and

pearls, the effect of which was exceedingly graceful and striking. But no part of her dress enhanced the natural grace and majesty of her appearance so much as a mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, which was attached to the shoulders with gold cordons and tassels, and fell behind in a long train. She recognized Wilmot by a slight, though very dignified motion of the head, and then held out her hand for him to kiss with an air of urbanity, mingled with a haughty condescension, which was inimitable.

"Kneel, Wilmot—kneel," said his wife, with difficulty maintaining her gravity, at the perplexity, half real, half assumed, which he now exhibited.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Don't you know that you are in the presence of Elizabeth, Queen of England?"

"If I am, I shan't kneel till I know whether the carpet has been well swept to-day or not," said he, laughing. "But, seriously, tell me what is the meaning of this. I'm at a loss to comprehend."

"The more you are perplexed, the better I shall be pleased," said his wife. "We've been preparing to give you a pleasant surprise, but you are like the child, who, in its impatient curiosity to find out what is inside it, destroys the gilded toy designed for its amusement."

"The truth is, Cousin Edgar," said Juliet, "we have for the last three weeks been planning a series of social gatherings, where a number—more or less as may be convenient—are to appear in costume, for the entertainment of the rest."

"I take it you mean a species of private theatricals."

"Yes, if that term better suits you, though we intend by no means to strictly adhere to what is usually designated by that name. Our initiatory was to have been next Thursday evening; a few of the scenes of Kenilworth having been dramatized for the purpose by a friend."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilmot, "and in honor of a certain gentleman's birthday."

"It cannot be that you mean me?" said Mr. Wilmot.

"Why not?" said Juliet. "Are you not twenty-five next Thursday?"

"Yes, I believe I am."

"And I am certain of it, if the record in the old family Bible, so carefully treasured by Aunt Helen, is correct."

"Much obliged to you," said Wilmot, "for the intended compliment."

"And now," said Mrs. Wilmot, addressing her husband, "tell me, truly, who you supposed

it was, that left the room in such a hurry, at the moment of your entrance."

"Spare me, Agnes—if I *must* be put to the question, don't let it be in the presence of so stern a judge as Queen Elizabeth," said he, with an air of mock deprecation.

"If that's the way you slander me," said Juliet, "I shall object to having any leniency extended towards you. What if I should tell you by way of retaliation, that a gentleman by the name of Lucian Warder was in your mind?"

"Why, I should give you credit for being more of an enchantress than I have always thought you to be."

"I suspect you didn't see me when I passed you this morning, as you and a gentleman stood, talking together so earnestly, just below Weston's, did you?"

"No."

"I thought not, or you wouldn't imagine that I have any claim to the occult art at which you hint."

"Is it possible that you passed us without our seeing you?"

"I certainly did, nor was there anything strange in it, for you both appeared to be so absorbed in what you were saying, as to pay no attention to what was going on around you. I passed along slowly, intending to speak to you, but a few words which I overheard, caused me to alter my mind."

"You know it is said that listeners never hear any good of themselves—what did you hear?"

"I'm unable to recall the exact words. I found, however, that you had mistaken me, while I stood looking at those engravings at Weston's, for some one else."

"I dare say he thought it was I," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"To confess the truth, I did think so," said Wilmot. "I wouldn't have hesitated, had it been necessary for me to do so, to take my oath that it was you."

"And you were equally certain that it was Agnes whom the gentleman saw at the theatre with Lucian Warder?" said Juliet.

"I was, for the description he gave of the lady applied to her exactly."

"The same description would apply equally well to either of us," said Juliet, "and yet, when seen together, we look but little alike."

"It was her dress that misled you to-day," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes. I couldn't see her face, and her height and general appearance are the same as yours."

"I don't see how it could have happened that you have never seen Juliet before to-day, since

we concluded to dress alike this winter. There has scarcely been a day that she hasn't called."

"The truth is," said Juliet, "I have taken those times to call, when I was pretty certain that Cousin Edgar was absent."

"Much obliged to you," said he.

"Don't be ill-natured about it—it was only because I wished for the benefit of your wife's excellent judgment and taste relative to my costume and other matters, which, as principal directress of the anticipated entertainment, naturally fell under my supervision."

And, as usual, knowing me to be absent this morning, you took the opportunity to call?"

"I did. I sent a note to Agnes last evening, not to fail to be at home, as I wished to try the effect of my costume, which I sent by the same messenger that carried my note."

"And that was why you declined calling on Aunt Helen this morning?" said Mr. Wilmot, to his wife.

"Partly that."

"What other reason had you?"

"Didn't I tell you that I was expecting a gentleman to call, and that Jane had been directed to wait on him into the drawing-room?"

"Yes, you did," was his answer; and though he tried hard to keep his brow smooth and serene, it was contracted by a slight frown.

Just as the words left his lips, the door-bell gave a musical ring.

"He's come at last, Juliet," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. Wilmot," said Jane, putting her head inside the sitting-room door.

"It isn't the lieutenant, after all," said Mrs. Wilmot. "Where can he be? If this is the way he is going to keep his appointments, I advise you to look out sharp, Juliet, for a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, generally go together."

Before Juliet had time to answer, Wilmot returned, conducting his friend Lyndon. The ladies supposed, whoever the visitor might prove to be, Wilmot would show him into the drawing-room, and Juliet finding that it would be impossible to leave the room without attracting attention, decided to remain where she was. She might be influenced in her decision, from finding that the gentleman was the same she had seen in the street with Wilmot. The singularity, as well as the almost dazzling splendor of her dress, caused the eye of Lyndon to be first directed towards her.

"Can it be possible that she is Wilmot's wife?" thought he, as he recalled to mind the conversation which had that morning passed between them.

A speedy introduction to each of the ladies put him right, as to that question, though he could not fail to see that the resemblance between them was such that a description of the person of the one, would apply equally well to the other. Lyndon being eminently social—a quality, which, in most cases is apt to be contagious—though three of those present had met for the first time, they were all soon engaged in an easy and lively conversation.

It was not long before another gentleman was added to their number. This, as may be surmised, was no other than Lucian Warder, whom Mrs. Wilmot and Juliet had been expecting, but had nearly given up. Warder, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, was one of those who are always sure to win the love and admiration of all who have the pleasure of cultivating their acquaintance. His presence, therefore, promoted, instead of holding in check, the vivacity and genial flow of spirits which reigned predominant.

Wilmot, who had hurried home with his mind filled with gloomy suspicion, while he contributed his full share towards encouraging and increasing the cheerfulness and good fellowship of the little circle, inwardly reprobated the carelessness into which he had almost unconsciously fallen in his intercourse with those few (among whom Lyndon was the chief) whose friendship was not of that ephemeral kind which needs the sunshine of prosperity to give it vitality. Lunch was ordered, and while they partook of the well-chosen viands, rendered more appetizing by the faultless manner in which they were served, they with equal zest discoursed of the happiness which might be anticipated by keeping bright each golden link in the chain of friendship.

"I think," said Lyndon, "that my organ of adhesiveness must be remarkably well developed—a fact, concerning which I have more reason to congratulate myself than I had hitherto imagined"—here he glanced at the ladies—"or I should have been repelled by your coldness."

"I feel that you are right," replied Wilmot, "and while truth compels me to make the admission, I take shame to myself upon the imputation. 'Twas wrong—ay, mean, to treat with indifference the friend who once—you and I know when—stood by me in the hour of adversity, the moment I had found a warm home-nest in the midst of flowers and sunshine. But already my selfishness and ingratitude were beginning to bring their own punishment, as the little incidents which have this morning caused me so much perplexity and annoyance could never have happened, had I in the first place, in that free and cordial manner to which our relative

positions entitled you, given you to understand that you could never, under a roof owned by me, be otherwise than welcome, whenever you chose to call."

"Lieutenant Warder," said Mrs. Wilmot, "what character do you assume in the festivities of next Thursday evening?"

"That of Sir Walter Raleigh, so some of the ladies say."

"And Mr. Lyndon must take that of the Earl of Leicester," said Juliet.

"Rather a short notice," said he, in reply.

"That is true, but remember that we shall depend on you."

"I wont forget," returned Lyndon, and turning to Mrs. Wilmot, he asked if she didn't intend to take part with them.

"I shall not," she replied. "Mr. Wilmot and I are to have the privilege of being among the spectators."

"I shall object to that," said Lyndon.

"The entertainment is to be in honor of my Cousin Edgar's birthday," said Juliet, "otherwise they wouldn't get off so easily. By the way, Warder," she added, turning to the young lieutenant, "I have received an answer to the invitation I sent Adnah Mervale, and she writes me that she will come."

"The young lady to whom Warder is engaged," said Mrs. Wilmot to her husband.

"I thought," said he, "that he was Cousin Juliet's intended."

"No," replied his wife, "Juliet is free."

"Then," said Wilmot, turning to Lyndon and lowering his voice, "I shall cherish the hope that ere long you may be my cousin as well as friend."

"If I am not, it wont be my fault," was the answer.

As the entertainment in prospect was of a character to be witnessed rather than described, it will be unnecessary to do more than to mention that each of the characters was well sustained, from the haughty and queenly Elizabeth down to the awkward Blount, who with his crimson stockings and shoes adorned with enormous yellow roses, did the original to perfection, in the way he tried to ape the courtier by turning out his toes, so as to produce an "unhappy amble," even more ludicrous in its effects, if possible, than the contrary extreme.

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm.—*National Quarterly Review*.

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child, long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess. I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms. That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his deathbed."—*An Old Man's Story*.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

It is well known that even light, gay airs, when well sung, often impart a tinge of melancholy, as if to remind us that human pleasure, however exquisite in itself, must be blended with pain. We experience similar sensations in examining any truly great work of art, let its subject be what it may, for the simple reason that there is nothing which makes us think deeply which does not make us more or less sad; for melancholy, however much it be decried by the thoughtless, is ever the companion of delight. But need we say that music soothes while it saddens? Even when it reminds us of happy days gone by never to return, and of beloved friends never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm.—*National Quarterly Review*.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MYSTERY OF GERALD FORRESTER.

BY W. D. SANFORD.

A LONE house, in the midst of a flat plain, unenlivened save by a few stunted firs, had often taken my attention while riding through the township of E—, in the spring of 1840. I had been advised to ride daily for my health, and I knew no more attractive region than that which lay a mile beyond the house I am writing of. There, all that is beautiful in nature, of wood and stream and mountain, of upland and vale, cluster together; while afar off the roar of the sea subsides into a soft murmur before it reaches the ear. I had explored every spot around on foot, leaving my horse at a friendly blacksmith's, and with each day that I did so, came returning health and strength.

I was not satisfied, however. That old, solitary house was continually whetting my curiosity. It was evidently inhabited, although the shutters were almost entirely kept closed. Once, in an early morning ride, I had seen a slight female figure at a little distance from the house, but she had hidden herself almost immediately behind the stunted fir that stood nearest her, so that I could not see her face. The wind blew a lock of dark hair around the tree, and a delicate hand was raised to disengage it, but I saw no more. I had half a mind to make my horse stumble and throw me, so great was my desire to see this hidden nymph. For my excuse, I must state that I had just risen from a sick bed among strangers, and that I had seen no woman's face for a month, save my old nurse's—which was rather the worse for the wear and tear of seventy years—for two long and dreary months; that E— was not famous for pretty faces, if I could judge by those I had met in my rides; and, lastly, that the house in question had proved a source of unsatisfied curiosity to many persons. No one had been able to unravel the mystery; but as it was the abode of silence and order, so far as could be judged, no one had a right to invade it.

For two or three mornings I had seriously meditated endangering myself in some way near the house, in order to make the inhabitants come out to me. Perhaps this confession will induce some to think that my late illness had weakened my mind as well as my body. Let that pass; perhaps it was so.

Fortune favored me. A soaking, drenching shower drove me to the door of that very house, it being the only one within half a mile either

way. I knocked, and stood several minutes in my dripping garments, before the door opened. A pretty mulatto boy, evidently from his white linen apron and jacket a servant, conducted me to a large dining-room where there was a fire. He helped me off with my wet coat, gave me a large shawl to wrap about me, and then went in quest of his master, as he said.

When he returned to the room, he was followed by a gentleman who begged me to accept dry clothes, remarking that he had seen me ride by every day and thought me an invalid. I cannot describe the strange power which this man had over me. It was a species of fascination, such as I had never known before. I seemed to dwarf in stature and in intellect before him. My sense of self-importance, usually of a fair proportion, sunk to one of painful inferiority. This, of course, was after a time in which we had conversed on various subjects, in all of which he showed himself master. It was not that he assumed anything, for he was singularly deferential in manner and unpretending in style. It seemed as if he always sought the simplest words in the language to express his ideas. Perhaps it was the very plainness of the good old Saxon words, so unfrequently heard in this age of exaggerated expression, that impressed me so powerfully.

Then the bodily presence of so large and grand a form, such a noble air and such lofty height, was irresistible. His face, too, was cast in a mould of marvellous beauty. The large brown eyes, the wealth of dark, curling locks in which there was the least possible shading of silver gray, the thickly arched brows, with a forehead not high but wide, a mouth exquisitely sweet in expression, and teeth that it would be invidious to compare to pearls or lilies, for they were whiter than either; think of all these and you have my stranger quite as perfectly as I can describe him.

Here I had been longing to meet the beautiful woman whom I imagined inhabited this lonely place, and I found myself fairly conquered by admiration of a man! I could not help laughing at the ridiculous idea. It was brightening up in the west, and the sky was beginning to promise a glorious evening. The servant had brought in my clothes, dried and beautifully pressed, and my hat restored by a mysterious process, to its original shape; but my entertainer begged me so cordially to remain, that I could not resist. Besides, my long-cherished curiosity might be now gratified, and as I looked forth from the window, where my host pointed out the still running streams in the road, and bade me wait, at least until they had disappeared,

I felt unequal to the sacrifice of leaving him.—We had left the dining-room for a parlor, the elegance of which accorded strangely with the unpainted structure that contained it. There were splendid sofas, rich in material and design, though plain in color; mirrors, the size of which was of more account than the gilding of the frames, and pictures, whose value I could only dimly guess at.

While changing my apparel, I had been conducted to a superbly-furnished bedroom on the ground floor, and thither I now returned to resume my own. It had been supplied with hot water and all the appliances of an elaborate toilet. There were books everywhere—in cases, lying on tables and piled even on the floor, as if just unpacked.

When I returned to the parlor, I was introduced to a lady, who had entered during my absence. Unfortunately, I could not tell by the introduction, whether she was the wife of my host or not. Dim as the room had become, I could see that she was beautiful. Her age could not be guessed at even. She spoke but little, but her words and manner were gracious, and I was determined to pursue the advantage I had gained.

A week passed, in which I each day rode by the house. How I longed to call, yet I did signal violence to my wishes. Once or twice I saw that graceful figure bending over a rose bush, the only sign of cultivation in the deserted ground, and once she bowed her head in answer to my eager salute. But, at the end of the week, I was rewarded for my patience. "Gerald" (the only name upon the card which had been handed me on the night of the shower) came out and urged me to alight. I was only too happy to do so. Again all that was graceful and winning in conversation, or interesting in the works of art visible, was brought forward for my entertainment, while fruits and wine of rare quality were pressed upon me after my ride.

"Leonora," Gerald called the lady, and I will thus speak of her. I could not divine in what relation she stood to him, so I knew not what to call her; and Gerald might have been his baptismal name, or it might have been his surname. It was long before I discovered, although of course I addressed him as Mr. Gerald.

The ice once broken, I had no hesitation in calling. My welcome was sure, and certainly it was warm and unaffected. That I was giving the first love of a youthful heart to the beautiful stranger, could not be denied. It remained to be proved whether I had a right to bestow or she to receive it. She sang to me, and the notes which

she drew from a fine parlor organ were the perfection of scientific taste. I was bewildered, enchanted; yet how did I know on what dangerous ground I might be walking? Foolishly enough, I never asked a question that might have given me all the knowledge I needed. It was the fear of dissipating the bright vision that I had taken to my soul, that kept me from so doing.

On coming out from the house one day I was met by a friend, who, after some faint indications of attempting to pass me with only a bow, stopped suddenly short, and asked me if I was in the habit of visiting that house very often. For a moment I was too angry to reply.

"It is no use, Ward," he said, "I shall feel bound to tell you what I have heard, even at the risk of your displeasure. They tell sad tales of the inmates of the house yonder. The man who has no name, it seems, or never gives one, is reputed as a murderer, and the young woman is implicated with him, the murdered person being her own father."

This was a terrible tale to hear. How did I know that it was not true? Was I to let my newborn love blind me to what these people might be? I had nothing to offer, except the deep impression in my own heart of their goodness and innocence, but of course it would not convince any one else; so I bit my lip and was silent. He went on with the most exaggerated details. His tale, if true, involved the most diabolical cunning, the most hideous malice, the most reckless disregard of all ties, moral, social and domestic, on their part.

It was sickening, but I did not believe a single word of the heartless and distorted narration. Gerald and Leonora were no such beings, I knew, as were represented; yet how could my simple belief prevent others from crediting the monstrous tale?

I had once heard Gerald inadvertently speak of a small town in western New York, as having once been his residence, the one that bears the name of DeKalb. I say involuntarily, for he recalled his words and colored painfully. I had a friend there, and I resolved, through him, to find out all I could. Writing would not do. I must see him, and I undertook the journey on pretence of my health.

I called to bid them farewell for a short time, without naming my destination. That night I was convinced that Leonora was not the wife of Gerald, whatever was the connection between them. I trembled to think what that other might be. I thought Leonora's voice grew husky when she said good-by, and I am sure there were tears in Gerald's eyes. I know that I brushed away a

suspicious sort of mist from my own, as I turned sadly and thoughtfully away. If my journey lent a color to one of the many disgraceful things I had heard, I knew that the door out of which I had just passed, would never again open to me. I had staked more than I had believed, upon this new hope, this wild dream, as some might call it, and I could not think otherwise than painfully upon its overthrow.

Well, I arrived at DeKalb, and had to submit to the painful *contretemps* of finding my friend absent. Surely, I thought, fate is very unkind to a poor invalid. Twenty miles further on, I travelled in pursuit of him; but he was like the mirage of the desert, and eluded me again and again. Finally I sat down at a little town through which he must pass on his return, waiting to intercept him, and here I met him a fortnight later. What a night we had! Four o'clock struck, and found us still by the blazing fire, while he related a tale that made my heart thrill with alternate pity and love.

Gerald Forrester, in the days of his youth, was married to Edith Montgarnier. Joy and happiness were theirs for a brief year. Edith's father and sister were residing with her, and all was calm and serene as a summer morning. At the end of that time Edith appeared changed. I must be brief in describing this change and its effects. In one of her strange moods of unwonted passion, she took her father's life. Gerald was proud, and he vowed never to submit to the humiliation of seeing his wife tried for murder, even though he knew that she would be cleared on the plea of insanity. So, without further delay, the moment the funeral was over, he took her away to this desolate spot, leaving Leonora, who was like a pitying angel to her sister, to make all arrangements for joining her. My friend declared that if Gerald were to take her home now, no one would ever trouble him; but on Edith's own account it was probably better to be away from the scene of such a tragedy. He described the excitement caused by the death of Mr. Montgarnier—a man universally loved and deplored. And he also said that there were some who did not believe Edith insane.

To jubilate! Gerald and Leonora were not to blame for the freaks of madness or mad temper! And for what else did I care? Nothing, at that moment, certainly. So I turned my way homeward with a light heart. With what a welcoming smile she met me, the darling! A smile that is renewed every time I enter my own door, for Leonora Montgarnier is now my wife. Edith is dead—gone where an earthly judge would be powerless to her for good or evil. Over her

grave Gerald wept his last sad tears, and then the waves bore him on to a foreign shore. Only recently he has returned to awaken the remembrances of twenty years ago, of which only he knows the full bitterness; only he can know the relief that death sometimes brings to tried and weary souls, even when it comes to our dearest ones.

THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the rich and poor, but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laughter-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In this cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good or wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights, as I passed over the noblest of cemeteries without a monument.—Giles.

DESIRE FOR WEALTH.

Of all the passions that stimulate man to exertion, that of acquiring wealth is the most absolute and absorbing. It is a desire universally implanted in the human soul; it is the governing principle, the controlling force which changes the physical feature of the earth, exposes the mental, moral and social condition of civilized nations, and in a great measure changes the destinies of mankind. That vital force whose activity results in the grandest achievements of enterprise and industry—which levels mountains and fills up valleys, turns the course of rivers, builds cities, traverses continents and oceans, and exchanges the products of the more remote regions, derives its power, and receives its first impulse from the desire to accumulate wealth; to hold the talismanic sign before which the nations of the earth bow down. The child does not value money until he begins to learn that it procures toys and luxuries for him, and as he grows older he comprehends and appreciates the overmastering desire for gain, and joins the universal scramble after the world's idol.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY PERSA S. LEWIS.

O, they were glorious, golden days,
 When the poet sang his own sweet lays,
 And struck the lyre to woman's praise;
 The brave knight sat in the dark church pew,
 And the gorgeous light came streaming through
 The rich stained glass of every hue,
 Away in the olden time.

O, those were the days of gay romance,
 When the warrior's steed did gaily prance,
 And the dark-eyed maiden lightly dance;
 The fair "ladye" sat in her maiden's bower,
 Herself the fairest and loveliest flower;
 O, beauty had then the loftiest power,
 Away in the olden time.

The troubadour sang of the warrior brave,
 And the banner that o'er him did lightly wave,
 And the ladye that wept o'er his lowly grave;
 He sang of the prowess of knightly deeds,
 And the burning ambition on which it feeds,
 And he sang of the warrior's prancing steeds,
 Away in the olden time.

Ah, then the dagger glistened bright
 In the bloody hand of the dauntless knight,
 And fearfully flashed in the golden light;
 Then spirits haunted the castle gray,
 And appeared in Cynthia's silver sway,
 As they lightly sped on their pathless way,
 Away in the olden time.

[ORIGINAL.]

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.***THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.**

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

AMONG the many maritime conflicts which, in the course of three important wars, have exerted a momentous bearing upon the interests of our nation, none can be justly ranked above that which had for its theatre one of our great inland seas; and for its time, the noonday of the tenth of September, in the year 1813. It was an anomaly in the naval warfare of the New World; the first considerable occasion of a hostile meeting of fleets upon the unruffled surface of one of the chain of northern lakes, where the progress

* In continuing these interesting sketches of incidents in our last war with England, it may be due to the reader to know that their author has long been a resident of the Niagara Frontier, is perfectly acquainted with the localities which he describes, and that he gathers many of the incidents related, from the mouths of living witnesses.

of the fray could be plainly marked by the excited crowds which lined the shore.

The importance of a thorough mastery of the central lakes, Erie and Ontario, as absolute essentials to the success of the pet project of the administration, the conquest of Canada, had been frequently urged upon the government by officers in responsible commands along the lines, whose counsels were wise enough to have been unhesitatingly adopted; but the measure was delayed from time to time, and the keels of two brigs and several schooners were only laid at Presque Isle, (since Erie) in the month of March. A hostile squadron, however, was already riding the waters of the lake; and once it appeared off the town, where the American vessels were still in process of construction, with some demonstration towards an attack—but being met by a determined show of defence, it retired to the western end of the lake to perfect its own arrangements. All necessary preparations had been made upon both sides by an early day in September, and the American squadron immediately cruised in search of the enemy. It was under the command of Oliver Hazard Perry, a gallant young officer, who had already distinguished himself while in charge of a flotilla at Newport, and to whom his present position gave the honorary rank of commodore.

That of the British was led by Captain Barclay, of whom it had been confidently thought that his experience with Lord Nelson was sufficient to render him an overmatch for his antagonist. Both these officers were assisted by subordinates in every way equal to the emergency; and all looked eagerly forward to the moment of collision. The British fleet was composed of six vessels, mounting sixty-nine guns; that of the Americans, nine vessels, with fifty-six guns. It is admitted that the relative strength of the combatants was nearly equal—the British vessels being much the heavier in tonnage, although fewer in number, while their superiority in metal was counterbalanced by the activity of the smaller American craft.

On the morning of the tenth the enemy was discovered, sailing out of the Canadian port of Malden. Perry immediately arranged his line of battle, and bore steadily down upon them. The flag-ship of the squadron, containing the commodore, had been called the Lawrence, in honor of the heroic American captain slain in the disastrous engagement of the Chesapeake and Shannon; and as the broad pennant rose to the mast-head, and unfurled itself to sight, the hearts of the crew were electrified by the motto which it bore, the delirious words of the dying

Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" A thrilling cheer, running from deck to deck, assured the commander that the admonition should be regarded.

The scene, at the first moment of joining battle, was strikingly impressive. The day was a warm and mellow one in mid-autumn, the air almost motionless, and the lake lying as calm and placid as though lulled to silence by a premonition of the occurrences about to ensue. The Canadian and Ohio shores lay visible upon either hand in the distance; the skies were clear and cloudless, and Nature seemed as though arrayed in carnival robes, to witness the strife. The loud alarm of the drum beating to quarters, and echoed back more faintly from the hostile vessels had ceased, as well as the quick words of command from the officers; the creaking of a yard, now and then, alone interrupted the silence so peculiar and dreadful, which always preludes a sea combat; and as the squadrons gradually neared each other, the sides of the different vessels bristled with the muzzles of their cannonades. In obedience to the trumpet of the commodore, the American squadron prepared to close in their order; the plan having been to bring down the vessels in a line upon the enemy. This intention, however, was signally frustrated by the sudden cessation of the little wind that had previously been stirring, by which unforeseen event, the flag-ship was left within easy range of the enemy, while the other vessels were still laboring with sweeps to come to her assistance! The British commander was not slow in perceiving his advantage, and in profiting by it; a murderous fire was instantly opened upon the devoted ship, from the Detroit, Queen Charlotte, and Hunter, all vessels of large size; and for two hours these fearful discharges were hurled from their guns, directed steadily at the Lawrence. The latter was from the first perfectly defenceless, her armament consisting of cannonades, only effective in close combat; and save the little assistance which was rendered by the guns of such of her smaller allies as were able to forge ahead through the calm, she was entirely at the mercy of her assailants; lying, in fact, an unmanageable hulk upon the water, with her masts, spars and cordage carried away, her sides perforated, her guns dismounted, and her decks strewn with the victims of the slaughter. The pennant still fluttering at the mast-head with its motto, seemed a mockery on the distress of the ill-fated ship, into which the enemy continued incessantly to pour their iron hail.

At this critical juncture, Perry executed the daring movement which turned the tide of battle,

and quickly redeemed the disasters of the day. Leaving the Lawrence in an open boat, he carried his flag through the hottest of the enemy's fire, and gaining the deck of the Niagara, hoisted his colors, and prepared to renew the action. The flag of the Lawrence was lowered shortly after his departure, in token of surrender, and the loud huzzas of the British squadron as the men perceived it, showed that they considered the battle already won. No time, however, was allowed them to take possession of their prize; their attention was speedily drawn to the movements of their enemies.

Upon reaching the Niagara, Perry transferred to it his pennant, and the brave Elliott, captain of the brig, having offered to take personal charge of the smaller vessels, and bring them into action, the offer was accepted. The wind, dissipated by the heavy cannonade, now freshened with its cessation; and as the sulphurous masses of smoke were rent and lifted from the lake, every eye in the American squadron was bent anxiously to the mast-head of the new flag-ship. The bunting which had been hoisted unrolled itself, displaying the inspiring signal, *close action!* A ringing cheer burst from the fleet, in which even the poor remnant of the crew of the disabled Lawrence faintly joined; and in an instant the signal of recognition blew joyously from the peak of every American vessel. The squadron now obeyed the helm as though by magic, and came down gallantly with the wind, led by the flag-ship. The moment was favorable; in attempting to wear round, in order to bring their shotted guns to bear, the British ships became unmanageable, and the line was thrown into irretrievable disorder. Coming on, steadily and boldly, the Niagara sailed directly between the line of the hostile fleet, closely followed by her allies, and thus, within half pistol shot of the enemy, poured in a close and effective discharge! Starboard and larboard batteries were both employed, and as the terrible flag-ship forged ahead, she wore again, and continued to deliver her raking broadsides, as if in stern retribution for the sufferings of the Lawrence. Following her lead, the lesser craft swept the decks of the English with a rain of grape and canister. The guns of the hostile vessels were almost muzzle to muzzle, and the discharges so rapid that the dun canopy of smoke was constantly pierced, in one place or another, by a vivid sheet of fire.

This movement virtually decided the battle. The cries of the wounded upon the Detroit and Queen Charlotte rose into an ominous clamor, at the second broadside of the Niagara; and as

soon as the smoke was sufficiently lifted to admit of sight, an officer was discovered on the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte, waving a white flag, in token of surrender. The squadron was immediately signalled to cease firing, and the captured vessels were at once boarded and taken possession of. The victory appears the more remarkable, when we consider the fact that half an hour had not elapsed since the signal for close action was given, at which time the enemy considered themselves masters of the fight. The conclusion of the battle found the ships of the conqueror mingled with those of the conquered, and the warlike signals upon the former still flying. An ineffectual attempt was made by two of the captured vessels to escape, but they were soon after brought to and secured. The victory was complete, and the shattered hulk of the old flag-ship alone served to tell that it had at any time been doubtful. Two ships, one schooner, a brig, sloop, and gunboat were its trophies.

The total loss of the Americans in this engagement was twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded; that of the British, forty-one killed, and ninety-four wounded. It is a remarkable coincidence, that the number of officers placed *hors du combat* upon each side, was exactly twelve. And the severity of the galling fire to which the Lawrence was exposed, is sufficiently shown by the fact that twenty-two of the killed and sixty-one of the wounded fell upon her decks! The most desperate naval engagements of modern times cannot surpass the heroism with which this conflict was contested by the Americans, or the gallantry with which it was redeemed, when, by all rule of maritime warfare, it might have been considered lost. So desperate, indeed, was this extremity, that when Perry abandoned the Lawrence, only one available gun remained upon the side which lay towards the enemy; and this, his own hands, for lack of others, had just before assisted to discharge for the last time!

The results of this victory were as important as anticipated. The Americans were now in possession of the whole frontier; and their mastery of Lake Erie allowed them to occupy immediately that portion of the Canadas bordering upon it, and to re-occupy Detroit and other posts. The laconic despatch in which Perry modestly announced his success to General Harrison, has become historical. It was simply—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours!" For his gallantry in this engagement, Perry was given the command of the Java frigate.

The tidings of the victory flew like wildfire over the country, and were everywhere greeted with the most delirious joy. The praises of Per-

ry and his men were upon every tongue; and a profusion of doggerel verses celebrating the event, were at that time freely circulated and sung. One of the most meritorious and popular is still extant; one verse will suffice to show its spirit.

"The stars and the stripes on our banner were waving,
The eagle sat perched in the noon-beaming sun,
And ere had ten minutes the battle been raging,
When Perry thought proper to give them a gun!"

The ballad concludes with the assurance, that

"The eagle, triumphant, shall soar on the lakes!"

Nor were the more polite manifestations of joy upon the occasion overlooked; and the details of a ball—for it would seem that balls were in vogue, even at that early day—in which the little hamlet of Buffalo honored the event, are quite fresh in the memory of my informant, a lady who figured among the youthful belles of that occasion, and who has survived to see a city of eighty thousand souls occupying the spot upon which this primitive gala-night of the wilds was celebrated!

Two incidents connected with the Battle of Lake Erie call for more particular mention in this place; the one, as being a matter of lesser historical interest, but still important enough for preservation; the other a most romantic and touching story, which is told of the subsequent fate of one of the principal actors in this stirring drama of history. The first relates to the British flag-ship in the action; the second to her commander, the vanquished leader of the squadron.

Previous to the battle, the Detroit had been considered a fine, staunch vessel of war; but the terrible execution dealt by the broadsides of the Niagara among her gaping timbers, rendered her unseaworthy and useless, except as a receiving ship. Even for this purpose she soon became unfit, and being condemned, she was abandoned to the decay of the docks. The last act in her memorable career was announced by the handbills, which many years later circulated far and wide, gave the novel information that the old Detroit was to be sent over the Falls of Niagara, as a public spectacle! Upon the day appointed, as may well be supposed, a motley crowd of spectators flocked to the scene of this unprecedented exhibition. Every available position upon the banks of the river, in the vicinity of the great cataract, was occupied by curious gazers; such a concourse, in fact, being drawn thither, as has never been equalled since in that neighborhood of wonders, save by those attracted by the exploits of my lord Blondin. The veteran ship had been towed into the Canadian channel above the Falls, and there abandoned; and right gallantly, indeed, was the first part of her unwonted

journey performed. Down through the mighty fluctuations of the great rapids she passed in safety, accelerating her speed as she neared the awful plunge; but when every breath was drawn with the expectancy of the moment, the ship suddenly grounded on an intervening bar, with a shock that rifted her almost amidships. For a number of weeks the hull remained in this position; but the timbers parted by piecemeal, and were hurried over the abyss, until not one solitary fragment remained to speak of the fate of the old Detroit.

The commander of the British squadron, Captain Barclay, was, as has been mentioned, the pupil of Nelson. He was severely wounded in the latter part of the action, and compelled to leave the deck, and was writhing with the pain of his shattered leg, when the bitter mortification of his defeat was added to his sufferings. Nor did it alleviate his condition to reflect that he had fought the battle with the utmost skill and heroism, and been vanquished by his misfortune, and not his fault. His wound grew daily more alarming, and he was finally compelled to submit to the amputation of the limb.

Previous to leaving England to assume the command of the British fleet on Lake Erie, the unfortunate man had been betrothed to one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the kingdom; and his attachment to her was of the most fervent description. To her, after the battle, he despatched a letter, generously releasing her from her engagement, and reciting the reasons which made it expedient that she should bestow her hand elsewhere. He described himself as defeated, disgraced, and mutilated, a burden to himself, and odious to those who had loved him; and with this last tie to earth sundered, he abandoned himself to the misery of his condition. The answer of the noble woman should place her in the foremost ranks of the heroines of history. It concluded as follows:

"You may have been defeated, but such has been the lot of brave men in all ages; disgraced, never!—and though your body has been mutilated, I remember with tears of pride, that it was suffered in the service of your country and your king. Do not, then, my dear Barclay, speak of releasing me; for if there be still enough of you left to hold your heart, I will marry you!"

The heroic fidelity of his betrothed saved him from a miserable grave. They were married upon his return to England, and it may be that he decided, as many of us would surely have done, that the loss of a battle, or of a limb, for that matter, were cheap purchases for so ennobling, so devoted a love as this!

JAPANESE TASTE FOR JEWELRY.

The two ladies wore on their heads hairpins made of horn or of silver, with other pretty ornaments and an artificial flower. One of the younger women was the married daughter of an elderly lady present, and carried her infant in her arms. It has been generally asserted that Japanese women do not value precious stones, jewelry, or trinkets. This young woman, however, wore such ornaments as her pecuniary means afforded, having a silver-washed ring set with a large black bead of native workmanship on the fourth finger of her left hand, and a similar ring set with a star of seven imitation rubies, of Dutch manufacture, on the fourth finger of her right hand. Although it is true that Japanese ladies are not generally decorated with jewels and gold ornaments, yet not a few of the middle class of Japanese women wear metal rings, placing great value on a steel purse ring given by a foreigner, and showing great eagerness to possess a bright gilt button. Even a sixpence or a francpiece is sometimes set in a native ring, and prized by the ladies of Nagasaki.—*Ten Weeks in Japan.*

THE MOVING MOSS.

A correspondent, writing from Slamannan, says:—"The entire mass of moss, some of the pieces of which will weigh a couple of hundred weight, is still moving, having now taken an easterly course in the direction of Limeridge, covering up a large portion of the branch railway, plant and all; also a freestone quarry that was being wrought is entirely filled up, the depth of which will be about thirty feet, besides trees, hedges, and the crops that are lying on the low grounds. It has, by this time, covered over an area of a quarter of a mile or more, and is at present leading its course through a burn, and no saying but it may come and inundate a number of dwelling-houses alongside of the same. This somewhat frightful phenomenon is one of the strangest sights that ever happened in this part of her majesty's dominions, and consequently it attracts crowds of old and young people from far and near to witness it.—*Scottish Guardian.*

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanzas they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea! Truly it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.—*Tourist's Journal.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY A FOREMAST HAND.

ONE of those rare old houses—the relics of the seventeenth century, whose quaint carving and fantastic ornaments attract antiquarian tastes, and the decay of which makes us sigh when we look upon them as the last memorials of a bygone age, was a few years ago the scene of a gathering of a large circle of young and middle-aged persons. They were the descendants of the first owners of the old house; for it was one of the few mansions that do not pass out of the original family. There was Harry Broadhurst and his wife and children—Kate Broadhurst, who married into the equally ancient family of Middletons, and was the mother of brave sons and fair daughters—and then came a mingling of bachelor uncles, maiden aunts, widows and widows' children, second cousins, and others whose relationship was bewildering to a stranger, but which all seemed easy enough to the family group to unravel.

The house stood on a pleasant slope leading to the sea; its broad sweep of terraces almost touching the sands, and its trees scattering their fruit along the beach whenever the winds held high festivals among the branches. The fine forests behind the house made solemn music at these festivals of the storm king, while the waves supplied the heavy undertone. But on a fair day, when Nature put on her smiles and dimples, there was no lovelier spot than Broadhurst—no sweeter music than the murmuring of waves at its foot, or the soft sighing of the summer breeze among the tree tops.

For the most of the year, the mansion was the abode only of Harry Broadhurst's immediate family; but in summer and a part of the autumn, it was peopled by the numerous relations who claimed it as their trysting place. At the time I speak of, Percy Broadhurst, the eldest son of the resident family, and a young son of his deceased brother, a mere boy, were both at sea in the same vessel, and daily expected from a long voyage. The mother of young Arthur Broadhurst, a young widow of thirty, was among the guests, awaiting the arrival of her boy whom she had reluctantly allowed to make his first voyage with her nephew Percy, who now bore the rank of captain.

Morning after morning Helen Broadhurst took her station upon an eminence where her brother-in-law had placed a fine telescope, and hour af-

ter hour she swept the broad bay by its help, vainly imagining every sail that hove in sight was bringing her absent child. Arthur Broadhurst was a boy of whom any mother might have been proud. He was nearly fourteen, tall and stout of his age, handsome as a picture, brave and true-hearted, and passionately devoted to his young and beautiful mother. For Arthur's sake she had resisted the persuasions of Henry Middleton to become his wife, and resolved to devote herself wholly to her son's welfare.

They had been expected in August, and it was now nearing the last of September. Already the autumn gales were growing high, and the equinoctial threatened its yearly fury. The moon was near its full, but it was obscured by fleecy clouds that scudded athwart the sky with a rapidity that betokened a coming tempest. Helen's heart sunk within her, for well she knew the signs so plainly discernible upon the sea coast before a storm.

She had stationed herself at her window overlooking the sea, ever since dinner, and now it was evening. In vain had she been summoned to tea. A dreadful presentiment of danger or distress filled her soul. As the wind howled and roared in the wide old chimneys, she shuddered. Fanny Middleton came in and besought her to go down.

"I cannot, Fanny," she answered. "I shall never go again until I know something of my child."

"Helen, how perfectly absurd! I thought you were a wise woman. I will go and tell Henry never to quote you to me as a pattern of wisdom again."

"Hush, Fanny. I am certain that something is happening even now. My impression is as vivid as if it were really passing before me, that the ship is in danger. I have sat here and dreamed that it was dashed upon the shore yonder. I have seen my Arthur's pale face wet with the salt brine and lying among the sea-weeds; and Percy struggling with the waves, unable to save himself or my boy. O, Fanny, I may live to see that dream realized."

"Helen! are you a Christian, and dare you thus distrust God's goodness? Come down among the lights and cheerful faces below, and give way no longer to these dreamy fancies."

Reluctantly was Helen dragged away from her secluded room; but once in the parlor, she gave way to the brilliant cheerfulness of the party, and was herself again. Henry Middleton thought that the pure, pale face was lovelier that night than ever, and he hovered around the circle of which Helen was the centre.

Some one proposed dancing. Helen refused to join in the amusement further than to play for the others; and Henry led her to the instrument, standing beside her while she played, unheeding the bright eyes of two or three lovely girls who would have been proud to dance with one so distinguished looking.

In the pauses of the dance, the gaiety was so loud that no one heard the rising of the storm. Percy's father and mother had been delighted spectators of the mirth going forward, and now begged for some music of a different kind. What impelled Helen no one knew, but she resumed her seat at the piano, ran her fingers over the keys in a lively strain, played a popular melody in a dashing style, and sank, all at once, into the heart-breaking notes of the Dead March.

Wild and thrilling were the sounds she produced, as if the deepest and most solemn emotions of the composer were understood and expressed in her playing. It sent a thrill through the circle. Henry bent forward to beseech her to cease the mournful music, when he saw to his horror and surprise, that he was talking to one in a trance. Her eyes were open, but there was no expression there—only the dull, stony gaze of eyes that see not. Mechanically the fingers played on; and soon the whole company noticed that something strange was going forward. Henry Middleton's shocked and troubled look gave the first intimation. Several ladies rushed towards her with smelling-bottles and fans, but Henry waved them away. He felt that it was dangerous to arouse her suddenly from the somnambulism state into which she had fallen. She did not move, except that her fingers still played on that dreary, mournful strain. At last she ceased and fell forward. Then Henry took her in his arms and laid her upon a sofa. The strange look passed from her face, and she appeared to sink into a soft, natural sleep.

There were not many minutes to watch her. The profound stillness which each one kept in the room enabled them to hear the awful tumult of the still rising storm; and just then, the man employed about the garden appeared at the door with a face full of horror, and whispered to Mr. Broadhurst that guns were heard, and that a ship was near, evidently in distress. Henry Middleton caught the sound and rushed from the house, where he was soon joined by every man and boy in the family. Percy and Arthur were in the minds of all.

And there was the wreck, her sails rent, her spars split to the deck, as was plainly seen by the vivid flashes of lightning that threw momentary brightness over the scene. So near that

they could see the upturned faces of the men on board; and yet—O, despair! they knew that earthly aid could not reach them. There were men upon the beach who had followed the sea for a livelihood for years; there were boats in profusion—but who could risk life in that boiling sea? The waves, dashing white and high, hid the sight, save at intervals, from the shore; but each glimpse showed them in greater and increased danger. There was no resource but to look on and watch the terrible scene.

Every dash of the waves brought the helpless wreck nearer the shore—nearer—still nearer. And now, all hope was centered in one thought—that perhaps she would not part until she was near enough for the people to swim to the shore. That hope was quenched, for when she was again revealed to sight, she was parted amidships and seemed fast sinking, while they on the beach stood powerless and despairing.

A moment more, and they caught sight of the men struggling in the waves, and one dead body was thrown by the mighty tenth wave, to their feet. It was that of a strong, powerfully built man, and the sailors around recognized it as one who had sailed with Percy Broadhurst! This then was the good ship that went off with flying colors one year ago, bearing within her bosom brave and young hearts, now doomed perhaps to a frightful death. Another and another dead form, bruised and torn by the wild billows, floated onward to the shore. Two or three sank within sight of home. Henry Middleton turned away his eyes, unable to bear it longer. It might have been perhaps Percy, or Arthur, dear boy, who thus disappeared, and he could look no more.

As he turned his gaze to the rocks he had passed on his passage to the beach, a flash of red lightning blazed strongly upon a slight, dark figure, stealing slowly over their broken and jagged surface. It was too tall for a boy—too slender for a man. He could not help watching it under the next flash. Good heavens! could that be Helen wandering out in this wild night? He had seen a pale face and two white hands, wet with the driving spray. She came on, slowly, steadily, never slipping nor struggling, but smoothly as if she were treading the level beach. He dared not go to her, for he knew she must still be in that awful sleep. He remembered to have heard that a somnambulist rarely or ever received injury in circumstances of danger, and was comforted by the thought. Onward she came, passed him, and went close to the water's edge. He followed her closely, but neither touched her nor spoke.

She knelt down, and just at that moment, a form floated towards her. The white hands were around it in an instant, the lips were pressed on the pale forehead, and "Arthur, dear Arthur!" was uttered by the hitherto silent lips. Henry made a sign to two or three stout sailors, and mother and son were soon borne to the nearest hut, while another was despatched to the house for restoratives. In an hour, during which hope and fear alternated equally in Henry's bosom, they both opened the eyes closed so long; both weak and unable to speak, but alive and apparently conscious.

The door opened softly, and a hand was laid on Henry's shoulder. He turned, and beheld Percy Broadhurst! Alive, strong and handsome as ever, with only a dash of melancholy in his face when thinking of the five brave fellows who had met their fate, he stood there like a young sea king, dripping with water and stripped to the waist, but anxious only for poor little Arthur, who could not as yet return the pressure of his hand.

A bright October morning. The sea was blue and serene as the sky mirrored above its surface. Two handsome travelling carriages stood at the door of the mansion house, and Henry Middleton and Helen who now bore his name, were in one, and Arthur, Percy, and a lovely girl, who claimed Henry as her brother, were by the side of the other.

"What do you think of dreams now, Helen?" asked the merry voice of Fanny Middleton, as she took her place in the carriage.

"Hush, dear," whispered Percy. "Let us forget all the horrors of that night, and enjoy only this beautiful season."

The lively girl put up her red, pouting lip, and said:

"Take care, Percy! Remember that your bargain was that I should say and do just as I please!"

And then and there, under the glowing crimson of the maple trees that arched above their heads, he renewed the contract upon those lips—and kept it too!

Chinese Etiquette.

Of the Chinese emperor every one, even those of his own chamber, stand in the greatest imaginable awe, and on no pretext does any one address him, save with the use of his grand and glorious titles. It is the etiquette in the Chinese court for the emperor's physician to apply the same titles to his diseases as to himself—and accordingly they talk of "His High and Mighty Stomachache," "His Imperial and Godlike Dyspepsia," and "His Eternal and Never-Ending Diptheria."

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

Heaven's blessings on the one who invents a mode by which children may be kept at home, over which the allurements of the outside world can avail nothing. He is a benefactor to the race. As much as is sung and played, home is not always "sweet home" to the degree that it is described. There are austerities, and asperities, and interdictions, and conventionalisms, that render it unattractive; and besides, there is a familiarity with its scenes that does not suit the spirit that is never satisfied but with change. Depend upon it, where there are harsh words for outraged "propriety," as displayed in boisterous mirth, and cold formality is installed at home, there will be a drawing away from it, and a continual search for excuses to evade its claims. It might be a question if homes thus constituted have any claims upon living, human hearts. I feel glad when I see any new device advertised to make home what it should be—a place of happy abandonment of care, a place wherein the soul can act itself in the light of innocent cheerfulness. The man who published a book of Parlor Games, has been of more benefit than many sermonizers. No good is lessened by its teachings, no frivolity is inaugurated. It opens up a new avenue to happiness. It is the new emotion that the monarch longed for. Enlightened parents understand the necessity of enlisting all attractions; and in those homes where they practise in this light, there is no discontent, no discordance, and every one is happy. There is a gentleman in town who has a large family that has always acted on this plan of home amusement. Instead of setting up as the father of his boys, he abandoned that idea at their twelfth birthday, and became their companion—playing with his boys, and dancing and singing with his girls, till his severe neighbors, who belonged to the rigid church, questioned his sanity. But the severe neighbors cannot show such children as his. They are always at home, always happy, always contented. The rigid neighbors complain of noise that they hear at times, but it is not the noise of strife. It is of many voices, full of home harmony.—*House and Garden.*

A DINNER PARTY.

The excellence of a dinner is not to be determined by its price. Ten years ago an illustrious party dined at Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, at a far lower cost, and after a far more exquisite fashion, than if they had joined the epicureans of the Clarendon, at five pounds per head. The party consisted of Lord Brougham and Dufferin, the Honorable W. Stuart, two other "Britishers," and Count D'Orsay and M. Alexandre Dumas. The dinner on this occasion was a *recherché* affair. It had been as anxiously meditated upon as an epic poem; and it was a far pleasanter thing. "The most successful dishes," says the author of 'The Art of Dining,' were the *bisques*, the *fritures à l'Italienne*, and the *gigot à la Bretagne*. Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which (like his namesake in "High Life Below Stairs,") he vowed should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first rate by acclamation.—*Table Traits.*

[ORIGINAL.]

REUNION.

BY MRS. R. E. EDSON.

To-night beneath the waning moon
 I walk with reverent tread,
 And seek amid yon starry worlds
 The one that holds my dead.
 Somewhere within yon realm of space,
 Somehow, we don't know—
 They watch with faithful tenderness
 The dear ones here below.

We wonder, with an upward glance,
 If they be near or far,
 And if between those shining worlds
 Lay like a silver bar!
 We wonder what their love is like
 In their perfected birth!—
 If it hath sweeter earnestness
 Than that we shared on earth!

If their strong love has grown less strong
 Mid heaven's supernal bowers!—
 If e'er they turn in loneliness
 To miss and sigh for ours;
 If, yearningly, upon the banks
 That skirt the further shore
 They wait till on life's ebbing tide
 The boatman bears us o'er.

O, dear ones dead! the fairest world
 Were mockery to my heart,
 If of its wealth of blissfulness
 Thy love made not a part.
 O darlings! every dream of heaven
 That ever comes to me,
 Is full of blessed prophecies,
 And tender thoughts of these!

O, what to me are harps of gold,
 Or fadeless flowers that blow,
 Beside the eyes whose violet bloom
 Shone on me long ago!
 And when my pulse's fitful beat
 Shall signal my release,
 Heaven were to me an idle word,
 Unless 'twere shared with these!

[ORIGINAL.]

HER COUSIN JOHN.

A TRUTHFUL COMEDY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES F. FITZGERALD.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of the latter part of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven—and although the exact date is not given, the reader may be

assured that it was so late in the month indicated, that the nights were slightly spiced with frost, and the early mornings disagreeably chilly—it was then, at this particular time, and just on the verge of the cold, gray dawn of one of the afore-said mornings, that a solitary individual "might have been seen" disconsolately perambulating the deserted streets of the city of Rochester, in the State of New York.

Not only might have been, but *was* actually seen, by a number of early passers—by milkmen, by charcoal pedlars, by newspaper carriers, and other early risers by compulsion—all of whom casually observed that he was a tall and pensive young man of twenty-three or four, somewhat pale, and apparently in a melancholy frame of mind, and habited in a shabby suit of black, the knees and elbows of which were in that threadbare condition which betokens a revolt. Shivering in the cool morning air, as he wended his way slowly along the deserted thoroughfare, with his eyes fixed upon the pavement, and his hands bestowed in his pockets, he delivered himself of a soliloquy, which, as might be anticipated, related to his own present condition; and which is necessarily presented, in this connection, as throwing some light upon the previous history of our hero; for in this individual, we are to recognize a veritable one of that species.

"Now, John Jones," he began, evidently addressing his remarks to himself, inasmuch as there was no one else within hearing, "now, John Jones, a pretty mess you have cooked for yourself, haven't you? No? We'll see about that, since you deny it. You arrived in this city, where you haven't a single friend or acquaintance, last night, about seven o'clock. You hadn't so much as a copper about you then, and your finances have experienced not the slightest increase since. If there had been a bed for you to have occupied, you would have gone to it supperless; but as there was none, you have spent the night in street-walking. No supper last night, no prospect of breakfast this morning, and you are as hungry as a bear. Heigho, what do you propose to do in the premises? John Jones, it is my solemn persuasion that you should never have been born."

Heaving a deep sigh at the conclusion of this serio-comic soliloquy, the speaker pursued his walk, apparently with no fixed purpose or destination. And it was while he was thus sauntering along, with his eyes still bent on the pavement, and his hands crossed carelessly behind him, that he was almost overthrown by the shock of a sudden collision with a short, portly man

who carried a well-filled market basket on his arm.

"Deuce take it, sir, why do you run against me?" the latter rather peevishly exclaimed, stopping to recover the breath which had been summarily ejected from his body.

He was about to say more, when, as the other party raised his head, and afforded a full view of his face, with its regular, strongly marked, and withal rather handsome features, he bent eagerly forward to examine them more closely, laying his hand somewhat firmly on the young man's shoulder, as if to detain him, who, for his part, stood mute and passive, submitting with the utmost patience to the detention and inspection.

"Well, what now?" was his mental query. "This fat citizen of this most inhospitable city probably means to prefer a charge of assault and battery against me, give me in charge of a policeman, take me to the station-house, to the magistrate. People *versus* Jones, convicted, fined, imprisoned, and other delightful little realities. Well, well, commit yourself to fate, John, you've shifted for yourself long enough, and to no purpose. But the keeper of my destiny opens his mouth. He is about to speak. He seems puzzled."

"John?" the portly person interrogated, somewhat doubtfully.

"You've hit the name exactly, sir," was the reply.

"John Jones?"

"Right again, sir; I am that individual."

The market-basket quickly dropped to the pavement, and seizing the young man's hand, the fat gentleman wrung it so violently as to crack the knuckles of the same, with a report like a volley of pistol shots.

"My dear John, I'm overjoyed to see you. We've been expecting you for the last week, and wondering why you didn't arrive. Mrs. Gray and Clara will be overjoyed to see you, as well as myself. When did you reach the city?"

The young man could hardly overcome his astonishment sufficiently to allow him to answer.

"Last night? And slept without seeing us? Too bad, too bad! How did you leave your father?"

"He's dead, sir!" And a tear accompanied the words.

"Dead? Bless my soul, is it possible? When did it happen?"

"Almost a month ago."

"Shocking! That, then, was what detained you. I sympathize with you, my dear boy, in your sad bereavement. I do, indeed. Sad, inexpressibly sad, to think of. Poor John, I loved

him better than any of my other cousins, before he moved to the West, and felt almost like a brother to him. Well, well, we can't bring him back by grieving, and you will be doubly dear to us now. Come in, my boy; here's the house, right here! Clara will be delighted to meet you at last. You've been thinking a little of her, lately, eh, John?"

Now it cannot be denied that this person, John Jones, was considerably surprised by the remarkable turn which things had taken within the preceding minute; but being a person of very ready address, and almost unbounded confidence in his own powers to get himself out of any little difficulty into which his assent to the invitation of the fat gentleman might lead him, he coolly suppressed every manifestation of astonishment, and resolved to abandon himself to the fate he had invoked. To be sure, it was as clear as daylight that he had been mistaken for some third person; but then, censorious reader, imagine yourself placed in the situation in which his soliloquy discloses him, imagine, too, the strong temptation to let the adventure take its course, which naturally beset him, and then candidly confess, that, under similar circumstances, you might have acted very much as he did. However, in reply to the last question, he answered very readily that Clara had been in his thoughts incessantly, of late, and that he was literally dying to see her.

"Aha, sly rogue, father's own boy!" And the old gentleman accompanied the suggestive remarks by sundry pokes in the waistband. "But here's the house, as I said; come right in, breakfast is waiting."

The speaker caught up his basket in one hand, and with the other seized the person addressed by the arm, and hurried him up the stone steps of a stylish-looking brick house, in front of which the meeting of the two had occurred. Nothing loth, the young man suffered himself to be conducted into the hall, when a sudden thought of the shabbiness of his wardrobe, in connection with that other thought of the Clara who had been just represented as so anxious to see him, caused him to hesitate.

"Now, then, what's the matter?" his conductor impatiently observed. "Why don't you come along?"

"The fact is, my dear Cousin Gray," he replied, summoning his energies for a desperate revelation, "and if I must confess it, I hardly look presentable. You see that this suit is exceedingly threadbare, and more than this, it is my only one. But it would be very painful for me to explain—"

"Then don't think of explaining, my boy; I believe I understand you. Father died poor, perhaps, and—nay, don't say a word, but come with me, and I'll rig you out so you'll hardly know yourself. Fie, man, away with your scruples! What's the use of having wealthy cousins, if you're not to be at liberty to use them occasionally? And didn't your poor father pick me out of the gutter, thirty years ago, and make me all that I am now, and am I to be told that I am not to befriend his only son, and be a father to him in his extremity? Come, you young rascal, you are in my house, now, and are to obey orders."

The energy with which these words were spoken, accompanied by tears, as they were, as he alluded to John Jones, senior, left no alternative but submission, and John Jones, junior, therefore, permitted himself to be led up the stairs, and into a chamber, from which, in the course of half an hour he emerged, looking for all the world like a new mortal. Soap, water and towels had removed the effects of his uncomfortable night's vigil from his person; his brown hair was precisely brushed and adjusted; a fashionably cut suit gave him an air of refined and gentlemanly elegance, nor were the advantages of clean linen overlooked; and, altogether, he was firmly persuaded that he had never in his life looked or felt, saving his overpowering hunger, quite as well. The prediction of Mr. Gray was realized; he hardly knew himself, in the face and figure revealed by the glass.

These preliminaries satisfactorily disposed of, Mr. Gray introduced his protegee into the breakfast room, where the table was waiting, and presented him, most gleefully, to the two ladies sitting in it—his wife and daughter. The former was a pleasant, matronly old lady, quite as fat as her husband, and as she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him, John felt really quite overpowered. But he returned the salute, most dutifully, and then gave his attention to the other, the daughter Clara, a slender young girl, with the sweetest smile and the deepest, tenderest blue eyes imaginable. She came forward and offered her hand; he, bewildered as he was by her unexpected loveliness, took and retained it. She murmured the words, "Cousin John;" he said, as awkwardly as could be, and because he could think of nothing else to say, "Cousin Clara." And lastly, he did what he would never have dreamed of doing, had she not placed her lips in such tempting proximity to his—kissed her. The young lady colored a little, it must be admitted, but did not appear particularly displeased, while her father indulged himself in

another sly insertion of his forefinger in the young man's ribs.

Breakfast followed, during the course of which good Mrs. Gray more than once expressed her profound pleasure "to see the dear boy eat so!" The "dear boy," however, was only remunerating himself for his protracted fast, and this being done, he zealously devoted himself to the business of making a pleasant impression upon his new and strangely-made acquaintances. In this, he succeeded beyond his expectations; the old people listened with delight to his fluent and intelligent conversation, which truly indicated an educated mind, and an unusual refinement, and he was gratified to see that Miss Clara regarded him with marked interest.

But to describe in detail the events of the succeeding three months, would be an impossibility. The house where our hero found himself so acceptably domiciled, continued to be his home, and, indeed, Mr. Gray had more than once assured him that "as soon as that little family matter between himself and Clara was settled, he intended to take him regularly into business with him, and that his home should be with him always." They were three months which slipped by as swiftly as a pleasant dream; and save when it was marred by the fear that the person for whom he had been mistaken, the other John Jones, might make his appearance at any moment, and so expose his own passive imposture, save at such times, they were three most delightful months. With nothing to call him from the society of Clara, but rather with every facility for the enjoyment of it thrown in his way, by the parents, who grew more affectionate towards him daily, John suffered himself to be hurried to that point which his situation rendered inevitable from the first. In four words, three weeks had not elapsed since his entry into the house, before he was forced to confess himself in love, hopelessly in love, with Clara Gray, and when he came to confess it to her, he discovered that she was in much the same predicament, merely substituting his name for hers. He had thought at first that "Cousin John" sounded wonderfully sweet when spoken by her lips; but when he first heard her say "dear John," he was perfectly satisfied with the change.

But to do perfect justice to the hero of this truthful sketch, the novel position in which he now found himself was one into which he had been irresistibly led, as if by superior force. He had yielded to the pleasures of his new home, in tacit deception, with the recklessness of one in misfortune; but from the first moment of his intimacy with Clara, he had formed the resolu-

tion never to carry this deception so far as to take advantage of it to become her husband. Yet before the persuasion of his love for her, the resolve grew daily weaker and more futile; it was dissipated by the next touch of her hand and glance of her eye. It was very well and proper for him to make such a resolution; but it was also very natural for him to forget and renounce it, with Clara Gray leaning on his arm, as they strolled together in the moonlight evening. Unerring symptoms of this character were noticed by Mr. Gray with a chuckle of satisfaction, and by Mrs. Gray with a quiet and meaning smile, which betokened their perfect satisfaction with the course of events. In short, this young man with the unromantic name, found himself in a most romantic and perplexing predicament. What should he do? Give up Clara, acknowledge himself an arrant impostor, and cast himself again on the world? He shrank from such a course; his love protested overwhelmingly against it. What then? Continue to drift with the current of fate, and trust to love to preserve him? This was the course which he finally resolved upon. Hoping that his namesake, whose enviable position he was so acceptably occupying, might continue to remain in obscurity, he presented himself before Mr. Gray, and made the following announcement:

"I'm ready, cousin."

"Ready for what, John?"

"To marry Clara, of course; what else should I want to do?"

"Nothing that would please me better, my boy. Marry her as soon as you and she please, and God bless you! It really makes me feel young again to think of it. Go and talk it over with her, and when it is all arranged, you and I will settle those little business affairs about which I spoke to you."

And so John talked with Clara, and Clara, like a dutiful girl, consulted her mother, and it was decided that they should be married in the house in just two weeks from that day. And, at the appointed time, married they were, Clara looking lovelier than ever, and the bridegroom mentally accusing himself of all kinds of crimes and villainies; in fact, looking so sober as to draw upon him the pleasantries of his happy father-in-law. And just as the ceremony was concluded, and the parents were trying in vain to shed a few tears, as a kind of duty, upon the occasion, there came a furious ring of the door bell, and the servant ushered into the parlor a very homely man of about thirty years of age, who seemed to be laboring under an intense degree of excitement. Wiping his bald head with a most vividly-

colored bandana, and taking a huge pinch of snuff at every other sentence, he inquired, in very bland accents, of the head of the house:

"Be you called Peter Gray?"

"That is my name, sir; but it is usually spoken with a Mr. joined to it."

The worthy Mr. Gray spoke quite sharply, and seemed much irritated at the intrusion.

"And have you a darter by the name of Clary—and be this her—and has she been goin' and getting married to a man callin' hisself Jones—and be this he?" was the string of interrogations which followed, each uttered more vehemently than its predecessor.

"Yes, and what business is it to you? You will greatly oblige me, sir, by transacting your business with me, if you have any, as quickly as possible, and then taking yourself out of my house."

"I'll tell you what business it is!" and the stranger danced around the room, wiping his head frantically with the bandanna. "You've been swindled, sir, basely swindled and deceived! I'm John Jones, sir, the original and genuine John Jones, and if this young woman is your darter Clara, then I'm her Cousin John. Look here, sir, Peter Gray, sir, here be your letters to my father in regard to this young woman and John Jones, which is me, sir! That there individual is a rascal, a swindler, a—"

"Be careful, Mr. Jones," observed John Jones No. 1, "something unpleasant may happen to you, if you make use of such personal remarks!"

John Jones No. 2 moderated immediately.

"I don't understand this, Cousin John," Mr. Gray interposed, somewhat disturbed, turning to his son-in-law. "How did this fellow obtain possession of the letters which I wrote to your father, and what does he mean by his ridiculous assumption?"

"I will tell you all I know of this very singular affair, my dear Mr. Gray," the young man frankly replied. "It may be that I have acted very wrong in permitting you to continue deceived so long; but I have acted as I have from pure love for Clara, and I think I could not do otherwise, under the circumstances."

"Deceived! How? Explain yourself!" Mr. Gray ejaculated, in real distress. "Bless my soul, this is really getting serious! Are you not my cousin, John Jones?"

"No, that he been't," the bald-headed man interposed. "He's a villain—a—"

"Silence, sir, or I shall injure you!" John interrupted, frowning savagely at the speaker, who subsided again into silence. "My name is assuredly John Jones, as was my father's before

me; but as for being your cousin, I am compelled to disclaim it. I never knew what relatives my father had in this State, if any; his pride was so touched by the comparison of his poverty with the wealth which he formerly had, that he never corresponded with them, and left me totally ignorant of who or where they were."

"Strange—the strangest thing I ever heard of!" Mr. Gray cried, energetically slapping his knee. "I thought I recognized you by your face; I could swear, from your resemblance to him, you are the son of my cousin, John Jones."

"It is very singular, for there was also a remarkable similarity between the faces of my father and myself."

"Ah, I am beginning to see through it," Mr. Gray exclaimed, his face suddenly brightening up. "Where did your father reside?"

"In Chicago."

"And yours?" addressing him of the bald head.

"In Detroit, State of Michigan."

"And neither you nor your father, John, ever received any letters from me, nor wrote me any?"

"Never, sir, to my positive knowledge. I never knew of your existence before the morning on which you met me in the street. The death of my father left me penniless and destitute, and I came here in search of employment."

"Then it is all explained," Mr. Gray almost screamed, rushing upon the bewildered youth, tearing him from his bride, and hugging him as if mad. "Thank Heaven, my boy, you are my cousin, and Clara's Cousin John, and so was your father. The simple explanation of the whole enigma, is, that I had two cousins by that name, one the son of my maternal uncle, and as noble a man as ever breathed, your father, John; and the other, the son of my father's half brother, a perfect pest to the family, and the father of this individual with the bald head and handkerchief. Oddly enough, his name was also John Jones, and to complicate the matter more hopelessly, it seems that both the sons of these two cousins were named after their respective fathers, so that each bears the name of John Jones. You, John, here with Clara, are the very person whom I wished to be my son-in-law; but it seems that the letters which I addressed to your father on the subject, fell into the hands of the scapegrace cousin who has the honor of being the parent of yonder intelligent specimen of humanity. Our correspondence settled all the preliminaries, and that when the infernal rascal must have known he was reading and answering another man's letters. It was arranged that John Jones, the son, should make us a visit in the latter part of September—"

"But I couldn't come then," John Jones No. 2 loudly protested. "I was sick with—"

"Well, well, I am very well pleased that you stayed away. All I have to say now is, that everything has happened just as I could have wished, although about as curiously as if the fates were playing tricks with us. The merest accident brought you to my house, my dear John, with the happy result which this day has witnessed, and I shall always thank Heaven for the accident!"

"And so we've been frightened almost out of our senses for nothing," Mrs. Gray observed, with a sigh of relief.

"I breathe considerably freer myself," John said, drawing a long breath with the words.

"You see, my dear Clara, just how naughty I have been, for I suppose it was very culpable to permit you to believe me your Cousin John, when I sincerely believed that I was no such thing. But it was all for you, my dear little wife; so just recall that line of 'Auld Robin Gray' which you were singing to me the other night, and forgive the deception;—

'For who could withstand temptation, when hoping to win thee?'"

Clara smiled through her tears, and laid her cheek against her husband's shoulder. It is to be presumed that her forgiveness was not unreasonably withheld.

"Well," John Jones No. 2 suddenly vociferated, emerging from the obscurity of the corner, "and what's all this ere to me? Supposin' his name be the same as mine, do that undo all the mischief? You, Mr. Peter Gray, I demand instant redress for my injuries."

"I'm very sorry for you, sir," Mr. Gray complacently observed, "but I don't clearly see how I can help you. I hold most firmly to the opinion that your father is as great a rascal as ever, and that he has attempted to make a catpaw of you in this affair. I think you had better return to Michigan, and tell him so."

"It's a swindle, an infamous cheat!" Jones No. 2 wrathfully yelled, stamping around like a crazy man. "I'll have 'em divorced. I'll sue you for false pretences. I'll—"

His demonstrations were only stopped by Mr. Gray's taking him by the ear, and gently ejecting him from the house.

"Plague take the fellow," he said, as he re-entered the parlor. "I thought one John Jones in the house was about enough. What do you say, Clara?"

Clara seemed to assent by placing her hands within her husband's, and smiling very sweetly in his face.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TOMB AT DONANWORTH.

BY CARL WOLFFE.

THERE is, in the Church of the Holy Cross at Donanworth, a beautiful monument, erected to the memory of Mary of Brabant, the wife of Duke Lewis, whose character may be guessed at by the sobriquet universally given him—the severe. The fate of this young and delicate woman is one that might well arouse the sympathy of all who know the dreary tale.

Duke Lewis married this lovely and noble woman in the spring of 1254. His sister, the widow of the Emperor Conradin, was then living in Donanworth, with the little Conradin; and here, in the lonely castle with these two quiet and melancholy beings, he left his young bride, while he went away to the borders of the Rhine, to fight against the robber knights. Elizabeth, wrapped in her greater griefs, had little pity to spare for the bride. Nothing short of death awakened her to sympathy, and Mary, almost wild at the continued absence of her husband, resolved to write him a letter that should touch his heart, and bring him back to take her away from the dreary solitudes of Donanworth.

She knew that he was not now engaged in contest with the robbers of the Rhine. The good swords of the gallant knights had subdued them; and Duke Lewis and Henry, Count of Leinengen, whom Mary knew, were at Heidelberg, enjoying themselves, and she felt that amidst the engrossing pleasures that chained her husband there, she would be forgotten. A thought struck her. She would write to Count Henry, the playfellow of her early childhood, and ask him to induce Lewis to come home to her, or allow her to leave the solitude of Donanworth and join him at Heidelberg or elsewhere. A tender remembrance of her old companion prompted her to write to him in the same fond, coaxing way that she had used to him when, as a sprightly and spirited boy he had roamed with her, whom he called his little wife, in the shades of Brabant.

Her present loneliness, her strong desire for society more congenial to her habits than the tearful Elizabeth, all lent a warmth and color to her writing, so that one who did not know the friendly and affectionate relations that had existed between herself and Count Henry, might have easily imagined that her language was more impassioned than comported with the dignity of a woman already married to another. When she had thus poured out her feelings to

him whom she considered more as a dear brother than as a stranger—addressing him at the same time as “dear Henry,”—she commenced another letter to her husband. Unused to writing much, she had already exhausted herself in her first letter. Weariness and ennui overpowered her; and after vainly trying to restore herself to animation, she left the unfinished epistle and threw herself upon her couch. She slept heavily—dreamed of a duel between her husband and their mutual friend, and woke only when the empress came in and announced that she was about to send a messenger to Heidelberg. Slowly the young wife arose, and, half sleeping still, she took both letters, folded and sealed them, one with black, the other with white. Having done this, she saw the messenger of the empress and directed him to give the letters privately to each.

A cold, dreary day in Heidelberg had succeeded a night of high revel. The duke was lying upon his couch in his own apartment, trying to sleep off the effects of the too late hours. He was alone, Count Henry having an appointment which, spite of wind or weather he was bound to keep. He could not sleep; for troubled thoughts of the still well-beloved though forsaken Mary filled his mind.

“I am a traitor,” he said, “a traitor to the fair woman whom not two years ago I vowed to protect. What protection have I given her? I have immured her in a lonely castle that I should deem a prison, if I were obliged to remain in it an hour alone, or even with my weeping sister and her sad little boy. Yet I have left her there for more than a year, while I have been sipping sweets from every fountain of pleasure. My poor Mary! It shall be thus no longer. This very day, ere my resolution cools, and while I am sickening at the remembrance of last night, I will make preparations to go to her.”

He looked forth from the window without rising. The snow was mantling the earth in her heavy white robes. The winds were abroad and the fields and the moor beyond looked desolate and dreary. But the duke was now thoroughly bent on going. Not even for Count Henry’s return would he stay—but he wrote a hasty billet telling him that he was going to Donanworth, and ordered out the fleetest steeds in the stable.

His groom looked aghast. “My lord duke,” he remonstrated, “the weather is not fitting for man nor beast. Let me pray you to stay until the storm abates.”

“Hold thy peace!” he answered. “Find a strong, serviceable animal for thyself, and prepare to accompany me.”

The duke's charger and the groom's clumsier nag were brought out and stood side by side at the door. The master had enveloped his slight, youthful form in a fur overcoat, while the servant was wrapped in frieze to the chin. They had already mounted under the shelter of the broad-arched gateway, when a messenger rode up to them and delivered a letter to the duke. It was sealed with a black seal. His heart sank within him. Was Mary dead? A shudder, as of one dying, ran through his whole frame. He tore open the missive.

What was this? The handwriting of his wife, and directed outwardly to him; but within, words of doubtful meaning—words of soft, winning entreaty, and strong, cordial welcome to Donanworth. And all these addressed to Henry, Count of Leiningen—"dear Henry," as he was affectionately named therein. What madness was this? Had the powers of darkness reserved this terrible bolt to punish him for the very error of which he had just been so sorely repenting? For a moment he reeled in the saddle, then, concentrating all the mad passion of his fiery soul into one scorching, burning thought, he dashed wildly on.

Onward still onward, until the horse lay, covered with blood and foam, in the whitened road; the last breaths heaving his noble sides with agony. Two others shared the same fate, and still the fiery-hearted master went on, scarce staying for food or water. He scorned to recruit his frame or inflame his rage with wine. As he drew nearer and saw the light in her window, a thought of deep tenderness mingled with his passionate revenge, but did not sway that savage determination which had possessed him. All the house was dark, save for the light at her window. Approaching, he could see her figure. She was seated at a table, her head leaning on her hand. Of what or whom were her dreams? Of the husband whom she had vowed to love, or of Henry of Leiningen?

Around the drawbridge, the snow had fallen heavily. The wild storm had not abated and the duke rang the bell and blew the horn, until his steed shook and tottered with cold and fear. Elizabeth's old and valued servant came at last; the seneschal of the gloomy castle. Duke Lewis stayed not a moment. He hastily flung the old man aside, and ran to the chamber where he had seen Mary. She had started at the first sound of the bell; but she did not believe the stranger was her husband. Some poor, benighted traveller had perhaps tried their hospitality, and she hoped he would not seek it in vain upon this awful night.

Her door was opened, and a man whose garments were covered with snow, and with icicles hanging from his beard and a sword in his hand, entered. It could be no other than Lewis. She sprang up and threw her arms around the snow-clad form. With an indignant gesture, and a word of bitter meaning, he drove her from him. She shrieked out her anguish in one long, loud cry that woke the slumbering echoes of the castle, and penetrated to the ears of Elizabeth and her attendants. The latter cowered with fear—the empress sprang from her bed and stood within the chamber of Mary. Well she knew that despairing voice, but how little was she prepared for the scene within! Could this be the meeting between her brother and his wife, after their dreary separation? Alas! she knew, when she saw the confessor enter the room, that Mary was to be a victim. She knelt before her brother.

"Lewis, Lewis!" she cried. "For God's sake, for the sake of the holy mother of Jesus, tell me what madness possesses you!"

"This woman, Elizabeth, is a shame and reproach to your house. I came but to release you from the care I unwittingly burdened you with. Forgive me, sister, I thought her pure as this unsmelted snow; but I know her now."

While she had been speaking, Duke Lewis had nodded to the confessor to do his office. Poor child! what had that innocent captive to repent of? Living her desolate life, she was powerless to sin deeply, and had nothing to be penitent for, save the wild anguish that his desertion awakened in her mind. She knew not what to say to her confessor. Everything seemed so strange to her. Meeting her husband thus after their long separation, without even the shadow of conscious blame upon her heart to reproach herself with, almost took away her life. She little knew that Duke Lewis came for that terrible purpose.

"Is there nothing more, my daughter?" asked the trembling priest. "Remember! your soul may this night be required of you."

"And if it is, holy father, I have no fear. Nothing can be more terrible than my husband's anger. God and the virgin will deal with my soul more tenderly. Lewis, I am innocent."

He took the crumpled letter from his vest.

"Here are the proofs, base woman! You and he shall both die!" And he struck at the long, flowing tresses that hung about her fair neck. In a moment that fair head lay bleeding, quivering at his feet. No one in the room believed that he would carry out his savage purpose. Elizabeth fainted, and the priest showered anathemas upon the guilty man, who, his passion

appeared at the sight of blood, had sunk into the chair so recently occupied by her who lay at his feet.

Mary's papers lay scattered about the table before him. Upon them was written again and again, "Lewis, return!" "Beloved Lewis," and the various affectionate words and sentences that love dictates for the absent. O, God! was it all a dream, and were these words suggested by the loving heart he had just murdered? Yet how, O, how could this be? Had she not written the same to the Count of Leiningen?

He was alone—for the priest had gone to help Elizabeth's woman to restore her from that deathly swoon, and they had all left him with his victim. The long tresses still lay over his feet. He hastily opened the letter again, crushed and torn as it was, and read it. Before it was quite finished, he had sunk upon his knees beside his murdered wife, in a frenzy of passion that surpassed even the mad rage he had indulged before. It was all clear to him now. She had written to the count in a loving spirit, it was true—but only as an artless and inexperienced woman may write to the dear friend of her husband and herself—reminding him of their childish days, and earnestly entreating him to *come home with Lewis!* Was that wrong? Was that a thing to cause him to draw the heart's blood of the woman who loved him?

He saw how the mistake must have originated. He was sure that Mary must have written to him, for there were half copies of letters, which must have been the initial to an entire missive. In her haste, she had misdirected them. And yet—and yet! There she lay, in all her glorious prime—dead!

The night wore on. He lifted the pale form to the couch and placed the limbs straight. Upon his knees he watched, until the cold, gray, wintry morning appeared, before the servants dared to disturb him. Five days after, she was buried in the Church of the Holy Cross.

When the Empress Elizabeth came to look upon the sweet sister she had loved so well, she was startled to find an unknown watcher sitting by the low bier. It was a gray-haired man who sat there with covered face, and the large round tears dropping through the closed fingers, and plashing down upon the marble face. He looked up wildly at her entrance, removing the hands that concealed his features. It was her brother, Duke Lewis! In a single night the black, beautiful hair, shining and glossy, was changed—blanched to silvery whiteness; and he scarce numbering a quarter of a century.

He shrank painfully from seeing Count Henry

again; but the latter sent him the fatal letter, that he might know how dearly the murdered wife loved the husband who destroyed her. Penitence and tears made up the sum of Duke Lewis's after life. One fatal remembrance haunted him forever—his Mary's dying look—one thought never left him—"I loved and I destroyed her."

THE BROKER AND HIS CLERK.

Many a man who has become a hardened criminal might have been saved to society by a little tender sympathy and discriminate kindness in the beginning of his viciousness. Few men have the grace to act like the broker in the following incident, but success would often follow such kindness. It is easy to ruin, and it is easy to save a young man: One of the leading brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money in his hands was a great temptation to him. Small sums of money were missed day after day; a quarter once, then fifty cents, then one dollar, then two dollars were missed. He was charged with the speculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed. "Now," said the broker, "I shall not discharge, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way. Now let me see no more of this." He went to his work. He did not disappoint the confidence. He did honor to his employer. And the other day he was inducted into one of the city banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of \$10,000. Had he conducted the way some would have done—sent the boy away, proclaimed his dishonor—perhaps he would have ended his days in the State prison, and have been sent to his tomb in the garb of a convict. But a young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amidst the temptations of money, and for a moment was overcome.—*Tribune.*

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, the almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked and depraved they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said of a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a young lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it.—*Ladies' Companion.*

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

THY WILL BE DONE!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or die for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

[ORIGINAL.]

BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

A REMINISCENCE OF OCTOBER 13, 1812.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

SEVEN miles above the confluence of the Niagara River with Lake Ontario the abrupt and precipitate banks of the former suddenly fall one-fourth of their imposing height, forming a bold declivity, known as the Mountain Ridge, which extends east and west for a number of miles into New York and Canada. Nowhere upon earth can a more striking example of the mighty mutations of Nature in her works be seen than here;

for geologists inform us that at some unknown time—probably thousands of years back in the history of the world—this ridge was actually the southern limit of the lake, which has in the lapse of generations slowly receded a distance of seven miles, leaving its former bed a populous and fertile tract of country, diversified by all the marks of civilization.* And, more singularly still, it is generally believed that the Falls of Niagara had once their location here, and have, in their turn, receded an equal distance southward, with the constant chafing and fretting of their tumultuous floods against the limestone of their foundation, gaining at length their present position.

It was here, in the very centre of natural wonders like these, and in the midst of some of the most imposing scenery of the American continent, that the armies of the frontier met in hostile engagement on the 13th day of October, in the year 1812. A brief glance at the stirring and memorable events of the day must be of interest to the general reader.

The traveller, approaching this locality from almost any point of the compass, cannot fail to have his attention arrested by the lofty and beautiful monument which springs upward from the summit of Queenston Heights, commemorative alike of the battle, and of the distinguished leader of the British forces, who fell upon that occasion. Should he enter the quiet cemetery of the village of Lewistown upon the opposite bank, and almost in the shadow of the mountain ridge, his eye will be quite as likely to rest upon the plain marble stone, which, as its inscription, still plainly legible, informs us, was erected forty-eight years ago, "in testimony of the highest respect and esteem which Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer bore to Captain George Nelson, of the Sixth Regiment of United States Infantry, who fell in the attack upon Queenston Heights," and which bears the suggestive and appropriate epitaph, "Here sleeps a soldier—here a brave man rests!"

These, and many other equally conspicuous memorials of a deeply interesting and historical event, will arouse his curiosity in regard to its details, and probably turn his steps to the light and graceful suspension bridge which spans the rushing water immediately below the scene of the battle, and across to the spot where the white column crowns the steep ascent—a silent warder, rearing itself upward from the centre of the field of the fray.

The invasion of Canada having been resolved

* The discovery of shells, stones, etc., in different portions of this region, which, from their formation, must have been formerly deeply submerged in the water, places this singular theory beyond a doubt.

upon, a force of several thousand men, under command of General Van Rensselaer, and styled "The Army of the Centre," was assembled at Lewiston. The greater portion of this body was composed of raw militia, never in actual service; and it was by the cowardice of these that the battle was ultimately lost. The morning of the 13th of October, the earliest day practicable, was selected for the crossing; and before daylight the boats were busily plying in the swift current between the shores, engaged in landing the invaders in the enemy's country.

A body of somewhat more than one thousand American troops was thus transferred to the Canadian shore, but under such disadvantages as threatened a defeat at the outset. The current of the river at this point is crossed with numberless counter eddies and whirls, rendering the management of a boat exceedingly difficult, and often dangerous. In addition to this the enemy had erected two batteries, one upon the heights, and the other some distance below, from both of which a destructive and galling fire was poured down upon the invaders. Several of the boats were sunk or disabled by it, and others compelled to drop some distance below the intended landing-place, and most of which latter returned to the American side. The loss during the passage was considerable, both in killed and wounded, the brave General Van Rensselaer receiving four bullet wounds before stepping from his boat. When, however, the landing was successfully effected, the Americans acted with the utmost gallantry and despatch. A detachment under Captain Wool succeeded in clambering up a steep path among the rocks, which had been left unguarded, and in gaining the rear of the battery on the heights. The latter was immediately taken and silenced, the gunners being driven from their pieces down the hill.

The action now became general, and volleys of musketry were exchanged in quick succession. The American troops, however, inspirited with their successes, were fast gaining ground and pressing their enemies back, when the arrival of General Brock, the commander of the forces of the province, and an officer of much ability, bravery and experience, infused new spirit into the conflict. Under his lead the scattered forces of the enemy were rallied and brought to the charge with such vigor, that the Americans were in turn forced back, almost to the edge of the steep bank. But again the tide of battle turned; after a close and destructive volley, the heroic young Captain Wool led the charge, and the British were driven in confusion down the hill. In attempting to rally them the unfortunate

Brock was shot through the breast, and almost instantly expired. His aid, Lieutenant-Colonel McDowell, was also killed; and disheartened by these calamities, the enemy fled at all points, leaving the Americans masters of the field and the village of Queenston.

Thus passed the morning; and considering the engagement ended and the victory secured, General Van Rensselaer re-crossed the river, to make arrangements for permanently fortifying the heights. In the first hours of the afternoon the British again advanced to the attack, having been reinforced by a body of Chippewa Indians; but they were again compelled to fall back before the ardor of the invaders, and the latter still held the mastery of the field.

But as the day wore on the battle was again renewed, and now under peculiar and serious circumstances. A strong reinforcement of British regulars, under the lead of General Sheaffe, appeared, moving rapidly up the river; they were joined a short distance in the rear of the heights by another detachment equally strong from Chippewa; and after thus forming a junction, this, formidable body moved slowly forward in front of the American position. The force thus displayed consisted of one thousand men, the majority of whom were regulars; the Americans, upon the other hand, although about equal in numbers, were totally deficient in the skill and military experience which their foes were able to bring against them. It was at the very outset of the war, and the invaders, called hastily from the plough and workshop, lacked the steadiness and discipline with which they afterwards successfully combated the enemy upon their own soil.

The lines of the contending armies were formed upon the brow of the heights, a short distance apart, parallel to each other, and making an angle towards the river; that of the Americans being nearest to it. At two in the afternoon the firing began upon both sides, that of the British being assisted by two field pieces. The volleys given and returned were sharp and fatal, the enemy following with a bayonet charge of their two wings. Unable to withstand the movement, the extremities of the American line were forced back upon the main body, and the latter consequently thrown into disastrous confusion and disorder. This, in fact, was the turning-point of the fight; the superiority of the British in field manœuvres had gained them the day, and although the Americans retreated with as much order as could be expected, the day was now virtually lost to them.

Alarmed by this critical position of affairs, General Van Rensselaer again crossed the river,

to hasten the embarkation of the militia; but with the deepest mortification and anger he learned that they peremptorily refused to repair to the assistance of their brave countrymen, who were then valiantly contesting every inch of the field! A timely reinforcement at this moment, led against the British rear, would have doubtless retrieved the crowning disaster of the day, and saved the victory; but nothing could induce the *twelve hundred* cowardly men who stood upon the American shore, coolly contemplating the spectacle of the battle opposite, to cross the stream. The reason which they assigned was, that they were called into service for the *defence* of this frontier, and were not expected by the government, and could not be compelled, to assume the aggressive by placing themselves upon hostile territory. History, however, assigns the motive of rank cowardice to their conduct, as it embalms the memory of the brave men who struggled so nobly on that day against the enemies of their country. Neither threats, persuasions, nor appeals to the patriotism of the former, could move them in the slightest; and it was all in vain that the gallant men who were to have led them alternately besought and threatened them, with tears of chagrin in their eyes, to place themselves under orders. Every effort of this kind failing— notwithstanding these militia had been the loudest in their clamorings before the battle to be led against the enemy—the officers upon the American shore turned their attention to securing the retreat of the fugitives, and the boats were again put in motion for that purpose. This movement, unfortunately, met with signal failure, for the Canadian lower battery opened a well-directed and destructive fire, which dispersed the boats, drove them back, and prevented the crossing of a single one of them.

For an hour longer Brigadier-General Wadsworth, the commander of the invading force in action, maintained the unequal struggle; but perceiving that the battle was hopelessly lost, and wishing to save the needless sacrifice of his brave troops, he surrendered himself and them as prisoners of war. And thus ended this remarkable battle, in which, in the language of a Canadian historian, "nothing could possibly exceed the heroic bravery manifested on both sides." Special commendation was accorded by the unanimous foe to many of the American officers—among others, to Colonel Scott, now lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the American armies. He was at this time a young officer, but especially distinguished himself in his efforts to rally and re-form his command near the close of the conflict.

A number of the defeated army met with a tragic death, in being driven over the rocky and precipitous bank, and dashed upon the rocks below; while others were drowned in futile attempts to swim the river. The loss in killed, however, was inconsiderable upon either side, in proportion to the numbers engaged; that of the Americans probably preponderating. A truce was agreed upon the following day, to allow General Van Rensselaer an opportunity to reclaim the bodies of his men fallen in the battle.

But all the advantages gained by this victory were more than outweighed in the loss of General Brock, which was severely felt and deplored throughout the province. He was a soldier of acknowledged ability, of European as well as Canadian reputation, and respected and beloved by friends and enemies alike. Minute guns were discharged upon the American side, in token of mournful respect, as his body was borne to its resting-place at Fort George on the following day. In 1824 his remains were buried on Queenston Heights, and an imposing Tuscan column erected over them. This, in the year 1840, was mutilated and cracked from summit to pedestal, and the interior entirely blown out, by the act of a desperado, Ben Lett by name, who placed a quantity of powder beneath it and fired it, with the result mentioned, afterward making good his escape. Subsequently the present striking and elegant shaft was reared in its place, and dedicated to the memory of General Sir Isaac Brock, upon the anniversary of the battle, October 13, 1859, with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of a vast concourse, civil and military. Both Brock and his aid rest beneath it; and it rises above them in a graceful Roman composite column, supported by two pedestals, and crowned by a heroic statue of the deceased general seventeen feet in height. A spiral staircase ascends to the summit of the column, from which a magnificent prospect of the adjacent country is afforded, embracing river, lake, forest, plain and villages. The monument is finished with the utmost regard to architectural effect, and is altogether one of the noblest structures of the kind in America. It is indeed, with one exception,* the loftiest monumental or statuary column in the known world. At the four corners of the lower base are pedestals supporting figures in full antique armor, each bearing a shield, with a Gorgon's head in relief. At the corners of the upper base are four lions rampant upon shields. Upon the northern side of this

* The exception is the monument upon Fish Street Hill, London, built by Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the great London fire of 1666.

second pedestal is sculptured a representation of the battle; while upon each of the others are designs representative of peace and war. The whole design is exceedingly classic and appropriate. On brazen plates in the masonry of the closed stone sarcophagus in the interior are appropriate inscriptions; the coat of arms of the Brocks hanging against the wall near by, with the motto, "*vincit veritas.*" The outer inscription, placed upon the northern side of the lower base, is given below, as peculiarly descriptive of the spirit in which the work was performed:

"Upper Canada has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B., Provincial and Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander of the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath. Opposing the invading enemy, he fell in action near these heights on the 13th of October, 1812, in the 43d year of his age. Revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted."

The grounds surrounding the monument, themselves the scene of the closing battle, are beautifully embellished, a broad carriage-drive leading up the ascent from a stone lodge at the gateway. Northward from the column, and at the foot of the heights, is the spot where Brock received his death-wound. A stone was laid over it by the Prince of Wales during his visit to America, in September, 1860; and the place is now conspicuously marked by a cut-stone monument several feet high, and indicated by an inscription. Overhanging it, as it were, the statue of the commander seems to look down from the heights upon the spot where he yielded up his life.

It is a grateful task to recall details such as these, from the reflection that the animosities of the two nations are now happily matters of history, and that cordial good-will and brotherhood subsist in their place. Lingered amid the scenes of this battle-field, and recalling the story of that old October day, we can look down upon the broad bosom of the placid Ontario, and behold the vessels and steamers of both countries mingling in peaceful commerce and intercommunication, and the flags of the respective nations floating upon either side of the Niagara, but not now, as then, in armed defiance. Peace dwells along their borders; and may the hand of violence never again be lifted between people of a common ancestry, civilization and language.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth is still the perfection.—*Shaftesbury.*

LIFE EVERYWHERE.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety—the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polypi, carps, star-fishes, and with shell animalcules. The rugged face of the rock is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles and limpets. Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its checkered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissues, and awaiting its development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, under the microscope. The same microscope reveals that the blood-rain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals, and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant. The very mold which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jewelled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED.

A wardrobe warrant dated 1581, orders the delivery for the queen's use of a bedstead of walnut tree, richly carved, painted, and gilt. The selour, testor and vallance were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta, and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver and silk. The curtains were of costly tapestry, curiously and elaborately worked; every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion. The head-piece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passamayne of crimson silk, and decorated with six ample plumes, containing seven dozen ostrich feathers, of various colors, garnished with golden spangles. The counterpoint was of orange-colored satin, quilted with cutwork of cloths of gold and silver, of satins of every imaginable tint, and embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and colored silks, fringed to correspond, and lined with orange sarcenet. A royal patchwork indeed!—*Our English Home.*

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

When o'er the grave of those we love
We shed affection's tear,
How soothing to the heart to feel
That God is ever near!

When one by one our friends depart,
And we are sad and lone,
May the pure promptings of the heart
Arise in prayerful tone.

As suppliants at the throne of him
From whom all blessings come,
In heartfelt trust, in love and faith,
We say, "Thy will be done!"

We weep and moan as oft bereft
Of those we hold most dear;
Cherish thy grief!—O, sweet it is
To shed affection's tear!

They are thy guardian angels now,
With them the prize is won;
Assured that in the spirit-land
Their glorious life's begun.

Faith views them in that land of bliss,
In visions calm and even,
Where souls in sympathy unite
A family in heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MUTINY AT THE NORE.

BY W. W. HALL.

NOT the beautiful creations of Walter Scott, as embodied in his two heroines, Effie Deans and the Lady of the Lake, could have been more perfectly lovely than she whom we have chosen as the heroine of our simple story. Alice Maxwell, a fair Scottish girl, came from Aberdeen, somewhere about the year 1790, to visit some connections, in Exeter, England. The youth, beauty and grace of the young stranger brought around her a host of admirers. She was shy and modest; and when they praised the sweet red lips, the ivory neck, pearly teeth, and soft golden tresses, she turned away in evident displeasure.

There was one, however, who only *looked* his admiration; and him, of all that crowded to receive her smiles, did she favor. This was Richard Parker, a young lieutenant in the navy, a brave and resolute sailor, who had already distinguished himself in His British Majesty's ser-

vice, and who bade fair to mount the topmost round of naval promotion, if courageous deeds should be permitted to carve his way upward.

While his companions were trying to win the favor of the beautiful Alice by flattery and adulation, the young lieutenant honorably wooed and won her, with the full consent of the friends of both parties. A journey into Scotland gained him the approbation of her parents, and his own family were delighted at the prospect of their darling Richard marrying, hoping thereby to secure him from pursuing the fatigue and probable dangers of his profession. Indeed, this last consideration was the only stipulation required by Alice in return for her consent to immediate marriage. Richard gave up his commission, and directly commenced to engage in some mercantile speculations in Edinburgh, whither he soon carried his beautiful bride.

Never was union more apparently auspicious. Something of retrospective regret mingled with the otherwise perfect happiness of the bridegroom in giving up his favorite profession; but he yielded gracefully and uncomplainingly to what, under other circumstances, he might have deemed a hard requisition for a wife to make. Alice Maxwell he thought was amply worthy of even a deeper sacrifice than that. On her part, she was fully sensible of the sacrifice she had demanded, and she strove by every effort to lessen the regret which she knew her husband must feel. It was only, however, when she saw him bend above the cradle of the first-born darling, that she was able to conquer the fears that he might perhaps repent of yielding to her request.

Two years went on after the birth of this child, and another was added to bless the happy parents. Every moment spared from his business, was devoted by Richard to the family group at home; the little Richard and Alice sharing with their still beautiful mother his affectionate solicitude. All at once a cloud darkened over the mercantile world. One of those vicissitudes, that at intervals sweep away the hopes of long years of active toil, came on like a tempest. The house of Parker bent before the storm, and, finally, was crushed into atoms. Men looked on and saw that it was no fault of Richard Parker's, and they did him the justice to bear witness to his unblemished integrity.

The sufferings of Alice through this dark period were greater than those of her husband. She felt that had he not given up his profession for her sake, he would now have been out of the reach of this terrible calamity; and she saw how hard it is to experience the "curse of granted wishes." The storm had come—had overwhelm

ed them; and she had no shelter to offer her husband in return for that which he had made her. The little patrimony left by her parents, now dead, would have barely secured them a retreat; and even that had been sunken in the general wreck. One brother still remained, but to him Richard Parker was too proud to apply for assistance; and before Alice was aware to what a depth of misfortune he had fallen, he shocked her with the news that he had taken the king's bounty, and was going on board a tender at Leith, as a common sailor.

Distressed beyond measure, she set off instantly to Aberdeen. Robert, she knew, would furnish her with the funds necessary to hire two substitutes for her husband. She had not misjudged her brother. He too was shocked, that Richard—a gentleman and a scholar—one who had stood high in his professional and mercantile life, should be thus reduced. He gladly furnished Alice with the supply she needed, and she went back to Leith with a comparatively light heart. Poor Alice! as she approached Leith her eyes were constantly turning towards the spot where she had seen the tender at anchor. A mist was before her, and she could not see her in the spot where she expected she was lying.

"There she goes!" was the exclamation from an old gentleman who had been looking in the same direction.

"Goes!" she repeated. "What is going?"

"The tender that lay at anchor this morning. She has sailed for the Nore."

The people in the stage-coach wondered what there was in so common and uninteresting a piece of news that should make the young woman fall from her seat into the opened arms of the old gentleman opposite. He suspected, however, that there was a lover or a husband in the case, and was kindly and tenderly busying himself for her recovery. It was only for a moment that her insensibility lasted. The next instant she sat upright, thanked her kind neighbor, and became as rigid and tearless as if her only beloved were not sailing away from her loving embrace. She alighted at her desolate home, a little old house, to which they had removed from a splendid and beautiful one. A neighbor had kindly offered to take care of her children for the day; and the woman now met her with little Alice in her arms. The child's face was hot and flushed with fever. Alice caught it from her and burst into tears. Those tears saved her life.

Little Alice grew worse, and in a very few days the unhappy mother saw her carried away. Had it not been for her boy, she must have sunk beneath her sufferings. The little creature tried

to comfort her, and he succeeded. She felt that she had something yet to live for. She was not utterly lonely, though Alice's death and her husband's hopeless absence bore all too heavily upon her wounded spirit.

The beginning of May, 1797, saw Richard Parker at the Nore, where the tender joined the squadron. He was immediately drafted on board the *Sandwich*, which was the grand ship, and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the post admiral. Already the spirit of mutiny was rife in the squadron, and they who cherished it were only too glad to draw into their ranks one who was so superior in knowledge and intelligence, and whose experience in seamanship so great as Richard Parker's.

He became the very soul of the enterprise, the organ of all their wishes. Under his direction, they rose against their officers. To quote from the report, they put each vessel under the government of a committee of twelve men; each man-of-war appointed two delegates and each gun-boat one, to act for the common good.

Of these delegates, Richard Parker was unhappily chosen president and accepted the trust. A list of grievances was made out and demands were specified. If these were granted, the men were ready to return to duty. Everything was signed by Parker as president. Throughout the whole fleet he was styled "Admiral Parker," and neither he nor his followers ever forgot the dignity belonging to such a title. The officers against whom they had mutinied, were treated with the most marked respect, and everything was conducted with a regard to decorum and the etiquette required between any two parties negotiating a treaty.

Meantime, Parker had obstructed the trading vessels from a passage up or down the Thames, and merchantmen were placed under blockade, occupying the spaces between the men-of-war. From the latter streamed the red flag of insubordination. Meantime, the government remained firm in refusing all compromise with the mutineers; and they began to despair of ever making any headway against it. It was a brief struggle. On the sixteenth of June the mutiny ended; every ship having been restored to the command of its original officers. A party of soldiers went on board the flag ship, and to them the officers delivered up two who were considered the ring-leaders of the party, one of whom was Richard Parker.

A week later, the trial of him who was now only known as "Admiral Parker" commenced. He was brought from the black hole of Sheerness garrison and placed before a court martial.

The court sat on board the *Neptune* off Greenhithe, vice admiral Sir Thomas Paisley presiding. Parker's defence of himself was manly, rational and perfectly respectful; but he might as well have spoken to the wind. He was convicted of receiving honors due only to a chief, of passing from ship to ship, giving orders and usurping the title of admiral. Nothing could save him. He was condemned to death. His words on hearing his sentence were manly and noble. He declared his intentions to have been innocent, and expressed his hope in God, and also in the return of all the men to the service of their country. He was executed at the yard arm of the *Sandwich* under the yellow flag, and not a word or sound was heard from the men who were all assembled to see their "admiral" die. He was then immediately interred at the naval burying-ground at Sheerness.

Alice Parker and her boy were seated at their scanty meal, on the twenty-second of June. It was a fresh and lovely day, such as the month of roses only can bring—a day that seemed made for happiness. The boy was prattling of his father and of little dead Alice, whom the mother had long since ceased to regret. Death seemed so much happier for the dear child than the weary and wasting life, which she could not help feeling would have been her portion as well as her own.

A sad life indeed had poor Alice led since Richard left her. At times she feared that she should never see him again; and then anxiety for him and for her boy's future would cloud her mind, until she was nearly deprived of her reason. On this lovely June day, hope seemed once more transfused into her heart. She answered the child gaily and hopefully, and listened to his prattle with a lighter heart than she had known for many months.

An old Scotch pedler, who had stopped frequently upon his rounds to rest upon her doorstep, which he said was "unco clean" now seated himself there in the shade of a small tree, the only one that grew in the forlorn looking street, and which Alice had watered and trimmed until it had begun to flourish.

"Do you hear any news of the fleet?" she asked, for she had long ago told old Alick her story and begged him to bring her any tidings he might gather in his rounds.

"Ay!" was his prompt reply. "There hae bin a risin' among the min, and ane o' thim, a braw and cantie chiel, they say, is to dea tomorrow, for leadin' thim on."

"What is his name?" asked Alice, with a lip

and cheek so pale that the old *gaberlunzie* noticed it.

"Flout! I dinna speer the name. Ay, I hae it. A chap down bye said it. It wor Marker or Parker, an' ane o' thim. Hech, woman! it is a joe o' yer ain that ye glowr at the auld blue gown sae?"

Alice closed her eyes for a moment, but the deep pain that entered her heart kept her perhaps from fainting.

"My husband is there," she said, so quietly, that she was amazed at herself. Then she went softly into the bedroom and put other clothes upon herself and the child, gave all the food she had to the old man, locked her door, and went into the highway, to await the mail-coach going to London. It was just the hour. When she arrived, she heard that he had been tried, but the result was not known.

She resolved to petition the king for his pardon, and paid a guinea to an advocate to draw one up. Armed with this, she went to the palace. Here she waited in vain for permission to go into the king's presence. One of the lords in waiting asked her business, and she handed him her papers in silence. He returned them after glancing at the name.

"It is in vain, my poor woman," he said. "Had it been for any other than Richard Parker, your application for mercy might have been heeded. For him there can be none."

The cruel words, though not unkindly spoken, pierced the heart of the hapless Alice. She left the palace and took the coach for Rochester, where she heard that Parker was to be executed the next day. Folding her child to her bosom, she went down to the river side, hoping to hire a boat to take her on board the *Sandwich*. It was before daybreak, but crowds were astir, and every one was talking of the coming event. She called to a waterman. He shook his head at her movement.

"Nay, lass," he said, "I cannot go over for one passenger. The brave Admiral Parker is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a boat full."

It was a comfort, at least, that her husband was not spoken of with contempt or execration. She felt after all that he was not going to die a dishonorable death. In her deepest misery, she thanked God for this. She succeeded at last in getting on board a market boat bound to Sheerness, but it was not allowed to go along side of the *Sandwich*. In despair she called on Parker's name, and entreated the boatmen to go nearer. Pitying her sufferings, and believing her to be the wife of him who was to die, they attempted

it, but were prevented by a sentinel who threatened to fire on them. Still she could see plainly on board the Sandwich, and now came the dreadful cries of her sufferings. She saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen, and she cried out, "Pass the word for Richard Parker!" while she held up her boy in her arms towards him.

"Alice! Alice! my wife, my dear wife!" was the response from the deck of the Sandwich; while she who had so bravely kept up until this moment, fainted at the sound of that beloved voice. When she recovered all was over!

Living or dead, she must see Richard once more. Leading her child by the hand, she left the boat which had been rowed back, and sought the naval burying-ground in which she was told he had been buried, and from which he would probably be taken by the surgeons that night! The very thought was madness! So the poor distracted creature found the shallow grave in which Richard's body had been hastily buried, and actually, with her own fingers, scooped away the earth until the slight shell which had been thrown together for his remains appeared. Once more, then, she held that hand. Once more she parted the hair above the head which had so often lain upon her bosom. No one saw her but two women. Their compassion was awakened by her distress, and they accosted her.

"Help me, O, help me!" she cried, as she saw the pity deepen in their faces. "If you are wives, help me bear my husband from this place."

The women left her, and soon returned with several men. It was now night, and they succeeded in raising the body and placing it in a van just starting for Rochester, and from thence it was taken to London, the widow accompanying it, and paying six guineas for its transition. Hundreds of persons upon the road were talking of the fate of the brave Admiral Parker; but none dreamed of the sad freight in the wagon.

A tavern, on Tower Hill, was the only place she could procure, and she sat all the night after she arrived, with the dead body before her, in her room. Meantime, the news had reached London of the exhumation of the body, and a crowd were begging to see it. The lord mayor came to see what she intended to do with it, and promised that it should not be taken from her. It was finally, by his persuasion and advice carried to White Chapel Churchyard. An old, infirm woman, nearly blind, still haunts the churchyard, receiving from charity the means of supporting life. She speaks to herself constantly, and the burden of her words is "Richard! Richard!"

INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.

To meet at the breakfast-table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whencesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for before the morning comes some of the circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather round that table not again forever. Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, garrulous and noisy, but if within all reasonable or bearable bounds it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, cackinnation and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health and long life.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

THE MARVELS OF CHEMISTRY.

These are among the wonders of modern times, threatening to alter the course of commerce and to reverse the tide of human industry. She has discovered, it is said, a substitute for the cochineal insect in a beautiful dye producible from guano. She has shown that a supply of animal food may be obtained cheaper, by simply boiling down the juices of the flesh of cattle now wasted and thrown aside in some regions, and imparting the extract in a state of concentration. And she has pointed out that one of the earths which constitute the principal material of our globe contains a metal, as light as glass, as malleable and ductile as copper, and as little liable to rust as silver; thus possessing properties so valuable that when means have been found of separating it economically from its ore, it will be capable of superseding the metals in common use, and thus of rendering metallurgy an employment, not of certain districts only, but of every part of the earth to which science and civilization have penetrated. And these are but fragments in the history of chemical science.—*Scientific American*.

Indulge anger through the day if you must, but never take it for a bedfellow.

[ORIGINAL.]

FAURALINE.

BY H. L. ABBEY.

Life's golden bowl for thee is rimmed
With many a jacinth stain of joy.
No dreams thy pearly hours employ,
But with some subtle good are brimmed.
Thy thoughts are every one a prayer—
And more is wrought with prayer than hands:
But thou dost breathe of other lands,
Sabeian spice, and orange trees
Bedipt in halo everywhere:
O, mystery of mysteries!

Spiritual, fairy Fauraline,
Bend o'er me with beseeching eyes,
From odor clouds in calyx skies,
Shower down those rosebud lips of thine!
I hear the founts' incanting fall,
The billow-cadence of a lute;
But thou with thy dear smile art mute,
Nor heed'st the birdlike symphonies—
Ecstatic sweetness wooing all—
O, mystery of mysteries!

Perchance the soul of some dead rose
Holds fragrant converse with thy heart;
May be where salient springs depart
To tinkle down the green repose,
Thou see'st some conscious fay arise;
Or gossamers thou hearest speak;
Or bluebird with his tinted beak,
Sweeps down with azure tapestries,
To word the glances of thine eyes,
Fair mystery of mysteries!

The griffins at the marble stair
Have scarce a stonier heart than you;
But dark myrrh thickets, crowned with dew,
Redolent in the golden air,
Have less of balm than you of love.
I see but cannot understand;
I only lie by zephyr fanned,
On downy silken trceries,
Before thee, with thine eyes above,
Sweet mystery of mysteries!

If we through lower nature came—
For nature's right and man is wrong—
Thou wast a regal bird, whose song,
Though changed to voice, is still the same.
Thou art a morning dawn to me,
Whose memory can ne'er depart—
O, be the sunset of my heart,
Whose rays shall be the reveries
Which still must radiate from thee,
Loved mystery of mysteries!

Above the barren wastes of years
Life's pyramidal days will rise;
Here, 'neath the glow of violet eyes,

Each holy dream of thee appears
A day in pure effulgence cast.
While every crystal thought doth seem
To hold thine image like a stream;
And in those mythic histories
I mingle with thee and the past,
Dear mystery of mysteries!

[ORIGINAL.]

MABEL: THE GIPSEY MOTHER.

BY H. M. S.

MABEL, the gipsy mother, stood silent and abstracted in the leafy door of her rock dwelling! The day was fast declining, and the bright beams of the setting sun shot up among the fleecy clouds trooping through the sky, and shattering in the distance, drifted back again to earth, filling the atmosphere with an almost palpable halo of glory. A warm, misty haze swept over the landscape, and slumbered in the bosom of the forest, till the leaves that had all day long been whispering low and sweetly to each other, grew still and silent, as if subdued into a gentle sympathy with the all pervading loveliness of a summer sunset. It was an hour of strange, wild beauty; such an one as sends the warm blood surging up the heart like ocean waves—when all that is pure and holy in our nature is stirred into active life, and seems struggling within the soul for utterance and appreciation.

The brilliant coloring was gradually melting away into one of a more sombre cast. Shadows were deepening among the hills, and around the huge rocks, until they seemed to take palpable forms, and grow, and increase to gigantic forms; yet still the tall, erect figure of the gipsy mother gleamed out through the clefts of rock, silent and passionless, as if she had been a portion of the rock itself. Far below her dwelling, half-hidden by clumps of trees, a smooth lake flashed and sparkled in the subdued light, and mirrored back luxuriant verdure, and purple clouds, and glimpses of the blue sky, as if another world and another heaven were hidden in its depths! Further on, the river went moaning its lonely way to the sea, and on either side of its banks might be seen, by the kindling watchfires, innumerable groups of fantastic creatures, whose wild, fierce manner and grotesque apparel marked them as a race both hated and feared by the few daring and adventurous settlers who had emigrated, and made for themselves, as they thought, both homes, and a security from intrusion, among the fastnesses of the Alleghany Mountains. Thefts

and plunder were incidents of common occurrence, and not unfrequently the crime of murder was added to the list of persecutions heaped upon the inhabitants, until finding their own strength so inferior to that of the gipsy clan, they were forced to retreat and make for themselves a new home, many miles removed from the spot endeared by old memories and pleasant associations. The story is still extant among the inhabitants of Johnstown, of a band of lawless depredators who infested the mountains, and were for years, while the country was young, a terror and a reproach upon that neighborhood. Unlike the generality of those roving clans, each one was a chief in his own right—acting for himself alone, and taking the responsibility of his own crimes. But there was *one* voice that had power to tame and subdue the revellers even in their wildest orgies—there was one eye beneath whose glance the most daring spirit quailed, and grew mild and humble as a dependent child. Mabel, the gipsy mother, was an oracle of wisdom, power and strength to the superstitious vagrants of the mountains. Fierce, desperate and determined, with a heart whose greatest necessity was that of exclusive power, with an intellect clear, forcible and brilliant, yet perverted and depraved, the influence she possessed among her band was rather that of mind over *matter*, than soul struggling against soul. With an intimate knowledge of nature, she had taken in the vast sweep of human aims, human objects and human weaknesses, from no other desire than the coldly speculative one, of devising just how far such weakness could subserve to her own individual advancement.

The hopes of her youth had been crushed out, by the treachery of one to whom she had entrusted the wealth of a pure heart; and when she saw the star of her future sinking in a night of gloom—and when she knew herself to have become a thing of reproach and scorn, her goaded soul turned madly upon *itself*, until she grew to be a mass of dangerous and distorted energy, flung out upon the world to feed and riot upon social deformity and crime.

Not one among the band over whom she exercised such an unlimited power could tell who or what she was. All known of her history was, that during one of the severe tempests which are peculiar to the Alleghanies, she had been discovered, watching by the side of two infants, apparently of an equal age, and endeavoring to screen them from the impending danger. The first impulse of the gipsy, as her commanding form towered up from among the swaying leaves, was that of terror, but when he caught the glance of

her large, fierce eyes, fixed so wildly upon him, by that sympathy of soul, which we in our poverty of language call *mesmerism*, he found himself irresistibly drawn to the strange woman, and in a few moments more, herself and children were safely sheltered within the rock cave, whose jutting roof shelved down almost to the river's brink. With the perceptive faculties of an originally strong mind, thus early matured, Mabel was not long in satisfying herself that *mystery* was the only implement to be used in working out a strong hold in the heart of that lawless and ignorant band, and with a crafty judgment, she planned and executed her will, until she became both a terror and an idol to the impressible gipsies. Life or death, punishment and advancement, all were at the disposal of the gipsy mother, and no infliction could be more fearful than to meet her flashing eyes bent in anger upon some unfortunate culprit. Yet she was too crafty and systematic to abuse the vantage-ground she had gained; so each year rooted her more firmly in their natures, until the name of Mabel the gipsy mother became a terror and a fear to the surrounding inhabitants, few of whom had ever dared venture within her dwelling, although there were many powerful inducements, not the least of which was that of glancing into the future, to which Mabel assumed, the better to aid her purposes of mysticism, the power of holding communion. For years there had been but *one* child visible in the rock dwelling, but a little mound, bright with blossoms and clinging vines, told of an early death, and a pleasant sleep among the bright and beautiful things of nature, and upon this mound the sad eyes of the bereaved mother were riveted. There was no pride upon her pale face *now*! affection had gained supremacy over ambition; and the soul that had been so long a mausoleum for ruined intellect, lighted up under the influence of memories, painful as they were distinct. The brow of the gipsy mother was pale as ashes! The eyes, so brilliant at all times, gleamed out like live coals from the embers of past desolation. The night of guilt had come, and there was no hope to point out a bright to-morrow. Her old life of shame and sin had grown dark and repulsive—a *better* nature was struggling within her bosom, and a new life had sprung between her and crime—a life of bitter, intense despair! With fearful distinctness, the vision of her old home rose up like a mockery in the dim twilight of memory! She saw how a world of crime had uprisen from the ashes of purity; and over its blasted soil there had gathered a mass of black clouds to shut out forever every throb of good-

ness from the polluted atmosphere of her bosom. For a moment she stood silent and motionless ; then contending passions lighted up her face, each in its turn to leave it deathly pale again ! Tears were in her eyes, as, link after link she unwound the chain of past incidents—saw how crime had been interwoven with crime—event tangled up with event, until a dark destiny had been wrought out by the agency of a mind willfully distorted to answer the purposes of a revengeful spirit. Almost painfully the time came back with memory, when, as a child, she had clung with a loving fondness to the sheltering arms of her gentle mother ! Her soul, that had been a chaos of guilt, crime and despair, grew clear and brilliant in the light of thought, until even the ruins of intellectual greatness were beautiful and holy ; for a child's love for her dead mother was blended with a deep worship for the only living witness of her guilt—her own helpless and innocent daughter. Ah, women have many weaknesses and failings, when the sky is bright above them ; but in the darkness and the storms, whether of guilt or sorrow, the soul of a true woman is a priceless gift from the Almighty ! Again her visions were changing, like some unwelcome phantasmagoria of the mind ; for her lips were compressed and rigid, and she clasped her hands over her brow, as if to shake off the influence of some hideous dream, in whose mazes she hoped to find herself entangled. "Seventeen years," said she, "seventeen years this day"—a low, wild laugh woke up the echoes of the rock cave, and startled the gipsy from her reverie. With a look of habitual fierceness, she peered wildly among the dense shadows which were piled around the cave, but as nothing met her gaze of an unusual nature, she again resumed her station, but not to indulge in the same train of thought. "How late Zoe lingers among the mountains this evening," she murmured, as if communing with herself. "The wild blood of her race finds sufficient food among the cliffs and valleys in which she has been nurtured." Mabel paused in surprise, for, as if called into life by her words, a low, sweet strain of music drifted down the mountains, and mingled its cadence with the rustling leaves. There was nothing unusual in that, for Mabel had instructed her daughter in the various accomplishments of which she herself was mistress, and Zoe's skill in music, and the mastery she had acquired over the difficult but impassioned strains of old time composers, was a strong link in the chain with which she held the hearts of her tribe. Upon whatever the mother's fierceness failed to take effect, the daughter's winning manner and

melodious voice was sure to be triumphant. Musical instruments of an uncouth make, yet capable of producing thrilling effect, were a plentiful commodity in the gipsy's cave. It was not the music, rippling down so sweetly at that still hour, which arrested Mabel's attention ; but there were words wedded to it—words of passion and devotedness, which Zoe could never have learned without some efficient master of the heart. Again the strings of a lute were swept with a light hand, and a voice, melodious and pure, was heard wedded to the following words :

"There's midnight gloom about my path,
And midnight gloom above me,
And none to smile away my fears—
And no one here to love me ;
O, give my heart one bud of love—
One blossom it may cherish ;
That I may see it fade and die—
Then—droop myself, and perish !"

Slowly and sadly the symphony died away amid the forest gloom ; Mabel drew her form up to its full height, but the blazing eyes and the quivering lips told of the mental agitation of a great soul ! The long white hair floated down over her shoulders like a snowy scarf, and mingled with the drapery of gold-cloth which depended from her waist. Detaching a whistle from her girdle, she blew a low, shrill note, which was answered from the mountain, and in a few moments the crackling leaves and the swaying limbs gave warning of the approach of a second party. Mabel gathered the drapery around her, cast a lingering glance at the flower-wreathed grave, and was lost to sight within the interstices of her rock home !

Probably no section of our country has met with less appreciation from writers of fiction, either of home or foreign manufacture, than that known as the Alleghany Mountains, and yet from its very wildness, and almost sublimity of desolation, none presents a broader scope for the fancy-flights of an imaginative mind. Its dearth of historic material is amply supplied by innumerable legends and old time traditions, some of them so vague and conflicting, that they are preserved rather as relics of by-gone superstition, than for any belief entertained with regard to their reality. Some two months previous to the occurrence of incidents related above, the ragged cliffs and jutting rocks framed a most exquisite picture of life and loveliness, from whose reflection the outline of my present story has been drawn.

It was summer, and the trees were burthened with foliage, and the flowers bursting through the moss, were blooming all along the wood-paths, as if some conquering giant, returning

home from successful strife, had scattered the trophies of his victory with a liberal hand. Far up the cliffs, a young man of some twenty summers had threaded his way over masses of broken rock, and through thickets of stunted hemlock, to gaze down upon the wilderness of green leaves throbbing in the sunlight, like a great wild sea, impatient of restraint. Far beneath his feet, where the shadows were most intense, could be seen glimmerings of a clear river, which broke up through the underbrush, and drifted in among the blossoms that bent their bright lips down to its very brink. All along the banks were clumps of maple and willow, turning out their silver linings in the rich light, while huge cliffs and fragments of rocks, shelving far over its bosom, completed a picture almost fearful in its sublimity. Weary and listless, the youthful devotee had flung himself upon a bed of moss, and was already revelling in dreams of brilliant woof, when a light hand rested upon his shoulder, a face of exquisite loveliness, with a pair of wild, dreaming eyes, peered curiously into his own. Starting from his slumber, he sought to detain the fair intruder; but with an expression of terrified wonder she eluded his grasp, sprang to the precipice, and securing a heavy vine, swung herself wildly down the cliff.

In the rapidity of her descent, the frail support gave way, and the next moment the beautiful girl lay a senseless mass at the foot of the ravine. With a self-possession beyond his years, the young man sprang from rock to rock, and was soon at her side, bathing her temples with the pure water that trickled through the interstices of the cliff, and lifting the thicket of curls from her bosom, that the fresh air might have full power upon a frame whose quivering pulse gave evidence that life was still left to her. For hours and hours the senseless girl lay in his arms, and when the evening came, and the shadows began to thicken among the trees, there had been a tale of love, beautiful and holy in its trustingness, breathed into ears, and nestling upon a heart that should forget its cadence nevermore—not even in eternity! There had been a soul-worship extended and exchanged, as spiritual and refined as it was powerful and intense, and the pure girl and dreaming youth had matured and grown into thoughtful creatures, whose future lives were to be devoted to carving into visible forms the shades of past dreams and past imaginings. So does love ever change the current of human nature!

Morning after morning Zoe might be seen clambering over brushwood and fallen trees, to meet her youthful lover upon the cliff; and when

the storms came, and the lightnings flashed through the forest, there was a sheltering rock, made beautiful by flowering shrubs, wherein the loving pair found safety and shelter. There was no thought of wrong, no depth of passion to disturb the purity of their intercourse, for they were alike, children of nature, whose love and religion were a blending of the same ingredients, and had a source from the well-spring of superstition. To look into Zoe's deep eyes, one would have felt that at their foundation was a soul strong in its power, yet earnest and true, a heart wild and daring, yet full of gentle impulses and womanly attributes—one to rest in but one bosom, and rest there forever—to love but once, and that once for all eternity. Such was Zoe Montano, daughter of the gipsy queen of the Alleghanies.

The bright blue eye and frank, generous countenance of the youthful lover were sufficient evidences that he could claim no kindred with the clan of outlaws above alluded to, and the sentiment of intense hatred which existed between the settlers and themselves, would have convinced the lovers, had they paused to reflect, that a union would never be tolerated by either party, even should those most in power desire it. But when did lovers ever reflect, when reflection brought doubt or pain? or how could they think of wrong or crime, in the concealment of that which created such a heaven of happiness to their own hearts?

Zoe had forgotten home, forgotten her tribe, forgotten everything but the bright-haired youth, who had taught her the secrets of her own spirit; and when her mother's shrill call sounded through the forest, she started as if it had been a death-knell, and pressing her lover's hand, she glided from his side, and was soon seen to enter the leafy door of her rock dwelling!

Pale, mute and motionless, Mabel reclined upon her couch of rich furs, gazing down into a sweet face, upturned to hers with an expression of devotedness not to be mistaken. The stern determination and indomitable will that characterized Mabel the sorceress, were all fading from the heart of Mabel the mother, and the fierce eyes which were wont to strike terror to all who had the daring to confront their glance, grew mild and gentle under the influence of that sacred and holy impulse—a *mother's love*! Ah, there are but few sentiments of the human heart which cannot be described with an accuracy almost real; but there are no words in which to paint the deep and abiding fervency of a mother's love! Her care, her fear, her solitude, all may find true colors, but not her *love*—that is sacred as God.

pure as heaven, lasting as eternity. And if the love of those who are surrounded with every luxury—with the companionship of the great and good—if their love for their offspring is thus intense, what must have been that of the gipsy mother, in a wilderness filled with reckless hearts and savage forms? What must have been her grief, to know that the child, whom it was a sin thus to worship, had taken to her bosom another counsellor, and another love, to weaken the strong ties of filial affection which she had so striven to bind around her spirit? The bitterness of her own dark life seemed gathering and concentrating in force, to fall in retribution upon her child. She thought of the hours when her own heart had been made up of trustfulness and affection—when faith in the past, and hopefulness for the future, were as bright and unclouded in her bosom as a summer sky; and the tears were in her eyes, and her whole frame was agitated with emotion, “as the taint of wasted years left a dark shadow upon the fountains of memory!”

“Zoe,” said she, at length, “who taught you that song you were singing but now upon the mountain?”

The blood rushed in torrents over the face and neck of the beautiful girl, as she met her mother's searching glance fixed in such earnestness upon her, but to the question she offered no reply.

“Has Zoe secrets from her mother's ear? Can she content herself with listening to the cold, hollow sophistry of a *stranger*, to the exclusion of a mother's love and a mother's advice?”

Still no reply came from the quivering lips, but lower and lower drooped her head, until she sank in a burst of passionate supplication at the gipsy's feet. Gathering her in her arms, Mabel smoothed back the dark hair from her brow, and there in the waning light listened calmly to the outpourings of affection, breathed in words of eloquence which spring to the lips that love has opened, naturally as perfume from an opening rose. Zoe told of her meeting on the mountain, and how she had thought her lover a statue carved from the rock, and of her surprise and subsequent terror, when she found him to be a living, breathing creature, and of her gratitude for his kindness in preserving her life; but not one word of love escaped her lips, although the rich blood which mantled her cheek told more than words, of the fervent, clinging trust which predominated over every other sentiment. The sweet hour of confidence was disturbed by the sudden and somewhat abrupt entrance of a stranger, whose appearance was indicative of a more

refined mind than was usually met with in that wild vicinity.

Mabel rose and motioned him to a seat; but he acknowledged the courtesy with a slight bow, without availing himself of her kindness. Accustomed to implicit obedience, the gipsy raised her dark eyes in astonishment, but only met in return a firm and self-assured glance.

“What seek you in the cave of the sorceress?” said she, with pointed emphasis, thinking from his manner that he was not aware of his dangerous proximity.

A half perceptible sneer curled the lip of the stranger, as he made a request to see her for a few moments alone. With a stately step Mabel led the way through jutting rocks, to a room curiously concealed, in a distant corner of the cave. Upon the walls were uncouth sculpturings of demons, and satyrs, and other hideous contortions of the mythological creed, which gave to the place a degree of wildness well calculated to inspire the beholder with a feeling of awe. Far in the corner, where the shadows were deepest, and just perceptible by the glimmering light, a huge skeleton with its fleshless bones—a fitting sentinel for so wild a spot. Coiled by the side of the skeleton, with its slimy folds half-encircling its fleshless limbs, was a hideous serpent, from whose eyes ever and anon came flashes of fire, followed by a low, peculiar rattle. A large shelf of rock formed the ceiling, from the centre of which gleamed a single light in the shape of a star; the whole place was calculated to excite a feeling like that of a frightful dream in which one knows it is a dream, and yet finds himself powerless to shake it off. A rude fire place in the cleft of a rock threw out an occasional broad glare as the wind swept moaning through the crevices, and then died away again leaving the star alone in its brilliancy.

Mabel paused in the centre of the room, and surveyed her visitor, to note the impression such mock-mystery was likely to make upon his mind; but the same caustic sneer was all the evidence he gave of having observed the mystic appointments. The gipsy had at last found a soul, proud and exacting as her own, one not to be overcome by superstitious fear, nor yet to yield a deference to the sorceress that would not have been extended to the woman. Mabel felt this, and from an intuitive knowledge of human nature, guessed too truly that he gazed upon her as a wicked and hardened woman; one whose life of intrigue, deception and fraud had justly cast her out from the sympathies of her race, and made her a terror and reproach. For a moment the consciousness of the thought flung its shadow

over the face of Mabel, then passed away, to leave her calm and self-possessed as ever. Fixing her dark eyes, which had yet never failed in their power of fascination, upon the stranger, she again questioned his purpose in her dwelling.

"Would you read the future in my eyes?" said she.

"The *present* is our own," replied the stranger. "The *future* is left to us—let it rest. No, Mabel—for that, I'm told is your name."

A slight inclination of the stately head, and an increased severity of manner, was the only answer she deigned to his question.

"I have not risked my life in your devil's den, without fully calculating the necessity for such an emergency. It is of the *future* I came to speak, but not to pry into the mysteries known only to God himself."

"Scoffer!" muttered Mabel, between her clenched teeth.

The stranger continued, without heeding the interruption, "blood has been poured out like water to satisfy the cravings of your tribe, for a revenge of fancied wrong."

"*Fancied!*" said Mabel, towering to her full height, and flashing her dark eyes upon the speaker, with a look of incarnate scorn.

"We will not discuss the question—it has been and will be the result of contending parties—this feast of blood! There is but one way to save the remnants of either race."

"And that?" questioned Mabel.

"To unite them by bonds of relationship!"

"But how?"

"You are the chief of your tribe, as I am of mine. You have a child—a daughter, whose grace and beauty has been the theme of more than one heart among the simple settlers."

"And you, with your weight of years and worldly knowledge, would marry my daughter? You, crafty that you are!"

"No! I have a son, whose years, pursuits and habits would better accord with the enthusiast of the mountain."

For a moment Mabel seemed lost in deep thought. "Has he seen her?" she questioned.

"No."

"Does he know of this proposal?"

"No."

"Will he consent?"

"Consent! The son of Martin Huse the mountain ranger has no *will* but that of his father."

There was a wildness and determination in his manner of speech that accorded well with the reckless nature of Mabel.

"You have trusted me more than mortal has

dared do for many years. If you can spare me an hour for conversation, I have a story to reveal; and then if you desire it, Zoe shall become the wife of your son, the link to unite our divided band."

"Poor Zoe! there was a cup of deep and bitter woe preparing for her lips. "You would scarcely think," said Mabel, turning to the stranger with a smile, "that an old woman like me, running wild among the rocks and mountains of the Alleghanies, could boast of a story in her own right; yet so it is. There is more romance in the common incidents of everyday life, if rightly considered, than the novelist could rake from the furnace of imagination! Have you time to listen to what I may relate?"

The stranger answered in the affirmative.

"I must be a faithful transcript," she continued, "of a dark life, made still more dark by crime! A story of wrongs and struggles, and temptations almost beyond the power of woman to endure, yet borne how patiently, I may not say—through years of self-banishment and self-reproach! I have but one promise to extort before I proceed—that until my death, which cannot be far distant, you will preserve what I now disclose an inviolate secret." The stranger assented, and Mabel commenced her story.

The single star flashed its brightness down upon the face of Mabel, and flickered to and fro among the shadows of the cave, giving to the skeleton an appearance of hideous life, and lighting up the brilliant orbs of the serpent with almost supernatural lustre! A deep feeling of awe was creeping over the senses of the stranger, and he felt as if his own heart was becoming as cold as the rocks by which he was surrounded. The flashing eyes—the gestures of the gipsy, which were growing wilder and more impassioned, as she raised the lid from off the sepulchre of past pleasures and past hopes, seemed to have commenced their work of mental fascination upon him.

"It is indeed an agony," she began, "to probe heart-wounds that have been fostering for years in silent desolation, and a woman must needs tremble for her power, when she stoops to gather up the fragments of a world she has seen crumbling beneath her feet! My years have not all been passed among camps and watchfires, although the moral deformity of my nature—wild and reckless as it was, tempted me at an early age to leave my home among the peasants of Italy, and associate myself with a gipsy band, then located amid the ruins of the Rhine. I will not tell you *why* I forsook my home; enough to know there was a strange, harsh face, where

my gentle mother had sat for years; a repulsive, unloving face, whose slightest glance froze the blood upon my heart, and when it haunted me most, a rebellious nature warmed into life, and an only child was lost to her father's cottage forever more! *Fatality*, men scoff at it, and yet it has pursued me at every turn of my dark life. It gave me an intense desire for exclusive love, yet withheld the means for its attainment—it gave me woman's passion, without woman's fear—woman's love for purity, without woman's scorn for crime, and now that I stand here desolate and alone—wrecked in mind, soul and intellect—flung out like a weed from the garden of social life, to perish amid the tempest and the gloom—*now*, I trace back each step of my life, each sorrow, sin and crime, to the influence of that one word *fatality*. While yet a child, there came legends of a new world, uprising like a gem from the sea—where a daring few had written their names in letters of gold upon the shield of fame—where wealth came for the asking, and health and happiness were its constant attendants. Our band was broken up—some departed for the new el-dorado, of which they had been told, others turned their attention to gaining and hoarding wealth, as if it must not all end in the same foul grave at last. I remained under the protection of an old woman, whose ostensible method of livelihood was that of fortune-telling; and from her I learned the art of mysticism, which has served so well among the gipseys of these mountains—who, as you may have perceived, are a portion of our English band. Impelled by curiosity, there came one, whose veins were filled with noble blood. Bold, brilliant and courteous, he won from my heart a feeling of reverence, which soon ripened into love. There was a difference in his manner when addressing me, so unlike that toward my associates, that what my love did not accord him, was tendered by my pride. I loved that man—ay, and *do*—though years have passed since that time; years that have left the traces of sorrow and crime upon my head. Even hatred for myself—scorn for the world—a yearning for revenge—could not overshadow it; there it lives, bright and beautiful amid the ruin it has caused, because I loved him with a singleness of purpose, that wound his image round my heart as never woman's love entwined the image of her adoration, and yet he trifled with a soul that had grown to his own; he trampled upon a heart impetuous and fearless; and when the great love of my life recoiled upon my own spirit, it left me what I am—aimless and alone, with nothing true or real about me. In the silence of a summer's night, a child was laid

to sleep in my arms. There was no feeling of shame or wrong within my bosom, as I kissed, for the first time, the precious boon, for my only knowledge was gleaned from perverted legends of olden time, and my only religion, that of mysticism and superstition. I only saw *his* image; and when weeks had passed, and health was again restored, never dreaming of the impropriety, I started alone, with my child in my arms, to visit the princely chateau of its father. The shadows were just gathering around the mansion, as I arrived, and in the fulness of my joy, I paused to gaze for a time upon the massive walls that contained my life of life. Voices quiet and subdued fell upon my ear like soft music, and glancing through the latticed blinds, I saw the man for whom I had sold my soul to shame, bending over a fair young creature, in whose embrace a child, not unlike my own, was held. The truth burst like fire upon my brain. I had been duped by a villain. I know not how I bore the dreadful revelation. I only remember on that night, when the earth was asleep, I crept through the blinds, saw them slumbering together, and in the tumult of passion pervading my whole nature, I struck *her* to the heart, while she nestled in his arms. In the confusion I escaped with her child and mine. How long my soul was divorced from thought or reason, I know not, or how, or why, or by what *means* I came to this country. When I awoke to reason, familiar faces were bending over me—I recognized old friends, but I was forgotten by them. It answered my purpose never to reveal my name. I became powerful among the clan—but you know the remainder of my history—suffice it to say, that *his* child died seventeen years ago this day, and *mine*, if you choose to claim her, is at your disposal."

"To save my people—yes—our rites are simple—to-morrow when the sun is up, I will come attended by the bridegroom, and a simple pastor who resides with us. Is it enough?" questioned the stranger.

"It is," said Mabel.

The stranger left suddenly as he came, and Mabel was alone. That night there were pleadings and protestations and prayers in the cave of the gipsey mother, and when the morning came, and the mist began to roll up from the river, and the flowers to blush in the rich light, a small party was seen coming down a mountain path that wound round the cave and down by the gipsey encampment. At their approach Zoe fled tremblingly to a corner of the cave, and buried her head deep within the rich furs there extended. The party entered solemn and stately, as if they

had marched to a funeral instead of a wedding. Mabel rose to her feet in an attitude of picturesque wildness, her white hair floated loosely over her shoulders, her robe showered about her form, and from her eyes gleamed an awful will, dark as madness, still as eternity, and resolute as death. Zoe glanced up but once from her pillow, but seeing the determination stamped upon her mother's brow, she knew her fate was sealed, and sank down again in hopeless, tearless despair.

"Take her," said the gipsy mother, waving her hand with an imperative gesture. A quick convulsive sob broke from among the furs, when a young man of graceful appearance advanced from the party, and bent down by the side of the weeping girl. "Zoe," said he, in a low, pleasant voice. There was a start which sent the maiden's golden curls quivering like sunbeams over her neck—an exclamation of joyful surprise, and quick as thought, Zoe Montano lay in the arms of William Huse, as if she had grown there forever. She was his own forever.

MARRIAGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1750, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—"Married, in June, 1750, Mr. William Doukin, a considerable farmer, of Great Tosson (near Rothbury), in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which was concluded with eight half ankers of brandy, made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 50 bushels of malt, made into beer. The company consisted of 559 ladies and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was concluded with the utmost order and unanimity."

THE KANOGIAN AND THE KNIGHT.

Commodore Billings, in his account of his expedition to the northern coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Main were on the River Kobima, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamtschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife, and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart: then the savages can do nothing more to you." These recall the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me." "Willingly," replied the knight; "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DAUGHTER OF A KING.

BY ANNIE H. OSGOOD.

THE golden sheen of England's autumnal beauty lay fair and radiant over the ancient palace of Whitehall. It was in 1533, when Mary had followed her brother, the good young King Edward, to a throne from which death had early snatched him. And now the palace was a royal prison for his other sister, the Princess Elizabeth.

Morning at Whitehall. The few ladies whom they had spared to attend upon the princess, were clustered around her, trying with woman's wit to amuse the royal prisoner. It was a thankless office, for Elizabeth loved not the society of her own sex. She had far rather have been surrounded by those whose courtly grace and winning flattery would have penetrated to that vulnerable part of her heart which her future courtiers knew so well how to find.

For several hours she had been restless and uneasy. In vain had her attendants brought the lute and given her the sweetest music of the period, much of which was composed for and dedicated to the princess herself. There were tender love songs written by the true-hearted poet who loved Elizabeth's mother, the ill-starred Anne Boleyn; and as the young princess caught the mellow strains, she felt that she would give worlds to inspire such loving words.

Pensively she hung her head, dwelling upon those rich melodies, and mingling with them the remembrance of episodes of her early life, when it was said that her passionate nature had nearly betrayed her into imprudences, which sully alike the characters of queen or peasant maiden. A true daughter of Henry Eighth, and no less a true one of Anne Boleyn, it was not to be wondered at if she were possessed of strong passions. At length she aroused herself from the fit of mournful recollection into which she had fallen, and assumed a gayer mood. She even trolled forth a lively ditty; but when it was ended, she said:

"It is hard for a caged bird to sing, my damsels, and besides, my royal sister might deem it heresy, should any one report to her gracious majesty that her captive dared open her mouth save for an Ave Maria."

"My gracious princess, for Heaven's sake, hush! The very walls may whisper to the queen that you make light of her."

"God's death, and so I do, Alicia! Am I not the true queen, and was not her birth at-

tainted? Did not my royal father decide that I was the true heir to the crown? There is not a shadow of common right in her retaining a throne to which her claim was long ago set aside as illegal."

The princess had wrought herself up to such a pitch of indignation that she did not hear a loud knocking at the door of her apartment. Her ladies heard it, however, and quaked with fear when they remembered how fatal might be the consequences of her rashness in uttering such words. Nor was their alarm allayed when on opening the door a troop of Elizabeth's bitterest enemies at court appeared, among whom were Gardiner, Paget, Howard and Sussex.

The haughty look had not faded from the lip of the princess, nor was the entrance of the prelate and noblemen calculated to calm down the angry feelings which she had been indulging toward Mary. She remembered, however, in season to prevent anything serious, that, as a prisoner, she had better refrain from any show of displeasure. Resuming a serene aspect, she asked to what event she owed so sudden and unexpected a visit.

Gardiner, although evidently much embarrassed, replied, hesitatingly, that he had a warrant from the queen to commit her highness to the Tower.

Her severity, real or assumed, was gone. The veins in her forehead seemed swollen to bursting, and her hands were clenched until the sharp nails entered her flesh. The long, golden ringlets were flung back and displayed the broad, open brow in its full height and breadth. It needed not her next words to show that she was the daughter of Henry Eighth.

"This is noble, this is brave of you, my lord prelate, and you, gentlemen of the court of England! Marry, but ye are growing wanton with your prosperity and power, when ye can take a king's daughter to the Tower without a sign of guilt upon her part."

Sussex explained that it was the queen's command, for which they were no way accountable; and added a reproof for the bitterness with which she assailed them for simply obeying their royal mistress. It was with added bitterness that he went on:

"Fore God, our queen herself dare not address us as you have done, and we will not bear it even from a princess of the blood royal. So have a care, madam, and treat the servants of the crown with the consideration that belongs to your dignity and to theirs."

His assured and confident address brought Elizabeth to a sense of her danger in thus giving

way to the passion that possessed her; and she listened more patiently to the words of Paget and Howard, who informed her that she was suspected of conniving at the treachery of Wyate.

"I do not doubt that your highness will be able to endure the investigation which, after all, is but a mere formality. Her majesty is, of course, well convinced of her sister's loyalty and affection—"

But he had gone a step too far. The lion nature of King Henry again predominated in his daughter, and she threw back a glance full of ire upon the speaker.

"It is well! I am ready now. God's death, it would irk me to live in the same world with such traitors to honor as they whom I see before me. Let the measure of infamy be full. The same block at which my unhappy mother suffered, after being hunted down by court wolves, will serve for her daughter. I scorn you all! Ye are false, all of ye, and none falsest that you who wear the holy robes, and disgrace them, too."

This was addressed to Gardiner, who turned pale with rage, and commanded her to prepare instantly for her journey, muttering inarticulately some sentence in which "woman's tongue" was alone distinguishable.

Elizabeth, however, was speedy in her preparations. Two of her ladies only were permitted to attend her, and with this scanty retinue for a royal princess, she went on board the queen's barge. Stately as a queen, Elizabeth took her seat beneath the gold and crimson awning, while Gardiner and the lords took theirs opposite. All was silent, as if some criminal was going to his death, instead of a young and lovely princess going at the command of a queenly sister to test the loyalty of her cause. As the courtiers looked at her and marked the deep crimson spot which outraged dignity had painted upon her cheek, they felt almost ashamed that they had been chosen to imprison a girl of twenty years on a charge of treason and conspiracy.

There were those on the bank of the river that saw her whom they fondly hoped to hail as their future queen, thus spirited away by the grim adherents of her who was already called Bloody Mary, although the word was spoken in hushed whispers. Already there was a dull murmur from their lips. Elizabeth caught the faint sound, and bowed her head with a graceful recognition of the faces of friends whom she saw there. That recognition at such a moment! How it riveted their hearts to her, and how it increased their hatred of her who occupied the throne which they knew their favorite would grace so well. It was an earnest of that devoted

affection that followed the maiden queen to the latest hour of a reign that involved so many inconsistencies of character, and was proof against them all.

When she raised her head, the sun was setting, but the whole broad west was one blaze of golden glory. The prelate's eyes were directed to the same object. To both a prophetic voice seemed to whisper. To the ambitious man the fading orb said, "Thou, too, shalt sink as I sink." To Elizabeth the radiant scene brought a different tale of future power and eminence, and a voice breathed in her ear, "This fair England shall yet be swayed by King Henry's daughter." No wonder that the light came to her eye, and that the heavy burden was raised from a heart that believed the prophecy.

In another moment her light foot was upon the platform of the Traitor's Gate! She looked up at the gloomy pile that threw its dark shadow over her crimsoned cheek. It paled not. The omen had done its work, and the royal heart of Elizabeth did not quail, even when she entered the place that had been the sepulchre of so many hopes; but, in the hour of future greatness, that moment was remembered. Did not the shadows of Norfolk, of Northumberland, of the well-beloved Essex, and of the young and lovely Scottish queen arise to strike home to her heart the remembrance of her own hour of peril?

Five years after this night, Mary, sick, perhaps of her bloody career, lonely and desolate, though a wife and a queen, disappointed in the dearest hopes of woman, ill and suffering, laid down in the grave, her cruel heart and crimson hand. And she who was carried beneath that golden sunset, a prisoner, was proclaimed all over that fair domain, its queen, the rightful sovereign of England and Scotland, bought by the death of the two Marys, and of Ireland, to which she bore no sovereign's love. Alas, that human greatness must always spring from open graves! Yet, at the last, the death of one victim of her love and cruelty opened her own grave.

Forty-five years had she reigned it over England, whose throne she had ascended at twenty-five. Loving and beloved, for she had bestowed her affections upon more than one, and had been sought by many, she had refused to ally herself with any one. The last love, Essex, received from her a ring, with the solemn pledge that into whatever disgrace he might fall, if he would send her the ring, she would hear and answer his petition.

After his trial and condemnation to death, the thought occurred to him that he would try the effect of the ring. He intrusted it, however, to a

faithless hand, and Elizabeth, who, day after day had watched and waited for the loving appeal, distressed and indignant at the failure to secure her sympathy and pardon, signed the death warrant.

How that woman's stern soul melted when the terrible deed was done! If oceans of tears would have availed, she would have shed them all, to have revived the silent pulse to a heart that had perhaps ever loved her, aged and faded as she was. Alas, Elizabeth had asked and hoped too much from the human hearts around her. She felt now, how bitter was age and decay, and would have given her throne for one loving word from any being on earth.

And, failing this, the poor old queen, stung into madness by the treachery and deception which had been shown her, lay down upon her cushions, refusing even the comfort of a bed, and breathed out a life at once so grand and so solitary. To her had never been granted that beautiful solace of saying, "I dwell among my own kindred." All her life long she was a desolate woman. Let us hope that, at that bar where human imperfections are righteously judged, the recording angel will have blotted out the dismal transcript of her vanity, her weakness and her cruelty, and present only the page that tells of her many virtues.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of his web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

—*Scientific American*.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY HOME.

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

My home is not in a rose-wreathed cot,
Where bees with the blossoms play,
Such as poets and novelists rave about,
In their most delectable way;
It has never a woodbine 'gainst the roof,
Or jasmine over the door;
No flickering sunbeams through the vines
Make pictures upon the floor.
My home is only a suite of rooms
Up a pair of unpainted stairs,
Where some of life's blessings find their way,
And some of its carking cares.

And yet, good sooth, I know to-day
Of many a beautiful home
That is like, in illusive loveliness,
To breakers hidden by foam!
And I turn with a smile to my humble home,
And bear with a sweet content
Its daily burden of toil and care,
Which the Master hath wisely sent.
I have books and paintings, a modest share;
I have simple treasures, good store;
And the honest love of one manly heart—
Then why should I sigh for more?

[ORIGINAL.]

"PERMIT DOW AND I."

BY WILLIAM W. MONTAGUE.

I HAVE heretofore enlightened the world in "Me and my Wife," regarding the splendid results of our marriage; but never have I related one of the unfortunate circumstances attendant upon my separation from my wife in our honeymoon. I will try and do so now:

You are all aware that my courtship was a brief one; that my marriage was a hasty one; and I whisper it to you now, in strictest confidence, that my day of repentance and tribulation is a long one. It does not necessarily follow, I am told, that courtships should be brief, marriages hasty, or their results, unhappiness. I am willing to bow humbly, as I am thus rebuked by older and wiser (perhaps happier) married men; but I maintain it to the last, with all the spirit I have left (which is, under the circumstances, but little), that any man who has had the ill-fortune to marry a Dow (and their family of married daughters is large), endorses my opinion in every respect.

I would say further, in weak support of this

theory, that Andrew Jackson Middlepain, who married Permit's eldest sister, Prudence Dow, now occupies cell 17 in the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester; that Abner Spillbanks, who married her sister Remembrance, was cut down three times in his own attic, after three vain attempts to drown remembrance (I don't mean his wife) by hanging himself—and all the druggists in the town have been notified to dispose of no arsenic, or roach and rat exterminators to the same; that Increase Crableaf, who married my wife's youngest sister Keziah, attended the annual charity dinner in his own town, and when informed that the set-out was only intended for paupers, he declared he was more hungry than any of them, for when he took surreptitiously a ham bone from the closet to save himself from famine, she pursued him with a broom into the street, and threatened him with a charge of "petty larceny." Increase got his dinner off the town that day, and I hear from a reliable source that Keziah has applied for a divorce in consequence.

Of course I know Permit is fond of me—that she is fattening me on Revelenta Arabica, my present obesity acknowledges; but that the married condition is a blissful one, I deny—at least so far as I understand it. I know this is not telling you of the laughable adventure I had in finding my wife during the honeymoon; but how can I help thinking of the time when midnight hours were no crime; when cocktails were a solace and a comfort; when billiards and late oysters were necessities of life; and the opera was the most complete luxury in the world? Yes, I can't help thinking of how we used to meet at Sampson's—Smith, Jones, Bullion, Bags, Robinson and myself—and drink hot whiskey punches when the weather was cold, and "cobblers" when the weather was warm, and champagne at any time (when we could get anybody else to pay for it). And then how jolly we got; and what a rousing chorus we gave "Begone, dull care!"—and how reckless we became of the watchmen; and how we tried pen-knives in the doors of our boarding-houses instead of latch-keys; and how we stumbled up stairs over the boots in the passages; and stray pitchers at the doors of hydropathic gentlemen were our especial delight to treat to a "smash," and, "ha, ha!"—Pray excuse me, I am afraid I am sipping too much of this "morning call" even now, so I shall go on, not forgetting what I intended to write about. But my wrongs are monstrous. It is no wonder I am liable to get drunk from pure absence of mind.

It was down in Bangor where I first met Permit at the "quilting," and she was on a visit to

the "Spells." (The Spells, you know, of Queer Corner) I knew, of course, that she lived at the village of Licksblue the 1st (Licksblue the 2d is about four miles out of Salem on the Squig-mire Turnpike), and I had no notion of getting a Permit for marriage then; but somehow or other the folks in Bangor got the notion that I was a "catch"—what this means I have not the slightest notion, other than I dimly conceive it must be something very unfortunate. Permit was very agreeable, pretty, rosy, dimpled, curly hair, good teeth, and a very loving pair of lips. I spent an evening alone in Spells' parlor with her—do not remember much, except that I thought I was somehow distantly related to the angels—heard a little cooing as Permit sung—did a little wooing I suppose to help along, said "love" two or three times in a sort of soliloquy, was helped to some of Old Spells's pippins by Permit, kissed her dreamily once or twice, she did the same to me a few times or more, found my head gradually turning round and round, remember thinking that Bangor must be a very pleasant place to have such a nice house as Spells in it.

Spent two or three hours in this strange manner at Spells; when I was about going, I recollect it took me just a half hour by my watch to procure my hat (kissed Permit once or twice in the interval), half an hour to reach my cane (holding her hand and quoting Byron in the pauses), one hour to reach the front door (sundry kisses in the dark hall), twenty minutes saying "good-night" at the garden gate.

"Good night! good night!" parting is such sweet sorrow—a good Yankee hug here—and ran off towards home very dizzy and happy hearing the murmur of Permit at parting. "Engaged," said she; "caged," echoed I. "What a poet!"—"I know it." "My!"—"Why sigh? good-by!" I spoke or she did; it made no difference. I was as happy as an idiot—more an idiot than happy, I think now.

Went home that night and sat by the fire with my hat on (this I never do unless something extraordinary happens), said nothing, thought of nothing but Permit. She was an angel. I could see her face in the fire; I could see it in the shadows on the walls, ever blooming, radiant and beautiful. I smoked one of my friend's cigars, still thinking of Permit; the curls of the smoke were not half so graceful as her curls, as they reeled over her white shoulders; I drank two or three large drinks out of my friend's liquor-case—drank to Permit. Thought it was such a sublime compliment drinking alone in the darkness, that I drank to her again. The sweet madness

of my thoughts of her made me drink again and again. She was mine; more brandy. We were engaged; a little apple-toddy on that. I happened just then to think that I never was engaged before, and nothing less than cherry-bounce would do to celebrate this glorious episode in my life. Brandy, apple-toddy and cherry-bounce; bounce, toddy, brandy; apples, brance-tapples, boundy; room seemed to dance around, bed ran against the stove, and my friend's liquor-case marched into the other room, and my friend even appeared to be carrying it. But above all confusion, and the chaos of that apartment, the name of Permit was ever on my lips, her beautiful form floating before my bewildered eyes. Even as I sank upon the bed exhausted by the violence of my emotions, the glory of my position as an engaged man burst upon me, and I murmured "Permit" as I dropped off into a slumber, whose tranquillity my babes never know.

How could it be otherwise? I dreamed of Permit. I saw her as she was—an angel. I plainly perceived (on my honor!) the wings bursting forth from her waxen shoulders. And as they moved (like the little seraphs in the pantomime), a perfumed breeze floated through the atmosphere, delighting my senses. "My Permit," I fondly whispered, as I would have clasped her in my arms; but—what a horrid transformation! In the place of her who was so ravishingly beautiful stood three large black bottles capering before me as though instinct with life. They were labelled respectively, "Brandy," "Apple-Jack," and "Cherry-Bounce." Next to Permit, candor compels me to state, that I would rather have met with those three old friends. I put out my hands to clasp them. They retired from me, and set up a hideous shouting, and gradually their proportions changed to as many representations of the "gentleman in black," by some called "Asmodeus," "Mephistopheles," "The Evil One," or a host of other significant names. I groaned in agony as I beheld this metamorphosis; and especially were the figures more terrible from the fact that they were supplied with the regular tools of their trade, viz., heavy forks with sharp prongs, which were repeatedly stuck into various vulnerable parts of my body, producing the most acute pains.

"O Permit!" I groaned. At once the demons took up the cry.

"Permit me!" shouted one. And his red-hot fork penetrated my left side, and touched my liver, thereby stirring up my bile considerably.

"Permit me!" howled another. And the relentless fork was thrust into my right eye. At

this they all laughed. I suppose some joke was intended, but (owing to my accident) I couldn't see it.

"Permit me!" cried the third. The heated prongs of his fork played over my spinal ganglions like the fingers of a skilful performer on the piano—a species of *backsliding* which made me howl with pain. And "Permit!" "Permit!" rung in my ears till I awoke from my fearful dreams.

But I have not told you yet of my adventure in the honeymoon. That is true. I am sorry that I mentioned in the beginning about that, for I ran on so about my courtship, that I find I have not space to recount my search after Permit's relatives in this number, so another time must I reserve for this narrative, and for another paper.

Permit Sizer Dow married me from Spells', at Queer Corner. And the only happy days were those of my brief courtship—ah! ah! But we had a real good wedding, if it was got up in a hurry. The Spells girls were sweet, pretty creatures—and didn't they like to train with the fellows? I admire to think of that jolly wedding, when Old Spells would drink nothing but cider at the supper, and was the first man under the table; when the Misses Sprigg looked so cunning in their thin sausage ringlets, which came off at the third dance; and Old Fulks was treated by the Spells boys so often, that he began to play on the wrong side of his bridge on the violinello; when that bashful young gentleman, Tim Idds, squirmed alongside of that old maid, Miss Juniper, the whole evening, talking in a modest voice, and the Juniper was nodding, and smiling, and thanking him; and the Sprack young girls were peeking out of their corners at the pair, giggling at the fun, which I even did not half understand, until they told me she was deaf. And the compliments which were showered upon Permit and I, the invitations and the—

It just dawned upon me pretty soon that I had bought a "pig in a poke" (I have no desire to be disrespectful to my wife), and that I had never seen Permit's father or mother, brothers and sisters, and that I should just like to—that was all. So she pretty soon went from Bangor to her folks at "Licksblue the 1st," and I was to follow the next week; and to that visit to "Licksblue" must you refer for my adventure.

Beg pardon—but I find this bottle of M. C. (Morning Call) is M. T., so good morning!

Some people are so obtuse that one would hardly think that they could have an acute disease.

MARVELS OF MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor has it any upon the living hand; but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids. There is dust on sea, on land; in the valley and on the mountain top. There is dust always and everywhere. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves on earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so "secret" as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded; because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which under certain circumstances becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surfaces a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the lips, would cause immediate death by suffocation; which, if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning. But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wise and economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.—*Scientific American.*

WHIRLPOOL OFF NORWAY.

The maelstrom on the coast of Norway, whatever may be said to the contrary, is an actual existence, and is often dangerous. Vast whirls are formed by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Morken, quiet at high and low tides, but most violent midway between. Small vessels are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action, even though the weather be clear and serene; and though large vessels may then pass it in safety, yet in stormy weather it is extremely dangerous even for them, for at such times gales from the sea and the land breezes sometimes force two mighty opposing currents into collision. The whirls do not swallow up a vessel, but toss it about till it fills, or is dashed upon the shoals, a wreck.—*Cressley's Wonders of Nature.*

[ORIGINAL.]

O, THINK OF THE SAILOR!

BY WILLIE WARE.

O, think of the sailor
 On the fathomless sea,
 When the wild waves are tossing
 So fearless and free;
 Think of the dangers
 That ever are nigh,
 When the storm-clouds float over
 The blue of the sky!

O, think of the sailor
 So bold and so brave,
 Who in storm 's by the helm,
 The good ship to save;
 Who fearlessly, steadily
 Runs up the mast,
 Unmindful alike of the
 Cold and the blast!

O, think of the sailor
 Abroad on the deep,
 While you in your couches
 So quietly sleep,
 And breathe to high Heaven
 One low, earnest prayer,
 That God will protect him
 With kindness and care!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WALL OF DEFENCE.*An Incident in Bonaparte's Russian Retreat.*

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

WHENCE comes the beautiful inspiration which we sometimes mark upon the countenances of those whom it has pleased God to set apart from others by accident or natural deformity? The blind, the crippled, the deformed in figure, often wear an aspect of wondrous beauty. Surely it must be that, as the gifts of human beauty are fewer to them, those of spiritual loveliness multiply—lighting up the face of such ones with superhuman radiance, and making us forget the maimed limbs or the sightless eye, while dwelling upon the pure spirit-light of expression.

Thus it was with the little cripple who, with his mother and sisters, inhabited a cottage in a small village near the scene of war at the time when the French army, under Napoleon Bonaparte, were retreating from Moscow. Julian Augsberg had suffered in early infancy, by a fall from the arms of his father. Proud of a little son—the first that had been born in a fam-

ily of girls, Augsberg had delighted to toss him in his arms to the ceiling, perch him upon his shoulder, and commit all those extravagances that fond fathers are apt to do, forgetful of the frail and delicate structure of which, while they admire and wonder at so much, they seem profoundly ignorant.

The accident embittered, if it did not absolutely shorten Augsberg's days. Day after day he tended the little frail being upon a pillow, while every moan of the child—often called forth by causes distinct from that which was ever in the father's mind—was like the bitterness of death to him. Julian grew, spite of his crippled back and limbs, but Augsberg saw with inexpressible dismay and sorrow, that the child would never walk. The soft, appealing eyes, the tender and beautiful mouth, the graceful curls that hid the distorted shoulders, the pale cheeks and the long, thin, transparent hands, were each so many sorrowful reminders of what he might have been, had not his foolish act spoiled what Nature had made perfect. Night after night he lay with the dear head pillowed on his bosom, waking at the slightest movement, praying for pardon for himself and for blessings on his child. The grief and penitence of the father might have sufficed for many sins of crimson dye.

Worn out at length by the intensity of his feelings, his health suddenly gave way, and, with many an exhortation to the young sisters never to abandon the little cripple, but to make his happiness their first care, he sank into slumber with his hand fast locked in Julian's. One look—a look of indescribable love and pity—he gave the child in dying—a look which Julian, then only four years old never forgot, young as he was when it was given.

The mother, thenceforth the stay and staff of the family, gave up the charge of the child to Catherine and Elizabeth. They devoted themselves, alternately, to his necessities and his amusement, and no favored child of rich and affluent parents ever received more tender and watchful attendance than was given him by the gentle sisters; and when, in the pauses of her labor, the affectionate mother looked in upon her boy, and smiled on his little pleasures and amusements, or listened to his animated talk, the child's joy was complete.

As if in mockery of Julian's distorted figure, his sisters were the lightest and straightest little fairies that ever were seen. Their light curls waved over the prettiest and lithest forms, and there was a graceful ease in every motion that delighted the boy's taste while it wrung his heart. For Julian was ever sensitive to the lightest allu-

sion to his figure, although he was too sweet-tempered to show displeasure or annoyance. At such times, he would only retire a little more within himself, and submit a little less playfully to be petted and caressed.

Notwithstanding the deep pity which all who visited the cottage experienced for the little invalid, it was charming to see how many virtues and how much happiness grew out of his state. The self-denying affection of Catherine and Elizabeth who gave up the pleasures natural to their youth for his sake—the unselfish nature of the mother who toiled constantly for his comfort, yet denied herself the privilege of attending personally to his momentary needs, because she could better fulfil the purposes of his maintenance by leaving the cares a mother loves best to other hands—the affectionate generosity of friends and neighbors and little children, who brought the finest first fruits of all they possessed, to bestow on little Julian—O, there was no end to the beautiful expressions of human love and affection that were brought out by Julian's misfortune.

But a new source of unhappiness was in store for the devoted family. Julian, in addition to his helpless state, became absolutely ill. Hitherto he had not experienced positive sickness, such as would confine him wholly to his bed; but now the springs of life itself seemed loosened, and as week passed away after week, the poor boy was unable to be raised from a recumbent posture without suffering the most heart-rending pain.

The winter had come on sharp and severe. The air seemed loaded with particles of ice, so bitter and biting did it touch the face of those exposed to its spiteful influence. The sick boy lay in his bed, unheeding the cold, for the thin eider-down quilt which his mother had sat up night after night to earn, and which his sisters had beautifully quilted, was sufficient protection to his poor little limbs. But, with thoughtful regard of others, he inquired into the state of their poorer neighbors, and sighed when he was told that they were not comfortable.

He had just fallen into a slumber which they trusted would be quiet, when the family were startled by a loud knock at the door, and a voice called to them that they must fly for their lives. The sounds struck the ear of the sleeping boy and awoke him. He listened attentively, and heard the words "The French army," "be upon us directly," "no safety save in immediate flight."

At that moment there was not a braver, truer hero in Napoleon's army than the crippled child. He heard his mother and sisters saying, "not

for the world! no, urge us no more, we will never desert dear Julian." The door closed, and the three women came back to find two clear bright eyes fixed upon their faces. "I know all," he said. "The army is near and there is instant danger to us all. Mother, Catherine, Elizabeth! kiss me, all of you, and then fly! They will never harm a poor helpless boy like me; and when the danger is over, come back. It may be that even Bonaparte himself may pity your poor child, mother, and somebody will care for me if he does not."

"Never, darling! never!" said they all. "We are not afraid to stay. Don't be troubled about us. The good Lord will build up a wall to protect us from the enemy."

"Tell me, dear mother, what it really is."

"My child, Bonaparte's army are really on the way from Moscow. The village lies directly in their way, and they will, in all probability, destroy it. Our neighbor says the people are fleeing in every direction to avoid the army. Before midnight, he says every family will be away. Now, my son, I have told you the whole truth. If ten armies come, they shall find us at our post, and that will be beside our darling's bed. God will not suffer us to be harmed. Remember what you sang so sweetly but yesterday—"The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy helper. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. The Lord will preserve thee from evil."

"And so he will, sweet mother—but do you and my sisters go with the rest. I shall be safe."

The sole reply of the devoted mother and sisters was "We will never leave you."

When they had made all things comfortable for Julian, the mother lay down beside him, holding the thin, pale hand in her own. Not a sigh nor a restless movement betrayed that the little hero was suffering from fear or excitement. He had repeated his simple form of prayer, and added a few words more, that God would turn away the steps of the enemy, and then, peacefully as an infant, he closed his eyes and slept.

The two sisters also retired to their little inner room, but their rest was disturbed for many hours by distant sounds which they dreaded were the signals of approaching danger. But youth and habit prevailed at last, and the mother soon heard their soft and regular breathing. Then she resigned herself calmly to the rest she so much needed, and silence brooded over the little cottage once more.

She was the first to awake. Refreshed and cheerful was her waking; for had not God heard the prayer of the crippled child, and turned away

the feet that might have brought destruction to her door? Yet she thought the morning strangely long in coming. Julian awoke and his earnest talk aroused his sisters, yet still the light came not. Catherine, whose wonder was most active, sprang from her bed and struck a light. The quiet old clock in the corner, that only ticked but never struck the hours, bore upon its truthful face the fact that it was near noon.

"It is the dark day!" exclaimed the excited girl.

"No, no," rejoined her sister, "the enemy has walled us in, by throwing earth upon the house while we slept. We must perish here miserably."

"Hush, Elizabeth! you do not sufficiently consider Julian."

The boy was awake, and heard all that was said, but his countenance had not changed from its serene and holy look.

"Mother! sisters! leave me, I entreat you. Save yourselves. I shall die sooner of anxiety for you than dread of the soldiers for myself. I will show them my crippled limbs, and they will not have a heart to injure me."

Still they refused, and he now appealed to Catherine who had a lover, now away from the village.

"What if Alexis should return and find you dead, Catherine? Dead, because you would not leave me, your little useless brother? He would despise me for letting you stay."

"I should despise him if he had such a thought, darling. But say no more, Julian. We are resolved that we will live or die by your side. But will morning ever come?" The widow at these words, went into a small closet, where there was no window except that formed by a stout wooden shutter. Unfastening this, she found the opening was impossible. She succeeded in pushing it outward about an inch, and discovered that the house was absolutely buried in snow! Softly and silently through the long night it had fallen down until the low cottage was completely enveloped from sight. The enemy had come down "like a wolf on the fold," and carried ruin and devastation through the village. Disappointed at finding it deserted by the inhabitants, they had doomed everything to destruction. But they had passed on in their might to other scenes of ruin, and left the little cottage unseen, untouched; while the soft-falling snow had proved a barricade more successful than human hands could have made.

When the frightened neighbors returned to their desolated homes, it was to wonder at the signal protection which had been bestowed upon

the poor cripple, and the courageous friends who had refused to desert him. Soon, by their cheerful efforts, the snow was removed, and the first face which the blushing Catherine saw, was that of her lover, who, at the first sound of danger had flown to protect her, but was too late. He reached the village only in season to assist in removing the friendly wall which an Almighty arm had mercifully built, to preserve his beloved. And the burden of the beautiful anthem sung under the cottage roof that night was, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. The Lord is thy helper—the Lord is thy keeper."

DO THE RIGHT THING.

Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley; but square up to the mark, and *do the right thing*. Boy! when you divide that apple with your little sister, be careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man! don't sneak out of the basement-door because you wish to escape your father's eyes. Maiden! let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure yourself, is to *do the right thing*. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always, and in all cases, *do the right thing*. Your first lessons in this will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an absolute impossibility. —*Christian Watchman*.

COTTON AND FLAX.

The Merchants' Magazine for October opens with an article on "Sea and Upland Cotton vs. Flax and Hemp," which treats of things that are of no light interest to Americans and to others. The writer of the article thinks that flax is again to occupy an important place in the productions of this country, and that it may equal, if not exceed in value, our cotton product. "By the simple application of steam," he says, "at a pressure of some two hundred pounds to the square inch, the gummy or resinous matter is separated, and afterward removed from the fibre of the plant, together with the woody substance, and a product as soft and delicate as cotton is the result, better adapted than it to a vast variety of uses. The invention is calculated to work a revolution in flax as great, if not greater, than has been effected by the cotton-gin in cotton, and eventually to clothe the world in linen, clean and white, for there is no limit to the production of the plant in almost any part of the world."

[ORIGINAL.]

LITTLE MINNIE.

BY ISA AMEND EBERHART.

Pure little moonbeam,
 Happy and bright;
 Rosebud of beauty,
 Pearl of delight;
 Waking the dawn with a laugh so gay,
 Cheering the heart with thy happy play,
 Driving the darkness of life away.
 Pure little Minnie!
 Bright little Minnie!
 Happy as sunlight all the day.

Forehead of marble,
 Temples of snow;
 Lips where the rose-pinks
 Fitfully glow;
 Eyes that are bright as the drops of dew,
 Starred on a sky of the softest blue,
 Letting the light of heaven through.
 Fair little Minnie!
 Bright little Minnie!
 Angels are near akin to you.

Smiling forever,
 Full of thy glee,
 Surely the angels
 Whisper to thee;
 Would I had power the fates to move,
 Life unto thee would surely prove
 Naught but a heavenly dream of love.
 Sweet little Minnie!
 Dear little Minnie!
 Thou art a gleam from heaven above!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MIDNIGHT MURDER.

BY DR. C. C. REED.

THE hotel in the little Sardinian town of Chene Tonnex was, one night in the year of our Lord 1830, crowded almost to suffocation with travelers. A rain storm had driven all the wayfarers who were within reach of the inn, by an hour's driving, or even three hours' walking, to take refuge in the first shelter that offered; and as this house was reached by several avenues, each of which was lonely and without a single building for several miles, it was soon filled to overflowing.

The servants and many of the guests repaired to the stables. The landlord and his wife occupied the settles in the bar-room; while kitchen, hall and keeping-room presented a motley group upon each floor.

Above stairs, every bed received two, some

three occupants; and they who were awake in the night might have heard plenty of groaning, fretting, and in some cases swearing, from those who were unused to the annoyance of strange bedfellows. Among those who quietly took their beds without complaint, was a drover by the name of Claude Duret. He had returned from a successful trading away of his cattle, and now with a large sum of money and a quantity of valuable papers, had drifted toward the inn about dusk, glad to find a haven from the pelting storm; although he would much rather have proceeded to his own home, six or seven miles further on, where he knew his wife and children would be anxiously awaiting his return.

In truth, the night came on, gloomy and dreary enough to poor Blanche Duret. Never before had Claude failed to come at the appointed time. Now, she thought, perhaps he had not disposed of his cattle, and might be struggling to get them onward in this driving rain. There were long stretches of lonely roads, through which he must pass, from the great market town whither he intended to drive them; and there were plenty of dangers which the young wife might conjure up without any great effort of imagination.

She kept the children up as long as possible—until the weary little heads drooped and the sleepy eyes closed; and then, unwilling to part from them, she improvised a bed upon the floor, that she might still look upon their faces for company.

Wearily passed the night; and toward morning, worn out and exhausted with unrest and anxiety, she sank upon the floor beside her children and slept heavily. Ah! but that was a sad awaking for poor Blanche Duret!

Meantime, her husband had retired, after a good supper, and securing his money and papers about his person, he lay down with a sense of perfect security, under the roof of the crowded hotel. He had been but fairly asleep, when the landlord ushered into the chamber the man whom he had informed Duret would occupy the little chamber with him.

"Don't wake him, poor fellow!" he heard the landlord whisper. "He has been on a hard tramp with cattle to-day, and was almost too tired to eat his supper." And he shaded his lamp carefully with his hand, while he found a corner where it would not shine in the sleeper's eyes.

Claude was too sleepy to show that he was awake; and the stranger undressed and lay down beside him very softly, as if pitying his weariness. Soon the tired drover was asleep again. But not so the stranger. His great unwinking eyes wandered about the little chamber, for he had not put out his light, and examining the skylight

wondering if by chance any one should be standing on the roof in all this rain, and could look down upon him and his companion.

It was a queer conceit—but he almost fancied he could see a shadow up there, and it made him shiver; for, as yet, he had hardly made up his mind what he should do. One great crime he had already committed; and it now flashed upon the mind of Louis Pellet, that, although he had escaped from the prison at Bonneville, he might not always elude the terrible punishment that lies in wait for the murderer.

Yet the landlord had seemed to give him the clue so opportunely, that the bad man began to believe, in his wicked sophistry, that Providence had sent this unconscious victim into his way. At all events he would watch his sleeping awhile longer, and if he did not awake, why then, there was a manifest destiny to be accomplished.

At this moment Claude Duret nestled uneasily in his slumber—threw one arm above his head, and murmured the name of *Blanche*, and patted the pillow with the other hand, and said, "Hush, baby, father's here with you!" and then turned himself over with his face from Pellet. Soon his breathing announced that he again was sleeping heavily.

"Now is the time, thought the murderer. I could not touch him while he lay with his face in my sight, but now it is easy enough."

And stepping softly from the bed, he dressed himself thoroughly and carefully, even to putting on his cap. He then rolled his own side of the mattress over upon the sleeper, pressing it down heavily with the full weight of his own person, and rising to his full height, he employed some moments in stamping upon his breast. As he leaped from the bed, the mattress rolled back to its place with a motion so quick and sudden, that he almost shrieked with terror. He thought the dead man was after him. He smiled when he saw how still and motionless he lay. He touched him—there was not a spark of life. How easily he had been conquered!

And now to find the gold! He knew well enough that a man of common prudence would not leave it far from him; and as he had noticed that the drover had worn some of his clothes to bed, he had a clue. An under garment had a pocket, and in this he had deposited the silken purse which *Blanche* had netted for him only the week before.

Bad as he was, Louis Pellet shook and trembled as he touched the dead man. Twice he drew back, but at last he bethought himself of a little flask in his own pocket, the contents of which had often given him courage when he had

been on the point of failing—and to this he had recourse now.

The money was easily found when he had swallowed the stimulus, and with it a mass of papers, which he thought it would be better also to take, to prevent the discovery of the dead man's name, if it happened not to be known.

The worst part remained—to get out of the house; but, as if to favor his designs he believed, the travellers were all too weary to awake, or perhaps they would not have wondered at all at a noise upon such a night of crowded lodging as that. The landlord, too, and his wife, were up late, and had just sank into the first sound rest. All favored the bold, bad man, and he escaped.

What a house it was in the morning, when poor Claude Duret's blackened features told the terrible tale! Each terrified stranger shuddered to think that it might have been his own fate, had the landlord chanced to have bestowed upon him such a companion.

There was one man there who recognized the murdered person better than the landlord; for the latter knew only his name, while this man lived in his neighborhood, and was acquainted with his family. To him, then, was députed the undesirable task of informing poor *Blanche* Duret of the overwhelming loss she had sustained.

He found her just arisen, pale with the frightful night she had passed, but with newly-gathered hope, which morning mercifully brings to all anxious souls. The sun was shining upon the wet trees, the mists of last night's storm were rolling from off the hills, and all nature seemed refreshed and gladdened.

Blanche seemed surprised at the early visit of *Auguste* *Dennet*, but supposed that he came with a message from his wife, with whom she was quite intimate. When, however, she raised her heavy eyes to his face, she knew that something had happened, and he thought it the better kindness not to leave her longer in suspense. It would have melted a stouter heart than the good *Auguste* *Dennet's*, to see the tearless agony of *Blanche*. Not until the kind-hearted man had bethought himself of the baby up stairs, and had ran for it, with a woman's tact, and placed it within her arms, did a single tear flow. That deed saved her life or her reason, perhaps both.

Auguste went back to the inn, and related the story of her desolation, with so many children to support; and there were generous hearts among the travellers that prompted them to contribute a sum which should keep the wolf from the door, until she could do something for herself.

We must now retrace the course of the murderer, Louis Pellet. With the money and papers

he had stolen, he contrived to get to Paris, where he opened a shop as Claude Duret. In his name he organized a foreign legion for Algeria, and sailed for Oran in a government vessel. He was not heard of again until 1834. At that time he re-appeared upon the scene of his successful swindle against the French government. A large house, one of those in which gaming and every species of knavery are practised, was rented by him under the name of Francois Lissard. Here he was mixed up with those who murdered, swindled and forged, yet contrived to keep clear of all blame.

Yet Louis Pellet's life was one of agony. Not all his boldness, nor the ease with which he lent himself to criminal transactions, could banish from his heart and conscience the terrible night at the inn at Chene Tonnex. Before him always lay the blackened and distorted face of Claude Duret. His other murder had been committed in a far different and less cruel and brutal a manner. A gunshot wound had speedily and perhaps painlessly sent his victim to his last account; but here there were evidences of prolonged and frightful suffering. The other had its rise in a quarrel, and was not unprovoked. Here an innocent man, reposing confidently by his side, his sleep haunted by pure and lovely visions of home, wife and children, murmuring their names unconsciously in that very slumber, and having encountered for their sake the fatigues and vexations of the day, had fallen into it with the hope of bearing to them the next morning the gains which his weary labors had brought—O, it was frightful even to the criminal's hardened conscience!

No wonder then that a warrant to take him before the Correctional Police of Paris was received by Louis Pellet with a quaking heart. Although the offence for which he was arrested was fully specified, and was in itself trifling, yet somehow the wretched man seemed to have an impression, a presentiment, that any public charge against him, any suspicion that he was not all that he appeared, would end in a disclosure of the whole of his miserable, wicked life.

He appealed against the punishment, although it was only the light one of confinement in jail for five days. The judges were astonished at the genuine uneasiness which he exhibited, so much greater than the occasion seemed to warrant. Every step which he took, every word and look he gave, told of something concealed—some under current of guile, which his natural boldness could not conquer. His conduct excited suspicion. Little by little it came out; one by one his antecedents were discovered, and the rumor

spread and grew. The French government becoming cognizant of the circumstances, sent to the consul of the government of Savoy resident at Paris.

Louis Pellet, having expiated the offence for which he was arrested; and from which he had appealed in vain, found himself regarded with a suspicion from which he found it difficult to escape while he remained at Paris. He left the city, but the police were upon his track, and he was arrested at Ivry, in virtue of a writ granted by the president on the demand of the Sardinian government.

If Blanche Duret had desired vengeance against the murderer of her husband, she would now have had it in full. He was executed, after a full and overwhelming proof of his identity with the slayer of poor Claude Duret and the escaped prisoner of Bonneville.

THE MISERIES OF DISCONTENT.

I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another who had been given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church, which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits—for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of her first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into the grave—and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another. And being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find contentment in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find contentment in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for contentment will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul."—*Izaak Walton.*

Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved. In most situations of life the consciousness of innocence is our best shield and our firmest security.

[ORIGINAL.]

CAPTAIN PAUL'S ADVENTURE.

A "CHARCOAL SKETCH."

BY WILLIAM S. WOODBRIDGE.

"I was quite young," the captain began his story, "perhaps twenty-two or three, when I took my first experience in teaching what they call a 'deestric school' down east. I presume that I knew a precious little in those green and early days—probably about one fifth as much as I imagined I did—but after a very slight mental and a thoroughly physical examination, the committee decided that I was probably able to handle the big boys, and so passed favorably upon my qualifications. I was therefore duly installed in the rude pine board edifice at the cross-roads of the town; and during that memorable winter, I inaugurated therein what was afterwards styled 'Captain Paul's reign of terror.' The committee were gratified to learn that they had not underrated my abilities; every hiding (as they designated corporal punishment) which I was called upon to administer to some rebellious urchin—and the occasions were by no means few—was an additional evidence of my signal proficiency in the science of instruction; and I speedily came to be known among the hitherto lawless troop of male scholars, 'as a master who wouldn't take any words back.'

"It was a comparatively easy task to tame the stubborn wills of the large boys into subjection, by the application of overmastering physical force; but when it came to coercing the *female* element of the school into obedience—there was a labor compared to which I used to think the founding of the Roman empire a mere trifle! Such another set of spirits in the shape of fifteen or twenty rosy, rollicking, harum-scarum girls, filled to the lips with mischief, and perfectly reckless in their confidence that 'the master dassent whip them,' I believe mortal pedagogue was never yet afflicted with! And they were right in their assumption; I could cudgel a great lubberly delinquent of a boy, for a very slight infraction of discipline, and without disturbing a nerve; but when it came to feruling a girl, and as handsome a one as any of my female pupils, my manhood rebelled—I couldn't do it—although not one of them that did not deserve it richly, and twenty times over.

"And how the witches did exult in their exemption! how deliberately, and yet with what apparent innocence, would they transgress my regulations day after day, until it had almost be-

come habitual! To be sure there were lighter punishments which could be inflicted; but these were treated with such good-humor and carelessness, that I quickly perceived there was no efficacy in them. Never was schoolmaster so hector-ed and bothered before; and I believe the male juveniles had to suffer a double infliction of birch on account of the unpunished delinquencies of the girls.

"But I may as well confess, before going any further, that I was most desperately in love with the ringleader of the troop, Nelly Wilson by name, a bright-eyed rustic brunette of seventeen, with a really lovable nature beneath her wild flow of life and spirits. She had, as I thought, a kind of dormant affection for me; although the end and aim of every one of her school-hours seemed to be to pester the life out of me if possible. And the minx knew how I felt towards her just as well as I did myself, though I had never told her; and, indeed, all the school seemed to know it; and I verily believe the gipsy loved to show me, by her general manner of comporting herself in school, that she had the whip-hand of me, and that she was very well aware of it. This much is necessary to be related, in order that you may perfectly understand the position of affairs in my little pine-board sovereignty, as connected with the incident which I am about to tell you.

"The night previous to the day in question, I had attended a country frolic of some kind, which had been prolonged so far into the morning, as to leave me little time for sleep before school hours. As a consequence, I was both tired and drowsy; although the young ladies of the school, who had attended the same merry-making, seemed never more alive and full of mischief. My eyelids were heavy, and my head confused all the forenoon, and in the afternoon, after combating the drowsy god for an hour, I sank into a profound slumber in my chair, regardless of school, scholars, or my duties to either.

"I had been sleeping, I suppose, for about half an hour, when I was awakened by a roar of laughter, in which the whole school joined most heartily. Angry at myself, to discover that I had thus been taken off my guard, and fairly 'caught napping,' I sprang up and sternly rapped for order. The effect was another explosion of mirth, more demonstrative than the first; every eye was looking at me, and a volley of ha-ha's! rained on me like a charge of grape and canister. Small boys looking fearfully, as though expecting an immediate visitation of birch for their breach of decorum, laughed in

spite of themselves; while as for the girls, they seemed almost convulsed with merriment, and led by Nell Wilson's silvery voice, they laughed as though they really enjoyed it—which no doubt they did.

"I was dumb for a moment with anger and amazement; and it was a full minute before I was able to thunder out a demand of the meaning of the scene. My only answer was a new burst of laughter; and thoroughly irritated, I made for one of the nearest boys, and inserting my fingers between his neck and coat collar, twicked him in no very gentle manner to the desk.

"Now tell me, you young rascal," I exclaimed, 'what you are laughing at! Tell me, sir, or I'll skin you alive, as sure as—'

"Please sir, don't be angry," the terrified boy interposed, not more than half sobered by my rough discipline. 'I couldn't help it, sir; but—ha, ha!—your face does look so funny!'

"A perfect shriek of mirth from the school almost drowned his last words; and dropping the urchin as I heard them, I hastily consulted a small piece of a broken mirror which I had fastened at the end of the desk. Heavens and earth!—what a spectacle did my physiognomy present at that moment! Some mischievous hand, aided by a charred coal from the stove, had during my sleep, decorated my face after a fashion most ludicrous to behold. Two great dirty bars crossed each other at right angles on my forehead, an enormous moustache graced my upper lip, and my cheeks were blacked with as fierce a pair of whiskers as ever a French grenadier could boast of. To crown the whole absurd picture, the corners of my mouth were extended upwards in a curving line most dolefully merry in effect, and altogether, I have an idea that I could have passed very creditably for a burlesque on one of the old representations of Don Quixote.

My first impulse was to be ungovernably angry; my next to wipe off the sooty cosmetic as well as I could with my handkerchief; and my third, which I immediately proceeded to put in effect, was to declare that unless the offender instantly made himself known, I should proceed to chastise every boy in school, forthwith! The threat was answered by the urchin who had already fallen under my displeasure, in a whining voice, and with the words:

"Please sir, it wasn't a boy!"

"I turned my eyes to the opposite side of the house. The girls had grown suddenly sober upon this announcement, and more than one of them was glancing furtively at Nelly—who, on her part, was trying to maintain a composure

which I could readily see she was far from feeling. There was little difficulty in singling out the culprit; and as little in determining upon my course.

"Nelly Wilson will remain after the others have gone," I said. 'School is dismissed.'

"The scholars passed slowly out, with many a sympathizing look at the criminal, and one or two of her companions stopped to whisper in her ear. When we were at length alone together, I turned away from the window, and came and sat down by her side.

"I suppose you will not deny that you did this, Nelly?" I said, mildly.

"Yes, sir—I did it," was her reply. Her eyes dropped to her desk, and studiously avoided mine.

"May I ask why?" She made no answer, but her fingers nervously nestled the leaves of a book.

"Let me speak plainly with you, Nelly," I said, throwing as much sorrow into my voice as I could well assume. 'I must confess myself grieved and surprised, that you have thought proper to thus injure my feelings, and wound my pride. Tell me, Nelly Wilson, if I have not labored faithfully for your advancement—if I have not bestowed especial pains on yourself, and acted towards you more like a dear friend than a severe teacher? Tell me—have I?'

"Her lip trembled, as she gave a faint 'yes.'

"And yet, this is the way you reward me; by holding me up to the ridicule and mirth of my scholars! Nelly, I had not expected this! From others I might have looked for it; but from you, whose interest has lain so near my heart, and for whose improvement I have labored so—'

"I paused; there was no necessity for my proceeding further. Her feelings were touched, and the tears were dropping thick and fast from her eyes. She seemed really so deeply moved by my words, that I thought it advisable to leave her to herself for a moment; so I proceeded to the fragment of glass, to inspect my face again. But such a face as it was! The application of the handkerchief had blackened the whole of it; and save one or two spots of white, the prevalent color was dusky enough. But I was recalled to the side of my pupil by hearing my name pronounced in a low voice.

"I have been very thoughtless and wicked," she said, 'and can hardly ask you to forgive me. Tell me, sir,' and she spoke beseechingly, 'what I can do to show you that I know I have abused your kindness, but have resolved to do better in future!'

"There is one thing, Nelly," I replied, my voice trembling, I think, quite as much as her own; 'just one thing, which, if you will do, you can repair the injury you have done me, and make me your firm friend forever. Will you promise?'

"Gladly, sir. What is it?"

"I wish you to leave the school."

"Her lips quivered again, and her eyes sought my face so reproachfully, that I cordially hated myself for giving her pain.

"But I only want you to leave it, to become my wife!" I hastened to add. 'Nelly, dear Nelly Wilson, don't you know that I love you better than anything else in this world, and want you for my own Nelly?'

"I had taken her in my arms, and kissed her four or five times, before she was well over her bewilderment. There was a glad, happy look on her face when I released her, which told me all that I was anxious to know; but as she obtained another full front view of my visage, it changed to an irresistibly comic expression.

"Will you be my wife, dear Nelly?" I repeated.

"Wash your face, sir, and then I'll think about it," she managed to articulate, with a ringing peal of mirth which fairly made the room echo—and that before the tears were fairly dry on the face of the audacious little witch! 'Murder, what a face!' she cried.

"I concluded to accept the advice, and so started for the water-pail with the remark:

"It's evident that you were never intended for an artist, Nelly; you are laughing at your own coloring."

"No," she retorted, with another convulsion of laughter; 'the picture was a good one before you spoiled the effect of it with your handkerchief. O, how like the knight of the rueful countenance you did look!'

"I admitted myself rather worsted in the encounter, and devoted myself zealously for the next five minutes, in restoring my face to its original hue. I anticipated no end of hectoring from the merry-hearted girl on the subject; but when she discovered, as she shortly did, that my frantic efforts to kiss her had somewhat darkened the red of her lips, besides leaving several unseemly blotches of charcoal on her cheek, she was quite content to drop the whole subject. Well—I walked home with her that night, and coaxed her at last, to say in so many words, that she did love me, and that she would marry me."

"And did she?" we all asked in a breath.

"Ask her yourselves; that's her by the table yonder, darning stockings, and laughing just

like the Nelly Wilson of that old pine school-house, to hear me tell this story!"

"What—Aunt Nelly? Is it possible she is the heroine of your tale?"

"Certainly. And I tell you what, boys," and Captain Paul removed his pipe from his mouth, and slapped his knee emphatically, "after seeing a great many nor' westers, and any quantity of rough sea weather, I do declare that I never knew so awful a moment as that in which I discovered the charcoal on my face; which was put there by the hand of that same Nelly Wilson!"

AN AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE.

In bygone years, before the gold-fields were overrun by the rush of emigrants, and when gold-holes were as plentiful as blackberries, a party of two or three men, having worked out a good claim, which had yielded, say five hundred pounds a man, would forward their gold to the treasury at Melbourne by escort, and follow after themselves for a colonial spree. An expensive hotel would be chosen, behind the bar of which there being a pretty girl, the most susceptible of the bachelors was sure to be caught and married within a day or two. Half a dozen massive gold rings, as many silk and satin dresses, bonnets and shawls, being procured to complete the bride's *trousseau*, the newly-married couple would enjoy abundance of peace as long as the money lasted—about a fortnight; when the bridegroom would return to the diggings, and the bride back again to service, where she might be seen early some fine morning, dressed in satin, polishing the grates. In illustration of this spirit of wholesale prodigality, I heard an amusing story of a party of miners who were dining at a first-class hotel in Melbourne. After dinner, champagne and claret were introduced; the former was voted no better than ginger beer, and the latter declared to be execrable stuff. A bright thought, however, rescued the party from the difficulty, and they immediately ordered a pint of rum each, directing the waiter to "charge it the same as the swells' wine."—*London News*.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

It was formerly a custom among the Syrians to bury their dead without the walls of their cities; and at the hour when the body of the deceased was lowered into its last solemn resting-place, a cypress tree was planted at the head of the grave by the nearest relative of the deceased, and he conceived it to be his duty ever after to furnish it a copious supply of pure water and rich soil. The tree was visited weekly by the one who planted it, and often by the whole family, who there performed their religious rites. Thus it is that the cypress trees in that country are so numerous and grow to such an enormous size—some of them being 120 feet in height. As their dark and sombre foliage overshadows the tombs of the departed, they furnish a welcome resting-place for the wearied traveller, and present a pleasing contrast to the otherwise bright and joyous scenery of the Holy Land.—*Travels in the East*.

[ORIGINAL.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY WARD.

'Tis twilight's holy, mystic hour
 The air with mournful music fills;
 The sun sinks low into the west,
 Night's shades are on the distant hills;
 And I am sitting sad alone,
 Thinking of days now gone and past,
 And as I sit and muse and dream,
 The tears—white tears flow fast.

How sweet to sit in twilight's shade,
 And view the spectres of the past;
 E'en though o'er all our thoughts and aims
 A gloom, dark gloom is cast.
 Visions of loved ones now no more—
 Of happy hours, how sad they rise!
 And as those pictures grow more dim,
 Methinks I see beyond the skies.

Bright forms seem flitting to and fro—
 Forms of loved ones unforget;
 Friends that I knew in the long ago,
 Friends that now can see me not.
 I long to join them in their home,
 From sin and sorrow free for aye;
 Where tears will ever cease to flow,
 And in bright paths the feet will stray.

[ORIGINAL.]

A TERRIBLE NIGHT IN BALTIMORE.

BY PERCY GARNETT.

I AM no politician. I am a provision dealer—a wholesale provision dealer, doing business in New York city. Having commenced my veritable history with the above assertion, it is necessary that I should inform the reader how it was that I was a member of the New York delegation to the Democratic Convention held in the city of Baltimore last year.

One evening in the latter end of May, I was seated with my wife in our pretty house in Eighth Street, enjoying a fragrant cup of tea, for if there is one thing that I'm a good judge of it is tea. My wife had been shopping, and while I was sipping my Hyson flavored with Orange Pekoe, she was showing me her purchases. She was expatiating on a "love of a bonnet," when we were both startled by a violent ring at the bell; and in a minute or two afterwards a servant entered, informing me that Mr. Lawrence Ardeu wished to see me immediately. As Ardeu was a particular friend of mine, I immediately ordered him to be admitted.

"Gunby," said Ardeu, as soon as he had paid his respects to my wife (I should have told you before that my name is Jonathan Gunby), "Gunby, I want you to do me a great favor."

"What is it, my dear fellow?" I replied. I could afford to be affectionate, for I knew that Ardeu was too rich to want money.

"You know I am a politician," said Ardeu.

"I know you are," I returned, "and much good has it done you. To my certain knowledge you have not received a cent benefit from it yet; on the other hand you have spent a good many hundred dollars."

"Just wait till—is elected president, and then you will see what you will see; but, that is not the question. I am a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, and I want you to act as my substitute."

"What!" I cried, jumping up from my chair in excitement, "I, Jonathan Gunby, wholesale provision dealer, act as a member of a political convention! never, my dear friend, never!"

"But you must. I will pay all expenses, and the trip will do you good. I have noticed that you seem to be a good deal thinner than you used to be, a change is the very thing for you. Baltimore is a beautiful city. The fact is, I have an important law suit coming on, and it is utterly impossible that I can leave New York. You must do this favor for me, my dear Gunby."

"But, Ardeu, I never attended a political meeting in my life," I replied, somewhat softened by the fact that all my expenses would be paid. "I should make a blockhead of myself, for I know nothing of the rules and regulations of such assemblies."

"You don't want to know anything; all that you have to do is to vote through thick and thin for —."

"But I don't like the man."

"You have nothing to do with that. I do like him and you will be voting for me."

"You are right—I forgot that."

"Jonathan shall not go to that awful rowdy city, Baltimore," said my wife. "He will be killed by the 'Plug Uglies,' 'Blood Tubs' or 'Black Snakes.' It's not safe to walk the streets there. I'll never consent to his going."

"You need have no fear on that head, madam," said Ardeu; "they have got a new police there, and Baltimore is now one of the quietest cities in the Union."

I need not detail any more of the conversation, suffice it to say, that Ardeu persuaded me to act in his place, and a hint of a handsome present from the monumental city, so modified my wife that she too gave her consent.

On the appointed day, provided with the necessary vouchers, I started on my journey—having first faithfully promised my wife that I would not venture in the streets of Baltimore after dark. I shall not detail the particulars of my journey; were I to do so, I might describe how crowded we were; how we were annoyed by a squalling infant that it was utterly impossible to silence; how we were delayed in the crossing of the Susquehanna by some accident to the ferry-boat; how everybody talked politics until I was perfectly sick of it; how I tried to read, but could not on account of the perfect Babel around me; how I endeavored to make fun of the boys who sold apples, and had the laugh turned against me by those youthful vendors of that wholesome fruit. All this, and a great deal more, I might tell, but as every traveller goes through the same experiences it would only be repeating an old story.

We reached Baltimore at last, and I was immediately driven to Barnum's Hotel. I had some difficulty in making my way up to the clerk's counter, the hall was so crowded with people.

"All full, sir," said the gentlemanly clerk, as I pulled the book towards me to enter my name.

There was no help for it; I went round to the Gilmor House, and received the same reply. It was the same with the Eutaw, the Howard House and half a dozen other hotels. It was getting dark, and my case began to grow desperate. I began to think that I should have to sleep in the hack all night.

"Try Old Town, Bill," said a friend to the hackman, who saw my dilemma.

"There are only third and fourth rate inns there," said the driver, "and perhaps the gentleman would not like to lodge there for a night?"

"Anywhere that I can get a bed, my good fellow," I returned. "It is no use being particular at such a time as this."

The horses' heads were turned round, and we proceeded down Baltimore Street over a bridge which spanned a muddy stream of water, called Jones's Falls, I believe. We then plunged into a mass of intricate, narrow streets, and at last stopped before the door of a very ordinary looking tavern. It bore a nondescript looking sign which I was told represented a golden angel, by which name the tavern was known.

I entered and made my stereotyped inquiry whether I could have a bed there for the night. The landlord, a thick, burly looking man with a gleam of latent humor in his face, shook his head and repeated to me the hateful words—"all full."

I turned to go away, but was recalled by the voice of the host.

"Would you mind sharing a bed with another party?" said he.

I glanced out of doors; it was quite dark, and a cold wind had arisen from the north.

"If there is no help for it, I suppose I must," I replied, "although to tell you the truth, it is by no means agreeable to me;" and I inwardly heaped denunciations on Arden's head for persuading me to be his substitute.

"Your bedfellow is a quiet fellow when he is asleep—although I must say he is rather violent when annoyed. He sleeps very soundly, and all you have to do is to be careful not to awaken him. He has been in bed some time."

I must make a humiliating confession to the reader; I am not a brave man. I have often tried to persuade myself that I am, but stern truth compels me to state that a greater coward does not exist than myself. The landlord's description of my bedfellow was anything but assuring, and I was on the point of declining, when the proprietor of the Golden Angel, no doubt reading what was transpiring in my mind, exclaimed:

"You are not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid! I should think not, indeed," I returned, for I was too much a coward to brave being thought one. I accept your offer of half a bed. Bring me some brandy and water and a cigar."

I sat down at one of the little tables in the bar-room, and puffing away at my cigar I tried to persuade myself that I was very jolly. It was a miserable attempt, however. I had previously supped at a restaurant in a more modern part of the city. After my cigar was finished, I asked to be shown to my chamber. The landlord took upon himself the task of being my conductor, and I followed him up a narrow, rickety staircase. We kept on ascending until we reached the top of the house, when we entered a moderately sized room, but much cleaner than I had expected to find it. The ceiling was very low, and inclined in front to the slope of the roof. The apartment contained but one bed, which was placed against the wall near the door. At the opposite end of the chamber was a table, placed between two windows which looked out on the roof.

The landlord placed the lamp on the table, and I noticed that he shielded the light with his hand as he passed near the bed.

"Be sure and don't take the light near him," whispered the proprietor of the Golden Angel; "nothing wakes him sooner than that. You see,

I don't know how he might like my putting another man with him; and he's a very ugly customer when he's riled, I can tell you."

"I shall be careful," I replied.

"That's right! Good night," he whispered, and left the room.

He had no sooner gone than I cautiously sat down, taking care not to make the least noise. I then calmly surveyed my position. It was certainly not a very enviable one. According to the landlord's account, my companion for the night was anything but an amiable character. If I should chance to awaken him I knew not what might occur. He might assault me dangerously before I could enter into any explanation. I half resolved to pass the night in the chair, and not retire to bed at all. But it was one of those old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, and made such an uncomfortable seat that I soon got tired. I then ventured to glance round the room. My eyes naturally fell on the bed. There was one thing that consoled me, my companion appeared to be in a deep sleep, for he did not even move. I could see the ridge made by his feet at the end of the bed, and that was all. I also noticed that the bed was a very large one. The man who had possession of it lay near the wall, and there was plenty of space between him and the outside for me to lie without touching him. I screwed my courage up, and began to undress—but I suddenly remembered the landlord's words, that the stranger was "an ugly customer when he was riled," which made me desist. The thought struck me that I might manage to lie on the floor, but a moment's examination settled that question in the negative, for the floor was entirely bare, and the air blew very cold through the wide chinks in the planking. I cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and noticed for the first time that a heavy beam studded with numerous hooks ran through the apartment; but as I was not a bird and could not perch there, this discovery was but of little use to me.

Half an hour passed away in this state of indecision. I stole cautiously to one of the windows, and gazed on the beautiful city bathed in the light of a full moon. How quiet and calm everything looked! But the air felt fresh and cold, and I closed the window and resumed my seat on the chair. I then found myself wondering what avocation my friend in bed followed. I had forgotten to ask the landlord. I suddenly cast my eyes on a heap of clothes which lay on a trunk, covered over with a handkerchief, no doubt belonging to the sleeper. My curiosity got the better of my politeness, and before I scarcely knew what I was about, I found myself

examining his apparel. The handkerchief which covered them was a coarse cotton one, and his clothes were of coarse homespun, and were such as are usually worn by drovers. My companion then was evidently a drover—a rough class of men who usually stand upon very little ceremony.

Partially undressed as I was, I began to feel very cold—but before I ventured into bed I determined to try an experiment to see if the drover slept soundly or not. I took off one of my boots, and holding it up let it fall to the floor. I had taken the precaution to leave the bed-room door open, so that I could make a run for it if necessary. I fixed my eyes on the bed as I let the boot fall. The drover was evidently a sound sleeper, for, although the noise made was considerable, he did not make the slightest motion. This decided me, and I hastily finished undressing and crept into bed.

Of course I was very careful not to touch my companion. I do not know how long I lay awake, but the novelty of my situation drove sleep from my eyelids for some time. By degrees, however, the strangeness of my position wore off. I felt reassured by my bedfellow's sound sleep, and the gentle murmuring of the breeze outside caused me to follow his example.

I have no idea how long I slept before I commenced to dream. I suddenly, however, thought that my companion woke up, and sat upright in bed; that he glared around him, and at last his eyes fell upon me. He then uttered a terrible cry and threw himself upon me. In spite of my natural cowardice I saw that if I did not struggle I should be killed. I thought I seized him by the throat, and tightening my grasp, I saw him getting black in the face. His hands fell powerless by his side, a smothered groan escaped him, but still I pressed his throat tighter, tighter—his face grew blacker and blacker.

In an agony of fear I awoke, and what was my horror and dismay to find that my hand was really pressing my companion's throat! He did not move nor stir, and his body felt as cold as ice.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, aloud. "Can he be dead?"

I jumped out of bed. Morning had dawned, although the sun had not yet risen. I rushed to the window and pulled back the curtain. I then ran to the bed again and looked at my companion. My worst fears were realized.

He was dead—black in the face—strangled in my sleep!

I shall not attempt to describe my sensations at this horrid spectacle. My body was bathed in a cold perspiration, my hands trembled, and

for a few moments I believe I was bereft of my senses. I recovered by degrees—but it was only to realize in a more acute degree the horrors of my situation. There lay my victim—and I was a murderer! My trial, conviction and the hideous gallows all passed in rapid review before me. What defence could I make? Who would believe me? I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and sobbed like a child. My wife, my own comfortable home, should I ever see them again?

What was to be done? Should I arouse the house and make a clean breast of it? But what could I say? Tell them I had killed a man in my sleep? Not a soul would believe the story. Could I effect my escape? Impossible—the crime would be discovered before I could leave the city, and I should be arrested—and then the law would take its course, and I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead.

"Hanged by the neck!" Yes, that would be my fate. As this terrible thought crossed my mind, I cast my eyes round the chamber, and they fell upon the beam with the hooks in it. From thence they wandered to the handkerchief covering the dead man's clothes. A means of safety suddenly suggested itself to my mind. Suppose I could make it appear that the man had committed suicide. Yes, that was my only chance, and I determined to put it into execution.

I took the dead man's handkerchief and advanced to the corpse with a great deal of repugnance, but with more courage than I could have anticipated, my own fearful situation no doubt animating me to an extent I should never otherwise have dreamed of. I made a noose in the handkerchief, and slipped it over the dead man's neck. I then lifted the body out of bed, and standing on a chair fastened the other end of the handkerchief to a hook in the beam. I now let the body go, and it swung in space!

I jumped into bed, and shut my eyes to close the horrid sight from my gaze. I determined to wait there until somebody should come into the room, and then pretend that I knew nothing at all about it, but that the man must have got up in the night and hanged himself.

I lay quaking and trembling for over an hour. It grew broad daylight. I felt the sun shining directly on the bed, but I dare not open my eyes for fear that I should encounter the dangling corpse. Suddenly I heard the steps of two men on the stairs. They appeared to be carrying something heavy between them. The long anticipated moment was approaching. In a few seconds more they would discover the body. My life depended in a great degree upon their

opinion. If they were deceived by my *ruse*, others might be also.

The door opened, and two men entered the chamber, placing something heavy on the floor.

"Well, I'm blessed if the man hasn't bin and hanged himself again," exclaimed a voice, which I recognized to be the landlord's.

"By golly! that's true," said the other man. "No, I see how it is, the stranger found out the trick you played on him, and not liking the idea of sleeping with a corpse, he tucked him up there to get him out of the way."

"You're right," replied the landlord; "well, he's a cool 'un anyhow, and would you believe it, last night I thought he was a coward?—that only shows how easy it is to be mistaken in people. And now he sleeps as sound as a church; let's be careful not to wake him."

I breathed freely; for I immediately understood the whole matter. The landlord had put me to sleep with a dead man. I heard them take down the body and put it into a coffin—for it was that they had brought with them. They carried it away, and I was left to myself. With my mind thus relieved I fell asleep, and enjoyed two hours delicious slumber. I then got up, dressed myself, and proceeded coolly down stairs.

"Good morning," said I to the landlord, who was behind the bar.

"Good morning, sir," he replied, sheepishly; "I hope you slept well."

"Splendidly," I returned; "my bedfellow gave me some trouble at first, but I soon got rid of him."

"I know you did," returned mine host, with a knowing wink. "Well, I must say you are the coolest chap I ever saw."

Not another word passed between us with reference to the affair. I afterwards learned from the conversation of people while I was at breakfast, that my companion for the night was a drover, who, having made a ruinous speculation in cattle, had committed suicide by hanging himself in the chamber the night before.

I left the Golden Angel that morning, having obtained quarters at Barnum's Hotel. I went to the Convention, voted six hundred times for —, and returned home, having given full satisfaction to Mr. Ardew.

I told my adventure to my friends—not as I have told it to you, dear reader, but with the same construction that the landlord of the Golden Angel put upon it. Everybody thought that I had displayed extraordinary coolness and intrepidity. There is one thing, however, to which I have fully made up my mind, and that is, I will never attend another political convention as long as I live.

[ORIGINAL.]

A LYRIC FOR THE FLOWERS.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

O, how they fade!—they fall!—they die!
 They die, and no one grieves—
 Nature's fair, fragile family,
 The family of leaves!
 Can these be they—the fresh, the sweet,
 That beautified the infant year?
 These sere leaves rustling at my feet,
 Shril whisper—here!

Already blasted, noisome soon
 Are these—that festering multitude,
 The bud of April, leaf of June,
 The glories of the wood,
 That roofed its green aisles with their mass,
 And, flickering in the golden ray,
 Paved with mosaic rich its grass?
 Alas! even they!

Yes, these are they whose myriads made
 Landscapes of glorious hue;
 The massive grandeur of whose shade
 Relieved heaven's glare of blue.
 And such the glories of our globe!
 The imperial purple's own
 Are but concealed corruption's robe,
 And canopy, and throne!
 And even thy radiant brows, loved one,
 Are but as these—now fluttering on
 The oak's topmost branches in the sun,
 Now fallen, fallen, gone!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MADHOUSE,
AND ITS INMATES.

BY EDWARD M. FRANKLIN.

It was a large gloomy-looking structure, built of dark-colored stone, supported by two heavy wings, and situated upon a gentle eminence just at the outer suburbs of the city. I paused by the gate, and placed my hands upon its latch.

"Shall we enter?" I asked of my companion.

"Since you have mentioned it, yes," he replied; "although I shall probably be unable to dispossess myself of the melancholy associations which such a place always casts around one for days to come. It seems so horribly desolate a thing, my dear friend," he continued, as we walked slowly up the bare avenue leading to the entrance, "to entomb yourself from the glorious sunlight of such a day as this, even for a few moments, in that dreary house! However, it

seems to me like its unfortunate inmates—wearing a cold, sombre exterior, with no warm and pleasant life within."

Our ring at the door was answered by the usher, and we were admitted to the interior of the building. Accompanied by one of the keepers, we proceeded to examine it with the melancholy interest which such scenes are apt to inspire. There was indeed little of cheerfulness about the place or its belongings; the poor wrecks of miserable humanity surrounded us, and the spectacle was fraught with the most solemn suggestions. Seated on benches, or lying in coarse hammocks, slung from the wall, were the harmless lunatics of the establishment; some of them sitting idly with folded hands and vacant eyes, others playing with pieces of string or wood, which had been furnished for their occupation; and one, who particularly drew my attention, was sitting before the grated window earnestly counting aloud the panes which composed it. Numbering them in their order, and indicating each with his raised finger, he would slowly count *one, two, three, four, five*—and then, apparently losing the pane he had last numbered, he would begin again at the first, count down to the sixth, with the same result, and so continue his strange employment, as the keeper informed us, throughout the entire day!

"This is his sole occupation," the latter observed; "he has been here now for almost four years, every day of which he has spent in this way before that very window! He was an optician before he came here, and lost his mind over some improvement in telescopes, which he had projected. He meant, I have understood, to introduce *five* new glasses into the tube of the instrument; and he seems now to be conscious of nothing save the numerals up to six."

Ranged in the middle of one of the stone-paved corridors was a row of iron-barred cells; and as we passed hurriedly before them, the awful spectacle of glaring eyes, gnashing teeth, hands working convulsively at the bars, and the sound of the most horrible yells and laughter from within, assured us that this was the maniacs' quarter. Leaving these unpleasant sights and sounds behind us, we gained the extremity of the corridor, and awaited the movements of the keeper. He had paused in a corner somewhat remote from us, and as he beckoned us to approach, we unhesitatingly repaired to the spot. A man was sitting on the stone flagging, his head bent, so that his face was entirely invisible to us, and his right hand busily engaged in tracing with a piece of chalk, on the smooth surface of the stones, the name "*Lucille*." As often as he had written it,

his left hand, with a damp cloth which it grasped, erased it; and thus he continued for several moments, alternately writing and erasing, and apparently unconscious of our presence.

"This is *his* employment," said the keeper, in a low voice, "or rather part of it. He will show you the rest in a moment."

The man at this instant suspended his occupation and looked up. He seemed to be a tall, slender person, of not more than thirty years of age, with keen black eyes and a fair, pale face, which wore an expression which I cannot hope to describe. There was constantly in it such a mingling of deep melancholy with inanimate unconsciousness—the perfect absence of soul—as would have drawn tears from the eyes, and pity from the breast, of the most hardened. He discovered no surprise or alarm at seeing us so near him, but simply raising his finger, whispered, impressively:

"Hush! hush! She is dying—*she is dead!*"

His hands fell listlessly in his lap, and his head fell forward upon his chest. A moment he remained thus, and then, without elevating his eyes, he began to sing a plaintive air, which, familiar as it was to me, I had never heard so sweetly rendered. His voice was subdued to a low key, and had all the liquid depth and expression of a woman's. Singing it through once, he turned again to the employment in which we had interrupted him, and continued to trace the name, Lucille, upon the flagging.

"His story is simple, but very touching," the keeper observed. "He has been with us full seven years, without the slightest change, either in his manner of occupying himself, which you have seen, or in the lamentable condition of his mind. It was caused by the death of a beautiful girl, whose name he is writing on the stones, to whom he was affianced, and whom he loved devotedly.

"They were to have been united upon the very day following that on which she died; and the poor youth, returning after an absence of a week, was informed that his darling had been seized but a few hours before with a malignant fever, and now lay at the point of death! Hurrying to her bedside, he found her in the last moments of dissolution, perfectly insensible of the presence of the weeping friends and relatives around her, and faintly singing, in her unconsciousness, the touching little air which you have just heard. She died without recognizing him, and his mind was utterly prostrated and overborne by the cruel shock. His helpless, harmless insanity is, I think, the most sorrowful picture of human woe that my experience has ever

shown me. He seems, deranged as he is, devoted wholly to the memory of his lost Lucille."

The poor demented being quickly raised his eyes as he caught the sound of the name which was half-written beneath his hand, and raising his finger again, he exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper, "Lucille, did you say? Hush!—hush! She is dying—*she is dead!*" And once more he commenced the singing of the plaintive air.

"Let us go," my friend whispered, wearily taking my arm. "I have seen enough. I can bear no more misery such as this!"

And so, re-passing the iron cages of the howling maniacs, and the window where the crazed optician still drearily numbered the panes, we stepped with sighs of relief into the cheerful sunshine, from which we seemed to have been buried.

PERIOD WHEN COAL WAS FORMED.

Of the lapse of time in the formation of our coal fields we cannot have the faintest conception; it is only measured by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day. But the magnitude of the time is not surpassed by the boundlessness of the providential care which laid up these terrestrial treasures in store for his children, whom He was afterwards to call into being. Let me, therefore, dismiss this profitless subject with one illustration. Mr. Maclaren, by a happy train of reasoning, for which I refer the reader to his "Geology of Fife," arrives at the conclusion that it would require a thousand years to form a bed of coal one yard thick. Now, in the South Wales coal-field, there is a thickness of coal more than thirty yards, which would have required a period of thirty thousand years in its formation. If we, now, assume that the fifteen thousand feet of sedimentary materials was deposited at the average rate of two feet in a century, corresponding to the rate of subsidence, it would have required three million eight hundred and seven years to produce this coalfield.—*Hull's Coal Fields of Great Britain.*

STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.

The strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great forepaw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as you or I could smash a gooseberry, and then taking his prey by the neck, will straighten his muscles and march off at a half-trot with only the hoof and tail of the animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveller relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India having got helplessly fixed in a swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbors to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire, and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders, preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsman and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured, and its body nearly emptied of blood.—*Wild Sports of the World.*

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES

On a Pink, blossoming on the Birthday of a deceased Friend, Nov. 18, 1860.

BY M. LEWIS.

A little bud, its crimson petals opening
To the clear sunshine and cold northern air,
Awakens busy thoughts and sad emotions—
Thoughts of the past and visions sweet and rare.

This day, long time ago, another blossom,
A human flower, unfolded to the sun;
Now passed from earth's clear sunshine to its bosom:
A long life, yet we see its course is run.

Life ever changes—'tis with sad emotions
We see our friends pass downward to the grave,
Unknowing of their future, as an ocean
Engulfing all, and none have power to save!

Yet beautiful new forms are ever rising—
Though to our hearts oft weary, chilled and torn,
Unwelcome—yet with love and joy surprising,
They reach the fount of life, and grief is borne

With more of hope, with faith, and gladness, even,
And light smiles o'er us, and we rise in light
To nobler views, and nobler purpose given,
Till earth seems robed in lustre heavenly bright.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BROTHERS.

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

A LONG and lofty apartment, the dining room of a noble old English mansion house, was redolent of perfume from the masses of mingled honeysuckle and roses that grew profusely around the balconied windows, closely curtaining the interior of the room from outer inspection. A table stretched half way across the centre, from which a snow white cloth—on which were embroidered the arms of the Herberts—reached the floor, and the quantity of silver plate, gold-lined, and bearing the same crest, proving that the present family retained the old heirlooms held so sacred among the English nobility.

Yet they who now occupied the mansion of the Herberts, were far from inheriting the wealth of that ancient house. A few pieces of forest land were left from the wreck made by the last possessor; the old mansion itself, in many parts sadly out of repair; and the untouched silver, the books in the library and the time-worn furniture, were all that remained of former glories. In the stables, where once a splendid stud of horses,

surpassed only by the king's, were to be seen, was silence and emptiness; and the broad woods that once waved over the wide domain, presented only a waste of low stumps with a few green leaves springing out from the rains.

Harry Herbert was a spendthrift, a sensualist—the one blot upon a fair escutcheon—the shame and disgrace of good and pious parents, who lived to see their fair mansion falling into decay, through the recklessness of their son, and then laid down their gray hairs in the family tomb.

The estate went to the child of a dead cousin of Harry Herbert—a retired officer in the navy, whose half pay scarcely kept his family in the necessities of life. It was a godsend to Richard Herbert, this decaying old mansion and its surroundings. He brought to its shades a gentle and beautiful wife and twin boys, and began life again, more like a country gentleman than as the heir of the Herberts. It suited him better to be called by his naval title of lieutenant, than addressed as Lord Herbert; and his voluntary desire to put aside the distinctions of a mere name, made him intensely popular with the surrounding gentry. In proportion as he laid by rank he gained friends. His slight lameness made him a hero at once, and perhaps no one of the family, from time immemorial, was half so much beloved as the present incumbent of Herbert Hall.

But Richard Herbert, who had all his days before this, experienced only hard fare and indifferent lodging, had scarcely lived two years in the comparative plenty and happiness of the old estate, when he was called to resign all earthly possessions, leaving his widow and children, however, in undisputed right to all that had descended to him, and an interest also in his country's grateful appreciation of his service. The king himself—the hearty old sailor-king, William IV.—whose battles Richard Herbert had helped to fight, granted an interview to the widow, and shook the hands of the two fair boys who reminded him of his old officer, as he graciously declared. He persisted in calling their mother Lady Herbert; but she never wore the title, preferring to follow the wishes of her unassuming husband.

On the day of rich perfume, one of June's loveliest and last, the twin boys, now grown almost to man's estate, were about to leave their mother and home for the first time in their lives. It was no wonder that a world of sad imaginings clustered around the mother's heart. They were to depart before dinner, but a luncheon had been prepared, and they were trying hard to partake of it. But at each look at the gentle and still beautiful lady who sat at the table's head, or at

the empty seat at the opposite side, where their father's place remained vacant, the boy's tears would flow, and they audibly regretted that they had ever thought of leaving her so desolate as she would be in their absence.

Then she would bravely urge upon them that it was but right they should see something of the world, and that she would not have them mope their lives away in that secluded place; and gaily told them that she would be glad of a little respite from waiting upon them. Ah, how little did the mother's heart agree with the light words she spoke! How gladly would she have toiled to earn their daily bread, rather than miss the affectionate pressure of their loving hands.

Years ago, when Harry Herbert was a young man and still untainted with the vices that deformed his after life, he had begged his cousin Richard to call one of his beautiful twins by his name, and accordingly they bore the names of Harry and Richard; the latter for his father.

It had been Mrs. Herbert's wish that the young men should travel whenever their education should be completed; and, feeling that she could trust them away, she now urged their departure, that she might the sooner have them at home with her without any anticipation of future parting, save the inevitable one which we all try to avoid thinking of, and which she put far from her.

The luncheon stood almost untasted. Again and again they promised their mother to write to her immediately on their arrival at Calais; and again they assured her that no petty jealousy or rivalry, such as had sometimes arisen in their school days, should ever mar their brotherly love abroad, where no mother's gentle interference could break the spell.

The brothers looked at each other meaningly, when they said this, as if there was a slight reservation in their minds in regard to some subject unknown to their mother. Mrs. Herbert caught the look, and a sense of pain shot through her heart. She knew that there was a boyish attachment to the young and lovely Helen York; but she had made no doubt that Harry would, as usual, give place to Richard. She was determined, on reflection, to attach no importance to the affair whatever. She loved Helen York like a daughter, for she was the orphan child of a dear friend, who, dying, besought her to have a care over her.

As far as might be, she kept her promise; but Helen's relatives claimed her half the year. She was now expecting her, but hoped, for her boys' sakes, that she would not arrive until they were gone. The very hour that they had left Herbert

Hall, brought her thither; and the mother who was still weeping over their departure, was cheered by her coming, although the sight of her brought back that one quick throb of pain, by reminding her of the look she had seen. Helen was disappointed; she had ridden night and day, in order to see them before they went; and now, the great, hollow-sounding room that had echoed to their voices, seemed sad and cheerless.

A few days, and all other feelings were merged in the strange fact that no news was received from the wanderers. Could they so forget a sacred promise? Or had any thing happened? We can only solve the question by following the course of the travellers.

There were scornful words and loud reproaches between the two young brothers on the very night of their arrival at Calais, on the subject of Helen York; but it was amicably adjusted by a mutual resolve to refer the matter to her own disposal on their return. The blooming, azure-eyed beauty had a little spice of coquetry in her composition, and she had sometimes preferred Harry, sometimes Richard—enough, at least, to give hope to each that he was the favored one. So they retired that night with this comfortable persuasion.

Unfortunately their altercation had been heard by the occupant of the adjoining chamber, and their words were ringing in his ears when he fell asleep—too early to hear their better purpose at the close. He had judged only by the loud tones and angry response; for he was a Frenchman, and understood not a word of English.

The brothers had retired to separate beds in the same apartment. Richard fell asleep immediately; but Harry remained awake from a strange sense of suffocation. He was relieved in some measure by a profuse flow of blood from the nose, but he still longed to get into the open air. Unconscious that the purple stream had almost deluged his bed, and feeling unwilling to awake Richard from his sound sleep, he dressed and went out into the street, which now lay in an unbroken sheet of moonlight. The beauty of the night tempted him onward, and he soon found himself near the channel. One thought to the mother he had left, and to that still dearer being, went, freighted with love, over the waters; and he was just turning to seek the hotel again, when he was seized by a band of smugglers who believed him a spy. Thinking he had watched their operations with a cargo of liquor, they determined that he should have no opportunity of betraying them. Their only resource was a press gang, to which they lost no time in delivering the unfortunate young man.

Richard did not awake until the sun shone broadly into the chamber. Missing his brother, he rang the bell to inquire for him. The landlord entered the room, but started back with such a genuine look of dismay, that Richard started up in affright. Following with his eyes the pointing finger, he was shocked to see that Harry's bed was stained with blood; and still more so, when the landlord loudly accused him of murder.

"Murder!" cried Richard, "he was my brother—my own twin brother."

"Ah, that is right! Stick to that! It is a fine story, but won't avail you in court, depend on it." Richard heard no more. He had fainted, and when he recovered, it was only to be dragged to prison.

Such was the terrible history that found its way into the English newspapers, and which was not long in reaching the inhabitants of the Hall. The mother was listening to Helen York, who had been carefully selecting the choicest articles of news. Her listener was lying carelessly on the sofa, half smiling, half sighing at Helen's endeavors to entertain her. Her thoughts were with her absent boys. A shriek from Helen made her start up, but before she could reach her, the girl lay at her feet in a dead faint. Mrs. Herbert snatched the paper from her grasp and read.

Before an hour had gone by, they were on their way to Dover, and thence, with all possible speed, across the channel. One thing there was that shed comfort upon both. This was the conviction of Richard's innocence, however dark the mystery that enveloped it. They had no more doubt of it, than if they had seen Harry living before them. But O, the meeting between the mother and son! and between the lovers; for the mystery was past that hid the state of Helen's heart from herself or from him. She mourned for Harry as a sister mourns, but her love was given to him who, in all probability, was to suffer a disgraceful death.

But Harry! where—where was Harry, in this dark hour? Almost worse to bear was the uncertainty of his fate to the mother, than even the certainty of Richard's terrible death. And now came on the trial, from the dreadful evidence of which there were no opposing circumstances. The Frenchman's tale—the landlord's overwhelming evidence—the missing brother—all had their weight in the chain that was winding itself around Richard Herbert.

Why do we dwell upon it? There was autumn sunshine upon that day. There were crimson and golden leaves that showered upon his head

as he passed to execution, and there were the beautiful clouds that the wind musters upon the blue sky of that richly-colored season. And nature was as choice in her tints upon that day as if a king were going to his coronation instead of a felon to his death. And, from a window of the hotel, away up at the very topmost room, Mrs. Herbert and Helen caught his glance, firm and composed, as he passed.

"Now to find Harry, if the earth contains him!" hoarsely whispered the bereaved mother. And she went home to prepare for that long and almost hopeless journey, which, before a week had passed, she meant to commence.

Ah, but that was a dreary sight—the spectacle of that hideous gallows, when the crowd had deserted it, and it stood out, bare and lone, upon the wide heath that chill autumn afternoon! So thought a solitary shepherd, whose way led over the heath, and who was appalled and terrified at the sight, of which he had not heard. He started at finding himself so near the sad spectacle. He grew pale, and his knees knocked together as he heard a low moan from above. It was such a wail as can only come from a breaking heart, or from the severest physical suffering. Perhaps this was both.

The shepherd was a manly, kind-hearted being, and the moan went to his very soul. He lost no time in cutting down the tremulous body and bearing it to the hut nearest the scene of distress. The shepherd's best clothes were freely offered and accepted, after Richard had been recruited by a night's rest. There was danger in remaining here a moment—and then the sight of that hideous gallows! When the second night came, the shepherd's brother bore him far away, under the cover of the darkness, while his preserver started at the same moment for the Hall, with the tidings, which of course must be kept as secret as death from all others.

At Havre, Harry had contrived to make his escape from the ship to which the press gang had conveyed him; and, by the aid of a generous stranger to whom he told his story, he procured some clothing and money to bear his expenses home; or, as the stranger said, better still, to help some poor fellow under similar circumstances. He was procuring his passport, when a man suddenly staggered towards him and fell into his arms. It was Richard—so pale, so altered; that he would never have known him had he not pronounced the name of Harry.

Far and wide the mother wandered, restless and unsatisfied, yet still dreaming that she might, some day, find her Harry. Like the poor moth-

er in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's last exquisite poem—the woman's sad wail for her son's :

"Dead! both my boys dead!"

she felt that it was against nature, that each home should not have *one*—and how often she exclaimed like her,

"God! how this house feels!"

But at the commencement of the wintry storms, she stayed her footsteps at her own door. She and Helen sat over the drawing-room fire, one with some unfinished work that had laid idle in the basket since the parting hour of mother and sons; and the other with a book. There was no interest in either. A funeral sound seemed wailing in the pine tops above the house; a settled gloom spread itself over their hearts. Suddenly the old shepherd was ushered into the room; brought privately by the servant who had attended the twins in their infancy. He would see no one but her, to conduct him to her mistress. He had been delayed—taken ill on the road, and had not dared trust his tidings with another. Now he told what shook them like a tempest. Did he say that Richard could never come home? never brighten that house with his presence?

The mother's heart would have given the lie to such a saying, even if her eyes had not seen standing at that very door by which the old man had entered, two living, breathing forms that wore the semblance of her twin boys! Yes, they were there! hand in hand, as loving and affectionate as when, a thousand times, they had come in from play or study, and with as loving kisses for her as then. No need now for Helen York's coquetry. She had made her selection when Richard was to be executed as a murderer. And Harry, without a murmur, gave her up to his love.

There were years of undarkened sunshine in that home; all the brighter for the clouds that had lowered over it; and when time had blunted the sting of disappointment in Harry's heart, he too brought to it a fair young bride, who never dreamed that Helen had won his first love.

ARMIES.—Gen. McClellan, in his book reviewing the Crimean war, makes the remark that an army of 15,000 or 20,000 men may easily be crushed by the unremitting attacks of superior numbers; but when it comes to an army of 100,000 disciplined men, no overwhelming masses can avail against them without military science and discipline, because the greater the multitude brought against them the more surely it works its own destruction, as such number cannot be handled without discipline and instruction, and are in their own way.

A WARM BATH WAGER.

Smith was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bathroom, and Brown knowing the other's conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereat Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped, and, separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith, "How is it, Brown—pretty warm?" "Yes," said the other, "it's getting mighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer." "So can I," answered Smith. "Scis-s! squash! lightning! it's awful!" Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch. "I say, over there, how is it now?" "O, it's nearly up to the bilin' pint. O, Christopher!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape-pipe. By this time Smith was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again, "I s-a-y, over there, how is it now?" "Hot," replied Brown. "But—whew! scis-s! I guess I can hold out another minute!" "You can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out and bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked. "You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?" "Why, I didn't agree to," said the imperturbable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out?"—*Home Journal*.

BIG WORDS AND SMALL IDEAS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones, just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the styles of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half long."—*Home Journal*.

Man and wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

The Florist.

When the flowers close up at even,
'Tis the sign that Venus sleeps;
Fast they lock their frozen fragrance
Till again Aurora peeps
Upon the mountain; Venus then,
Plague of fair women and brave men,
Opens wide her orbs so fair,
And laughing stirs the morning air.
Quickly then those flowers, unfolding
Shapes and charms of Flora's moulding,
Breathe, and blush, and laugh, and languish,
Aping sweet Love's joy and anguish.
Ah, but woe that hour should come,
When Love like them must find his doom,
On this world his vows down shedding,
As those leaves on earth's cold bedding,
Hopes and vows, sweet e'en in breaking,
To rouse no more at Venus' waking!

W. W. JONES.

Directions for Window-Plants.

Through January and February the summer flowering-plants—such as geraniums, fuchsias, etc.—should be kept as nearly dormant as possible, allowing just enough water to prevent flagging, and all the light that can be spared from the more interesting division of winter-bloomers; of the latter class, such things as china-roses, cinerarias, hyacinths, and other bulbs, will now be in an active state, some of them flowering, and others about to do so; these must be liberally treated with water. Mignonette, however, must be excepted. Above everything, keep the leaves clean; they are few in number, and feeble in action, but they have yet an important function to perform; and, without they are kept as healthy as possible, the plant cannot begin a new growth with the vigor it is desirable it should possess. The pots should be occasionally scrubbed with clean water, but do not paint or otherwise fill up their pores, for air is as essential to the roots as to the foliage, and no inconsiderable quantity finds its way to them through the sides of a clean pot. With the same view, the surface of the soil should be frequently stirred; the process keeps it open, prevents the growth of moss and weeds, and imparts a better appearance. The water given should always be rather warmer than the atmosphere of the room; and rain-water, slightly heated, is the best.

Curious Japanese Flower.

Among the productions of Japan there is a blue tulip, which the Japanese call the "love-producing flower," firmly believing that if a young man and a young woman exchange this talisman, with certain formalities, before twenty-four hours are past they become deeply enamored of each other. We know lots of two lips in this vicinity that, through certain formalities, play the mischief with young people—and old ones, too, for that matter.

Flowers in Water.

Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve the flowers for a fortnight. Common saltpetre is also a good preservative.

To revive faded Flowers.

Nearly all flowers may be revived, when faded, by placing one-third of the stalks in hot water; when it has become cold, the flowers will be re-set and fresh; the end of the stalks should then be cut off, and the flowers put into cold water. Or, dip flowers in spirits of wine for twenty minutes; at first they will appear to have entirely faded, but in drying, the colors will revive, and the fragrance be prolonged. A few grains of salt put into the water with flowers will keep them from fading. Sand may be substituted for water. Flowers may be preserved throughout the winter, if plucked when they are half-blown, dipped stalks downward in equal quantities of water and verjuice mixed, and sprinkled with bay salt. They should be kept in an earthen ware vessel, closely covered, and in a warm place; when, in midwinter, if the flowers be taken out, washed in cold water, and held before a gentle fire, they will open as if in their first bloom.

Floriculture.

The advance in the science of flowers is a page in the progress of the country. It is not a mere fancy, a plaything and a toy. The great culture, the improved varieties, the better knowledge of the habits and adaptations of the flower, the gathering into our own latitude of so many of the vivid and brilliant of other lands, all these have tended, and are working every hour, in the same good deed; to attach many men, men of determined mark in the world's enterprises, to their homes—and he observes human nature superficially who does not see that they anchor safely who cast it at home. The great progress made in floriculture is an indication that the land is in the ownership of a contented and abiding people. Men do not twine a floral wreath around the house that is but the abode of the wayfarer.

To extract Essences from Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers which have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton, which dip into the finest Florence or Lucca oil; sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and lay them, a layer of cotton and a layer of flowers, until an earthen vessel or a wide-mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top close with a bladder, then lay the vessel in a south aspect to the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass, little inferior (if roses are used) to the highly-valued otto of roses.

Striking Rose Cuttings.

Mr. Peter B. Mead, editor of the Horticulturist, of New York, speaks of a new method of striking rose cuttings. Take a pan or saucer, fill it two thirds with sand, and then fill up with water; prepare the cutting in the ordinary way, cutting under a bud or an eye, and place it in this sand, and it will root in a much less time and with less failures, than in any other way.

Curious Matters.

An accommodating Superstition.

A habit exists among the Esquimaux of placing on the graves of the dead the hunting implements used by them while living, which are held sacred and never molested. One of the officers of the "United States" informs us that on their recent voyage to the Arctic regions they were anxious to obtain as specimens some implements lying on the grave of an Esquimaux who had been a celebrated hunter. They would not take them, of course, without consent of the friends of the deceased, and failed in their endeavor to purchase them. In this dilemma, however, they were informed that the Great Spirit would be propitiated by the substitution of some knives on the grave. Knives amounting amply to a *quid pro quo* were accordingly placed on the grave, and the hunting implements removed; but, singular to state, the natives, who considered it sacrilege to take the hunter's relics, appropriated the knives one by one till all had disappeared.

An olden Snowstorm.

One of the oldest residents of Exeter, N. H., informs the News Letter that fifty-eight years ago, Oct. 17, he was at Gilmanton, where occurred one of the most severe storms on record. The snow drifts were in many places four feet high; hundreds of trees were broken down, and in one pasture twenty cattle were found dead. In passing the fields, the ripe corn could be seen on the stalk just above the snow drift, and the apple trees pretty well loaded with apples. Truly, a curious sight for October.

An ingenious Business.

The Lewiston Journal says that a boy in that place has a dog who does a large business in picking up drift wood in the river. He stations himself on his lookout—a high rock—watches his game, seizes it and brings it ashore. Thus he spends hour after hour, "on his own hook," serving his master's pocket, and taking, to all appearance, an intelligent delight in making himself useful.

O, my Eye!

A woman in Chicago has just recovered the heavy verdict of ten thousand dollars against a physician of that city who promised to cure her defective eyesight, but destroyed the eye instead. The defence was that she desired to have her eye put out, in order to insert an artificial one, but the jury did not admit the plea.

Large City.

The city of Calais, Me., is the biggest city in the country, according to the number of inhabitants. It comprises 20,000 acres of land, and has about five thousand population, giving each person four acres. One ward is devoted to the raising of deer or the corporation dinners.

Ancient Enigma.

The ancients fabled a monster whom they named the Sphinx, and whom they described as having the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. This monster, it was said, was sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, who wished to punish the family of Cadmus. It was further stated, that he laid this part of Boeotia under continual alarms, by *proposing enigmas*, and devouring the inhabitants, if unable to explain them. Also, that as the calamity of this monster was become an object of public concern, and as the successful explanation of an enigma would end in the death of the Sphinx, Creon promised his crown and Jocasta to him who succeeded in the attempt. The enigma proposed was this:—"What animal in the morning walks on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?" Oedipus solved the enigma—on which the monster dashed his head against a rock, and perished. *Answer*—Man. In the *morning*, or days of infancy, he crawls or walks on all-fours; at *noon*, or in the days of youth and middle age, he uses two feet only; in the *evening*, or in his old age, he requires the support of a staff, so that he may be said to walk upon three feet.

A Veteran.

Mr. Foster Webster died recently in Webster, Maine, aged 99 years. In early life he accompanied his father, who was a captain in the Continental army, and was with him during the whole of the Revolutionary struggle. At the memorable battle of Saratoga, when Burgoyne surrendered his forces, he and his father were present, and bore a conspicuous part in that campaign.

A tough One.

George Bromley, of Preston, Ct., while sitting on the railroad track, a few days since, was struck by a passing train, and pitched into the bushes. Upon the train backing up to ascertain his injuries, he came forward and told the conductor, that if he had damaged the engine any he was ready to settle for it, and left for home. That man is decidedly tough.

Indian Relics.

A number of human bones of large size, and a lot of relics, supposed to be of Indian origin, were lately excavated by some workmen on the railroad near Lansingburgh, New York. A similar collection was found near the same place a few years ago—the remains, it is supposed, of some Indian Bull Run.

A model Town.

The town of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, has within its limits no lawyer, no physician, no store, no tavern, and not a solitary town pauper. There is in successful operation one Baptist, one Methodist, and one Trinitarian Congregational Church.

A Veteran.

The Independent, of Constantina, Algeria, mentions the death in that town of a dog named Belona, at the extraordinary age of thirty-four years. The dog formerly belonged to the soldiers of one of the batteries of artillery at the siege of Constantina, and successively accompanied three regiments of the line in their expeditions. It had one of its legs broken by a musket-shot in 1831, during an engagement in Kabylia. It has remained in possession of its last master for eleven years. It may be as well to state that the age of twenty is considered about the extreme limit of a dog's existence. Homer, it may be remembered, represents Argus, the faithful dog of Ulysses, which dies of joy at again beholding his master, as having arrived at that age.

A brave Sailor.

In the rigging of the impromptu steering-gear of the Great Eastern an act of great bravery occurred. A seaman descended by a rope from the stern of the ship, with a knife in his mouth, to cut through some entanglement which had arisen. It was a task of no common risk, for with every roll of the ship, and every dash of the waves, he was violently submerged. But he persevered, cut through the entanglement, and on being hauled up received from the passengers and captain some well-earned gratuities. The passengers and crew expected every moment the ship would founder.

Romantic.

A romantic marriage recently took place in Vienna between Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and a Mademoiselle Constance Gieget. The young prince said as he could not have kings at his wedding, he would have the relations of his humbly-born bride. The young lady was attired in a simple dress of brown silk. This is the first instance of a Coburg marrying for love instead of money, and it may be imagined that the rage of the bridegroom's family was excessive.

A singular affectionate Freak.

A little bantam was not long since thrown into the cage of a tiger in the great menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, for the sake of sharpening his appetite for some meat he refused to eat. The little fowl began at once to peck at the untaasted meat, not at all alarmed by the terrible roars of the monster, and then closely examined his claws. He appeared to be pleased with this familiar treatment, and when the keepers took her away, he refused to touch any food till she was put back again.

A Curiosity.

Some weeks since, while digging on a gravel-bank on Colonel Menard's land, near Mackinaw Ill., the workmen excavated a tusk which measured nine feet in length and twenty-three inches in circumference. The tusk was found sixteen feet below the surface, and is as white as chalk.

Recovery of an ancient Relic.

An old church relic, in the shape of a pewter communion flagon, has lately been discovered in an accidental manner in Hatch's auction rooms, in Boston. From an inscription upon it, it is supposed to have formerly belonged to the Second Church in Dedham. It is inscribed as follows:—"Ex dono Mr. Nathaniel Kingsbury to ye 2d church in Dedham, 1745." So, from the date, it would appear that the flagon is one hundred and sixteen years old. The curious article found its way to the auction room among the stock of a house-furnishing concern, and as it is only valuable as a relic, it has been presented to the Dedham Historical Society.

A destructive Prize.

A tradesman in Cracow, Poland, won the great prize of two hundred and fifty thousand florins in the Austrian lottery last year, and paid a discount of eleven thousand florins to get immediate possession of his fortune. Instead of bringing him happiness, it was the ruin of his peace. Fearful of being robbed of his treasure, he kept it in an iron chest, locked up in an arched vault, which he visited morning and night to see that it was safe, till at last his anxiety brought on a fever, which soon terminated fatally, parting him forever from his suddenly-acquired wealth.

Ingenious Invention.

Mr. Godard, of Wilton, in England, has invented an apparatus by which a pencil of the sun's rays is directed upon a sheet of sensitized paper, and, as the sun makes his daily journey, the varying effect of the light on the paper is recorded by varying depths of shade. It is proposed to have this record kept through the year, and through a series of years, and thus compel the sun to tell us in his own handwriting, whether he preserves or diminishes the fires of his youth, or is fading away in a gradual decline.

Remarkable Circumstance.

A curious case happened lately in Taunton, England. The daughter of a tradesman had been ill for some time, and her death was hourly looked for. At length, to all appearance, she died. The body was then laid out. In an hour afterward, to the amazement and joy of her friends, re-animation took place, and the supposed deceased was able to speak; but after the lapse of a few hours the sufferer gradually sunk until death in reality terminated her existence.

Curious Experiment.

Try this, some of you—fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it from your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

The Housewife.

Unfermented Bread.

This keeps moist longer than bread made with yeast, and is more sweet and digestible. The brown bread made in this way is particularly recommended for dyspeptics. Take four pounds of flour, half an ounce avoirdupois of muriatic acid, the same of carbonate of soda, and about a quart of water. First mix the soda and flour well together by rubbing in a pan; pour the acid into the water, and stir it well together. Mix all together to the required consistence and bake in a hot oven immediately. If, instead of flour, unbolted meal should be used, take three pounds of meal, half an ounce avoirdupois of muriatic acid, the same of carbonate of soda, and water enough to make it of a proper consistence. Mix in the same way.

Rice Waffles.

Take a teacup and a half, or a common-sized tumblerful and a half, of rice that has been well boiled; and warm it in a pint of rich milk, stirring it till smooth and thoroughly mixed. Then remove it from the fire, and stir in a pint of cold milk and a small teaspoonful of salt. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into the mixture, in turn with sufficient rice flour to make a thick batter. Bake it in a waffle-iron.

Broiled Fowl.

Separate the back of the fowl, and lay the two sides open; skewer the wings as for roasting; season well with pepper and salt, and broil; send to table with the inside of the fowl to the surface of the dish; serve mushroom sauce; it is an admirable breakfast dish when a journey is to be performed.

Laxative Whey.

Take of the dried buds of the damask rose one ounce; rennet whey, one quart. Let them stand together twelve hours, then strain off the liquor, and add of crystals of tartar, and white sugar, a suitable proportion, to render it more active, and at the same time more palatable.

Blackberry Wine.

To three quarts of blackberry juice add one quart of water and three and a half pounds of sugar, white or Brown. Put it in an open jar, and let it stand two or three days to work; then bottle, and set away in a cool place for a year before using.

Wash for the Teeth.

One ounce of myrrh, powdered, and dissolved in one pint of spirits of wine. A little of this dropped on the tooth-brush is excellent for the teeth and gums.

To drive away Fleas.

Sprinkle about the bed a few drops of oil of lavender, and the fleas will soon disappear.

To clean Oil Paintings.

Clean the picture well with a sponge dipped in warm beer; after it has become perfectly dry, wash it with a solution of the finest gum-dragon, dissolved in pure water. Never use blue starch, which tarnishes and eats out the coloring; nor white of eggs, which casts a thick varnish over pictures, and only mends bad ones by concealing the faults of the coloring.

Simple Remedy for Chilblains.

Soak them in warm bran and water, then rub them well with mustard-seed flour; but it will be better if they are done before they break.

Another Remedy.—Cut an onion in thick slices, and with these rub the chilblains thoroughly, on two or three nights, before a good fire, and they will soon disappear.

To cure soft Corns.

Dip a soft linen rag in turpentine, and place it over the corn night and morning. In a few days the corn will disappear. A little sweet oil rubbed on them is often of great service. Or, a small piece of cotton placed between the toes is sometimes efficacious; or, the juice or pulp of a lemon.

Gingerbread.

Two pounds of flour, one pound of raw sugar, one pound of golden syrup, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one-quarter of a pound of candied peel, and one ounce of ground ginger. Warm the treacle, butter and sugar together.

To take Grease out of colored Silk.

Take French chalk, finely scraped, and put it on the grease spot, holding it near the fire, or over a warm iron reversed. This will cause the grease to melt, the French chalk will absorb it, and it may then be brushed or rubbed off.

Vermicelli Soup.

Swell one-quarter of a pound of vermicelli in a quart of warm water; then add it to a good beef, veal, lamb or chicken soup or broth, with a quarter of a pound of sweet butter; let the soup boil for fifteen minutes after it is added.

Horseradish Sauce.

Scrape, finely, a stick of horseradish into about half a pint of brown sauce and a gravy spoonful of vinegar, simmer, and season with salt and sugar. This sauce is eaten with hot roast beef.

An excellent Tooth-Powder.

One of the best tooth-powders is made by mixing together one ounce and a half of prepared chalk, half an ounce of powder of bark, and a quarter of an ounce of camphor.

Pickling Cucumbers.

As a general thing, sufficient care is not taken in pickling cucumbers, and large numbers of them "spoil" in less than three months' time. The following method we think the best:—Select a sufficient quantity of the size you prefer, which probably cannot be done at one time. Put them in a stone pot, and pour over them a strong brine; to this add a little bit of alum to secure the color. Let them stand a week; then exchange the brine for clear water, in which they must remain two or three days. Boil the best cider vinegar, and when nearly cool pour it over the cucumbers, having previously turned off the water. Prepared in this manner with the addition of cloves, allspice, mustard and cinnamon, boiled in the vinegar, pickles of every kind will keep for a year. In pickling cauliflower, tomatoes, and other vegetables, which easily absorb the vinegar, the spiced vinegar should be added when cold.

A valuable Remedy.

Every family should keep a small quantity of chlorate of potash. We have never found anything equal to it for a simple ulcerated sore throat. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of it in a tumbler of cold water, and then occasionally take a teaspoonful of the solution, so as to gargle the throat. It is nearly tasteless, and not at all offensive to take, and is hence well adapted to children. Nothing is better than this for chapped or cracked hands. Wash them in the weak solution, and they will soon be well. It is also good for a rough, pimply, or chapped face. It may be had of any druggist.

New Way of boiling Fish.

The addition of a few herbs and vegetables in the water gives a very nice flavor to the fish. Add, according to taste, a little sliced onion, thyme, bay-leaf, winter savory, carrots, celery, cloves, mace, using whichever of these ingredients you can procure; it greatly improves skate, fresh haddock, gurnet, etc. Fresh water fish, which have no particular flavor, are preferable done thus, with the addition of a little vinegar. Choose whatever sauces you please for any of the above fish.

Pumpkin Pie.

Stew the pumpkin dry, and make it like squash pie, only season rather higher. In the country, where this real Yankee pie is prepared in perfection, ginger is almost always used with other spices. There, too, part cream, instead of milk, is mixed with the pumpkin, which gives it a richer flavor.

Sago.

Sago should soak for an hour previous to using, to take off the earthy taste.

To make Flannels not shrink.

The first time of washing put them into a pail of boiling water, and let them lie till cold.

Good Soda Biscuit.

Take as much flour as a common family needs, and two large tablespoonsful of lard, or if you use butter, it will take more, rub it well into the flour. But before you rub your lard or butter into the flour, sprinkle and rub through the flour one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of finely-pulverized salt; mix into a soft dough with sour cream—sour milk will do—roll your dough lightly, and cut them out, and bake as quick as possible without burning.

Tomato Catchup.

To one gallon of skinned tomatoes add four tablespoonsful of salt, four tablespoonsful of black pepper ground fine, half a tablespoonful of allspice ground fine, three tablespoonsful of mustard, eight pods of red pepper. Simmer it slowly in sharp vinegar, in a pewter vessel, three or four hours; then strain it through a wire sieve, and bottle it up. When cold seal up the corks, and it will last for years.

Stewed Brisket of Beef.

Take any quantity of brisket of beef required, say eight or ten pounds; cover it with water, stew till tender, bone the beef and skim off the fat, strain the gravy, add a glass of port wine, flavor with spice tied in a bag. Have boiled vegetables ready; cut them into squares, and garnish the beef from the gravy round it, and serve.

To wash Flannels.

Flannels should be washed in soft water, soap, and much blue. The water should be as hot as the hands will bear; wring them as dry as possible, shake them and hang them out; but do not rinse them after the lather.

Lip Salve.

Melt together an ounce of white wax, the same of beef-marrow, and three ounces of white pomatum, with a small piece of alkanet root, tied in muslin; perfume when cool with otto of rose or any other essence.

Insects from Bird-Cages, Drawers, etc.

To keep away insects from birds' cages, suspend a little bag of sulphur in the cage. This is said to be healthful for birds generally, as well as serving to keep away insects by which they become infested.

Hoarseness.

A piece of flannel dipped in brandy and applied to the chest, and covered with a dry flannel, is to be worn all night. Four or six small onions boiled, and put on buttered toast, and eaten for supper, are likewise good for colds on the chest.

Chapped, or Sore Lips.

Chapped or sore lips may be healed by the frequent application of honey-water, and protecting them from the influence of cold air.

Editor's Table.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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NEEDLEWORK.

There is something pleasant, and even touching—at least of very sweet, soft, winning effect in the peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex are incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it occasionally; the woman poet can use it adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle influences of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. We think it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristic when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

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**A WICKED CONUNDRUM.**—Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men?—Because all his works are *wicked*, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

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LOVE LETTERS.—Rousseau used to say, "that to write a good love-letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

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**COMPLIMENTARY.**—Some one says, "A great deal of *nonchalance* that passes for philosophy, is nothing more or less than natural stupidity."

### POWER OF THE HEART.

Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from an engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood, rushing through the arteries, tends to straighten them; and it is the effort that produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the formal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

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RECKLESS.—A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, 20,000 children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms and necks."

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**ORIGIN OF THE REGATTA.**—The first regatta in England took place in the month of April, 1775, says the Annual Register of that date; and from the same authority we learn that it was borrowed from the Venetians, and exhibited partly on the Thames and partly at Ranelagh.

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A POLITICAL QUESTION.—Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion" that is flowing?

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**THE DIFFERENCE.**—From using glasses on the nose, you see an object single; from using them under the nose, you see it double.

## ABOUT FAIRIES.

As the lovers of the picturesque lament in this country the absence of those hoary ruins, which in the old world add such effect to the headlands, crags and mountains, so the admirers of the romantic regret the absence of those popular superstitions which people the forests, the valleys, and the wild moors of Europe with supernatural beings. It is questionable whether this regret is a moral one. To the eye of the political economist, one flourishing village is worth a thousand untenable ruins; and the Yankee speculator, who looks at a water privilege, never thinks of the Sizoemkerl, the favorite sprite of the German rivers. Beautiful as this country is, it is no fairy land—its charms are all actual. A Yankee fairy would be quite an anomaly. Some of the old Dutch settlers believed in the existence of water sprites on the legendary Hudson, and we dare say there is more than one Knickerbocker who verily supposes that when the thunder plays among the crags of the Donderburg, there are a legion of sprites rejoicing in the elemental warfare.

Still this dearth of fairies does not affect our happiness materially, for we can import them ready made, as we do other commodities not furnished by our own manufactories. We confess ourselves to an early love of the little beings, and even now a book of fairy tales is not without its fascination. With what delight did we use to pore over the legends of these little people, with the story-book inserted, like a hyphen, between our Lexicon and Greek Reader, even though a flogging should terminate the vista of our calculations. Those stolen literary enjoyments were indeed sweet. Almost all nations have had a poetical belief in fairies, the characteristics of these imaginary people being modified by the habits and localities of the people among whom they were supposed to exist. They were at first styled *elves*—the word elf originating with the Saxons. Almost all the northern nations, particularly Laplanders, Icelanders and Fins, believed in fairies. There were some who pretended to have penetrated into the subterranean abodes of these little people, where they averred that they were received with distinguished consideration, their diminutive hosts providing them liberally with refreshments, not forgetting pipes and tobacco.

Some writers have supposed that the word fairy is derived from the Persian; and the Persian peris and western fairies have many characteristics in common. In Bohemia, where the fairies flourished abundantly, according to popular account, they were wont to make midnight

excursions, mounted on exquisite little horses, splendidly caparisoned, the riders magnificently armed, with banners displayed and trumpets sounding. It is related that a certain knight, who met one of these processions, and spurred forward to attack it, was found dead in the morning.

The Scotch fairies were of a dubious character, sometimes benevolent, and sometimes malignant. The Scotch were afraid to speak of them disrespectfully, and always styled them the "good people." They lived in green hills, on which they danced by moonlight. The interior of their abodes was described as being dazzling beyond description. They were hard riders and excellent judges of horseflesh, and were famous for stealing horses out of stables and riding them furiously all night long; and many an unfaithful groom has doubtless thrown the burden of his own misdeeds upon the shoulders of these little people. Sometimes it is said these tiny creatures appeared openly and bargained with the people, and at others worked patiently for the poor under cover of the night; like the fairies believed in by the humble Swedes, little self denying creatures, who worked for the miners in the shafts.

Many of the inhabitants of Germany believe to this day, in the existence of a race to which they have given the name of the *Stille Volke*—silent people. To every family of eminence a family of the *Stille Volke* is attached—its numbers increasing or diminishing in exact proportion to those of the human family with which they are connected—thus forming a guardian sprite for each. The Irish are still hearty believers in fairies and fairy land, and there is scarcely a mountain or a valley in the Emerald Isle which has not its legend of the "good little people." In short, almost every country, except our own, has its fairy population. But then our fairies are living and breathing realities—beautiful as the peris of the East, gay and radiant as Titania's maids of honor, with a dash of witchcraft in their composition. With such breathing substitutes for the "elfin crew" of Eastern lands, who can regret the absence from among us of fairies and sprites?

INTERESTING POPULATION.—The following are said to be some of the principal productions of the Dry Tortugas: Lizards, snakes, scorpions, jiggers, sandflies and large sized mosquitoes.

THE BEST LEGACY.—No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

REPROOF.—To give a reproof in anger is like administering medicine scalding hot.

## OLD TIMES.

It is strange with what tenacity we cling to the past, and with what constancy we harp upon the "good old times." All times seem good times, if they are only old. The merry-makings of the hour do not seem half so pleasant to us as

"The days when we went gipsying,  
A long time ago."

Of course, in the decline of life, when we are incapable of present enjoyment, we cannot believe that anything is enjoyable in the present, and look back to that period as the golden age, when we were a part of the movement of the times. But the backward-looking of vigorous manhood is another affair. It is perhaps rather a fashion than a natural impulse. The sort of regretfulness with which we call up by-gones, embraces not only the earlier of our own years, but the earlier ages of the world. We weary of the present, and fancy that the past was a brighter era, simply because distance has obliterated its repulsive features. Were the memory as tenacious of evil as it is of good, this were a wearier world than it is. Our religion inculcates upon us the duty of the forgiveness of injuries, and Providence has kindly rendered the memory less tenacious of pain than pleasure. We can recollect a joy vividly; but who can recall or describe a pain that he has suffered? We cannot, and ought not if we could, close our eyes to the evil that surrounds us, for it is each one's duty to do his share towards its mitigation; but the past is utterly beyond our control. It is a fixed fact—it is completed history. Perhaps we take that sort of pleasure in looking upon it that we do on a completed structure, a finished painting—and regard it with the more favor because we know it is incapable of being altered. We gaze with almost unalloyed delight on the tremendous ruins of the Colosseum, save that we regret its crumbling condition, its falling arches—forgetful of the fact that man met man in deadly strife within its bloody arena,

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"

and that here our co-religionists were rent limb from limb by ravenous wild beasts, for embracing the doctrines of the meek and holy Jesus. A golden mist rises between us and the past—a lovely mirage changes the desert sand into an oasis. Few persons have not wished, at some time, to have existed in the good old times rather than the present. But those good old times had, all of them, their great evils, their petty annoyances, their constant trials; and it would be unphilosophical to deny that the world is constantly progressing. Our grand old Puritan ancestors, with their far-reaching political foresight, their

deep religious enthusiasm, their care for the welfare of the mind, their soaring self-denial, had faults and errors, not indeed peculiar to them, but to the "good old times" in which they lived. They banished, branded, whipped and hanged Quakers; believed in witchcraft, and punished sorcery by death. They smote the Indians, hip and thigh, and sold into slavery the innocent children of the vanquished chieftains. We may thank Heaven that we are not so bigoted and cruel; but yet without much self-glorification, for we have sins and errors of our own to answer for that will scarcely bear the light of rigid examination. It is well to honor the virtues of the past; but it is idle to be constantly regretting the "good old times," and fancying them superior to our own.

## FASHIONABLE NEGRESSES.

A recent traveller thus speaks of the fashions among the women of the most aristocratic tribe in Africa: "Many have their front teeth notched, and some file them till they resemble the teeth of a saw. The upper-lip ring of the women gives them a revolting appearance. It is universally worn in the high lands. A puncture is made high in the lip, and it is gradually enlarged until the pelcle can be inserted. Some are very large. One we measured caused the lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose. When the lady smiled, the contraction of the muscles elevated it over the eyes. 'Why do the women wear these things?' the venerable chief Chinsurd was asked. Evidently surprised at such a stupid question, he replied, 'For beauty! They are the only beautiful things women have. Men have beards—women have none. What kind of a person would she be without a pelcle? She would not be a woman at all with a mouth like a man but no beard.'"

FORTUNE!—Under the head of "Immense Fortunes," one of our neighbors gives, among others, the instance of Julius Cæsar, who, it says, "owed some \$15,000,000, before he took office." Many persons might reckon so considerable an accumulation of debt rather a *mis*-fortune.

SMART!—An office-seeker at Auburn, New York, rests his hopes upon a flattering chart of his phrenological development, which, with other credentials, he has forwarded to Washington.

COUNTERFEITS IN FRANCE.—So excellent are the counterfeit upon the Bank of France, that the bank has paid, within a few years, forged notes to the extent of one million francs.

## THE TONGUE.

We would most respectfully recommend the wholesome advice contained in the following article taken from Judson's "Moral Probe," to the careful perusal and attentive consideration of all whom the "cap may fit"—and there are not a few, "we trow," in our little world.

This little member of our physical organization, designed by our Creator for none but useful purposes, is often the source of immeasurable mischief and the keenest regret. Unless constantly held and guided by the bridle of prudence, the bit of discretion, the curb of charity, the martingale of wisdom, and a skillful postilion, it runs at random like a wild colt, and in a moment of levity or passion may commit a serious trespass on our neighbor—one that may not readily be repaired. It may be in the flower garden of his reputation, in the wheat field of his domestic affairs—no matter where, a trespass is a wrong; if committed by our cat, we are answerable for it; if by our tongue, it is much more serious and less excusable.

It is declared in Holy Writ that the tongue is an unruly member and cannot be tamed—that it is full of deadly poison—that its words are sometimes smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords—that it separateth very friends, and that the words of the tale-bearer are as wounds; which description are no high encomiums on its good qualities.

We have a variety of tongues that are permitted to run at large by the owners; many of whom are bankrupt, and are not able to render any remuneration for trespasses committed, and go unwhipped of justice. These tongues are a nuisance in society, and stamp their owners with lasting disgrace. The tongue that feeds on mischief, the babbling, the tattling, the sly whispering, the impertinent meddling, all these tongues are trespassing on the community constantly. The fiery tongue is also abroad, and being set on by the fire of hell scatters firebrands among friends, sets families, churches and social circles in a flame; and, like the salamander, is wretched when out of the burning element. The black slandering tongue is constantly preying upon the rosebuds of innocence and virtue, the foliage of merit, worth, genius and talent; and poisons with its filth of innuendoes and scum of falsehood the most brilliant flowers, the most useful shrubs, and the most valuable trees, in the garden of private and public reputation.

In the private walks of life there are thousands who say too much. The liar, profane swearer, backbiter and slanderer are ever saying too much. The whisperer of scandal, the mysteri-

ous guesser, the impertinent meddler, the fiery and passionate, the jealous and suspicious, the malicious and revengeful, the envious and reckless, are usually saying quite too much, and from influence always wrong, often criminal.

## VERY EMBARRASSING.

It is strange what odd mistakes will happen sometimes when ladies are going a shopping. A precise old bachelor, a very pink of politeness, is the owner of the principal dry goods emporium in one of our large villages. He regards the ladies as fearful and wonderful—is a little afraid of them, to confess the truth—and, as the saying goes, wouldn't touch one of them with a ten-foot pole. The only semblance that he tolerates is in the shape of "dummies," of which he has two or three for the appropriate display of lace, shawls, bonnets and dresses. Coming out of an inner room, the other day, in great haste, he saw, as he imagined, one of these figures standing directly in his way, and he very unceremoniously took it up around the waist and swung it to one side. Conceivably his feelings when a voice from under a bonnet squeaked out, "Hey, what are you doing? I'll tell my husband!" Unfortunately it was a fair customer, not a gay figure, whom he had treated so uncavalierly. "Excuse me, madam. I thought you were a dummy!" gasped the luckless mortal, retreating breathlessly towards his room as the only practical refuge. Imagine his horror—imagine the lady's trepidation—imagine the irrepressible giggling of the feminine shoppers who had witnessed the whole scene! Altogether, it was rather a disagreeable predicament for an old bachelor to get into.

WHERE TO INQUIRE.—A suicide wrote to his wife thus: "Dear Mary, if I am not at home to-night, inquire of Abraham where I am—if not found in his bosom he'll know where I have gone."

A DEATH DANCE.—Two pretty little ballet girls were burned to death while dancing a pas de deux at the theatre in Stralsund, a short time since. Their skirts caught fire from the footlights.

VERY PROPER.—The footlights of the new opera house in Paris, are so safely constructed, that a pocket handkerchief may be thrown upon them, and the gas in full blaze cannot ignite it.

GREATNESS.—The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.



## OCCUPATION.

While we are all of us engaged in the pursuit of happiness, as one object of life, few persons, comparatively speaking, seem to be aware that occupation and happiness are synonymous terms. Most people, secretly if not avowedly, place the *summum bonum* where a distinguished French philosopher did, in total idleness. A tradesman will work like a galley slave for two-thirds of his life, that he may pass the remaining third in idleness. But alas! that idleness does not bring the happiness he fondly anticipates. Happiness is a wayside flower, to be gathered as we trudge along the dusty, toilsome path that all must travel. It will not bear especial culture. It is like the hemlock—one of the most graceful of our trees, which flourishes where the hand of nature placed it, but which cannot be made to obey our will and grace whatever spot we seek to transfer it to. A tradesman who has devoted the better portion of his life to the making of money wherewith to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* at its close, is a person very much to be pitied. His entire devotion to business—we suppose the case of a man who has allowed himself no leisure for mental culture—has unfitted him for the enjoyment of the masses of time that he finds at his disposal. He is too old to acquire tastes for new pursuits, and the occupation he has left suddenly acquires a charm in his eyes, though perhaps for years he has considered it distasteful. Behold him lingering around his old shop—where, alas, he is now only an interloper. He will dawdle into it fifty times a day, making small purchases, and watching with arid eyes the course of trade. When he hears his successor talk of slaving for a term of years that he may lay on his oars for another period, he shakes his head sorrowfully, tells his interlocutor that he does not know when he is well off, and bids him “stick to the shop.”

The theory of happiness as based on idleness is decidedly a fallacy. The retired colonel of cavalry who used to make his servant wake him every morning at five o'clock, for the sake of saying, “You scoundrel—I’ve left the service, and can sleep as long as I please,” was, we will venture to say, far happier when he had to turn out for morning parade, than as a loungeur on half pay, with no occupation to fill up his days. We must admit that men accustom themselves to a sort of vegetative happiness, if they are content to stifle the ever-soaring aspirations of their higher natures—but then it will be only the felicity of animals, and dependent on uninterrupted physical health and vigor. A French nobleman, who turned his attention to engraving, illustrated the misery of being unoccupied by the motive he

assigned for his employment, “I practise engraving to avoid hanging myself.”

The higher you ascend in the social scale, the more irksome will be found the absence of occupation. Kings are proverbially an unhappy set of beings—for very few of themselves manage public affairs personally, that is left to ministers—and this want of occupation is the reason why so many of them have turned out very reprehensible characters. The most amiable monarchs have been those who have filled up their time by some voluntary pursuit. Poor Louis XVI. amused himself as an amateur locksmith—and Maria Antoinette and her ladies figured as dairy maids at the little sham chalet at Versailles, tended cows, made cheese and butter, and sold milk to admiring courtiers. We cannot too strongly impress upon the rising generation—a generation guiltless of early rising, we suspect—that the happiest men that have ever lived are those whose lives have been the busiest.

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TO OPIUM-EATERS, ARSENIC-TAKERS, ETC.—These unhappy sufferers are informed that such and similar habits are broken up with comparative ease under the vitalizing and health-sustaining effects of motorpathy, mountain air, and hot and cold baths. The low-spirited, dyspeptic, nervous, or organically weak, also find in this treatment the invigoration so much needed. In the cure of sleeplessness, debilitating dreams, loss of memory, oppression of the head and liver complaint, its success is without precedent. A circular, sent free, giving information of this system and of the Oriental, Turkish and Russian baths, in use in the Round Hill Water Cure, in Northampton, Mass., is particularly commended to the notice of the profession. Those personally acquainted with this treatment recommend it to persons beyond the reach of home prescription. The quickest recoveries are made in the winter months. Terms are reduced to \$7 and \$10 per week.

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O, THE ROGUE!—A priest of Milan was much struck with the repentant air of a young, elegantly dressed man a few weeks since, and gave him absolution. He soon afterwards found that he had lost his valuable repeater. The penitent was an eminent pickpocket, and the worst of all in the eyes of the priest is that he sent the scamp away fully absolved, so that as a matter of conscience he could not appear against him.

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A SCOTCH CANNIBAL.—A lady advertises in a Glasgow paper that she wants a gentleman for “breakfast and tea.”

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REMEMBER IT.—Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

## NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

An American might be defined by naturalists as an animal who lives upon vegetable, farinaceous and animal food—and newspapers and periodicals. His daily and weekly journals are as indispensable to him as his daily bread and his Sunday dinner. If he misses his paper, he is a lost man. Deprive him of his mental pabulum for a few days, and he becomes lank and melancholy, like that lion the old settlers of Plymouth saw, which, having lost his jackal, "had become so poore" as to excite their pity. When he is restored to his paper, he fastens on it with the voracity of a famished wolf. The church, school and printing-office spring up simultaneously in every new settlement—the Holy Alliance of clergyman, schoolmaster and editor being everywhere recognized as essential to the onward march of civilization. We never take up one of the little frontier papers, printed haply on wrapping-paper, with worn out type, without a feeling of kindly respect. Such papers increase in size and style with the enlargement of the settlements they illuminate, and the newspaper of any locality is a sure measure of its prosperity. How many thousands of ardent minds are engaged in this labor of enlightenment—not thankless, though often ill paid.

If the man who makes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before, deserves well of his country, what reward should be his who starts a newspaper for the first time in a howling wilderness? A free press in the van of civilization is of more account than an "army with banners." A family group, gathered round a blazing fire of hickory or anthracite, upon a winter evening, is a pleasing picture. But with all the appliances for comfort, what is this fireside without a paper, not only to while away the tedium of a long winter evening, but to aid in the great business of family instruction and mental improvement? Books are good, and books do much, but they cannot accomplish everything. They deal more with the past than the present, and that training is of little value which does not embrace the everyday affairs of the world going on around us. A newspaper is the contemporary history of the world we live in. Its greatness and its littleness, its gaieties and its gravities, its sins and sorrows, its occupations and amusements, its warnings and its hopes, are there spread out before us. Gathering within its ample pages the treasures of the east and west, the north and south, as fast as the united agencies of wind, steam and electricity can bring them to a focus, it affords the very material wherewith to form practical men and women of the growing

generation. No man can be uninformed who takes and reads a well-conducted weekly paper. The children of such a man will not be found hankering after frivolous and vicious amusements. Peace takes up her abode on the hearthstone of the man who takes a paper—not from a neighbor's doorstep—but one who fairly "faces the music," pays his subscription like a man, and enjoys the advantages of his weekly sheet, because he is fairly entitled to them.

## SIZE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if if they were permitted freely to use it.

**QUICKLY RUN OUT.**—Some men are very entertaining for a first time, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; they are like hand-organs, and we have heard all their tunes.

**A WISE COMMANDER.**—Plutarch, in his life of Pericles, says: "His chief merit in war was in the safety of his measures. He never willingly engaged in any uncertain or very dangerous expedition."

**TOO MUCH ETIQUETTE.**—With high folks whenever sickness shows itself in a family, it is treated with so much pomp and ceremony that it cannot make up its mind to leave.

**REMEMBER.**—Use law and physic only in cases of necessity; they that use them otherwise abuse themselves into weak bodies and light purses; they are good remedies, but bad recreations.

**FEMININE HEADACHE.**—A fictitious disease, by which women seek to conceal their heartache.

## Foreign Miscellany.

In Sardinia the national mode of fighting is kicking. Often fatal, always severe in effect.

They have an American library at Paris containing over ten thousand bound volumes.

At the beginning of 1859 the amount on deposit in all savings banks of the United Kingdom was a little over \$178,000,000.

Baron Ricasoli states that the national flag of Italy floats over 800,000 tons of shipping, manned by 100,000 sailors.

It is estimated that Blondin's performances in England, so far, have drawn the sum of \$250,000.

The Bombay Gazette says, "Another year will show, that Lancashire need look nowhere else but to India for a supply of cotton."

A great meeting has been held in Birmingham, England, relative to encouraging cotton industry in Africa, as a means of crushing the slave trade.

A journeyman builder in Salisbury, England, the other day ascended to the summit of the cathedral steeple, just built, and stood erect on the iron cross at an elevation of 400 feet.

The footlights of the new opera house, in Paris, are so constructed, that a pocket-handkerchief thrown upon them, with the gas in full blaze, cannot be ignited.

The French imperial printing-office has sent to Cochin China six printers—a proof-reader, a lithograph writer, a composer, a pressman, a lithograph printer, and a binder. They are for the government printing office in Cochin China.

The London Times declares that while steam navigation has been a scientific success, it has been a pecuniary failure, inasmuch as all the lines of ocean steamers require enormous appropriations from the government to keep them afloat.

A Saxon princess, who refused the hand of the first Napoleon, is now living at Dresden. She is over eighty years old, and never married. She has two sisters over sixty years old, who have also refused offers from dukes innumerable, and are still leading lives of nun-like celibacy.

The Austrians have an odd way of collecting taxes. An officer, with a certain number of gendarmes, visits each private house where taxes are not promptly paid, and from two to eight gendarmes are billeted on them until both taxes and arrears are paid.

The medical officer of the Sherborne district, England, lately stated in a note to the Board of Guardians that "a woman came near losing her life by taking the following mixture, which had been recommended to her by a neighbor for the cure of the jaundice, namely, an old horse shoe boiled in a pint of strong beer."

The largest tree in Scotland is a fine old stately oak on the estate of Tullibody, contiguous to Tullibody House, the property of Lord Abercrombie. It contains six hundred cubic feet of measurable timber. The Duke of Athol has a valuable oak at Dunkeld, the measurable timber of which is estimated at four hundred and seventy feet.

The London Times tells some big lies about America, and makes sad havoc with geography.

Thirty persons were wounded by a mad bull in London recently.

The British regulation step for soldiers is one hundred and eight paces per minute.

In Spain three hundred volumes of spiritualist literature have been publicly burnt by order of the Bishop of Barcelona.

The average duration of life in France has decreased within the past few years. It used to be 40 years, it is now only 37.

The new American hotel, the foundation of which has just been laid in London, will be, it is said, the largest hotel in the world—or any where else.

In Ireland there are 550,000 spindles employed in flax-spinning. They are managed by 27,000 operatives, and produce as much yarn as 1,100,000 females spinning on hand wheels.

The iron columns used in the construction of the fire-proof warehouses in Liverpool, are all hollow, and filled on the inside with fire-proof concrete.

The American war has greatly injured the trade of Lyons, which is the great centre of the silk manufacture of France, and two large manufacturing firms are said to have failed.

The scheme for a railway across the British Channel from England to France is revived—this time by a Montrealer, and it is thought his ideas are practicable, though they involve an expense of \$60,000,000.

The government of France, being up to snuff, own all the snuff manufactories. They have ten at present in operation, directed by graduates of the Polytechnic school, employing 8090 hands, to say nothing of handkerchiefs.

A poor bone collector in England, named Powell, a few weeks ago bought an old vest for four cents, and found in the pocket a bank bill for \$1500. His unexpected wealth caused him his first headache, for the poor man was puzzled what to do with so much money.

The town of Sebastopol is rapidly recovering from the ravages of the late war. Building is on the increase in every quarter; the population now is estimated at 12,000, and the number of houses erected since the war exceeds five hundred.

The repeal of the paper duty in England has not only been followed by a reduction in the price of newspapers and periodicals, but during last month several of the leading stationery firms in London announced their intention of giving their customers the full benefit of the extent of the duty remitted.

The Sultana Aziz is undoubtedly an unhappy woman. When her husband Abdul ascended the throne, he refused the customary beautiful slave, out of regard for Mrs. Aziz. But lately, it seems, he repents his virtue, and has sent to Circassia for 150 young and beautiful girls, meaning to re-establish a harem, the wretch, and become no better than a libertine. This freak requires cash down, upwards of \$125,000—the torments of the sultana, of course, being beyond pecuniary estimate.

## Record of the Times.

The authorities of Vermont confiscate all intoxicating liquors brought into that State now.

The gold mines of Oregon, we see by the papers, are proving very productive, of late.

They have a pair of matched horses in New York city that go the mile together in 2:27.

The Esquimaux are afraid to die on a windy day lest their souls should be blown away.

The fare from San Francisco to New York by the overland route is \$250.

In Russia, we are told, monks and bishops cannot marry, but simple priests may. Of course none but simple priests would.

A lake scow went over Niagara Falls, recently. The flour and barley with which she was loaded were picked up by the residents below the falls.

A boy was badly burned in Waterville, Me., lately, by a package of powder in his pocket taking fire.

The amount of silver now finding its way to San Francisco, from Nevada, is estimated by well-informed bankers at six millions per annum.

The Fitchburg and Worcester Railroad Company is about to erect a new freight depot at Fitchburg, 250 feet long by 60 wide.

The Pittsburg Chronicle says that more than 12,000 gallons of wine have been made this year in Alleghany county, Pa., exclusive of that made from grapes in private gardens.

It is proposed to extend the telegraph to Cape Rozier, near the mouth of Gaspé Bay, to intercept the Canadian steamers twenty-four hours before they reach Father Point.

General McClellan's staff and body guard now amount to two hundred men. They present a splendid appearance as they gallop at full speed along the lines during a review.

The Navy Department has purchased two hundred and twenty vessels since Congress adjourned, and still has not enough for the necessities of the service.

The commerce of the Connecticut River is now nearly all carried on by sailing vessels, the government having bought or chartered most of the steam craft.

The banking capital of Vermont amounts to \$3,916,000, which is an increase of \$40,000 over last year. The dividends on this sum averaged a trifle less than seven per cent.

The Bullit grape, about which a good deal has been said within a year or two, is not now considered worthy of cultivation by many of the best grape growers in the West.

A new invention in artillery is noticed in the Pittsburg papers. It consists of an entire battery on a single carriage. The six field pieces are securely fastened to a turn table, which revolves as the guns are successively discharged.

By the report of the Connecticut Sunday School Convention, we learn that the total number of schools in that State is 914, a gain of 128 over last year; teachers, 13,366, a gain of 1204; scholars, 84,695, a gain of 8602; scholars under 16 years, 66,784, a gain of 8275.

The United States Navy is reviving its old and famous reputation, a brilliant arm of defence.

Can a general who has gained a victory in the night, be properly said to have won the day?

A horse thief, named Miller, was lately hung by a mob near Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A venerable citizen of New London, Ct., advertises in the papers of that city that supplies of bread will be furnished to the needy during the coming winter on application.

A magnificent horse, valued at \$600, which was to be presented to Colonel Baker on the very day on which he was killed, has been sold to the Duke de Chartres, of General McClellan's staff.

Some confidence chaps have been operating in New Haven by getting advertisements for a New England business directory, and getting pay in advance for a portion of the stipulated price.

J. C. Derby, Esq., of New York, the well-known book publisher, has been appointed Librarian of the State Department at Washington, a position well suited to Mr. Derby's tastes.

Mr. McDermot, sixty-five years old, killed himself in Canada East, because his daughter married against his wishes. This was better than cursing her, and turning her out of doors to starve.

The zeal of the Wisconsin boys for enlistment in the war against rebellion is well exemplified by the Green Lake Spectator, which, wanting a journeyman printer, prefers a cripple, "so he wont join the army, and go off to the war."

Mr. William S. Arnold, of Fisherville, received last week a letter from some unknown penitent, who made restitution of twenty-five dollars, which were enclosed. The penitent claims to have acted on the Scripture injunction, and restored fourfold.

The receipts of the post-office in France have been constantly progressive since 1815. That year they were 17,500,000 francs; in 1829, they were 30,000,000 francs; in 1847, 50,000,000 francs; in 1860, nearly 58,500,000 francs; and for 1862, they are estimated at 60,000,000 francs.

The Concord Statesman says that five wise men of Dover, a few days since, made an excursion to the sea coast, near Saco, Maine, and returned thence with 157 water-fowl, to the great astonishment of less mighty hunters in the place of their residences.

The directors and employes of the railroad at Waterville, Me., have made up a purse of \$150 for the father of Oren Towne, recently killed at that station. A daughter in this family has recently died of diptheria, and the mother has been ill for three years.

A man in Cincinnati named James Griner, while under the influence of liquor, endeavored to hang his own child to a bedpost, recently, and had nearly strangled the child, when the infuriated mother, with a heavy blow, stretched her brutal husband on the floor.

The experiment of casting a Dahlgreen gun from Lake Superior iron, was successfully accomplished lately in Detroit, in the presence of a large number of persons. The metal used weighed upward of five tons, although the finished gun will weigh but three tons.

## Merry-Making.

'Art exposition—a cockney telling 's love to the lady 'e hadores.

During the autumn gales the volume of nature is full of fly-leaves.

Catching flies is much the simplest and safest way of flying.

"What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.

Women live for each other—that is, for the love of criticism of each other.

The boy who lost his balance on the roof, found it on the ground shortly afterward.

When is a flock of sheep like our climate? When it is composed of all weathers.

The most impudent of all things is a mirror, for it is continually casting reflections.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

Don't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse, unless you want to be dislocated.

Topers who travel about with red noses should be indicted for circulating incendiary articles.

Most persons have a mortal antipathy to a snake, and yet he is said to be a very charming animal.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

"It is very curious," says a young lady whom we know, "that a tortoise from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

Throw a piece of meat among bears and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously, the men or the beasts?

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

"It is a curious fact," say some entomologists, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor friend says it is not at all "curious."

Conundrum by a provincial: Why is the summit of Mount Washington like goods sold at a great discount from cost? Because it is not nigh the valley of it.

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "O, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

A French princess being told that the poor in Paris were dying of starvation, said, "What silly people! Before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton."

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite drygoods clerk to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

What a compliment to his countrymen Carlyle paid when he said, "Great Britain is inhabited by thirty millions of people, mostly fools." Carlyle, we suppose, knew.

If our clothes are not well cut, we are very apt to be cut ourselves.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it gives in all directions.

Why is anything that is unsuitable like a dumb person? Because it won't answer.

A breeder of fowls says one of his cochins, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

In returning thanks, in an after-dinner speech, Brown declared that he was "too full for utterance."

A chemist, however witless away from his business, is, when at it, never without his retort.

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time;" now, with the aid of sewing-machines, they take one in no time.

If you want to be a "Knight of the Golden Circle," get the girl you love to give you a ring, remarks the Louisville Journal.

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages to explain the pathology of drunkenness. Diogenes explains it in two syllables—zigzag.

Punch thinks they had better have stuck to the name of "Leviathan" for the Great Eastern, for it seems that the shareholders are doomed to blubber.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

A gardener is described as being requested to set his master's watch by his sundial, when he forthwith "planted" it in the ground close to it.

"Who is that young gentleman who looked at you so earnestly?" said a fond husband to his recently married wife. "That is my late husband, dear," answered she.

"Hast thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed. "I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "O, did not my glances my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

"Have you dined?" said a loungee to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

A good story is told of a lady lately travelling on the cars, who got so absorbed in reading the war news, that she asked the conductor to let her know when the train stopped at Manassas Junction.



# SKETCHES OF THE WAR.



Delight of our artist on receiving a commission to sketch at the seat of war.



He purchases the necessary equipments.



H. starts for the seat of war.



On arriving, he finds it necessary to dispense with some of his "duds."—He starts on a sketching tour.



Finds a rebel battery, and proceeds to sketch it.



Is fired upon—appearance of his unfinished sketch.



**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



He blunders upon the rebel lines, is fired upon by a picket, and displays his bravery.



His action of the affair.



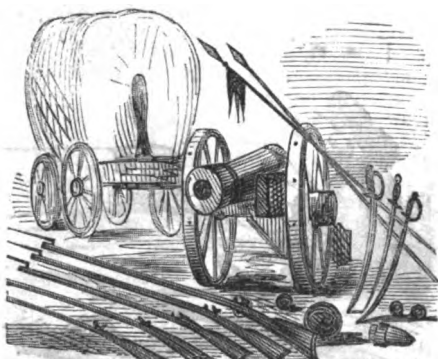
His sketch of a battle, in which he is present in the "thickest of the fight."



The fact of the case.



His heroic exertions affect his health, and he gets permission to return home.



He brings home a cargo of trophies captured with his own sword.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 2.

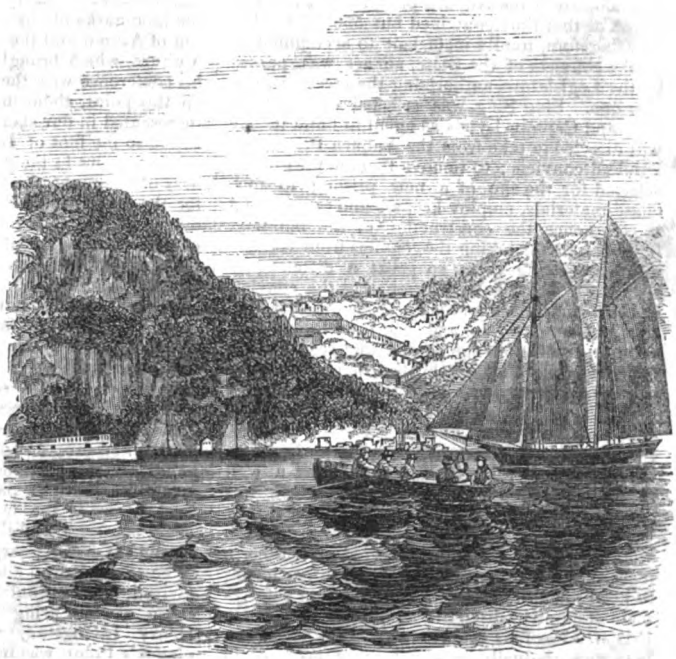
BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1862.

WHOLE No. 86.

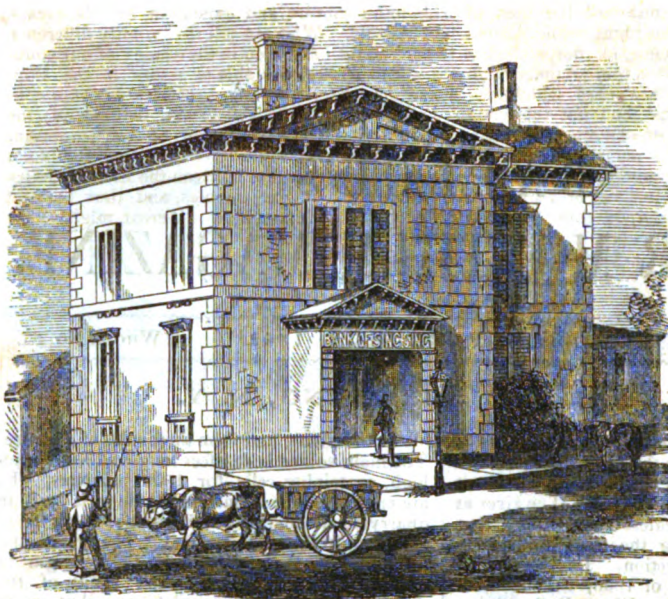
## SKETCHES OF SING SING, N. Y.

SING SING, in which we give several views of localities and buildings on the succeeding pages, is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about thirty-three miles from New York. The river at this point reaches its greatest depth, being four miles in width, presenting the most enchanting landscape in every direction. Its population, according to the census of 1850, was 3000, although since the Hudson River Railroad has been completed and running, it has increased, like all the towns along the line of the road, in a rapid ratio, and is now probably double that number. It is celebrated for its educational institutions, the principal of which is the Mount Pleasant Institute, situated on one of the most retired streets, and having a commanding view of the river and the surrounding scenery. The number of students is limited to fifty, who are taught horsemanship and military tactics in addition to the usual branches. There are several churches, a bank, and two newspapers in the place. The Croton aqueduct also passes through the centre of the town, and crosses the Sing Sing kill in a magnificent arch of masonry 88 feet from abutments and 100 feet from the water. The top of this arch is prominently seen in the centre of the town. The principal object of attraction to strangers, however, is the State Prison, represented in the third engraving, which is situated on the bank of the river, about half a mile below the town. These buildings are of mar-

ble or limestone, and form three sides of a square. The main edifice is 484 feet long, and five stories high, containing cells for 1000 prisoners, who are engaged in various mechanic arts and in quarrying the marble or limestone which is so abundant in the neighborhood. The system and discipline of the prison owe their origin to Elam Lynds, for many years agent of the Auburn prison. The convicts are shut up in separate cells for the night, and on Sundays, except when attending religious services in the chapel. While at work they are not allowed to exchange a word with each other, under any pretence whatever; nor to communicate any intelligence to each other in writing; nor to ex-



ROCKLAND LAKE ICE-HOUSES, SING SING, NEW YORK.



BANK OF SING SING, AT SING SING, NEW YORK.

change looks, or winks, or to make use of any signs except such as are necessary to convey their wants to the waiters. The plan of confining each convict in a separate cell during the night, or the "Auburn system," as it is called, was adopted at the Auburn prison in 1824. The prison at that time contained but 550 cells. Being, therefore, totally inefficient to accommodate all the convicts of the State, an act was passed by the Legislature, authorizing the erection of a new one. Sing Sing was selected as the location, and Captain Lynds as agent to build it. He was directed to take from the Auburn Prison one hundred convicts; to remove them to the ground selected for the site of a new prison; to purchase materials, employ keepers and guards, and to commence the construction of the building. The reasons for taking the convicts from Auburn and transporting them so great a distance, instead of from New York, were, that the convicts at the former place had been accustomed to cutting and laying stone, and had been brought by Captain Lynds into the perfect and regular state of discipline he had established there, and which was indispensably necessary to their safe keeping in the open country, and the successful prosecution of the work. The party arrived at Sing Sing without accident or disturbance in May, 1825, without a place to receive them, or a wall to enclose them. A temporary barrack was erected to receive the convicts at night, and they were then set at work building the prison, each working at his trade—one a carpenter, another a mason, etc.—all the time having no other means to keep them in obedience but the rigid enforcement of the strict discipline adopted at the Auburn Prison. For four years the convicts, whose numbers were gradually increased, were engaged in building their own prison, and finally completed

it in 1829. The first engraving shows a view of the Rockland Lake Ice-Houses opposite the town. This is the great depot whence New York obtains the larger portion of her supply of ice. The lake is situated in the notch back of the buildings seen in the engraving, and its waters are remarkably clear. It is between four and five miles in circumference, and affords an unfailing supply of clear, crystal-like ice, which, when cut, is placed in the ice-houses at the brow of the hill, and in the season it is run down over the long slides to the houses at the docks, whence it is shipped on board the vessels destined to convey it to the city. The second engraving represents the Bank of

Sing Sing—the only monetary institution, we believe, in the town.

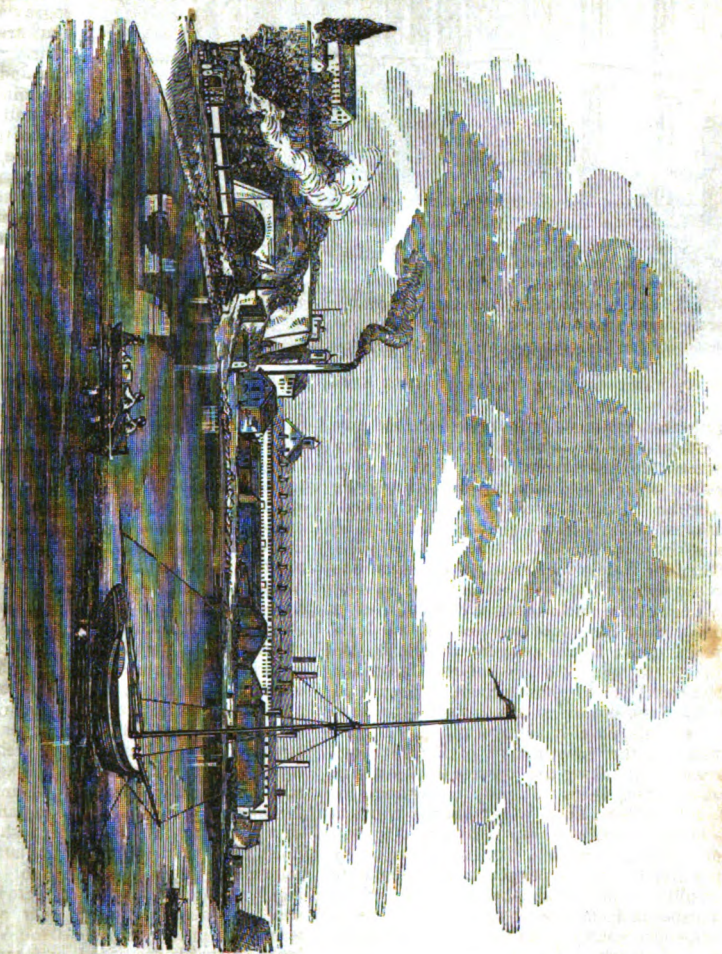
Teller's Point, a view of which concludes the series, is one of those interesting localities which are inseparably connected with the revolutionary history of our country, and stands out as one of the landmarks of that eventful episode, the treason of Arnold and the execution of Andre. The Vulture, which brought Andre up the river to his conference with the traitor Arnold, anchored off this point, about in the position of the vessel represented in our sketch. From her Andre was rowed to the foot of Long-Clove Mountain, seen over the point in the distance, where, in the darkness of the night, the traitor and his victim met for the first time face to face, and heard each other's voices. The chronicler tells us that their conference lasted until the approach of day, and they had not then completed their arrangements. Arnold suggested to his companion that they should ride to the house of Joshua Smith and finish their business, which the latter, with much reluctance, finally consented to. They accordingly mounted horses which were in waiting, and about daybreak and soon after a cannonading was heard in the direction of the Vulture. Andre looked towards the vessel, and saw her hoist her anchor and drop down stream. His feelings may be imagined as he beheld the only means of escape leaving him, particularly as he had been made aware of the fact that he was within the American lines, and that too in disguise. Fully sensible of his danger, he watched anxiously until he saw her drop anchor, when his spirits again revived, and the conference was continued. The cause of the firing was as follows: Colonel Henry Livingston, who commanded at Verplanck's Point, was informed that the vessel lay so near shore that she might be reached with



artillery, and accordingly conceived the idea of destroying her. During the night, while Arnold and Andre were in conference, he despatched a party to Teller's Point with a four-pounder, with orders to open a fire upon the vessel, which they did with so much effect that, had not the flood tide enabled her to get off, she must have surrendered to the brave little party with the four-pounder. Colonel Livingston had the day before applied to Arnold for heavier ordnance, but he had eluded his demand upon some frivolous

led to his capture and execution, and the escape of Arnold. Who can tell the mighty difference there might have been in the destiny of our country, had Andre been able to return to the ship, and the traitorous designs of Arnold been consummated? West Point was the key of the river, and once in possession of that important post, the enemy could have most effectually cut off all communication between the Eastern States and the rest of the colonies, and thus brought the war to a close. How different might have

STATE PRISON, SING SING, NEW YORK.

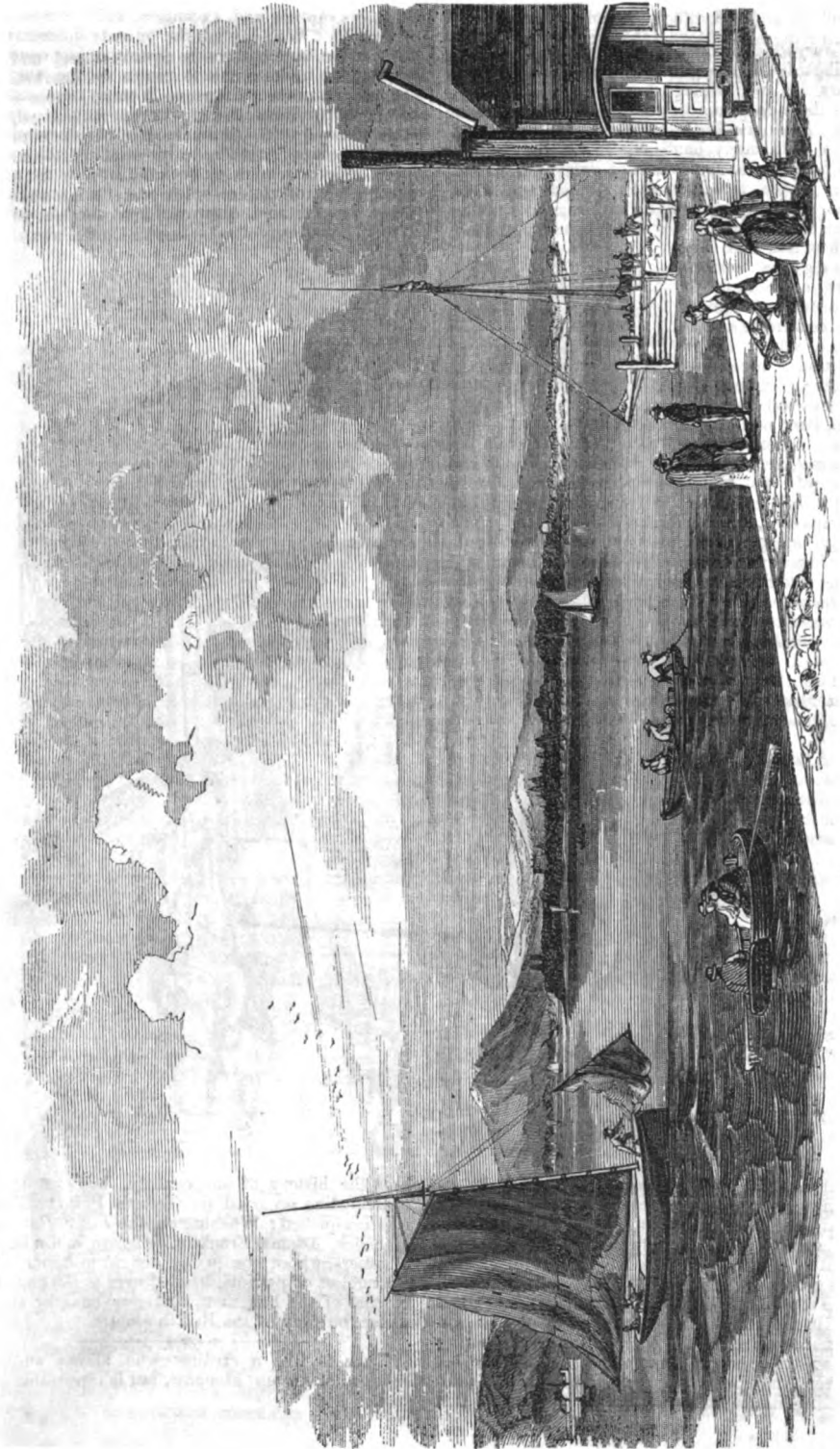


pretext, and he was compelled to make the attempt with the field-piece. On sending to General Lamb, at West Point, for ammunition, that officer returned a limited supply, with the remark that he hoped it would be used sparingly, as, in his opinion, firing at a vessel with a four-pounder was a waste of powder. Little did he or Colonel Livingston think of the importance of that cannonade. It drove the Vulture from her mooring down the river, thus increasing the distance between Andre and his means of escape, and compelling him to attempt a return by land, which

been the history of our country, had not that cannonading occurred on Teller's Point! The rebellion quelled; Washington, the *Pater Patria*, Hancock, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, and a host of others, whom we to day delight to honor as the noblest of patriots, handed over to the tender mercies of the hangman, and our country still under the sway of the British sceptre.

Time is like a creditor who allows ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

SKETCHES OF SING SING, N. Y.



TELLER'S POINT, FROM SING SING, NEW YORK.

## A GLIMPSE AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

Everybody has heard of Boulogne, on the coast of Picardy, France, and within two or three hours' sail of the English coast. It is divided into the upper and lower town. The latter, called Boulogne-Sur-Mer, is a very interesting place, with many handsome streets and houses, and many queer nooks and corners, and many queer people, the fishermen, women and girls most attracting the notice of strangers. Boulogne is a bishopric, and contains six churches, a hospital, an exchange, a maritime court, a society for the promotion of agriculture, commerce and the arts, a school for instruction in navigation, sea-baths, manufactories of soap, earthenware, linen and woolen cloths. Herring and mackerel, large quantities of which are caught off the coast, Champagne and Burgundy wines, coal, corn, butter, linen and woolen stuffs, are the articles of export. The cheapness of living induces many English people of limited incomes to establish themselves at Boulogne, and you see as many English as French faces in strolling about the town. Our illustrative sketches will be confined to the fishermen of Boulogne. The first engraving represents one of the streets in that part of the town where they reside, with the steep steps that descend into it, the windows of the lower stories secured by stout shutters, and shrimp-girls, bare-legged and loaded with baskets and nets, paddling up and down. The figure in the foreground represents one of the shrimp-girls of Boulogne. She is starting for her daily toil with her heavy basket on her back, and her net with its long handle folded up on her shoulder. The manner of collecting the shrimps is shown in our next engraving. The girl wades knee-deep in the shallows, pushing the net before

her. These shrimps are in great demand and bring a high price in the Boulogne fish-market. The last picture shows a group of these people—sturdy, hardy and honest, big-booted, red-shirted, woolen-capped men, old and young women with curt petticoats, chunky boys and children. These fishermen and their families live in a quarter by themselves. They are a peculiar people, and live as much apart from the rest of Boulogne as if they lived a hundred miles away.



STREET IN THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.



Some of the peculiarities of these people are very singular. In the first place we learn that they are proud and exclusive; for whilst they all work hard—the men on the sea and the women at home at net-mending and selling the produce of their husbands' labors—they entertain such a sense of their own superiority to the bourgeois below, that if any one of their class, man or woman, were to marry a shop-keeper, he or she would lose caste, and it is said would be driven from the community. And this has always been their character. Formerly, nearly the whole of the town was in their hands, and the shop-keepers were considered to be a lower

race, tolerated as necessary to minister to their wants. And though this has changed, and the greater part of Boulogne is occupied by the people they look down upon, they still entertain the same feelings. It is amusing to see these tall, sturdy fellows tramping down the stairs from their heights, dressed in their rough woolen shirts, huge boots reaching to their hips, and red worsted caps. These sturdy men, whilst they refuse to stoop to those whom they fancy beneath them, will not on the other hand, sunkey to those above them. In the Fishermen's Quarter, a duchess might pass through without notice, and a millionaire draper would be looked

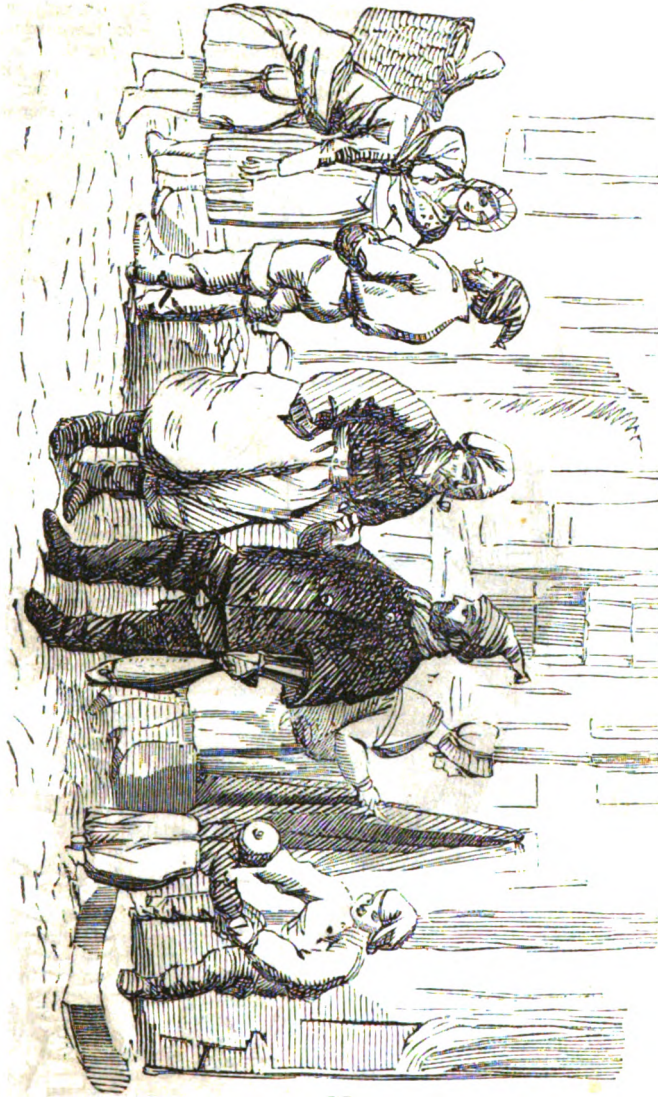


GATHERING SHRIMPS NEAR BOULOGNE.

upon with silent contempt. Boulogne is more than a mere watering-place like Margate, Ramsgate, etc.—it is really a fine old town, the permanent residence of many hundreds of English families, and moreover, now it is the great high-way to Paris, Switzerland and the East. This

be. He says: "To all who are 'about to go to Boulogne to live very cheaply,' we say—don't. The cheapness of Boulogne is a fiction. It is not a dear place compared with England, but certainly it is not remarkable for cheapness. Lodging, bread, meat, fish, vegetables, grocery

BOULOGNE FISHERMEN.

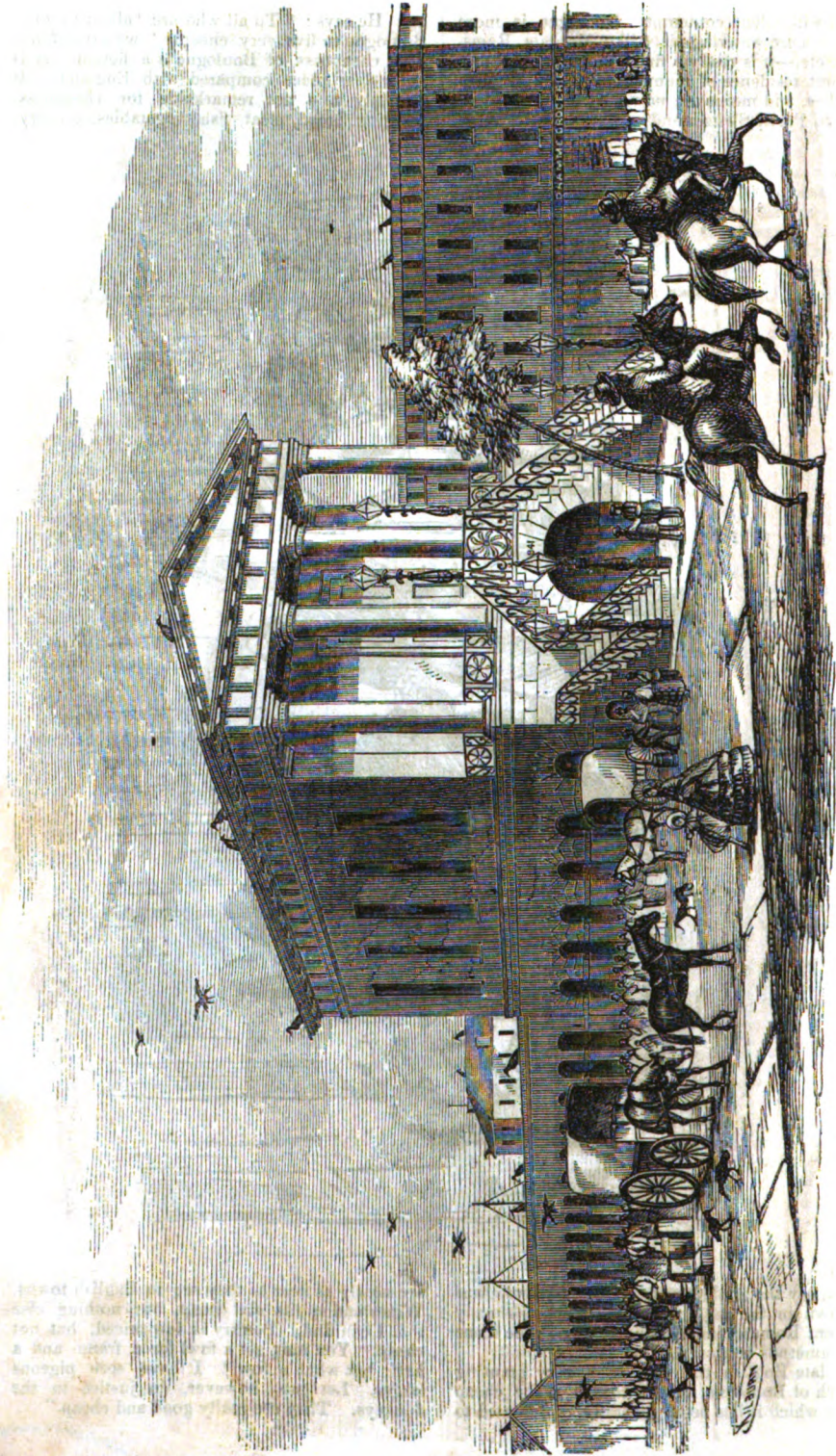


town, say the guide books, is very ancient, was a town in the days of Julius Caesar, has many ancient Roman remains, and has been the scene of numerous battles.

A late English traveller, in a very amusing sketch of Boulogne, denies that it is the cheap place which it has been generally represented to

are nearly as dear as they are in English towns. Wines and spirits are cheap, but nothing else that I can find. Poultry is low-priced, but not cheap. You may get a fowl for a franc and a half; but what a fowl! I have seen pigeons larger. Let me, however, do justice to the donkeys. They are really good and cheap."

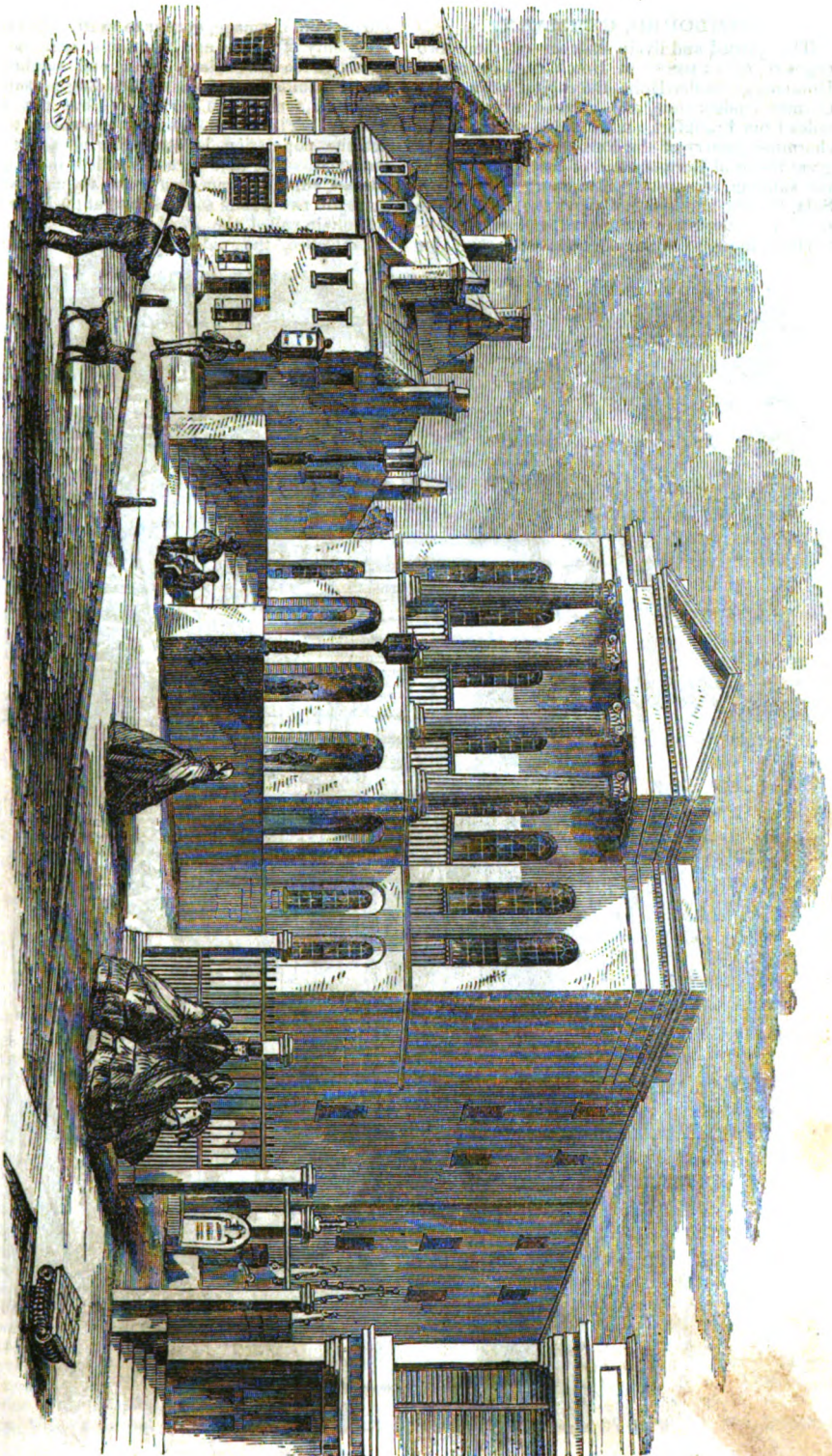




CITY MARKET, CHARLESTON, S. C.



CHARLESTON THEATRE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

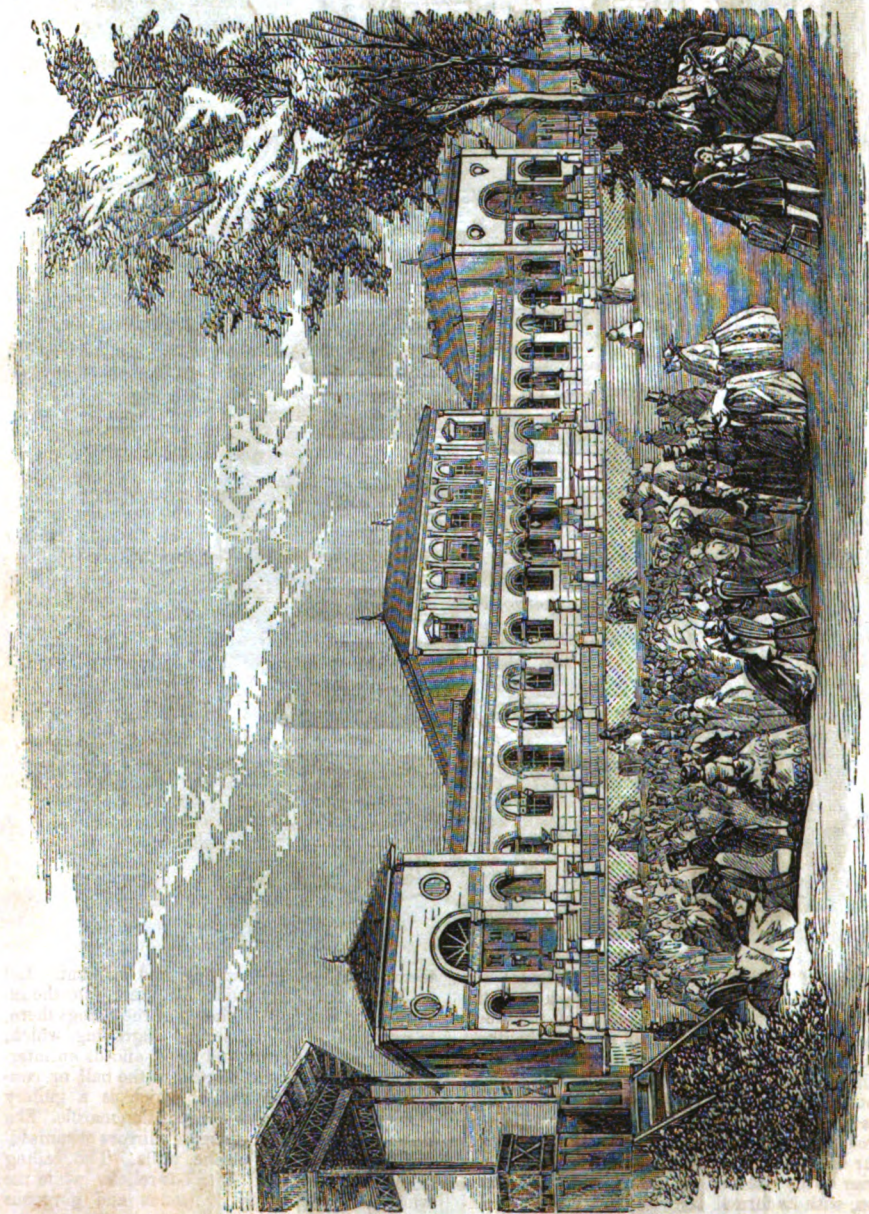




## HOMBOURG, GERMANY.

The spirited and lively sketches on these two pages represent scenes at Hombourg, or rather Hombourg-von-der-Hohe, the capital of a little German landgraviate, and situated about eight miles from Frankfort, amidst some of the most charming scenery of the European continent, the great resort of Germans and of foreigners during the summer seasons. "Hombourg," says Mr. Sala, "is six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The streets are well-paved, and scrupulously clean, though not the slightest apparatus for

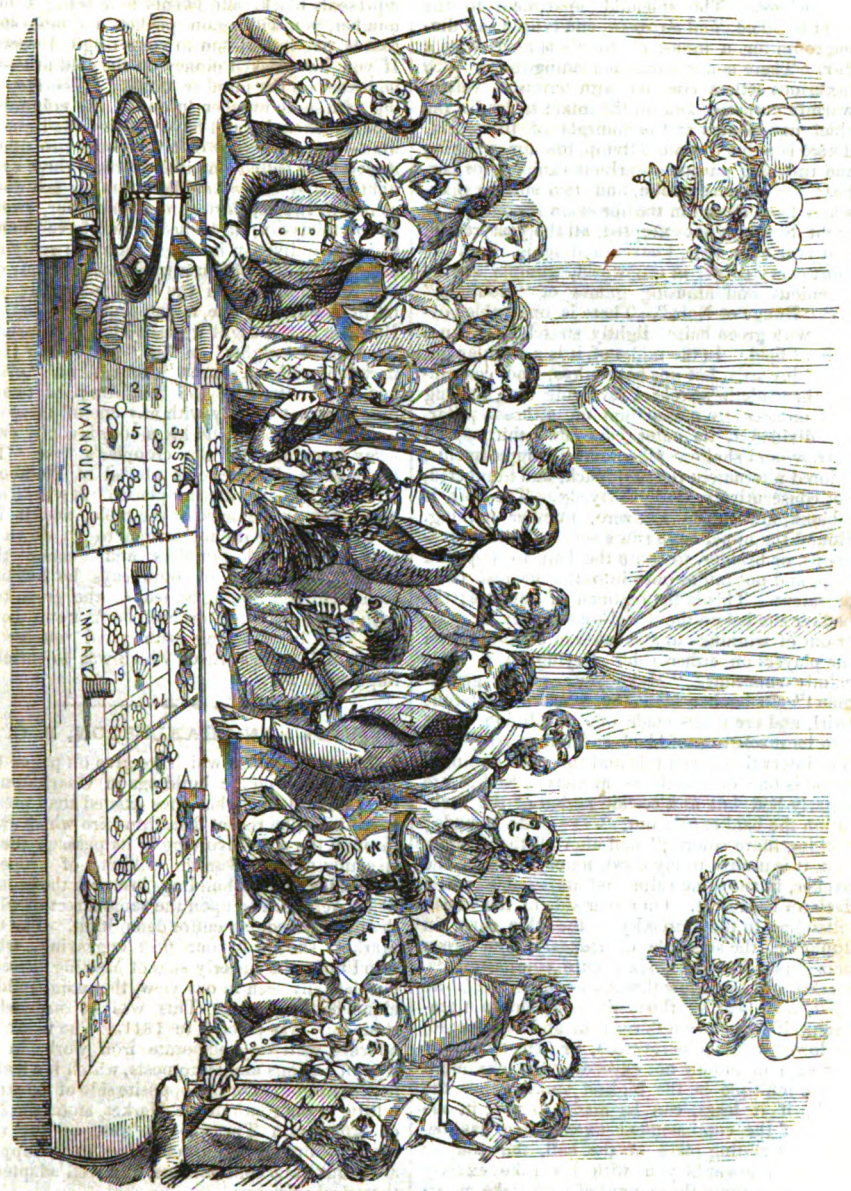
purposes of drainage, appear to exist. But there are plenty of pumps and fountains, and the air seems to be particularly clear and salubrious. The inhabitants and the surrounding peasantry, male and female, are very ugly, but not very healthy. There is an old town and a new town, and the population is computed at about six thousand. The main street is called the *Luisen Strasse*, running from southeast to northwest; there are two public squares, and at the lower end a fountain called the *Pombehjbrunnen*, 'from its resemblance,' the guide-books say, 'to a fountain



THE KURSAAL, HOMBOURG, GERMANY.



THE ROULETTE TABLE, HOMBOURG KASZAL.



dug out of the ruins of that city.' Besides the Luisen Strasse there are the Promenade and the Dorothean Strasse, the Haingasse and the Oberthor, and half way up the main street is the finest building in the town, the Kursaal. The state religion is Protestant. There is also a Roman Catholic church, and in the Juden Strasse there is a synagogue. The communicants of the different persuasions live together in harmony." Our first sketch represents the gardens and exterior of the Kursaal, the grand centre of attraction, with its formal terraces and formal archi-

tecture, but within dazzling and brilliant. Let us follow our lively guide, Mr. Sala, into the interior, and condense a sketch of the doings there, in explanation of our second engraving, which, with its varied figures and faces, affords an interesting study. In the Kursaal is the ball or concert room, at either end of which is a gallery supported by pillars of composition marble. The floors are inlaid, and immense mirrors in sumptuous frames are hung on the walls. The ceiling is superbly decorated with bas-reliefs, while the whole is lighted up by enormous and gorguous



chandeliers. The splendid apartment to the right is called *Saal Japanese*, and is used as a dining-room for a monster *table d'hôte* held twice a day. There is a sumptuous reading-room, with luxurious settees covered with crimson velvet, warmly carpeted, and on the inlaid tables lie the chief newspapers and periodicals of the world. There is a huge *Café Olympique* for smoking and imbibing purposes—private cabinets for parties; the monster saloon, and two smaller ones, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night, Sundays not excepted, all the year round, and year after year, knaves and fools, from almost every corner in the world, gamble at the ingenious and amusing games of "Roulette," and "Rouge et Noir." There is one table covered with green baize, tightly stretched as on a billiard-field. In the midst of it is a circular pit, coved inwards, but not bottomless, and containing the roulette-wheel; a revolving disc, turning with an accurate momentum on a brass pillar, and divided at its outer edge into thirty-seven narrow and shallow pigeon-hole compartments, colored alternately red and black, and numbered, not consecutively, up to thirty-six. The last is a blank, and stands for zero, number nothing. Round the upper edge run a series of little brass hoops, or bridges, to cause the ball to hop and skip, and not fall at once into the nearest compartment. This is the regimen of roulette; the banker sits before the wheel—a croupier, or payer-out of winnings to and raker-in of losses from the players on either side. Crying in a voice calmly sonorous, "Make your game, gentlemen!" the banker gives the wheel a dexterous twirl, and ere it has made one revolution, casts into its maelstrom of black and red an ivory ball. The interval between this and the ball finding a home is one of breathless anxiety. Stakes are eagerly laid, but at a certain period of the revolution the banker calls out, "The game is made; nothing more counts;" and after all that intimation, it is useless to lay down money. Then the banker, in the same calm and impassive voice, declares the result. On either side of the wheel, extending to the extremity of the table runs, in duplicate, the schedule of stakes. The green baize first offers thirty-six square compartments, marked out by yellow threads woven in the fabric itself, and bearing thirty-six consecutive numbers. If you place a florin (one and eightpence, no lower stake is permitted), or ten florins, or any sum of money not exceeding the maximum whose multiple is the highest stake which the bank, if it loses, can be made to pay, in the midst of the compartment twenty-nine has become the resting-place of the ball, the croupier will push towards you with his rake exactly thirty-three times the amount of your stake, whatever it might have been; bearing in mind, however, the bank's loss on a single stake is limited to eight thousand francs. Moreover, if you have placed another sum of money in the compartment inscribed, in legible yellow colors, "Impair," or odd, you will receive the equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being an odd number. If you have placed a coin on *passe*, you will also receive this additional equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being past the Rubicon, or middle of the table of numbers—eighteen. Again, if you have ventured your money in a compartment bearing for device a lozenge in outline, which

represents black, and twenty-nine being a black number, you will again pocket a double stake, that is, one in addition to your original venture. If you have risked money on the columns—that is, betted on the number turning up corresponding with some number in one of the columns of tabular schedule, and have selected the right column—you have your own stake and two others; if you have betted on either of these three eventualities, first dozen, middle dozen, or last dozen, as one to twelve, thirteen to twenty-four, twenty-five to thirty-six, all inclusive, and have chanced to select a division in which number twenty-nine occurs, you also obtain a treble stake—your own and two more which the bank pay you; your florin or whatever else, metamorphosed into three. But woe to the wight who shall have ventured on the number "eight," on the "red" color (compartment with a crimson lozenge), on "even," and on "not past" the Rubicon; for twenty-nine does not comply with any one of these conditions. He loses, and his money is coolly swept away from him by the croupier's rake. This is the game of roulette as played at Hombourg and the German watering-places. It will be seen that ladies are depicted at the table, and it is a fact that the fair do not scruple to sit down beside professional gamblers and "make their game." A friend of ours says he has often seen Henrietta Sontag seated at the green table with a pile of Napoleons and bank notes before her, eagerly watching with vivid interest the whirl of fortune's wheel, which was to enrich or impoverish her.

#### VIEWS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

The two pictures which we give on pages 112, 113, of noted public buildings in Charleston, S. C., rather define what once existed than present localities. The recent disastrous fire which swept through the city, involving in its passage the destruction of six or seven millions of property, also laid both these buildings low with the ground. They were located upon the same street of which the flames made an entire demolition. The City Market, shown in our first engraving, which stood upon the easterly side of Meeting Street, is but partially seen in our view, the main building alone being shown. This was constructed of stone, and was erected in 1841. The front was adorned with very elaborate iron work, in the way of railings and lamp-posts, which is a feature in Charleston. On the opposite side of the street, a little to the south of the Market, stood the New or Charleston Theatre. It was, as our view shows, simple and unpretending in its appearance, but quite commodious, and well adapted to theatrical purposes.

WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD. To the question "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint answers as follows: The weight of one million dollars United States currency in gold, is 53,750 troy ounces. This makes 4479 pounds 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 pounds to each ton. As weighty as it is, no doubt if the amount were offered to anybody who would lift it, enough persons would be found ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

ABYSSINIANS FEASTING ON RAW MEAT.



## THE ABYSSINIANS.

The scenes presented to the reader on pages 117—119 are derived from a far-off land. Abyssinia, in the far east of Africa, forms an elevated table-land, and contains many fertile valleys, watered by numerous rivers, the chief of which are the Abai (Bahr-el-Azrek or "Blue Nile"), the Tacazze and the Hawash. Many of the rivers are lost in the sands, or only reach the sea during the rainy season. Lake Dembea or Tzana, about fifty miles in length, is the largest in the country. The highest mountain range is in the southwest table-land, where the peak of Abba Yaret rises 15,000 feet, and Mount Buahat 14,364 feet. The upper part of these mountains is covered with snow, while their sides are clothed with trees and fine grass. The temperature of Abyssinia is much lower than that of Nubia or Egypt, owing to the elevation of the soil, the numerous rivers, and the copious rains of summer. The mineral products of the country are iron-ore, rock-salt, and a small quantity of gold. The cultivated grains are wheat, barley, oats, maize, rice and millet. All the wild animals indigenous to Africa, as lions, elephants, buffaloes, leopards, etc., are found in Abyssinia; and domestic animals, horses, mules, asses, cattle, sheep and goats, are reared in great abun-

dance. The industry and commerce of the Abyssinians have made some progress. They manufacture tanned hides for tents, shields of hide, agricultural implements, coarse cotton and woolen cloths, glass and tobacco. The imports include raw cotton, pepper, blue and red cotton cloth, glass and tobacco.

Abyssinia was comprised in ancient Ethiopia, and appears to have been the cradle of African civilization, but the early history of the people is merely traditional. They were converted to Christianity in the time of Constantine, and their first rulers seem to have possessed great influence. The present inhabitants have preserved nothing of their former power—the Turks on one side, and the ferocious Gallas on the other, have almost entirely separated them from the other nations. Ankobar, capital of the kingdom of Shoa, is the only place deserving the name of a town in Abyssinia. The first engraving of our series, on page 117, representing life in Abyssinia, shows us the interior of an Abyssinian house, built of stone, and belonging to a chief. On the walls are suspended arms, lances and shields, while guards are posted to secure the privacy of the host and his guests, who are seated at a long, low table. The plates used are not of wood, metal, or earthenware, but are made of



ABYSSINIAN WOMAN AND WATER-CARRIER.





ABYSSINIAN WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN.

cakes of corn, dourah or barley. The entertainment is usually commenced with prayer. Every one makes the sign of the cross and says *Amen*, after which the servants begin to serve the dishes. Then is brought on the *brondou*, the favorite food of the Abyssinians, raw, in fact almost live flesh. It is warm, and is eaten while smoking and palpitating. An ox is knocked down and slaughtered before the eyes of the guests. An immense mass is first served to the host, who cuts off two or three pounds, and then passes it to the most honored guests. Servants bring huge masses of the smoking beef to the others. Travellers describe such a feast as a terrible ordeal to their nerves. The guests appear to be naked to one sitting at the table, for Abyssinian etiquette requires them to let their drapery fall from their black shoulders, and it remains attached to the waist. The guests look like so many demons, as they tear the beef to pieces with ferocious eagerness. The blood flows from their lips and stains their hands, while their eyes sparkle with a savage delight. The stranger might easily fancy himself the guest of a band of cannibals. Some slice their meat into strips; others fix their teeth in a huge piece, dexterously severing huge morsels with their keen knives. The sol-

diers on guard at table are also served with meat, but with them the sabre serves instead of a knife. When the *brondou* has circulated sufficiently, the table is covered with large dishes filled with meat variously prepared—some containing minced beef, others legs of mutton loaded with red pepper. The Abyssinians do not drink at their meals; they eat first and drink afterwards. As there is a prodigality in eating, so there is a profusion in drinkables. They serve hydromel (*tech*), and a sort of beer called *bouza*, in large pitchers. They drink deep, as they eat gluttonously. As soon as a can is empty, it is filled and drained again. The result of this sharp practice may easily be guessed. All talk and gesticulate at once, and the confusion is terrible. Our second engraving shows an Abyssinian lady in walking costume. The dress is white, with scarlet borders. She carries a parasol of palm leaf. The other figures in this scene are a female water-carrier, and an Abyssinian of the lower class. The women of the lower classes work very hard. Our third engraving shows one of them engaged in grinding corn by means of a heavy stone—a laborious task. The manners of the Abyssinians are certainly strange enough to satisfy the most eager lover of novelty.



**APPLETON CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.**

The beautiful engraving on this page, is a view of the chapel of Harvard College, used for daily prayers, and for services on the Sabbath. The chapel was designed by Mr. Paul Suhulze, a German architect established in this city. It is quite a conspicuous feature in the group of university buildings which occupy the level tract,

diversified with noble trees, comprising the territory of the college. This venerated institution is now more than two centuries and a quarter old, and is the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1636. The first president was Henry Dunster, who, with his successor, was educated in England. Cornelius C. Felton, LL. D., is now at the head of the institution.



APPLETON CHAPEL, HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



[ORIGINAL.]

## TIME AND CHANGE.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

O, pilgrim Time, who journeyest on  
 O'er empire dust and crumbling throne  
 That line the track of ages gone  
 Where history breathes her far-off moan,  
 Thou leav'st forever in thy flight  
 The heart's poor hope and fear behind,  
 Till death wave on the closing night,  
 And dry worlds toss along the wind.

Gray Time, thou mov'st with palsied limb;  
 Thy face is carved in glooming woe;  
 Thy fading eye grows coldly dim  
 Beneath thy scanted crown of snow!  
 One day thou'lt see the eternal strand,  
 And angels bear thy form to rest,  
 As Judah's chief from Nebo scanned  
 The golden plane Jehovah blessed.

O, youthful Change, thou tireless form!  
 Earth bows before thy final doom;  
 Age may not chain thy lightning storm,  
 Or crush thy century-plant in bloom.  
 As creed, and law, and glory fade,  
 We rear new shrines along the way,  
 And lift new cries, and backward shade  
 The paling light of truth's new day!

Within Columbia's favored land  
 Ye sap the broad foundations laid;  
 Rebellion draws the murderous brand,  
 Our sons for conflict stand arrayed!  
 While Right and Freedom head the line,  
 God save the meteor "Stripes and Stars,"  
 Till ages round their pathway shine,  
 And Rhalia break the sword of Mars!

O Change, though clothed in menial guise,  
 Thou art the life, the soul of time!  
 An angel from the holier skies,  
 To show th' Eternal's truth's sublime.  
 Thy frown is but thy smile withdrawn  
 At eve to grace the far-off shrine,  
 'Twill come with clouds of crimson dawn,  
 In glory robed by hands divine.

Thrice glorious hope—lone souls to cheer,  
 While storm-winds rock the trembling world:  
 Lead, till thou reach the golden year,  
 And treason's midnight wings be furled;  
 Till peace come down, an angel guest,  
 And heaven peal out the morning chime,  
 And sin, and care, and death shall rest  
 Within the close-barred grave of time!

As in a letter, if the paper is small and we have much to write, we write closer, so let us learn to economize and improve the remaining moments of life.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CORNET'S WAGER.

## A STORY OF QUEBEC.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## I.

## A HUNDRED GUINEAS AGAINST A DRAGOON'S HEART.

SEVEN years ago! What tempests and changes in life—what sorrows and joys—may be embraced within seven years! Yet it seems like yesterday that the events recorded in these columns agitated the lives of many in the quaint old city—Quebec—that sole relic on the American continent of ancient architecture, where walls and turrets, huge bastions, and massive gateways were considered indispensable for a city's safety.

In a large and sumptuously furnished apartment, fronting Lewis Street, near the Esplanade, were gathered about a half dozen gentlemen, on this dreamy, breezy evening in early June. It was plain to be seen they belonged to the army, for whilst two or three were in military undress, the rest were equipped as fully as if just from parade, which really was so, for they had not quitted this, their club room, since they had dined after the dress drill upon the Esplanade in the afternoon.

Let us glance at the group. There was Major Jack Dorney, the jolliest officer in the 21st, the merriest "three-bottle man" in the corps, who owed every tradesman in the town, but who would have sold out, rather than not pay his debts at the gaming-table. Colonel Davidge, a showy, pompous officer, with huge whiskers, black and carefully trimmed, which he stroked continually with a satisfied air, as he guaranteed the conversation with a knowing word now and then.

Then the most distinguished amongst the younger men were two which it is our purpose to describe more minutely. The first, Cornet Wilton, of the dragoons, the other a French artillery officer, M. de Lescours. Arthur Wilton was the only son of an idolizing father, the Hon. Mr. Wilton, of Groves Range, Somersetshire, England, who had yielded to his son's desire to buy him a cornet's commission in the —st Dragoons, only after the most earnest entreaty of Arthur, who had his hopes realized of at once becoming an officer of her majesty's troops, and seeing the country he had read so much about. Scarcely twenty-four years of age, rich

and very handsome, thrown into the company of man much older than himself, flattered and caressed by all, it is no wonder that Arthur was beginning to imitate the vices of the old campaigners, and also indulging in a degree of egotism unpardonable in any one with less actual merits than he possessed. But he was the idol of his company; he had been at this station but a year, was well disciplined, brave, and generous to all. No wonder, then, that the name of Arthur Wilton was hailed with delight, in either mess-room or social circle.

But little was known of M. de Lescours, other than this—he was the honored guest of the town major, had brought letters from high sources at “home,” was agreeable, intelligent and travelled; his light and graceful conversation pleased all; but at times there was a wandering of the eyes, that restless motion which betokens watchfulness or anxiety which detracted from the harmonious expression of his bland face.

Seated around a large table, on whose crimson cloth the long-necked, graceful bottles were strewn, were all the gentlemen; most of them, it was plain to be seen, had drunk deeply—the conversation had reached that hilarious pitch when wine is the dictator, and reason has crept behind the door.

“Fill up, fill up!” cried Major Jack; his red nose still more rubicund. “We have drunk all royal toasts, and it is left for me to name the last and best, the very utterance of which shall crown your wine with perfume—”

“Hear our good, rapturous Major Jack,” said Colonel Davidge, coolly. “What new Phyllis has conquered our Strephon’s heart?”

“Or rosy French girl.”

“’Tis the landlady at ‘The Jesuits College.’”

“I’ll swear ’tis the poor band-master’s wife, now!” were the exclamations shouted out before the major could fill his glass.

“Silence!” thundered the major, as he held up his narrow-stemmed glass filled to the brim with the amber liquid. “Silence! or you shall perish in ignorance. Davidge, you’re a savage. De Lescours, you’re an infidel. Wilton, you popinjay, wait till your beard grows ere—”

“Come, my long-winded major, her name, her name?” interrupted the colonel, again.

“Ay, her name?” shouted the chorus.

To his feet the tipsy major staggered. “The belle of the world,” he said. “The embodied fragrance of all earth’s flowers. To her who is colder than ice, and purer than snow. I drink—with all respect, be it understood—the health of Bertha Allyn!”

Each glass was drained, but the effect of that

name was different on each person. The Frenchman bit the edge of the glass suddenly, until it cracked beneath the pressure, and half of his wine was spilled upon the carpet, as he muttered between his teeth:

“Ha, *Je suis dans les coulisses* (I am behind the scenes).”

“The American belle, eh?” asked Arthur, with the first appearance of interest.

“Yes, the fair American who has fired every heart in Quebec with love,” answered Colonel Davidge.

“All the old fellows, I suppose?”

“You deserve not to know her for your impertinence.”

“Fie, I don’t want to. My list is full. I fairly walk on hearts in this stupid town, St. Roch, the suburbs, all are paved with them. Ha, ha!”

“Vain boy! I intended you should know her to-morrow night—you shall, too, if only to give a scathing lesson to your vanity.”

“Show me your little plebeian, major. Does she know her fat lover raves about her when he’s drunk?”

The Frenchman started up as if he was struck, his fist came crashing down upon the table, making the glasses ring again, but he seemed to master himself by a superhuman effort, and drank off hurriedly a glass of brandy. The major quickly replied to Arthur’s badinage.

“I will wager you a hundred sovereigns that you will be madly in love with her in a fortnight, and that in a month she would dismiss you if you proposed to her.”

The young cornet’s lips curled scornfully as he replied with nonchalance:

“Make it guineas, my dear major, and I am yours.”

The company, at this strange wager, drew towards the couple; every hair of the Frenchman’s moustache seemed to writhe as the lips beneath it quivered. Cornet Wilton pulled out a heavy purse and showered the gold upon the table, carelessly counting it. Major Dorney commenced to scribble an “I O U,” but the young man smilingly and coolly reminded him:

“Gold against gold, my dear major,” and with some difficulty the latter made his sum complete.

“Now to have this little affair well understood, draw up in writing the conditions,” suggested Arthur.

And, after the stipulations of the bet were written, it was agreed that the proofs of his having won the bet should rest with the young dragoon, that he should clearly show to the major that not only would he be heart-free in regard

to the young American, but that he should actually propose to her and be accepted. And whilst this mad bargain was being entered into, Monsieur de Lescours seemed to be the most riotous in mirth.

## II.

### A RUNAWAY, AND LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

THE next morning found Arthur Wilton heartily ashamed of the wild agreement into which his folly had led him while flushed with wine. His better nature, and his respect for womankind, all taught him that he had tarnished his honor, in entering into such a compact, which was born in frivolity, and mayhap would end in sorrow and pain. It was therefore in a slow and thoughtful mood he wended his way from his quarters at the citadel towards the town, on the following morning.

His beautiful chestnut mare chafed and pranced impatiently at the curb so tightly drawn, and seemed to be wanting to fly over the level roads which laid beyond St. Roch; the soft June breezes sweeping towards them full of delicious odors; the swelling downs in the distance, so inviting to the eye, as the zephyrs waved the deep green verdure like the roll of the emerald sea, all was lost upon the young cornet until he neared the palace gate, when he seemed to be aroused from his reverie, not so much by the quiet beauty of the scene, nor by the sound of the quick *reveille* which the drums were so loudly beating; but a confused noise and hum was heard in the distance, and in an instant the young dragoon comprehended all the danger involved.

A short distance before him, and coming up the hill from the parish at a fearful speed full towards the massive gate was a large black horse, who bore upon his back a lady, whose long habit flowing, her hair disengaged, and flowing in a mass around her shoulders, showed him that the horse was beyond her control. Up, up the hill he dashed, the thick foam flying over the lady's habit like snow, and with awful velocity speeding onward. Once or twice he stumbled almost on his knees, but in an instant was up again, spurning stones from beneath his hoofs, striking fire at each bound from the flinty roads.

The lady kept her seat, and Arthur could see she was still struggling for the mastery with the beast, and now he beheld for the first time, at a distance behind the lady, a man, also mounted, dashing after the runaway. As the heroic horsewoman (whose face was blanched, and yet she spoke not) approached the gate, it was evident that the catastrophe would occur there the rather,

as two heedless soldiers had rapidly descended from the guardhouses, and had closed the main gate, leaving only the footpath open.

In a moment Arthur Wilton bounded from his horse, leaped from the road through the footpassage, and had hardly gained the outside wall ere the blinded, furious runaway was upon it. He could only grasp at the bridle, and throw the powerful animal back for an instant, ere the horse was away again, and down in the narrow passage struggling upon his back; but in that instant the lady had slipped from her saddle into the arms of the dragoon, and she was saved from almost certain death; but Arthur did not escape without injury, for in the effort to stop the horse's mad career, he had crushed one of his feet quite badly.

At the moment of the lady's rescue by the brave cornet, the horseman who had evidently accompanied her, came up, but no sooner did he comprehend the scene, than he said, with bitter emphasis, to Wilton:

"Ah, monsieur, you have had a good introduction."

"De Lescours, I have had the pleasure of assisting this lady. Pray, miss, are you much hurt? I beg that you will lean upon me. We will walk into the guard-house."

"O, sir," spoke the lady, for the first time, "I have so much to thank you for. But, pray assist my poor horse there. I am really faint, now."

"Allow me to relieve you, sir," said De Lescours, abruptly and haughtily, as he offered his arm to the lady, who seemed to perceive for the first time that Arthur limped, and a shade of pain passed over his features.

"O, sir, you are hurt. Do, I beg of you, come in—"

"O, it is nothing, miss, I assure you. Bruised my foot a little, that is all. I will be with you in an instant. There, my man, show the lady in. I will follow quickly."

But as they disappeared, the pain in Arthur's foot became so intense that he was assisted over to the surgeon's quarters, which luckily happened to be close at hand, and had his foot examined and dressed. One of the small bones was broken, and the foot contused considerably, but no serious injury was the result. But when the cornet limped over to the palace gate, he found the lady and her attendant had departed, but the former had left her card for him, on which she had written as follows:

"BRAVE SIR:—I thank you more than I can say. My father will also tell you how much he owes you, if you will call on us.

"BERTHA ALLYN."

Arthur Wilton was dumbfounded. This, then, was the beautiful American! And she was surpassingly lovely, he had thought, as she lay for a moment in his arms, her face pale as alabaster, her eyes closed, and her heavy brown hair falling in confusion to her waist. This, then, was the creature he had wagered he would never love, when at their first meeting her glance of kindness, and her sweet words of thanks, made his color come and go, and his heart beat fast with pleasure to which before he was a stranger! His bosom was in a tumult. The romance of their meeting was so strange he could scarcely credit it; but—but—Fie upon it, he was no silly boy, he thought, to be caught thus by a pretty face, and a delicate bit of adventure; but still he must see her that night. He would keep his appointment with Major Dorney, his crushed foot to the contrary notwithstanding, and win his wager after all.

"My father, this is the gentleman who, at the risk of his life—and the expense of a crushed foot—saved mine this morning. Thank him for me."

"My dear sir, how poor are words when we would speak such thanks as I give you for your bravery this morning, which saved my Bertha's life—"

"Nay, nay, I beg of you do not refer to it again; I am more than repaid in your good wishes, and in your daughter's acquaintance, although so strangely formed this morning."

And in the spacious, brilliant rooms of General Lambert that evening, the above conversation began. The old, white-haired, courtly gentleman, Bertha's father, held the young officer's hand, while tears, big tears of heartfelt gratitude filled his eyes. The daughter, radiant and smiling, stood by his side, and when the handsome young cornet spoke the last words, he bent over the white hand of Bertha and touched her taper fingers respectfully with his lips. At this instant Major Dorney came up, accompanied by the Frenchman, the former, after saluting the lady and her father, whispered slyly to Arthur:

"I shall draw on you to-morrow; you're caught already."

But M. de Lescours's eyes blazed with fury. He nodded haughtily to Wilton, and immediately devoted himself to Bertha, who treated him coldly, and seemed to avoid him.

"I am sorry that by your accident you are not able to dance. I know at least that is one pleasure you are deprived of through me," said Bertha to Arthur.

"Then, since through you," he answered gal-

lantly, "I am disabled, I look to you to remedy the evil. Will you not walk towards the window and bear me company in star-gazing, which will overbalance my pleasure in dancing?"

"Miss Allyn, will you not dance? I think you promised me—" quickly interfered De Lescours.

"I have just promised Mr. Wilton my company," replied the lady, coldly, and taking the officer's proffered arm, he led her to a seat at the window, leaving the artillery-officer gazing after them with looks expressive of the deepest hate.

The broken moon rolling amongst the clouds in the deep blue sky, sending her soft light down on the trees which throw such strange shadows over the castle—that filmy, hazy light softening each object it envelopes, and shimmering on the waters of the swift-running St. Lawrence, and resting on the tin-pointed gables and roofs of the houses—the evening dew pressing out fragrance from the flowers which it caresses, while soft zephyrs waft to the senses the delicious odors; within, the swell of the fine music, rising and falling in voluptuous cadences, and filling the air with harmony; around, mirth and joy, and all conspiring to produce a feeling of profound peace.

By the side of her, the glorious queen of women, entranced Arthur Wilton sat, more thoughtful, more subdued than ever, for when the heart feels most, the tongue refuses to trip so lightly. The brilliant, witty, and versatile, had become the dreamy and reflective man. One day—ah, what it had accomplished! The night before a careless, reckless youth. To-night, sitting a captive at the feet of beauty he had, unknowing it, despised—the slave of a sweet, controlling magnetism which seemed to spell his soul, holding mind and heart alike in a strange but certain bondage.

And Bertha Allyn—regally beautiful, courted, and a belle—never till now had her soul been drawn towards another. But a something in the look or tone of the young officer would send the blood bounding to her heart in quick torrents. But lo, woman's tact rises superior to man's resources in such cases as these. Her voice was even, her face placid; her eyes alone, if they had been rightly read, would have shown in their depths the new-born tenderness which had sprung up for the brave youth at her side. And thus the time sped on. The fair American, when not engaged in the dance, returning for an instant to speak a kind word to Arthur Wilton, and when surrounded by the gay officers, and the merry repartee passing quickly, her inner thoughts were

floating in a rosier, sweeter atmosphere, her eyes would seek the shaded corner where the young dragoon reposed, and always met in his own a quick, watched-for recognition. How sweet to love, and be beloved!

### III.

#### THE WAGER WON, BUT THE LADY LOST.

THE month had nearly expired when the cornet was either to win or lose the guineas which had been staked so rashly. But each day found that young officer more and more enamored of Bertha Allyn, and more ashamed of the wager he had so foolishly made. It seemed to him each hour that the bet stood thus, that it militated against the respect, as well as love, which he bore the maiden, and as one seemed born with the other, he determined to give up the gold to the jovial major, and acknowledge that, no matter what his success with the lady was, at least he was madly, deeply in love for the first time in his life. So on parade that day he asked Major Dorney to meet him at the club in the evening after the review on the Esplanade, and he would settle his bet, while the major, with a mischievous twinkle in his small eyes, asked:

"You mean to make me pay it, eh?"

"Ah, I shall be the gainer, I assure you," replied Arthur Wilton, meaning that losing all his gold, would still leave him richer, if but dowered with a kind look from Bertha.

M. de Lescours heard the remark of Wilton, and attributing it literally, no doubt, muttered to himself:

"So, then, it is not an earnest game our dragoon is playing. *Ciel, a la fin mon Berthe.*"

It was nearly dusk on the evening of that day, and Bertha sat in the large bay window of General Lambert's mansion, half hidden by the heavy lace curtains which fell around her, forming a careless classical drapery which suited well her statuesque appearance. The window was up, and the sweet south breezes laden with their wealth of violet odors, stole softly into the room. It was twilight in her heart as well as on the earth, that still repose, that sweet reflection, as if earth and heaven at last were harmonious, was felt in the delicious peace which permeated her whole being.

The sun had just sunk behind the far-off western hills, but his molten purple and golden glory still flooded the horizon, and covered the earth with that rosy haze, that pearly mist which softens so earth's outlines, and casts such strange, wierd shadows on the bright, wooded hills and swelling downs, till the bright lights of day are

covered with the creeping shades, first steel-gray then sombre black, and night, canopying the earth with her "hollow gulf of stars," assumes her mystic reign. So Bertha watched the changes—but who shall say her thoughts were of them?—until a hand in the cosy recess lightly touched her shoulder, and a bland, smooth voice whispered:

"Are you dreaming, fair lady, amongst the shadows, and the sunset's depths?"

It was De Lescours who spoke, and who had entered the room softly and unannounced. When Bertha discovered who her visitor was she seemed embarrassed. If her thoughts had been of any mortal, it was evident M. de Lescours was not that favored one.

"Ah, monsieur, is it you? What a beautiful sunset we have had! See, in the mellow twilight we can distinguish the little Indian village of Lorette, and I even fancy in this sweet stillness I can hear the rumbling of the Falls of Montmorenci. But have you seen my father? I will go and call him—"

But he put forth his hand as she arose to leave him, and said, his slight foreign accent sounding quite musical:

"No, Miss Allyn, to him I would not speak. I would talk to Bertha (pronouncing the name '*Bairta*')."

"I am honored, monsieur. What would you tell me? Of the next *coup* of your great Napoleon, or your last game of *ecarté*?"

"Ah, lady, with me you jest. I would tell you of these things not at all; but of a dearer, sweeter subject, so near my heart—ah, so long! Have not you guessed before, I love you?"

"I pray you, monsieur, speak not of this again. I would not pain you, indeed; but I cannot love you. I have never taught you to entertain such hopes—never."

"Sweet Bertha, are the bright flowers taught the sun to love? No, no; but yet they lift up their petals to his warm rays. I, for life care not if you do not consent to be my wife. O, take pity, beautiful one! I can give you wealth and station—"

"No more, I beg of you. I cannot love you. I am sorry you have conceived this passion for me. I never can be your wife."

"Then you love that boy, that bright-eyed fool who bets you love him when he sees you not."

"O, you rave, sir—I must not listen to you—permit me to pass to the drawing-room."

She arose with calm dignity, and was passing out of the recess, when he again interposed.

"Listen to me, Bertha. Cornet Wilton sports



with you. He wagered guineas one hundred, at his club, that you should love him, that in a month he should be accepted as your husband. The villain makes you the jest before his drunken *bon vivants*, he—"

As he poured forth each word his voice grew thick with rage, and as Bertha perceived there was really a method in his speech, she paused to listen, while her face became as marble, and her heart seemed to stand still, until it swelled up in her bosom as if it would burst its narrow prison, and with its freedom, let out his life.

"Prove this to me, monsieur; although of course I do not love this Arthur, still I should like to learn if such perfidy could exist in man."

And she tottered to a large chair near by, whilst De Lescours reached out to her the very agreement which was drawn up with the stipulations of the wager thereon, which the wily foreigner had procured surreptitiously from the confiding Major Dorney.

"This from him!" was all she said; but she crushed the paper tightly in her hand, which closed over the fragment like a vice, her head fell back for an instant, but in another moment she rose—ah, what lines of anguish had been traced athwart her pure, girlish, beautiful face in that one moment!—and looking upon De Lescours with a glance of scorn, she said, "I will not believe this of him, M. de Lescours. He is not base enough. I think you are a conspirator." And she left him crushed and trembling there as she passed out to her own apartments.

Dear heart, thy night of anguish, ah, who can even guess it? Mortal's knowledge can surely never compass the grief of one who, for the first time fully trusting, loving in her heart's core, is suddenly taught that the being she set up for a god, is but the poor, vain mass of clay who tramples upon weak hearts, and trades in treachery.

But with the dawn came the hope, growing brighter, greater, that Wilton was not so base a thing as to lend himself to such an act. And when a card was handed to her by her maid, with the sun shining so warmly, and her birds singing so gleefully, she could not believe she was to have such sadness for her portion. Pale, therefore, but very beautiful was she, when entering the drawing-room Arthur arose to meet her, his fine eyes expressing all the love his heart was burning to have acknowledged.

"You are pale this morning, Miss Allyn. May I hope our delicious ride to the falls yesterday did not fatigue you too much?"

"O, not at all. Was it not charming? But

I will not conceal from you that I am unwell and unhappy this morning, and you will agree with me I have ample cause for grief, when I tell you I have just discovered the treachery of a friend."

"Treacherous to you? Impossible! Who, knowing, could ever prove false to you?"

"Ah, I have the sad proofs by me. And heart-sad I am indeed, the more so as I have much cause to be grateful to the one who has proved so recreant—he saved my life once!"

"He!" caught up Wilton, quickly, never suspecting for a moment the real allusion, but a pang of jealousy assailing him. "Was he then a very dear friend?"

"I loved him as a brother, and would have staked my happiness on his truth to me. But all has passed. I shall never trust again—never!"

Her vehemence was startling in one usually so placid, and the pain visible in her whole being was so intense, that the generous Arthur was penetrated with grief. In the impetuosity of his nature, he broke forth:

"O, Bertha, dearest, beloved Bertha, let me atone by a lifetime of truth for this friend's falsity. Heart and brain is all thy own forever. I can offer you riches and position; you are my soul's need—my better nature demands you. O, Bertha, recognize this worship—be mine!"

And he clasped her hand to his heart as he poured forth in these fervent words his love. And what a history of grief, and yearning love and bitter struggle passed over Bertha's face in those few seconds! But her woman's nature, true to itself, prompted her to say:

"Prove to me, Arthur, that what you say is true, and my heart shall obey its promptings, and acknowledge you as its chief."

"How I long to prove my devotion, dearest; I only await the sweet task."

"Take this paper, then, and read it! O, Arthur, Arthur, is it—is it true?"

She leaned towards him as he read the document like one in a dream, her face betraying all her anxiety; but she read in his countenance all her worst fears realized. He had bargained for her love—he had wagered to win her—and the price was one hundred guineas. O, pitiful!

"Is it true, quickly, tell me?"

"It is, Bertha, but I swear to you—"

"O, Arthur Wilton, go, do not perjure yourself beside! You have won your wager, for I despise you. Despise your wealth and riches—all the honors you could heap upon me! You saved my life, but this one act has cancelled all. Never will I be your wife!" And leaving the

room, whilst her fainting spirit would assist her, Bertha heard not the last words of Wilton, nor saw him sink upon the *fauteuil*, murmuring :

"Lost, lost forever! She may have redeemed my life, but, alas! too late, too late!"

Thus folly is ever the handmaid to sorrow—two lives perhaps wrecked, two souls perhaps lost—*miserere!*

#### IV.

##### WAR AND PEACE.

"Ah, I am sorry to hear that," said General Lambert, musing over his paper, the London Times, which he had received from the steamer off Farther Point. He addressed himself more particularly to Mr. Allyn, who with Bertha was sitting at the table.

"What is it that surprises you, general?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Why, read this paragraph marked 'official.' We are to lose one of the prettiest fellows in the—st Dragoons."

And Mr. Allyn read aloud:

"We learn from the war-office that Cornet Wilton, son of the Honorable Robert Wilton, of Somersetshire, has asked to be exchanged from the Quebec (North American) station, for active service in the Crimean army. This noble request has been granted by the department, with many flattering expressions from her majesty's home government at the unusual offer to exchange from a peaceful station into active service."

Mr. Allyn looked around to his daughter, but he found her lying back in her chair, her face blanched, and all color departed from her lips. It was evident to him she knew somewhat of this strange freak of the young dragoon, so he assisted her from the room, and kindly said to her:

"What is all this, Berty? What does this mean about Arthur's exchange?"

"It means that he will throw his life away, father. I see it all now. He made a wager some few months ago, before I knew him, that he would win my love. Yes, at his club, amongst some riotous officers afterwards the bet was made, and Monsieur de Lescours—"

"The rascal!" broke in her father. "The rascally Frenchman was arrested last night for forgery, and it is now proven that he is a defaulter from France, and has embezzled government funds to a large amount. He has deceived you, I will believe—"

"Nay, nay, dear father, Arthur himself acknowledged that the wager was indeed made

which was so insulting to me; but I have since learned that before he declared his love to me, he had paid back the money to him with whom he had wagered, and intended to tell me all. But suffering from the supposed indignity I dismissed him with scorn, and am now doubly wretched with the knowledge that Arthur is reckless." And the tears coursed down Bertha's face as she confided to her father.

"Poor child! Poor Arthur! I must save you both if I can." And mounting his horse soon after, he rode rapidly towards the barracks. "Where is Cornet Wilton?" he asked of the first dragoon he met.

"Why, sir, he sailed in the Cyclops this morning with four hundred of the twenty-third for England. Did you not know, sir, that he has exchanged?"

"We heard it, but did not suppose he had departed."

"He has left a commission for me to execute for him at General Lambert's," said the officer, and upon Mr. Allyn's making himself known to him, he delivered to him a small packet superscribed, "*To Miss Bertha Allyn, at General Lambert's.*"

When Bertha received the news, she accused herself of the young officer's death, and even the last words in his parting letter to her brought no comfort. He said:

"Bertha, my dearest, forever my soul's choice, I leave you to seek death; I should perish here from too much thought. I prefer to lose my life for my name's honor, where fame may be earned. If you hear of my death, ask my comrades if your name and God's was not last upon my lips. If I survive with honor, again shall I see you to ask you once more on this side of the grave—to forgive me. WILTON."

In the spring of 18—, Bertha Allyn accompanied her father to their home on that beautiful legendary river, the Rappahannock, in Virginia. But her face was paler than before she sought the Key City of the Canadas, and the good old servants expressed their fears for "young mis-sus" in their own fondling way.

Her mind was drooping, and as each note of war reached America, and that famous siege was carried on before Sebastopol, poor Bertha eagerly sought every scrap of news which would throw light upon the movements or fate of Arthur. She only heard from time to time of his bravery, and his rapid promotion to colonel, and then all news ceased.

It was a sultry day in August, and in the evening Bertha threw open her latticed shutters to gaze out upon the silver winding stream curv-

ing around the deep woods in the distance, and to receive a little breeze which seemed now to be blowing from the river. It was nearly two years since her departure from Quebec, and what an experience had been hers! She had refused three offers of marriage, but still cherished the one image of that graceful form, scarlet-coated, whose deep, magnetic eyes looked softly into hers from beneath his heavy fur hat, whom she could see in her imagination, recklessly charging upon bodies whose artillery belched forth death. And yet, as upon this evening she took this fancy, there would be a strange hope spring up in her heart that he was yet alive, and she felt sure if he was they would meet again.

The mists of evening gathered over the valley, the hours of labor were over, and the happy negroes were wending their way to their "quarters," wildly chanting some of their strange choruses; the purple and gold irradiated the serpentine river, and the maiden conjured up strange images in its glistening depths. The twilight magician was wooing Bertha to peace.

All at once there was a strange murmuring sound from below, a din as of some strange event. She was startled as by an electric shock. Her face reddened and paled again. She arose, moved by some invisible power, and hastened to the piazza below. A group stood there which rooted her like a statue to the spot. Grasping a tall gentleman's hand warmly was her father. The stranger was in military undress, his face burned by exposure, and his long fine hair falling in heavy curls around his face. But, O, the eyes! they drew Bertha to their possessor with a power held by none save Arthur.

"Bertha, I have come for your forgiveness these many thousand miles," the stranger said.

"Dear Arthur—at last." And she would have fallen, but the officer's arm enfolded her.

Thus, with the white-haired father's blessing, and the wondering group of negroes standing below, sending up a glad shout, with the last rays of the golden sunlight pouring its warm beams over the scene, thus did Bertha Allyn become Colonel Wilton's wife.

#### Wonderful Memory.

An extraordinary power of memory is noted in a Scottish newspaper, in the case of a son of a farmer named Gordon, living at Reuaton. This young man remembers everything, even to days and hours, repeats whole sermons, cites any passage from Scripture without missing a word, and does other wonderful things with the phrenological organ of eventuality.

#### NATIVE AFRICAN TRIBES.

The tribes which M. Du Chaillu visited are the most remarkable of intertropical Africa. The Fan people are undoubtedly cannibals, as are, it is believed, all the adjoining mountain tribes. They buy the dead for food and the king alone is not eaten. Piles of human bones and skulls, fragments of the ordinary meals, meet the eye at every turn. Human flesh is exposed in the public markets for sale. It is the food of all, and is relished by all. Ordinary animal food is scarce. The Fans are of a lighter hue than any of the western tribes. They are well armed, and bear shields of elephant hide, impenetrable as iron. The Ostreba, a neighboring tribe, are expert blacksmiths; and as iron ore is found in considerable quantities in the country, they make their own weapons, and obtain by native skill a much better quality of steel than any brought from Europe or America. They have constructed a very peculiar pointed axe, which, when thrown from a distance, strikes with the point down. They use this weapon with great effect, and, as the object aimed at is the head, the point penetrates the brain, and kills the victim immediately, and the round edge of the axe is then used to cut off the head. Their ingeniously-constructed knives are sheathed in covers made of human skin. These people seem to M. Du Chaillu the finest and bravest race he had seen in the interior of Africa. They point to the east as the quarter from whence they migrated, describe it as a very mountainous country, and say that the people are cannibals like themselves. Domestic slavery does not prevail to any considerable extent among these tribes, but great numbers are sold every year to the traders, and M. Du Chaillu says that French "emigrant" ships have been recently filled with Fans, and that they have been thus transported from their country in great numbers.—"*African Discovery*" in the *Quarterly Review*.

#### THE BIBLE.

I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they may have been written.—*Sir William Jones*.

I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.—*Fisher Ames*.

The Bible is a book worth more than all the other books that were ever printed.—*Patrick Henry*.

Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker—read the Bible every day of your life.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson*.

A virtuous person looks upon the whole world as his country, and upon God to be a witness and judge of his words and deeds. He so governs his life and thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one and read the other.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PRITHEN.

BY EMILY B. PAGE.

Lady, turn thine eyes aside,  
They are full of splendor;  
And my lover, ere they witched him,  
He was true and tender.

Thou hast all the pride and bloom  
Of the perfect summer;  
I—ah, lady! I am but  
Spring, the sweet new-comer.

I have dewdrops in my hair,  
Pretty, pearly cluster!  
And the Morning envies me  
When she sees their lustre.

I have buds upon my brow,  
Daintily unfolding,  
Tenderest odors, sweet and faint,  
In their young hearts holding.

I have music-sandalled feet;  
Do you hear them tripping?  
Fleet as fays', in haste to be  
At their banquet sipping.

I have April's tender tears;  
April's glow and shiver;  
And her coy coquettish smile,  
In my glancing quiver.

And my head with shifting light  
Shiningly is laden,  
Snooded in the modest grace  
Of sweet May—the maiden.

Yet, fair lady, seest thou not  
How these timid graces  
Pale, when peerless charms like thine  
Fate beside them places?

Lady, turn thine eyes aside,  
Ere my lover love thee.  
You care naught for him—but I!  
Holy heaven above me!

Where would any sunshine be?  
What would life have left me,  
If your careless, cruel splendor  
Of his love bereft me?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FIRST MARTYR OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY H. B. SANFORD.

"Don't go out this evening, dear!" said Mrs. Maverick to her son. "I feel every day that there will be trouble between our people and the king's troops, and I am only contented when you are safe at home."

"I shall only go as far as the church, mother. Surely there is no harm in standing there to see the soldiers at drill. I shall return long before nine."

"Well, remember that you are the sole protector of myself and your sister; and if you come to harm, what will become of us?"

"I do remember, dearest mother. My father's dying words are never out of my mind. I trust never to disgrace them, but always to assist and protect you both."

"Go then, and do not forget that we are lonely at home without you."

"As to that, mother, it would be a pleasant stroll for you and Anna. Come, get your cloaks, and I will engage that Lieutenant Wilcox will be too much occupied to-night, to annoy her with his admiring gaze."

And the affectionate boy went up to his sister and kissed the ripe, rosy lips with a brother's loving touch. He still lingered, with a longing look at the hat and overcoat that lay upon a chair. The mother saw his look, and said, quietly, "No, Samuel, but remember your promise to be at home early." When he said his smiling good-by, she thought she had never seen him look so handsome nor so animated. His closely curling brown hair had not been shorn to the prevailing fashion, and his large brown eyes sparkled with pleasure and affection, while the red lips were parted over the beautifully white and even teeth. Tall for his age, which was barely seventeen, Samuel Maverick might have passed for twenty-two.

The boy was all in all to his widowed mother, who leaned upon him almost as she had leaned upon his father. He and Anna were all that were left of a large family, and they had grown dearer to the mother's heart by each newly-tyed tie. There was something noble and chivalrous in the way in which the youth devoted himself to her, and to his sister, who was two years his senior.

The pretty home in Union Street remained just as when his father died, with its ponderous claw-footed tables, and leather-covered chairs and sofa, studded with brass nails, its rich chintz bed and window-hangings, and its wealth of old silver, which Mrs. Maverick would never dream of parting with. But the chief charm of the house was sweet Anna Maverick; so full of simple and earnest tenderness to her mother and brother, so devout in her religious duties, so kind to the poor and distressed. She was more than loved—she was worshipped.

The jest which had brought the bright flush to her cheek was not without its meaning.

young lieutenant in the king's troops had been smitten by the charms of the sweet girl, whom he had seen at church; and, although perfectly respectful in his demeanor, he had ventured to follow her at a distance until he had clearly ascertained her residence. Since she had discovered this, she had remained almost wholly at home, not liking to go out, even if attended by her young brother.

Lieutenant Wilcox was stationed with his regiment at Murray's Barracks on Brattle Street; and as the Mavericks attended meeting in the ancient edifice in that street, there was one day in the week in which Anna could not well avoid him. It was difficult on that day for the modest eyes to be raised to the minister's face without encountering a pair of black orbs fixed admiringly upon her. Her blushes on these occasions could not be repressed, and they gave rise to unmerciful raillery on her brother's part.

The evening on which the above conversation took place at the house in Union Street was that of the fifth of March, 1770—that eventful night, in which were ripened the seeds of the great and glorious struggle that made our country free.

“Stand!”

This command was issued from the stentorian lungs of a British sentinel to four youths, who were attempting to pass through Boylston's Alley from Brattle Street to the bottom of Market Street. It was completely disregarded; the young men still endeavoring, though quietly and without words, to force their way.

The sentinel, who for the last half hour had been amusing himself by idly striking fire against the wall with his sword, now brandished the weapon to some purpose; for, infuriated at the contemptuous manner of the young men, he struck at them right and left. The first blow elicited a shower of heavier ones from the hands of the sturdy youths, and in three minutes the whole street was in the wildest confusion. Hundreds were brought to the spot by the fierce cries that were uttered. The soldiers flocked to the aid of the sentinel, and the town's-people eagerly gathered at the sound of the bells that were now ringing out upon the clear March air.

Among these crowds might have been seen the bright brown locks of Samuel Maverick, who had been leaning quietly against the wall of the old church. He had started forth involuntarily at the first sound, and had now become inextricably entangled with the moving mass of persons who had made their way to the scene. The sight of Lieutenant Wilcox made the poor boy recall the idle words he had spoken to his sister.

He was quite near him, when a crowd surrounded the soldiers. Billets of wood, ice and snow-balls flew rapidly, and the troops were dared to fire. The command was given, and they did fire, “right and left.” A ball struck young Maverick, and he fell. Some one in the crowd shouted his name, and pressed forward to defend him. It was too late! The poor boy lay dead in the street.

There was one ear to whom the sound of that name came with a crushing sense of sorrow. The young officer, who had often dreamed of sweet Anna Maverick, heard the tidings, and knew that the dead boy was her brother. He pressed forward now, and saw the same bright eyes still open, the long bright hair clustered around the white forehead, just as he had seen it only the Sabbath before, when he was sitting by his sister's side in church; and thought what desolation a few moments of this wretched work had brought upon the fatherless girl and her mother.

Hour after hour that mother and sister awaited the boy's return. Many times they were tempted to go out in search of him; but the probability of the troops being around the town, as they frequently were in the evening, prevented them. They had heard the firing, and were terrified at the sound; yet they hardly dared own their fears to each other. Anna kept her eyes turned steadily upon her work—a jacket for her brother—and Mrs. Maverick, who was diligently knitting a sock for him, kept her own eyes shaded from the light.

A knock at the door made them both start. It was the minister who entered; he under whose preaching the family had sat; who had baptized the children and buried the father; and who had now come to announce this dreadful calamity to the widow. He took the proffered chair, and then came that awful pause that precedes the telling of a fearful tale. Tears were in the old man's eyes—true and sympathizing tears, such as are welled up from generous and affectionate hearts for the woes of others. He never remembered afterwards in what words he told the story—nor did they; but when he had finished, the door was again gently opened, and tenderly and with hushed footsteps the dear boy, who had so lately left them with a bounding heart and a promise to come back soon, was brought in and laid upon the old-fashioned leather sofa. Kind hands had washed the blood from his face, and he lay with that indescribable beauty upon his countenance that always comes in the “first dark days of nothingness,”

“Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;”



that beauty, too, which is said to be most remarkable in those who have died of wounds inflicted by shooting. Mother and sister were on their knees before the couch that held their idol, but there was something in that calm, heavenly look that checked their tears. Brave men stood by with teardrops raining over their rough, weather-beaten cheeks, and sobs came up strong and deep from manly hearts; but there was no sound of wail from the two who looked upon their dead son and brother. A moment more, and then the voice of the venerable pastor arose in prayer, the first words of which were "Father, we asked for him life—and thou hast given him long life, even forever and ever."

It was all he could say; but on the ensuing day, when the coffins of the murdered men were brought into the church, the outpourings of the good man's grief and righteous indignation found vent in a thrilling appeal to the people to be up in their might and tamely bear these outrages no longer. Truly they needed no such stimulus from the pulpit; they waited only to bury their dead before raising that anthem of liberty, which has since been heard throughout the world; and which, God helping us, will never cease to resound until there are new heavens and a new earth.

Near one of the pillars of the church stood a young English officer, shading his face with his plumed hat. Those near him saw the bright tears trickle through his fingers, and fall upon the floor. Yet ever and anon his eyes were fixed upon the slight figure of Anna Maverick, as she bent from the front pew over the pallid face that lay close beneath her gaze. Once a gust of wind from an open window blew aside a bright tress of hair, and she started as if she believed the dead were coming to life again. Then the long pent-up showers drenched her pale face, and the mother's tears followed. It was like breaking up the ice by the spring rains. People looked on and wondered that such drops could fall from eyes that seemed but a moment ago so hard and dry.

When all was over, and the bereaved women had retired to their lonely home, it was nearly dark in the short March afternoon. Some kind neighbors had made tea for the wornout mourners, and friendly voices urged them to refresh themselves, but in vain. They were grateful, but they wished to be alone—and soon the house was left to the solitary beings. There was no light in the room save that which gleamed feebly from a neglected wood-fire. The mother and daughter felt no cold, yet each shuddered as they thought of the snow now falling fast upon the

new-made grave—of the white mound which would meet their eyes, gleaming up like a marble carved cushion in the morning sun, as it would come up over the old burial-place at Copp's Hill.

A gentle tap and a noiseless step did not alarm them, or make them raise their eyes. Some friendly being had come perhaps to sympathize with them; and they would be thankful, if it would be only in silence. But a strange voice came on the ear, and words of attempted consolation reached them, that sent a thrill through their hearts. They listened, and were comforted, unknowing who was their consoler. The speaker went on in tones that seemed almost inspired—so full of tender hope and soothing comfort—to depict the blessedness of the departed, that the tears of the mourners were checked, and they looked up to see who was giving them such heavenly consolings:

Anna started. The face, seen by the fitful firelight, seemed familiar. Could it be the same of which she had caught stolen glances, Sabbath after Sabbath, as it beamed on her from a distant corner? But the gleam of comfort was short-lived. It was this very man, perhaps, who had shot her darling brother! He watched her, and seemed to read her thoughts.

"Your brother, Miss Maverick, met his death at other hands than mine. God knows I would have made any sacrifice rather than a single person should have been shot by our troops. We shall, in all probability, be withdrawn immediately; but I could not go without a last farewell, and without assuring you that I am guiltless of the blood of your people. Think of me kindly when I am gone. To you, madam," turning to Mrs. Maverick, "I must apologize for what may seem an intrusion. In happier times, when these unfortunate differences are over, you may better bear to see me. Till then, farewell!"

When war's desolations were over, and peace was proclaimed between the nations, Robert Wilcox returned to America for a brief season. When he again sailed for his native shore he was not alone. Mrs. Maverick did not accompany them; her heart was in the grave with her dead son, and she could not leave the land where he was buried. "There is no love like a mother's."

Were not the mysteries of antiquity, in their practical effect, a sort of religious peerage, to embrace and absorb those persons whose inquiries might endanger the established belief? If so, it is a strong presumption in favor of Christianity, that it contains none; especially as it borrows no aid from castes.

**SEE ELEPHANTS.**

I had crept up to within less than thirty paces of a noble cow, and was only waiting for the brute to present some eligible point to fire at, when, while thus watching her movements, two others had unperceived approached me from behind, and before I became aware of their nearness to me, were actually only about fifteen yards from where I sat. Indeed, they would probably been upon me in a second or two had I not chanced to cast my eyes on my native attendant, who was crouched alongside of me in fear and trembling, with his teeth chattering quite audibly. He had discovered the danger, but had either not the sense to warn me, or had become too frightened to speak. It was by following the man's fixed and frightened gaze that I first became conscious of our unpleasant situation. To rise to my feet—to clear with a tremendous leap the first bush that obstructed my flight, was but the work of a moment. The brutes pursued me instantly, and I was obliged to abandon precipitately a second ambush I had taken up. The troop at last stopped, and following their example, I dropped flat behind a bush. The whole herd was now facing me, distant only a hundred yards. What with their small, peering, restless, mischievous-looking eyes, huge flapping ears, elevated trunks, etc., their appearance was altogether most fierce and threatening. I was more than once in the act of pulling the trigger at the foremost cow, but was afraid, feeling certain that if she received the shot, even should it prove fatal, the entire body of them would once more be at my heels. While in this dilemma they suddenly wheeled right about. This was my time, and I instantly fired at the original leader. The act proved a rash one. With a shrill and heart-piercing trumpeting, the beasts charged down upon me furiously. Those who know what it is to run for one's life can easily imagine that I did my best to outstrip my pursuers. The rifle, a heavy one, considerably impeded my progress; but the shorter the distance became between me and my foes, the tighter I grasped my weapon. For some seconds my escape seemed more than doubtful; but, providentially, just as I was almost out of breath, the elephants stopped short in their chase. Had they but followed for another fifty yards, destruction would have been inevitable, for I had to cross a considerable open space.—*Andersson's African Explorations.*

**PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.**

I won an old lady's heart by a present of tobacco on my return to Inkai's kraal. She had been frequently looking at me very attentively, and paid me some neat compliments; had she been young, and more like Peshanna, I should have been flattered; but, unfortunately, her appearance was not one that would be at all likely to inspire the tender passion. Her face was thin and wrinkled, while her whole body looked as though it were covered with a skin that had been originally intended for a very much larger person. During the whole time she was at work, she was uttering disjointed remarks to me, and at length proposed, in the most shameless and barefaced manner, that I should marry her daughter. I requested to know which of the damsels then present was the proposed bride,

and was shown a young lady about twelve years old, who had very much the appearance of a picked Cochinchina fowl. I concealed my laughter, and told the old lady that, when this lassie became taller and very fat, I might then think more seriously of her proposition; but as at present I had not six cows—the required price—handy, I could not entertain the subject. The old lady told me she would get the skin and bone adorned with fat by the time I came on another visit; and, for all I know, this black charmer may be now waiting in disappointed plumpness.—*Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa.*

**GRAND CONFLAGRATION.**

The whole country before us was one huge lake of flames. Turning to Mortar, I exclaimed, "Good God, our return is cut off!" I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns, all in a blaze! Through the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over; but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward, and so on we pushed, trusting to some favorable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face. As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the cracking of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterward turning abruptly into a burning savanna. By the time we had reached this point, the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and reeking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames that had swept over it. Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes stop out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, while the numerous nests of the social grossbeaks—the *Tector erythrorhynchus*—in the ignited trees, looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing, and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.—*Andersson's African Explorations.*

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self possession.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FAIR-HAIRED BOY.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

The moonlight silvered all the hills  
 That leaned against the starry blue.  
 The glory trembled on the rills,  
 Slow wandering down the valley through;  
 And every dew-gemmed tree and flower  
 Did mirror fair pale Luna's dower.

The winds were hushed, the waters mute,  
 'Twas tranquil all beneath, above,  
 Save that the nightingale's rich flute  
 Was heard from out the solemn grove,  
 As sweet the liquid sounds ascended,  
 Echo softly with them blended.

We sat beneath the ancient oak  
 That waved our cottage home before,  
 Of vanished friends my mother spoke,  
 Her eyes with grief were brimming o'er:  
 My father kissed her tears away,  
 She smiled, and we again were gay.

But when in lighter mood she told  
 Of her young days of sunny joy,  
 And all her playmates dear of old,  
 The best beloved a fair-haired boy;  
 Then first I saw, in mute surprise,  
 That tears were in my father's eyes.

Together home from school they went,  
 Oft sat beneath the ancient oak,  
 The rainbow hope was o'er me bent—  
 My mother, smiling as she spoke,  
 While fell a tear of tender joy,  
 "Thy father was the fair-haired boy!"

The moon still silvers all the hills,  
 The woods, the waves with splendor pale;  
 The nightingale her music trills,  
 And echo dies along the vale.  
 But not for us, our joys are o'er,  
 Those cherished scenes we see no more.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HUGUENOTS' ESCAPE.

## A TALE OF THE TIMES OF FRANCIS II.

BY CARRIE E. DODD.

THE depths of a thick forest were vocal with the songs of birds. All nature seemed uttering one glad, triumphant shout, and the golden day seemed as if it could shine on none but images of peace and beauty. Beneath those green trees, the bright sun looked down through interlacing boughs, on a group of travellers who had halted

at the only cleared spot for some distance around. It was the hour of noon, and they had evidently stayed for rest and repose; for, here and there, a weary one lay upon the grass with motionless form and eyes closed against the bright, beautiful scene. Some leaned heavily against the enormous trunks of trees that must have waved there centuries ago; while little children, hushed to peaceful slumber, were swinging in hammocks slung between the branches.

This was in the long ago times of Francis II. of France, when the relentless persecutions against the Huguenots caused them to hold themselves in readiness to flee at any moment from the miserable tyranny that so harassed them; and the serene beauty of this day was lost to the anxious party. Here were father and son, mother and daughter, brother and sister, lover and mistress—all anxious for the fate of the beloved ones who were leaning upon them for support or asking for sympathy.

And among the group assembled on the green sward and under the greenwood tree on this day, was one of the loveliest beings that ever graced this lower world. The beautiful person was animated by as beautiful a soul. The pure, pale Greek face expressed only the emotions of a pure and innocent heart, that had been sadly tried in the furnace of affliction, yet was still brave and heroic to endure to the bitter end.

Marguerite de Espernay, the daughter of a princely father, had been left in orphanhood from her seventh year. Her father had been cruelly murdered in one of the shameful political strifes that deformed France; and her gentle mother, unable to stem the rude tide of adversity, had bowed her fair young head and sank to an early grave.

The little Marguerite had remained under the care of her father's sister, Marie de Espernay, a princess in her own right, but deprived, by the same despotic sway that destroyed her brother, of her inheritance. She alone clung to the little orphan—her helpless state, as well as her sweet and winning ways, demanding from her a mother's love. By the memory of her murdered brother, by the ties that bound her in tenderest affection to his gentle wife, she vowed to devote herself, heart and soul, to her interests, as long as Heaven should spare her life.

Under her kind, yet firm rule, Marguerite had grown up in a thoughtful sadness that was perhaps a shade too gloomy for her years; yet what was lost in the gaiety of youth was more than compensated by the beautiful spirit that ruled every word and look. When the troubles of the Huguenots broke out, Marguerite de Espernay

was like an angel guardian to the feeble and desponding. Far more than the gay and cheerful of their persecuted ones, she helped to animate the spirits of the sorrowing, and impart hope and comfort to the distressed. Strong men and women looked to the young girl for sympathy and consolation, and sometimes even for counsel in times that required the deepest thought and the highest judgment. In short, there was never, perhaps, one who, in many points, so nearly resembled Joan of Arc, combining the softest and purest maiden modesty with high and lofty qualities and principles.

Not unsought as a wife, was she who was sometimes called the Angel of the Huguenots. Francois de Aubrey, a noble French gentleman, who had joined the Huguenots from principle, had been passionately attached to Marguerite, almost from her childhood. The attachment was warmly approved by her aunt Marie, and it was one of her dearest wishes that, in the event of her own death, she might leave her in the care of one who had proved himself to be so good and noble.

They had been sitting a little apart from the rest, on this day—the aunt and niece—while Francois was devoting himself to the general comfort of the party. Marguerite had been hushing the tired children to slumber, and now, weary and faint, she had thrown herself upon a mossy bank beside her aunt, who seized the opportunity to again press the suit which had been so ineffectually urged. Francois had entreated her to do so, and she was not unwilling to accept the office.

"It is in vain, my beloved friend," answered Marguerite. "Had it been possible to alter my determination, Francois would have had no occasion for an intercessor. But I have devoted myself, heart and soul, to my suffering companions; and, until this wicked persecution ceases, I shall never seek my own happiness."

The beautiful eyes were bedewed with tears, and she besought her aunt never again to urge her to break her resolve, so earnestly that Marie had not the heart to disobey her wishes. Yet, as Francois approached the spot where they sat, the same weeping eyes gave him a soft welcome, and the little hand was put fearlessly and lovingly within his own.

"I know by Aunt Marie's looks," said the lover, "that she has been unsuccessful with you, Marguerite, and these tears tell me that you are touched by my devotion. Would to heaven that you could recall your resolution not to make me happy."

"And could you be happy, Francois, in trou-

blous times like these? Now, that every breeze bears some threatened danger to our sorrowing band—now, that we are in doubt whether we shall ever pass the river and land in some more genial clime—now that we are bidding adieu to our beloved France, is it a time to think of bridal festivities? Nay, do not interrupt me—would it not be a sad, sad time to be united? You know my heart, Francois; and when happier times come to us, depend on it that no girlish affectation or pretended reserve will, on my part, be assumed or felt. Only see our persecuted band beyond the reach of tyrant sway, and I will be your wife without any unnecessary solicitation. Are you satisfied?"

"Love, you shall be obeyed, I will press you no longer; looking only to the moment when I may claim my reward for the patience you impose on me—"

He paused, for Marguerite's face had assumed a listening look.

"Hark, Francois! I hear strange and startling sounds. What if our little party should be already tracked?"

Francois turned pale, for he knew the danger of which she spoke. Yet in a moment, both rallied from the shock. That they were being sought for, they could not doubt; and their only safety now, was truly indeed in instant and silent flight.

All along the banks of the Loire, the enemies of the Huguenots had been at work, guarding the fords, and setting the strictest watch for the fugitives. Not content with stripping them of their titles and possessions, basely robbing them, in many instances, of their friends and children, but they were determined that no other country should give them refuge. The long summer heats had given them hopes, that, notwithstanding the guarded fords, they might be able to elude the enemy, by crossing in the night, at some unimportant point—the river being dry and shrunken beyond what was ever remembered of it before. They were now within a distance of the river which would require but three fourths of an hour in advance of their pursuers; and the sounds of pursuit were still afar off and undistinguishable, save to the nicest sense of hearing.

The three persons who had heard them, went forward, and communicated the tidings in the gentlest and quietest manner—carefully avoiding to disturb the aged people or children, until the horses were caught, and every vestige of their recent presence there removed. Then the hammocks were dislodged from the trees, and each sleeping child placed in the arms of a mounted rider. Not a word, save in the lowest tones, was

uttered; but when the cavalcade was ready to proceed, the man who was to act as guide, turned his horse river-ward.

Instinctively the whole party made way for Francois, Marguerite and her aunt to follow him first. Each of the three bore a sleeping child nestled lovingly to the heart. The others followed by threes, and the horses were spurred on through the path, which was just wide enough to permit them to go on easily. The soft yet firm path, covered with the tassels of the larch and pine, was favorable to the silence required; the horses' feet moving over it without a single echo; while the embowering trees prevented all possibility of being seen from the main road.

Ah! what a moment was that, when their eyes caught sight of the gently flowing river! Its bed was shrunken to a depth that seemed fordable, and not a single guard was apparent! With hearts that almost burst their bounds with gladness and thanksgiving, they plunged in. The waters were deeper than they had imagined, but not a cry or loud word burst from that brave little army. "For God and for Freedom!" was the watchword in each soul, but all unspoken by the mute lips.

They were trained horses that carried over the gallant company; horses that were used to the pressure of fearless riders; and the leaders had taken care that the timid and aged should be mounted behind those who were powerful and strong. Once, in the passage over, Marguerite's steed became separated from its companions. The child which she bore in her arms awoke; and, seeing nothing but the wide waste of waters, and the horse on whose back she seemed to be swimming over it, uttered a shriek, which Marguerite checked by placing her hand over its mouth, subduing it to a low moan. But, in the act, she dropped the bridle; and her efforts to recover it almost cost her her life. Francois saw her danger, but could not reach her. A moment of breathless agony, and he saw the brave girl, who had been vainly reaching after the bridle, drop back into the saddle, and trust herself wholly to the instinct of the horse. He heard her speak to the horse in a low, soft voice, and felt that if any danger existed, it would be at landing. He strove to encourage his own steed to put out his full strength; and succeeded in getting him safely to the shore, in time to put down the child he carried, to seize Marguerite's bridle and relieve her of the increasing burden of the little girl.

Long before they had reached half way across the river, the sky, hitherto so bright, had become overcast with threatening clouds. Dark-

ness came over the green wood path they had left behind, and dull, heavy clouds had hung over their way upon the waters. Scarcely had they obtained footing upon the bank, ere the storm came on in its fury, and they were forced to find refuge in the small huts that had been erected on the shore for the salmon fishers. Here they listened to the roar of the thunder, and saw the fearful lightning that every moment threatened to strike the little frail houses in which they huddled; while the poor horses, tired and wet, were shivering without.

By-and-by, the bow of promise was set in the sky. The sun shone out goldenly and illumined every object. They looked out upon the river, now swollen to an immense height by the fast falling rain, and blessed God that he had permitted them to cross it before that change had come upon its surface.

Something on the opposite bank glittered brightly in the setting sun. What could it be? They had left no such gorgeousness upon the shore they had left. And Marguerite, who had been watching it with eager eyes, touched her lover upon the arm, and whispered softly, as she pointed to the swollen river, and, beyond it to the flashing armor of the king's troops: "Our freedom is accomplished! Look, Francois! the enemy cannot reach us now!"

A month from that day, there was a bridal in a little Swiss cottage among the mountains. Simple and modest looked the bride, as any of the mountain maidens; yet men called her the Lady Marguerite, as befitted her princely descent.

And, from that noble pair, came the noblest defenders of the faith for which the brave band that crossed the Loire upon that eventful day, had perilled their lives.

"When the soft, low hymns went up to heaven,  
Sweet praise to Freedom's God."

#### MEAT AND VEGETABLES.

In an elaborate paper by Dr. Londe, of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, Paris, recently read before its members, he lays it down as a fundamental principle in the philosophy of diet, that the use of fresh meat daily is necessary to the working classes, although he admits that persons leading a comparatively idle life may do very well on fish, poultry, and other lighter forms of nourishment. In support of his opinion, he produces the following conclusive fact:—In 1841, the Rouen Railway Company, of France, having conceded the making of their line to English engineers, the latter brought over a band of English laborers, who performed one-third more work daily than did the French. The latter were put upon a meat diet, similar to that of the English, and in a short time were able to accomplish the same amount of labor.—*Scientific American*.



[ORIGINAL.]  
**MORNING.**

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

The phantom hosts, that the livelong night  
 Held carnival o'er the land,  
 Are striking their tents and marching away,  
 A ghostly and goblin band.

And the skulking shadows are hiding  
 In the solemn woods away;  
 And the crimson foam of the dawn-light breaks  
 At the beautiful feet of day!

Where the floating curtains of azure  
 Are tasselled with fringed bands,  
 Lo, the radiant morning, blushing and coy,  
 In her golden sandals stands!

Then have faith in the dark and the dawning,  
 God sendeth them both at will;  
 The mists that shadow the valleys,  
 And the morning light on the hill.

Thus, though sorrow and sadness encampeth  
 So often about our way,  
 We shall hear, in the beautiful dawning,  
 The chimes of eternal day!

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.**

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

No more than half a century ago, the priesthood of France numbered within its ranks as many corrupt and licentious members as any other profession, not even excepting the theatrical. The stigma attached itself alike to the high and noble families, and to those who took up the profession as a means of earning daily bread. Religion was but a cloak to cover the most nefarious designs; and gaming, intemperance, and, in short, the worst of vices found their votaries among those who had assumed the garb of piety. There was, to be sure, the shadow of concealment. The priesthood, although profligate, did not openly boast its profligacy; but the younger and gayer clergymen wore a veil so thin, that it was impossible not to penetrate to the shameful truth.

Among those of the highest birth, was Adrien De Vere, the younger son of a noble family, who, having little save the family title to bestow upon the elder, were solicitous to secure the patronage of the church for his brother. Adrien was a youth of great intellectual culture, elegant tastes, and an eminently social and affectionate nature. There was a simple gaiety and kind-heartedness

in his disposition, so different from the awkward, stiff, and restrained manner of his brother, that every one involuntarily wished him in his place. Every servant and dependent of the family preferred Adrien to Claude; and if the father and mother did not express the same wish, it was because decorum forbade them to utter it.

It was cruel to bind one of such a temperament to a profession he abhorred; and no less wicked to profane the holy calling, by placing one in its ranks who had no definite idea of its duties—no restraining respect for its requirements. Soon after his introduction into the sacred office, he was introduced to a young and lovely woman who had been deserted by her husband. Madame de Cappelle had procured a divorce and was then performing at the opera, having the reputation of a brilliant performer.

Her talent had procured for her a splendid establishment, to which were only invited persons of culture and genius. To her credit it may be said, that up to the time of De Vere's introduction to her, she had been of a perfectly irreproachable character, and that her separation from her husband involved not a single charge against her. The young priest, with his delicate and elegant taste, his genial, whole-souled character, his strong intellectual traits, and his admiration of her peculiar talent as well as of herself, was, to her, an object of the most ardent, but of course the most hopeless attachment; and in a very short time, it was fully returned by him. In her society hours seemed moments. It was impossible to conceal from the eyes of the world that he was forgetting his most sacred obligations. He was forever by her side; and people began sarcastically to remark how very musical he had grown. The rumors reached his family. They were shocked and scandalized at the report, and affected to disbelieve that Adrien should wish to lay aside his office, abjure celibacy and marry an actress; for such was the story told.

Meantime the passion and the sorrow of the lovers increased. A strong grief was superseded by a fixed melancholy for a time; and in the height of the latter sentiment, the young priest disgraced his profession irremediably. He gave up his nights and days to Madame Cappelle, while she peremptorily closed her doors upon all others, in order that she might devote herself wholly to him.

In this soft dream of love and romance, the priest forgot all but the beauty and sweetness of her for whom he had bartered his soul. For Angélique Cappelle was enchantingly, pre-eminently beautiful. Her first youth was past, it was true; but in its stead was that sweet matron-

ly charm, so dear in a wife, and which hardly seemed unsuited to her, lost and sinful as she had become. She loved decoration—as what Frenchwoman does not!—but her taste was pure and refined in dress, and the gaudy colors and elaborate ornament which her class usually delight in, were abhorrent to her. Her usual dress was white and her ornaments chiefly pearls; and the contrast of these to her brilliant black eyes and the splendid hair that flowed around her like a cloud, or lay coiled about her beautiful head like a magnificent coronet, dark, shining, and banded with pearls, was a marvel to see.

A matter of great importance took her lover away for two days. As soon as it could possibly be despatched, he hastened home and repaired without delay to the house of Angelique. There was not a soul visible. In vain he called to the servants. No voice nor presence answered him; and, sick at heart, with a dreary presentiment of evil upon his spirit, he ascended to her chamber. The door was shut; but from the crevices, issued the smoke and smell of burning gums, so powerfully that they nearly took away his breath. He burst open the door, for he had called in vain for her to come. Had a thunderbolt burst before him, he could not have been more prostrated than at the sight that now swam before his eyes.

Upon the floor, still clothed in the beautiful silken garments which she had worn when he left her, lay the body of Angelique. Beside it was a casket of elegant material, but evidently of hasty construction, and the inside covered with some preparation of pitch or rosin. The same gums, mixed with others equally powerful and more aromatic, were burning in a small furnace, and for a moment the smoke obstructed his view. As the air from the open door blew it aside, he perceived to his horror that the figure was headless! An instant passed, in which his senses seemed passing away. He awakened to new horrors. At a short distance, within reach of his hand, lay the shining tresses, unbound, but with here and there a pearl clinging to the massive curls. They were Angelique's—but was that scarred and distorted face, were those swollen and purple lips, the ones he had kissed in parting two days ago? Impossible! yet he could not doubt after all.

In a few moments, a man who had brought the casket, it seemed, came back. Some carriage had stopped at the door. He explained to Adrien's eager questioning, that Angelique had been seized suddenly with what appeared to be a species of plague—that her servants fled, giving the alarm to the authorities—that the casket proving too short, he had separated the head, for

want of time to procure another, and that the vehicle which was to bear the deceased out of the city was now waiting. Would his reverence say a prayer? yet he must be brief, for infection might have already marked them both!

Horror-stricken, the unhappy priest, unheeding the man's pious wish, ran wildly from the house. As if there was no escape for him from that dreadful sight, the hearse passed him, at a driving pace, in a retired street which he had taken to avoid meeting any one, and the indignant driver called out to him to make way, if he could not just utter a prayer for poor madame's repose!

In the heart of a dark wood lying in the shadow of the Appenines, is a monastery, whose gloomy turrets rise above the tallest trees. In appearance, it is the abode of the strictest monastic life—and so it is. But in those days, under the pretence of religious purposes, it was the haunt of the vilest band of assassins and robbers that ever infested the solitude of the forest. The midnight traveller, joyfully beholding the light in its watch tower, impatiently hastened towards it; but so surely as he was about to turn his horse's feet to the welcome bend in the road, it was the last time. Untold horror awaited him under the guise of hospitality, and all trace of the murdered man was lost to his friends forever. Suddenly the terrors of the black forest ceased. The traveller passed securely along its edge, and confidence was restored. True, no one had ever thought of implicating the monks. It would have been deemed a sacrilegious suspicion, for the people believed that if the wayfarer could only reach the monastery they would be safe. The cowed heads, and meek, saintly faces that came forth daily, for alms for the convent, were a guarantee for protection and safety to all! But now it was really so—for among these reckless and dangerous men, had arisen one whose strict austerity of life, whose appeals to their consciences, and whose devoted piety put them all to shame. One after another renounced his terrible crimes, and resolved to watch and pray, lest he be again led into temptation, until the whole of that band of ruffians were changed into prayerful, religious beings. The person who had caused this reformation was elected superior of the convent, and all bowed to his dictation. The silent brotherhood of La Trappe was now a self-denying, sin-forsaking community; and it owed this marvellous change to the sinful lover of Angelique Cappelle, the reckless breaker of priestly vows; to him who had so mysteriously disappeared at the time of the pestilence, and

was supposed to have fallen a prey to its ravages. Yet of all that numerous band, not one knew who had come among them as a guardian angel, turning away their hearts from the deep sins of their lives. In that abode of silence no word was ever uttered, save the necessary sentences belonging to their institution and the purposes it involved. Names were never spoken, except when imperatively called for religious matters, and even then, the worldly name was unknown to all. The present superior was recognized only as Father Ambrosius. No one knew what had been his life, or the sorrow, guilt or shame that had brought him there, but all felt that whatever it might have been—however sinful or reckless—the sin and disgrace was all cancelled now. Austere to none but himself, the scourge and cord were his daily companions, prayer and humiliation forever in his thoughts.

It was remarked, as the only offset to all this, that there was one picture in the chapel from which he always shrank and grew pale at the sight. It was the only evidence of dislike to the duty he owed there. This was the picture of a headless body, which, by some miraculous process, was about to be re-united to its head by the power of a saint. At the sight, Father Ambrosius trembled and staggered. Some earthly feeling was still tugging at his heartstrings.

"Some fatal remembrance, some sorrow that throws  
A deep shade alike over joys, over woes,  
To which Time nothing sadder nor deeper can bring,  
To which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

This fatal remembrance was his when this terrible painting brought up before him all the horrors of that day; but when once out of the chapel, he resumed his serene and quiet sway over himself and others.

None but a being who has seen some great and aggravated trouble could bear the intense solitude and silence of this convent. Every member of the silent brotherhood must have passed some terrible ordeal—some scathing, withering sorrow, or some sin which asks for life long, silent repentance. To its gloomy shades there once came a youth scarce beyond the tender years of his life. He was all unknown, but his deep and penitential sorrow was not unmarked by the silent brothers. Not long after, a man of ripe years, with hair blanched to whiteness, as if it had changed in a single night, took his place at the table—another new comer at the anchorite's meal that scantily covered it; and the only vacant seat at the board was beside the young brother who had last entered.

No word—no look passed between them. In a few months, in which they had been often dig-

ging beside each other in the garden, the elder was called upon to assist in preparing a grave for the younger; and in placing a rude stone above him. Then, and not till then, when the name which the dead brother had borne in the world was inscribed there, did he know that it was his own son!

There came a deeper change upon the superior of La Trappe. The austerities he had practised since he had entered the convent walls had been too much for one so delicately and tenderly reared. Sorrow, too, indisputably had done its wretched work upon him. He grew thinner and paler every hour, until he seemed almost etherealized; and one morning his presence was wanting at the early matins. One next him in office took it upon him to enter his cell, and found the attenuated form stretched upon the iron bed, and beside it the coffin half filled with ashes which he had long ago prepared for the reception of his body. But what is that which glitters upon the breast of the dead—lying upon his heart, but shining through the closed fingers? It is the miniature of a lovely lady—so lovely, that he who takes it from the dead hand, anchorite though he be, may well be pardoned for gazing upon it with a quickened throb of his own long deadened heart. That was the picture of the lost love of Father Ambrosius, still cherished by the unhappy monk.

#### A musical Phenomenon.

A letter from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest at a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's aria out of *Ernani*. That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well known "*Lo vedrem o meglio audace*." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang, with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in *Lucia*. The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied by only one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it was proved that he had spoken the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this Cressus of voices, who is the son of well-to-do burghesses, to devote himself to the stage.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

She was not (this beggar-girl that I knew)  
A beautiful fair-haired child;  
She had only rags, and bare red feet,  
And dark eyes fierce and wild.

She had scanty skirts, that were notched and torn;  
Her ankles were brown and scarred;  
And her fingers were bare, and purple with cold,  
And her palms were coarse and hard.

The frost on the ground had somehow crept  
To her heart, and the hungry stare  
Of her hollow eyes flashed strangely out  
From her matted and straggling hair.

The touch of the world had brushed the bloom  
From her cheek, and left it bold;  
And her voice had changed its childish tone  
For one that was harsh and old.

She was so unlike a child, one shrank  
In affright at her elfish face,  
And marvelled, half doubting, if God would mete  
To her a measure of grace.

God knows, not we, how the tender light  
Of her eyes went out in tears;  
We only see that a life-time's weight  
Is laid on her half-score years.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BORROWED PLUMES.

## NOT ENTIRELY A FANCY SKETCH.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

A SOMBRE, rainy morning, with mud under foot, a raw, chilly atmosphere above and around, a cold, drenching rain to fill up the crevices, and general cheerlessness covering the whole scene, opened the day in and around the Star Tavern, upon which the events occurred which we now feel ourselves called upon to describe, just as they happened, and without coloring or distortion. "The Star," by the way, was the name given to a quaint little brown painted inn, situated by the side of one of the most out-of-the-way and unfrequented roads, through the extreme northern counties of England. Yet when we say unfrequented, it behooves us to make an exception; for this self-same highway, be it known, was one of the few "cross-cuts" which helped materially to shorten the way to that paradise of desperate

lovers, the immortal Gretna Green; and such being the case, it could hardly be otherwise than that the Star of which we have spoken should prove a guiding one to many a brace of sorely pursued candidates for matrimony, on their flight towards the goal of safety.

Upon the morning in question, the snug little back parlor of the Star, gorgeous with its bright yellow painted floor, its green paper window-curtains, its highly-colored, impossible representations of scriptural scenes, and its gypsum statuary—these two latter being models of art in their way—upon this morning, as has just been remarked, this little inn parlor contained two individuals, who have much to do with our very matter-of-fact story.

"They were lovers of course—a noble young man, and a beautiful, distressed damsel," my ardent and sympathetic reader is, I fancy, already repeating to him or herself. But nothing of the kind; on the contrary, the two persons spoken of were both of the genus male, and, apparently, neither had the honor of the other's acquaintance. At least, as we now find them, they are standing some fifteen feet apart, flattening their respective noses at the panes of different windows, and gazing out silently, wofully, and most woe begonedly, at the driving rain and heavily-charged clouds.

A word as to their personal appearance. The taller of the two would impress you instantly with the very *distingué* air with which he bore himself, and with the general elegance and ease of his appearance. To be sure there was nothing fastidious, or even fashionable about his dress, which seemed rather seedy than otherwise, and the scrupulous care with which his gray surtout was fastened under the chin, would inevitably carry to an observing mind a violent presumption of unclean linen, or no linen at all. Nevertheless, his general bearing, as I have said, was extremely impressive; he looked for all the world like the conventional hero of a modern novel, and in looking at him, you would be very apt to feel that *his* name could not, by any possibility, be Smith or Brown. Is he sufficiently described?

The other was a dapper, well dressed youth, whose uneasiness manifested itself in nervous tappings and scratchings at the window-glass, and by occasional passings from the parlor to the adjoining room, through the quarter open door of which portions of a calico dress were now and then perceptible. Add to this fact another, that much of this second young man's time at the window was occupied by tracing upon its dampened surface, with his little finger end, the name Arabella, and you have a slight

framework upon which to base any amount of guessing, as to the event of our tale."

At length, and as if by mutual consent, the two turned simultaneously from the windows, and seated themselves at opposite ends of the chintz-covered deal table, in the centre of the apartment. Their eyes met; each read the expression of sorrowful disappointment and restless fear which occupied the other's face; each felt instinctively, that he had found a brother in misfortune! The idea at least was expressed in so many words by the taller of the two; and his thick moustache seemed to droop more sorrowfully, and his sad, dark eyes to roll more frenziedly as he uttered it. The other nodded assent; their right hands met over the chintz table-cover, and their knuckles snapped again, with the emphatic grasp that followed.

"Let us be confidential," the first remarked. "We both of us have evidently great and touching griefs; let us unbosom ourselves, and free our minds, even if we cannot cheer our spirits!"

"Agreed, my dear brother in grief!" the other briskly rejoined. "Miserable being that I am, the unfortunate breaking down of the post-chaise has probably ruined my prospects forever—to say nothing of Arabella. Here we are, 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in this stupid corner of creation, when our whole happiness depends upon our being at Gretna before pursuit can reach us! Well—the fates are unpropitious; we can only pray for the best."

"Proceed, I beg of you; your situation is similar to my own, and I am already deeply interested."

"You will also unburthen your mind?"

"After you, certainly. Now begin, I beg of you."

"And I obey." The little man crossed his arms conversationally on the table, heaved a deep sigh, and commenced:

"My name is Charles Villiers, and I am descended from the wealthiest and most aristocratic family in the south of England. You are familiar with the name?"

"What—a Villiers? Is it possible that I am conversing with a man whose ancestors were the friends and counsellors of kings and queens?"

"It is even so. Well, my story is brief, but full of import to me, I assure you. My boyhood and early youth were passed in the home of our family, a noble old castle, situated not far from the sources of the Thames. There, in sight of the turbulent waters of the English Channel—"

"Of what?" the other interrupted. "Excuse me, but your eyesight in boyhood must have been remarkably good!"

"Don't interrupt me, if you please!" rejoined the narrator, with a frown. "As I was saying, there in sight of the Irish Sea, I grew up to manhood. From an early age I had been affianced to Arabella De B—, the lovely daughter of a neighboring peer; and I eagerly anticipated the time when she was to take upon herself the name of Villiers, and the vows of matrimony with myself."

The rustle of the calico dress in the adjoining room caught the attention of the listener. He nodded interrogatively towards the door; Villiers placed both hands, palms inward, upon his breast, rolled his eyes piteously towards the ceiling, heaved two groans and said "Yes."

"It was deemed advisable," he continued, "that my education should be finished by a continental tour. I was at first unwilling to leave my beloved Arabella to the dire mischances that might befall her or myself during the year of our proposed separation; but allowing myself to be persuaded against the dictates of my better judgment, I bade her a tearful farewell, and took the packet from Dover to Hull."

"Queer way, that, I should say, to reach the continent!" the other observed. "However, don't let me interrupt you."

"I had never supposed, previous to my departure from my native country, that I had a rival in the affections of Arabella, nor did I know at the time, that I was closely followed to Paris by a desperate knave, a man of the world, a gamester, one whose heart was full of everything villanous, and who had been discarded by Arabella. Such, nevertheless, was the fact, and he now tracked me, wholly unsuspected by myself, but intent on my ruin. I had not been in Paris two days before meeting him, and I was not long in discovering that he was constantly watching me. The result was, that I was driven into a quarrel with him, and was rash enough to accept a challenge. I had not a single friend in the whole city, and the affair was managed entirely by his mercenaries. My pistol refused fire—I have always supposed because not charged—he was therefore unharmed, while I was shot through the body."

"For the next five months, I lay upon a sick bed in Paris, balancing between life and death. Finally, but slowly, I recovered from my well-nigh mortal wound; and then, for the first time, learned the truth of the matter, and the villanous plot of which I, and perhaps Arabella, had been made the victim. I hastened across the Channel, and on to the castle. The news quickly reached me, that I was believed to be dead, that my parents had died of grief in consequence, and that



Arabella, careless of life, since my reputed death, was that day to be united to my treacherous rival! With the speed of the wind, I flew to the castle, and burst in upon the bridal party which was already assembled. Arabella recognized me, and rushed to my embrace; the perfidious wretch who had so nearly ruined the happiness of both of us stared at me as affrightedly as though I had been a spirit from the tomb. Without giving him or the company a moment to recover their senses, I led my beloved Arabella from the room, down the stairs, and handed her into the chaise which stood at the gate. We fled, hotly pursued; but we have been able to baffle pursuit thus far, and had hoped to reach Gretna in safety, until the disastrous accident to the conveyance this morning, compelled us to stop at this place. I expect momentarily to hear the sound of their wheels in pursuit; they cannot now be far behind! I shall probably be killed outright, by the desperate crew; certainly Arabella will be torn from me forever. Good heavens! can nothing be done to avert this dire calamity?"

Villiers rose excitedly, thrust his hands, elbow deep, into his pockets, took two turns and a half across the room, and finally re-seated himself.

"Such is my story," he said. "Now for yours."

"Were you to look upon the guest-record of this inn, Mr. Villiers," the other began, in a deep, pathetic tone, "you would find the name of Thomas Tompkins entered as among the arrivals of to-day. This, however, is but the mean disguise which I am compelled to assume, in order to conceal from the world the secret of my real individuality, Villiers!—I will trust to your honor and your friendship; you cannot, under these circumstances, betray me! I am the Marquis Duigi Paoli, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Corsican general of that name, and upon whose unhappy head there is now set the price of blood!

"You have heard of the terrible vendetta of Corsica—the deadly feud that compels the son to avenge the wrongs of his sire, and which binds every kinsman, by the obligation of honor, to the same dreadful duty? I, as a Corsican, was educated to believe that nothing was so glorious as the execution of a just revenge; and it is because of my obedience to these teachings, that I am to-day an outcast, hunted over the face of the whole earth by my hereditary enemy.

"For time immemorial, a bitter feud had subsisted between the families of Paoli and Gascoigne; and this was rendered more violent and still deeper, by the murder of my father, by

Leonard Gascoigne, when I was scarcely ten years of age. The murderer fled to Spain; and only waiting until my age would warrant the step, I started in pursuit. He thought he had secluded himself beyond my power of detection; but I discovered him, and waited, maturing my plan of revenge. I might have safely killed him almost any day, but this would not have satisfied me. I restrained my thirst for vengeance, until at last, when he was about to wed one of the fairest maidens in all the land, and entering the church where the ceremony was being performed, I shot her dead by his side, and escaped before arrest was possible!

"I fled through Spain, across the Pyrenees, through France, over the Channel, and had gained thus much of my desperate journey to the north pole, when the accident which interrupted you, placed me also in the most frightful jeopardy. Yes, I fully appreciate my situation; Robinson is close to my heels, armed and thirsting for—"

"Who did you say?" Villiers inquired. "I understood you to say before, that your enemy's name was Gascoigne!"

"My dear friend, I must beg of you not to interrupt me!" Paoli warmly rejoined. "You'll allow, I presume, that I ought to know more about my own story than yourself; and I trust, therefore, you will see the propriety of permitting me to tell it in my own way. I *did* say Gascoigne, and I do not propose to unsay it. To be sure, I said Robinson, also; but what more likely than that his name should be both—Gascoigne Robinson, or Robinson Gascoigne? Mind, now, that I don't say such is the case, but then it *might* be. Well—that I believe, is about all. I see clearly that I am a dead man, or probably shall be in fifteen minutes. When 'tis all over, my dear Villiers, you will bear witness to my friends in Corsica, that I died like a Paoli?"

"Ay, noble marquis! And for yourself, should you survive me, you will defend and protect the forlorn Arabella!"

"To the last drop! Hark!"

The last exclamation was caused by the rattling of wheels, as a vehicle was driven rapidly up to the door of the Star. Villiers and Paoli started to their feet, and turned pale, uttering alternately, the words:

"'Tis Gascoigne!"

"'Tis my rival!"

The door leading from the tap to the parlor was thrown unceremoniously open, and two men entered. The foremost was a stout, burly man, with an officer's staff in his hand; and producing a pair of steel handcuffs, he proceeded very un-

ceremoniously to clasp them upon the delicate wrists of the unresisting Paoli.

"Found ye, my beauty, have I?" was his salutation. "You're a keen 'un, to be sure, Bill Sharp, when London jugs wont hold you!"

"And a pretty fellow you, Harry White!" exclaimed the second new comer, a plain looking man of fifty. "What can you say for yourself, you scamp?" And seizing the pseudo Villiers by the shoulder, the irate old gentleman twisted him round upon his heels like a top, concluding by a flat-handed blow upon the side of the young man's head, which fairly made his teeth rattle. "Where's Susan?" he demanded. The youth motioned to the next room, and entering it, the old man quickly returned, forcing along a young girl in calico, whose confusion was really painful to behold. Attracted by the noise, the inn-keeper now entered to ascertain its cause. The matter was explained to him immediately.

"You see, sir," began the officer, pointing to the person he had arrested, "this cove is Bill Sharp, the most rascally pickpocket in the three kingdoms! He broke jail in Lunnun a while ago, and I've been tracking him ever since. He's got a queer habit of telling outrageous big yarns about himself, in places where he's not known; but he's nothing but Bill Sharp, howsomever, and a great scamp, I assure you!"

"And this person," said the old man, pointing to the whilom Villiers, "is my apprentice; and a lazier vagabond never disgraced an honest trade! My daughter Susan, here, was foolish enough to allow herself to be persuaded to elope with him; but I have been lucky enough to overtake them, and shall march them home immediately, whether they like it or not. Harry White is his name; and his head is crammed so full of novels and nonsense, that you might think him a prince, or a madman, to hear him talk. I think a course of bread and water will benefit both of them!"

Harry White and Bill Sharp looked at each other in ludicrous bewilderment, as the master of the former concluded. As they were conducted to their different vehicles, they exchanged their farewell greetings.

"Good by, Paoli, keep an eye to your vendetta!"

"Adieu, Villiers; don't forget Arabella, and your home in the south of England! And I'd advise you to look over your geography again!"

Thus summarily stripped of their stolen feathers, the two were separated and hurried away. And it was not until too late to remedy the matter, that poor Harry White discovered that his purse had mysteriously disappeared, during his colloquy with the remarkable Corsican exile!

## HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol was invented 950 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hagar, in Arabia. Lardies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary, an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent, that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on. In the sixteenth century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life, was among the laborers of the Hungarian mines of the fifteenth century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain, as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain, and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it had only been kept by the apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII, brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture. About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness, and made men fearless on the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder of thousands. It has marched the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, sinews, and life's blood of the people.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

## STEALING A HOUSE AND FURNITURE.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Express says:—"A gentleman who had not lived long in his house, went to the seaside for a week or two, leaving everything safe, and his furniture locked up in the various rooms. When he returned, it was late at night, and he could not find his house. It had absolutely been sold, pulled down, and carried away in his absence! The assistance of the police was obtained, when it was found that a person of fashionable exterior had called upon a furniture dealer, and, upon some pretext that he wished to emigrate, asked him to value the furniture in the house. An estimate was given, a bargain was struck, and everything in the house was taken away. The thief then went to a bricklayer, and inventing a story that he wished to build a larger house on the site, sold the bricks and materials for what they would fetch! The astonishment of the owner, fresh from sea-bathing, who left a house and furniture, and on his return could find neither, was a 'caution.'"

Laws are always multiplying lawyers, and lawyers always multiplying laws.

[ORIGINAL.]

**BELSHAZZAR.**

BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL.

The king was revelling mid his glittering shrines;  
 His golden goblets had been emptied thrice,  
 And wasted nectar trickled down in lines  
 Upon the table where he flung his dice;  
 And great Belshazzar tottered from his throne,  
 In the intoxication of a king,  
 And danced before his images of stone,  
 And smiled to hear the giddy courtiers sing  
 Their wanton glees in wild, voluptuous tone.

A thousand lords were feasting in that hall,  
 And peerless women sat on every side;  
 And golden censers swung along the wall,  
 And lofty mirrors gleamed with regal pride,  
 And cups were brought—the sacred cups of old—  
 Robbed from the holy temples of the Lord;  
 And great Belshazzar drank from one of gold,  
 And bade his nobles mock, with lance and sword,  
 And quaff with pride and profanation bold.

The lords polluted with their vicious hands  
 The sacred cups, and boasted of their power;  
 And offered incense to their idol bands:  
 Alas, for them—it was an evil hour!  
 For suddenly appeared before them all  
 An apparition, chilling with affright—  
 A livid hand loomed out above the ball,  
 The chandeliers ceased shedding forth their light,  
 And high that hand wrote fire upon the wall!

Aghast, Belshazzar called soothsayers in,  
 To tell the meaning of that living line—  
*"O, mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!"*  
 Woe to Chaldea, these are words divine!  
 But they knew not the mystery which they read,  
 And sent for Daniel to interpret it;  
*"Thou art found wanting, king!"* the prophet said,  
*"Thy mighty sceptre hath Jehovah split—  
 A Mede shall rule, this night, when thou art dead!"*

But great Belshazzar sought again his wine,  
 And, though he shook before the holy seer,  
 Still rolled upon his purple couch supine,  
 And drank the more to quench his guilty fear.  
 That night, while giddy Pleasure held her reign,  
 A Persian foe stood at the monarch's gate;  
 The host turned broad Euphrates from her lane,  
 The sword of Cyrus sealed Chaldea's fate—  
 And ere the morn was great Belshazzar slain!

Envy is the most inexcusable of all passions.  
 Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it,  
 or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants  
 both. Other sins last but for a while; the appe-  
 tite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has  
 an end; but envy never ceases.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE ARTIST'S STORY.**

BY J. A. UNDERWOOD.

AFTER a long residence in the country, I re-  
 turned to New York. The exhibition of the  
 Academy of Arts was then open, and being very  
 fond of paintings, I hastened to visit it. On the  
 very threshold of the door I met my friend  
 George Herbert, one of our most charming land-  
 scape painters. After shaking hands we entered  
 together.

I asked Herbert if he had anything on exhibi-  
 tion, and on his replying in the affirmative, I  
 begged him first of all to show me his pictures.  
 But modest as usual he led me to some of the  
 best paintings, and pointed out to me beauties of  
 detail not usually appreciated by the mass of  
 visitors. He thus passed in review the works of  
 his friends, rivals and enemies, and was equally  
 just with them all. It was not until an hour had  
 elapsed that he placed me opposite one of his  
 own pictures, which was surrounded by a consid-  
 erable number of ladies.

"I can make no remark on this picture," said  
 he, "look and judge for yourself."

The moment I cast my eyes on it, I could not  
 suppress an exclamation of surprise and joy,  
 which made all the persons looking at it turn  
 round their heads. One only remained motion-  
 less. She was a lady elegantly dressed in black,  
 and who with her elbow leaning on the balus-  
 trade, appeared to be entirely absorbed in the  
 contemplation of my friend's picture. I profited  
 by the departure of several of the spectators to  
 approach closer myself, in order to explain if  
 possible the impression the first glance at this  
 picture had made on me.

Nothing could be more simple than the subject  
 of the painting. It represented a white house,  
 festooned all over with green vines; in front of  
 it two beautiful children were playing together.  
 Seated on a green bank at the entrance of a long  
 avenue of old trees was a lady, watching the  
 children with a tender and loving glance, while  
 a piece of embroidery just fallen from her hands  
 showed her distraction. In the foreground a  
 young man was pushing off a boat which was  
 half hidden by a bed of roses. His eyes were  
 fixed on the house, the children and the lady,  
 and from the expression of his face they ap-  
 peared to sum up his whole happiness. The  
 work was executed with marvellous detail, and  
 simple though it appeared, it was really a re-  
 markable *chef d'œuvre*.

I turned to my friend to express the sympathy and admiration with which his picture had inspired me. He cut my praises short by pretending that he had forgotten to show me an important painting, and drew me away for that purpose. But when, after another walk through the galleries, we passed through the apartment in which Herbert's picture was placed, I cast another look at it, I was a little surprised to find the lady in black still gazing on it.

"That lady's admiration," said I to Herbert, "is very flattering to you, if her face only corresponds with the elegance of her shape and toilet."

"Pshaw! what matters it to me?" he replied, in a tone of utter indifference.

"It matters to me, though," said I, laughing. "I like to see that my friends are appreciated by those whose good opinion is worth having."

And letting go his arm I advanced towards the unknown. She was at that moment referring to her catalogue, doubtless for the purpose of discovering the painter's name. But at the moment I leaned forward for the purpose of catching a glimpse of her face, she uttered a cry, and fell fainting into my arms.

Scarcely noticing her marvellous beauty, I had just untied her bonnet strings, when I heard another cry which appeared to be an echo of the first one behind me. I turned quickly round, and saw Herbert reel forward and catch hold of the balustrade for support. Leaving the strange lady in the hands of her friends, I ran to him.

His eyes were half closed, and he was frightfully pale. He could not articulate a single word. When he had somewhat recovered, his first glance was directed to the spot where the lady had stood. Not perceiving her, Herbert's first impulse appeared to be a determination to follow her; but reflecting a moment he stopped, and I heard him murmur:

"What woe would it be? It is well she did not see me."

This scene, which no one understood, drew a concourse of people around us. I drew Herbert into another gallery, and after a little time proposed that we should leave the place. He followed me without making any reply. At the door we got into a hackney-coach, and I ordered the coachman to drive us to Herbert's residence. During our progress there he did not utter a single word.

"You are suffering, Herbert," said I, when he pointed with a mute gesture to a bunch of cigars on the mantel-piece of his studio.

"No, it is nothing," said he, shaking his head, as if to chase away a painful thought. "I

thought at first I should have died, but I feel much better now."

"You know that lady?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"And you are always on the alert for stories, even if they are about your own friends," he replied, with a resigned smile. "Well, so be it. You, at least, are not '*bête*' enough to laugh at a love affair."

And handing me a cigar, Herbert sat down by my side on the sofa, and related to me the following history:

During my last visit to the little estate owned by my mother near Albany, I met my uncle, Major C——, of the United States army, many times. He was home on a leave of absence, and resided near my mother's property. He told me marvellous stories of his campaign in Mexico, and with the Indians, and as I was a good listener, I speedily ingratiated myself in his favor. His leave of absence expired about the same time that I proposed to return to New York. We had to proceed twenty miles by carriage before we could reach the boat that was to convey us to New York, and the major proposed that I should accompany him. Of course I could not refuse, although to tell you the truth his society somewhat bored me. The day before our intended departure I called upon him to know the exact time that he would start. I found him fuming and fretting as only a military man can fume and fret.

"The deuce take all women!" he cried, the moment he saw me, crushing up in his hand a note that he had just read.

"That is not a very gallant speech, uncle," I returned, offering him my hand.

The major looked at me a moment without speaking, and then pushed away my hand.

"I suppose you are a gallant man," he replied. "If so, to-morrow you will have a chance of showing off your gallantry to the greatest perfection."

"How is that? Do we not start to-morrow?"

"Yes, and that is precisely the reason I am out of temper. Would you believe it, that I, who will not take the trouble to look after my baggage when travelling, have been requested to take charge of a young boarding-school miss, who is returning to her mother?"

"You appear to me to be a very proper escort."

"Thunder and lightning! I wonder if they take me for a nurse?"

"How old is your charge, major?"

"Seventeen."

"In that case, if she be not too ugly, I will relieve you of your duties."

"On the contrary, she is represented to be charming."

"You have not seen her, then?"

"I suppose I may have seen her at her uncle's, who is one of my old friends, although it is not very amiable of him to impose this task on me."

"What is her name?"

"How should I know? I believe it is Miss Vane."

"A pretty name."

"Yes, a pretty name and a pretty face; but not a cent of fortune," returned my uncle, with a sneer. "Do you like girls without fortunes?"

"That depends on circumstances. I know many heiresses who would not suit me, even to mix my colors."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Artist, with such ideas as you have you will ultimately die of hunger. But take your own course, marry this girl, if you like. But, come, we will pass the day together, and you shall go with me to take an answer to this cursed letter, for I am expected there to dinner, and you can be introduced to your future dulcinea."

"Thank you," I returned, smiling, "I am not in such a hurry to run after my chains. It will be time enough to-morrow, if you are really determined to yield your right to me."

"Go to the deuce, then," said the major, taking up his hat and approaching the door; "but remember, if I do not see you again to-day, we leave to-morrow at eight o'clock. Confound all women, I say!"

So saying, my worthy uncle disappeared, leaving me to my own reflections. I returned home, and having finished packing my trunks, and made a few farewell calls, I was somewhat embarrassed to know how to spend the remainder of the day. I determined at last that I would pass it amidst the green fields, and take a last view of the face of nature, for I was well aware that I should be exiled from it for many months in New York. I took my sketch-book and pencil and soon reached the fields.

It was towards the close of September. These last days of summer possess a serene splendor which, to my taste, more powerfully affects the mind than the beauties of spring. Never did I perceive their glory so much as on that day. I strode on, forgetting that I was a painter, and so much captivated by the charms surrounding me that I lost all idea of reproducing them. I was awakened from my ecstasy by the rustling of a dress on the other side of a rustic hedge, after a walk of several hours. A single glance con-

vinced me that this hedge enclosed a park, in the midst of which stood a large mansion. Another glance revealed to me a young girl walking slowly along an avenue of gigantic oak trees. She approached the spot where I was concealed by the thick bushes. She had her eyes fixed on a letter which she held in her hand, so that I could not see her face. But at last she finished reading the letter, and let it fall in her lap; it was then I beheld for the first time her glorious beauty, and I could scarcely restrain an exclamation of surprise.

But why was her charming face bathed in tears? They were not furtive tears, but bitter and burning tears, which rend the heart and redden the eyes. What could that letter contain which appeared to have provoked them? Was it the death of a relative? She would not have isolated herself in this manner to weep. Was it the treason of a lover? She was too young and too beautiful to have been deceived.

She was sitting on a grassy bank facing me, and as I have before said, the letter had escaped from her hands. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, her breast heaved with sobs, and she seemed to be oblivious to everything around her. Sometimes her lips moved as if she would speak, but a stifled sob prevented her uttering a sound. There was something dreadful in this poor young creature's despair. My first impulse was to run to her, and I should probably have done so had not the sound of voices, evidently approaching, reached my ears. The young girl also heard them, for she hurriedly picked up the letter, concealed it in her bosom, and re-entered the avenue. If I moved I should betray my presence, and the young lady would know that she had been watched. From motives of delicacy, therefore, I determined to remain where I was. My mysterious heroine joined a group which had already advanced within a few yards of where I was concealed.

This group consisted of a middle-aged gentleman, a lady, who was doubtless his wife, and a young girl, decidedly plain. The young lady whom I had seen a minute before plunged in such violent grief, took the arm of the latter and walked by her side, and listened to the conversation of the middle-aged gentleman, who spoke with much animation. I could easily understand what a violent effort she must have made over herself to effect such a complete transformation, for all trace of sorrow had disappeared from her face. Calm, and if not gay, at least tranquil, she smiled at some observation addressed to her in the course of conversation, which I could now hear distinctly.



"He is playing at billiards," said the gentleman, doubtless in reply to a question I had not heard; "but the essential point is that he accepts, and we are thus saved great embarrassment, and yet had it not been for your mother I should on account of this young man have waited for another opportunity."

"But why?" said the elderly lady. "This young man is of a good family, and I do not see what inconvenience can arise—"

"What inconvenience, madam!" replied the gentleman, somewhat tartly. "Have I not already told you that he is an artist, who, instead of following his father's lucrative business, must needs settle in New York under the pretext of art, and waste his means, heaven only knows how?"

"But, uncle," said my heroine, in a voice so clear and musical that it almost made me start, "I think I have heard that this young man possesses a great deal of talent."

"And where will his talent lead him?" said the old gentleman, with bitterness. "Most likely to die in the hospital. I tell you these artists are a curse. Their morals are bad, and they bring trouble into the bosom of our families."

"Take care of yourself, Laura," said the daughter, addressing my unknown.

"O, I fear nothing," she replied, with a sad smile, in which I saw traces of the grief she had so promptly suppressed.

"Come, let us go to dinner," cried the enemy to artists, hearing the sound of a bell from the direction of the house. And they all left the spot, leaving me at liberty to emerge from my concealment.

"Laura!" said I to myself, as I continued to walk along the hedge which skirted the park. "Her name is Laura. What a charming name, and what an adorable girl! But why the deuce did that frightful old man rail so against artists? Could he be referring to me? and yet that is scarcely possible, for I never saw him before in my life. Why did she weep so much, and why conceal it when her friends approached? Her grief must have a secret cause. Could it be love?"

This last supposition was by no means an agreeable one to me, but I was ashamed to confess to myself the interest with which this young girl had inspired me. The continued ringing of the dinner bell at the house made me remember that I had taken nothing since morning, and yet I hated to leave the spot where my fair unknown lived. After considerable hesitation I decided to seek for a farmhouse in the neighborhood,

where I could appease my hunger, and then return to the garden of Eden where my Eve lived.

I immediately began the search. But whether it was that I took the wrong direction, or that there were no farmhouses in the neighborhood, I discovered none. Night came on during my fruitless walk, and I was very glad at last to meet with a countryman who directed me to my uncle's residence, that being the nearest. I reached it, harassed and famished, at eleven o'clock at night.

The major had returned an hour before, and while they were preparing supper for me I entered his chamber. He suddenly awoke, but scarcely recognized me, and when I asked him if he knew a young lady named Laura living in the neighborhood, he uttered an exclamation, doubtless not very parliamentary, but so energetic as to forbid all hope of getting any information from him.

I passed a very uneasy night. The image of the young girl under the trees appeared unceasingly before me, and I felt that I must penetrate the secret of her tears. It was daylight before I fell asleep, and I must have slept but a very short time, when a servant came to inform me that the carriage was waiting at the door. I dressed hurriedly, and went down stairs with the firm intention of telling the major that I had changed my mind, and could not be his travelling companion.

He was already in the carriage. I advanced to the door, and had already commenced to make my excuses when I caught sight of a beautiful face. I was immediately silent, and asked myself if I were not dreaming. But the driver, who had become impatient, pushed me in and closed the door. The carriage drove off, and I found myself sitting by the side of my fair unknown of the previous evening, Miss Laura Vane.

Surprise doubtless imparted to my face a singular expression, for the young girl could not help smiling, while the major reproached me for my want of punctuality. I sought to excuse myself, not for delay, but for my bewilderment, which must have appeared incomprehensible, so after I had been introduced to the beautiful girl, I exclaimed:

"Your presence here, Miss Vane, explains to me many things which were complete enigmas yesterday."

"What enigmas do you refer to, George?" said my uncle.

"O, they are much too complicated for you, major," I replied, glancing at Miss Vane.

"Pshaw!" he replied, with indifference.

Perceiving that I made no reply to his attacks, he ensconced himself in a corner and closed his eyes. I profited by this opportunity to examine more attentively the beautiful girl whom chance had thrown in my company at the very moment when I thought I should never behold her again. Her beauty was increased by being viewed closely. Her eyes were large and pensive, of that deep blue which the summer sky could only rival; her hair was a golden auburn, and shaded a forehead as white as alabaster. When she smiled she revealed teeth so white and regular that they might have been cut out of a solid piece of ivory, and they could not have been excelled. Her form and figure were perfect. One of her little hands was ungloved, and I had an opportunity of observing how beautifully it was formed. Her toilet, though simple, showed exquisite taste. Whilst I was making this examination, she was looking out of the carriage window as if for the purpose of viewing the surrounding country; but a few furtive glances cast towards me convinced me that she knew she was being observed.

The major, Heaven forgive him! commenced to snore. Perceiving that silence, if more prolonged would become more and more embarrassing, I determined to break it. I commenced with some commonplace remark, and we were soon on terms of frank intimacy. After conversing on indifferent subjects for some time, I suddenly remembered that I had certain mysteries to clear up, and I resolved to introduce less general subjects.

"Are you fond of paintings, Miss Vane?" I asked, abruptly.

The young lady doubtless thought that this was a very vulgar way to commence a conversation on art, and looked at me with surprise. But I renewed my question. Perceiving that I was determined to have an answer, she replied with a smile:

"I am compelled to make you a humiliating confession, Mr. Herbert, and that is, having been brought up in the country, I have never been able to obtain the necessary knowledge to judge of art."

"What matter, if you are able to feel its beauties, and that I am sure you are?"

"What gives you that certainty? Very flattering for me, I must confess, but I am afraid quite unmerited."

"Probably the desire I have to consult some one on the subject of a picture which has teased me since yesterday, and I thought that perhaps you would be that some one."

"Very willingly. Let me hear your idea, and I will give you my opinion of it, which you can accept for what it is worth."

"This is it, then: Under the trees of a park, a charming young girl—"

"Of course," interrupted Miss Vane, with a smile.

"Is surprised by a group of persons advancing to the spot where she is seated," I continued, without heeding the interruption, "at the moment she is reading a letter, her eyes being filled with tears. The instant she hears the footsteps she hides the letter in her bosom, and chasing away her grief advances to meet the approaching group."

On hearing me describe a scene in which she had been the principal, or rather sole actress, Miss Vane showed great emotion. She regarded me with a sort of fright, and appeared to ask me by her looks by what right I had thus mixed myself up with her secret. But the affected indifference of my attitude doubtless re-assured her, for she asked me, hesitatingly:

"Is it since yesterday that you have entertained the idea of this picture?"

"Yes," I returned, "it was a scene of which chance made me a spectator some time ago; but it came back to my memory last night, and I thought that that beautiful girl, surprised at the moment she was reading a love-letter, would make a good subject for a painting."

"Why a love-letter, Mr. Herbert—how can you tell it was that?" asked Miss Vane, quickly, who, a little re-assured by the first part of my last speech, in all probability felt herself attacked in the latter portion.

"Why, Miss Vane, how could a young girl conceal herself in a secluded spot, and weep so violently when reading a letter, if that letter did not speak of love? That was my impression, as it would be that of everybody else."

"Everybody else, like you, often judge wrong," replied Miss Vane, in a tone so serious that her sincerity could not be doubted. "Is not the real cause of the tears of those who weep in secret sufficient for them, without having them interpreted according to the fancy of the first indiscreet person who may chance to surprise them in their grief?"

A cloud settled on the young girl's face as if these last words recalled some painful reminiscence to her mind. My curiosity as to the cause of my travelling companion's secret grief, although far from being completely allayed, was in some measure satisfied by the discovery that it was not love that had caused her tears to flow, and I was so overjoyed by this fact that I deter-

mined she should pardon the indiscretion of which I had been guilty. I so far succeeded as to restore to Miss Vane's countenance its accustomed calm and serious look.

We were conversing very gaily when the major awoke. He first glanced ahead of us, and then actually greeted us with a smile, and even deigned to address a few words to Miss Vane. I was very much surprised at this great change from his usual surly demeanor; but it was explained when I saw that we had already reached Albany.

We drove immediately to the wharf, where we landed and had to wait some little time until the "World" should start. The major shrugged his shoulders when he saw me offer my arm to Miss Vane, and pointed significantly to a cigar which he had just lighted, and then disappeared in a bar-room. Miss Vane and I took two or three turns up and down the wharf, when she said with some hesitation, doubtless having remarked the major's significant gesture:

"I do not like to see you, on my account, deprive yourself of the pleasure of smoking a cigar."

My first impulse was to state the truth, and that was, that all the cigars in the world were not worth the gentle pressure of her hand on my arm, and the proud satisfaction I felt in having such a beautiful creature by my side; but I was afraid of frightening her, so I determined to make myself a victim, and replied, with a shade of bitterness in my tone:

"Is that a polite way to rid yourself of my company, Miss Vane? Have I been too presumptuous in hoping that you would accept my services?"

"How could I entertain such an idea?" she replied, with a graceful gesture of impatience.

"You know artists have such a bad reputation."

"Which is, perhaps, undeserved."

"Allow me to thank you, Miss Vane, in their name and mine, for the flattering opinions which I know you entertain of them."

"And how do you know that?" she exclaimed, with an uneasy look.

"I guessed it."

"Nay, you heard me express myself so."

"I confess that chance made me hear you speak in their favor."

"Then," she replied, "that projected picture of which you spoke to me just now, was taken from a scene in real life?"

"I cannot deny it."

"You are acting unfairly. Was it not enough to have committed an indiscretion—involuntarily, I fully believe—without aggravating it by en-

deavoring to penetrate the secret of a grief which has never been confided to you?"

"I am satisfied to know that that grief was not caused by love."

"And what interest can it be to you to know whether the first girl you meet loves or not?"

"What interest? Is not the woman who loves, a precious flower under a glass shade?—a rare bird in a cage?—a ripe fruit in an inaccessible garden? All these things possess only sweetness, perfume and harmony for those who possess them. Is it not natural that one should prefer the wild flower of the woods, the bird of the heavens, and the fruit on the hedges which belong to the hand bold enough to take them?"

In spite of the sadness which had fallen on Miss Vane, she could not help smiling at my comparisons. Although I did not then comprehend the secret bitterness which she had in her raillery, she replied:

"Yes; but the fruit of the hedges sometimes grows beyond reach, the wild flower sometimes blooms on inaccessible rocks, and the bird of the heavens does not allow itself to be caught."

"Ah, Miss Vane," I replied, "you want to intimidate me, and I must not show myself less courageous than you are."

"How am I courageous?" returned the young girl in a tone of unaffected surprise.

"Did not some one say to you yesterday, 'Take care of yourself?' And did you not reply, 'I fear nothing?'"

The young girl became quite serious, and made no reply. She bent her head down, and I felt her hand tremble on my arm. She appeared for the moment to be overpowered by some painful reminiscence, which I had before remarked had several times excited its influence over her. At last she raised her pure eyes to my face, and said, gravely:

"No, Mr. Herbert, I fear nothing, because I possess a talisman which I trust will never fail me."

"And what is that talisman?" I asked, with an ironical smile.

"It is duty!" she returned, with a proud glance. "And now I beg that we cease this conversation, which doubtless has no more interest for you than for me."

So saying she hurried on board the steamer, which had just come up to the wharf. I followed her, and took my seat by her side after a little delay in procuring tickets. Her head was perched over the railing, and she appeared to be watching the water through which we were now gliding. But in spite of all her efforts to hide it, I detected a furtive tear stealing down her

cheek. This touched me to the heart. What had this poor girl done to me that I should harass her thus?

"Have I offended you, Miss Vane?" I asked, in a whisper. "If so, I beg that you will forgive me, for I assure you it was unintentional."

"Let us say no more about it," she replied, her countenance becoming serene again. "I am excessively sensitive, and perhaps it is good for me to be subjected to ridicule."

I was about to reply, when the major made his appearance. He did not stay with us long, however, but meeting a fellow-officer on board, they moved to another part of the vessel, and began to fight their battles over again. Miss Vane and myself were again left alone, or rather isolated in the midst of half a dozen passengers. Among the latter I noticed a lady very elegantly dressed and quite young. She was accompanied by an old man, who appeared to overwhelm her with his attentions, which she tolerated rather than received. This lady displeased me very much, even more than the little dog which she carried in her lap, and which annoyed us all by its continual barking. She went into extacy about the beauty of the scenery, and by pretentious exclamations uttered in a loud voice appeared to wish that everybody should hear her. While I was annoyed at this lady's remarks, I could not help admiring the beauties of the panorama spread before us. The steamer was proceeding between two hills covered with verdure, relieved here and there by white cottages which gleamed through the trees. It was most beautiful; every mile we made offered to us some new delight. Now it was a rustic village, descending to the very edge of the water, now it was green sloping banks, with the spires of country churches peeping out from a mass of foliage, now the giant Catskills looming up to the very heavens.

Everything appeared so calm and beautiful that I felt its serene influence over my spirits, and had it not been for the noisy demonstrations on the part of the lady I have referred to, I should have been perfectly happy. I cast my eyes on Miss Vane, and found that she was completely absorbed by the beauty of the scenery. I gently touched her shoulder.

"Is it not beautiful?" said she, without turning round. "There is no necessity for one to travel in foreign countries to find the true poetry of nature."

I perceived at that moment a white cottage hidden like a nest amongst leaves. The river at that point was somewhat inland, forming a miniature bay in front of the dwelling. The front of the house was covered all over with a grape

vine, while a carefully kept flower-garden extended around it. An avenue of beech trees skirted one side of the cottage. At the entrance of this avenue a lady was seated on a grassy bank employing herself with embroidery, at the same time watching two handsome children who were playing in the garden. A boat was fastened to the bank in front of the dwelling. All seemed so fresh and so pure that I could not restrain an exclamation of pleasure. Miss Vane had also noticed it, and appreciated its beauties, for she pointed to it and exclaimed:

"That is the place for one to live in!"

"Not alone?" said I, intentionally.

"O, no," she replied, without thinking what she was saying; "but—" she stopped and blushed.

"With a companion, then," said I, quickly, without allowing her time to be frightened at the sense my words might convey. "Yes, it would be very pleasant to be awakened in the morning by the singing of birds, and to walk into the garden while yet wet with dew—"

"And gather flowers for the breakfast table," said Miss Vane, interrupting me.

"Yes, and after breakfast, work, for a little work would be necessary. During the hot hours of the day—"

"Read under the shade of the avenue."

"And dine in that pretty arbor—"

"After dinner row in that boat to yonder green hill."

"And in the evening have music in the drawing-room, with the windows open, and, with no other light than that given by the moon, sing—"

"Norma."

"You like Norma?" I cried, happy to find in her preferences a new point of contact with mine.

But this question appeared to dissipate the dream in which she had indulged. She cast down her eyes with some embarrassment, and a bitter smile replaced the look of serene gaiety which had before animated her face.

"Are you already tired of your pretty cottage on the Hudson?" I asked.

"No," said she, with her eyes filled with tears; "but it is dangerous to indulge in castles in the air."

"Why should it be a castle in the air, when a single word can make it a reality?"

Was it a flash of joy or anger which for a moment illuminated Miss Vane's countenance? I cannot tell; but whatever it was, it immediately faded away, and was replaced by that look of grief and discouragement which I had often seen before. She silently moved away, and

walked to the other end of the boat. I dared not break in on her reverie, but sat still and indulged in my reflections.

My thoughts, of course, were fixed on but one subject. I had never met in any woman the irresistible charm which had attracted me towards this ravishing creature. What, then, could be the cause of her secret grief? Evidently it was of recent origin, for her expansive nature repulsed it energetically, only allowing it at certain times to obtain an influence over her. I interrogated my own heart. I asked myself, supposing that she were free, could I in justice to her, offer her marriage? This young girl had no fortune, and I in pursuit of my studies had expended the modest patrimony left me by my father. It is true I was beginning to find a resource in my talents; but this was still so uncertain that I was often obliged to have recourse to my mother's small income. Could I expose this young girl to the hardships of an artist's life, and without making her happy, compromise my future by domestic troubles? But, then again, was it nothing to find in a devoted and faithful heart a refuge in the hours of doubt and discouragement? Was it not worth trusting something to chance? Does not faith in destiny often make our destiny?

While making these reflections I directed my eyes towards my travelling companion. She was still contemplating our white cottage in the woods, which was fast fading from view. In another moment a turn in the river hid it altogether. Miss Vane turned round, and her look met mine.

Had she thought of me as I had thought of her? Had our souls met and revealed themselves to each other while we were apparently separated? Who can say? But no human language could more clearly have expressed what our looks said during the eternal minute they were confounded together. Intoxicated, I advanced towards her, and I should perhaps have kneeled at her feet, and have offered her my life, had she not repulsed me with a gesture which had more despair in it than fright. She then put her hands to her face, and appeared scarcely able to stifle a sob.

But I only saw in this emotion the modesty which makes a woman blush at the avowal, the knowledge of which makes her happy in secret. I wished to allow Laura time to forgive me for the happiness she had bestowed upon me. I glanced around me without fixing my eyes on any particular object. I saw the green banks, the gliding water, the fleecy clouds, and birds singing in the heavens. Everything appeared to

smile, and I heard a voice which spoke to my soul, and which said, "Love!" Not wishing to disturb Miss Vane, I lit a cigar and joined a group of passengers, who were evidently farmers.

"Look," said one of these, pointing to the old man who accompanied the lady who was so loud in her praises of the scenery of the river, "see how attentive the old fool is to his young wife."

"Wife!" said I, in amazement. "You must be mistaken. You mean grandfather?"

"No, indeed, I mean wife. I come from the same town that they do. He is very rich, and that is why she married him."

I left them, and turned back. As I passed before the loud-talking lady, avoiding to look at her, she uttered a cry and her umbrella fell close at my feet. I picked it up and returned it to her, bowing to the old man, and casting a disdainful look on the woman.

"What have you done to that lady?" asked Miss Vane, whom I had rejoined, and who had seen this little scene.

"Nothing," I replied, smiling; "she let her umbrella fall, and I returned it to her."

"From the look you gave her, one would say that you hated her."

"No, indeed. I am only of the opinion that when a woman has courage enough to sell herself, she should at least have the honesty to keep to her bargain."

Miss Vane uttered a cry of suffering which I could have understood if the words had been addressed personally to her. She then gazed on the woman and then on me, and her eyes evinced so much pity for her, and so much reproach for me, that I felt myself blush, and could not utter a word.

By-and-by we conversed on general subjects, and continued to do so until we reached New York. When the time came for me to leave this beautiful girl, without the hope of seeing her again, I felt how much I was attached to her, and how the bonds so easy to bend were so hard to break. I approached her, and in a low tone of voice which emotion made to tremble, said:

"May I hope to see you again?"

Miss Vane was silent for a moment or two—her head fell on her heaving bosom—there was evidently a struggle going on, and I anxiously awaited her answer. At last a shiver ran through her frame, and raising her humid eyes to mine, she murmured, in a voice which she in vain endeavored to make firm, "No!"

I was about to protest against the decision, when Laura cried out with feverish joy, mingled with terror:

"Henry! Henry!"



A young lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age, approached, accompanied by my uncle, and having first embraced Miss Vane, turned towards the major and myself, and said :

"My mother, gentlemen, not being able to come to meet my sister, begged me to thank you in her name, and to beg that you will call on her and receive her thanks in person."

He then left us to see after his sister's baggage; the major accompanied him. I was transported with the invitation which had been given me, but I did not long remain so.

"Mr. Herbert," said Miss Vane, "you have been very good to me, full of kindness and indulgence; you can still, however, acquire a new claim on my gratitude."

"O, speak, Miss Vane—what must I do?"

"Do not mention my name during your residence in New York, and above all, do not accept the invitation which my brother has given you."

"But that would be very impolite," I returned.

"I will make your apologies. Do this for me, Mr. Herbert." Then seeing her brother and the major returning, she pressed my arm and whispered in my ear, "I beseech you, for my sake!"

The pressure of her hand on my arm, her breath in my hair, and above all her tender words, almost overcame me. When I recovered myself, Laura and her brother had already disappeared. I rushed to the side of the boat to catch a last glimpse of her. They were already on the pier. Laura turned her head and fixed a look of gratitude on me, and then the sweet vision vanished from my sight.

"I am much obliged to you for relieving me of a disagreeable duty," said the major, when they were gone. "What do you think of her, nephew?"

"I don't know," I replied.

Should I yield to Miss Vane's desire, and was she really sincere when she made it? Such were my thoughts when walking the next day down Broadway. At that moment I saw Miss Vane, accompanied by her brother, within a few steps of me. The young man recognized me, and made a movement as if he would stop and speak to me, but his sister prevented him, and they rapidly passed me, as if they had not seen me.

This determination to avoid me wounded my vanity, and made me feel quite angry, and I at once determined to respond to the invitation sent me by her mother. The same evening I directed my steps to Mrs. Vane's residence. She resided in the upper part of the city, almost in the country. The house was quite large, with a garden which was kept with great care, extend-

ing in front of it. The iron gate was open, and I entered. The windows of the front room were open, and I heard the notes of a piano. It was evidently played by a practised hand. Suddenly I heard the sweet prayer of Norma, "*Casto diva che inargenti*," etc. I had arrived there angry, but this plaintive and sad melody found an echo in my heart, and love only spoke in me. I fancied I again heard the prayer that Miss Vane had addressed to me, and perhaps I should have retired, had not a suppressed cry interrupted the song, and if Laura herself had not suddenly appeared at the entrance. She advanced towards me, and said, with a sad smile :

"You here? I hoped too much from you, then."

"Why are you without pity?" I replied.

"And why cannot you understand that if I come here in spite of you, in spite of myself, it is because I love you—"

"O, utter not those words," she cried, hiding her face with her hands.

She trembled, and her face became so pale, and betrayed so much suffering and fear, that she frightened me. I rushed forward to support her, but suddenly, by an energetic effort of will recovering herself, she said to me, calmly :

"Enter, since you will have it so. I will go and inform my mother."

And pointing out the door of the drawing-room to me, she left me. I entered—the apartment was full of her presence—a vague perfume of flowers freshly gathered greeted my senses. I saw the book she had lately been reading, the open piano, and piece from Norma still open, placed before it. I perceived on the table a little glove, which belonged to her. I seized it and carried it to my lips, but the sound of approaching steps and voices made me conceal my treasure.

Three persons entered the drawing-room—Miss Vane, who appeared very serious, and with a dignity about her which was almost solemn; her mother, a woman still handsome, and an old man, on whose arm Mrs. Vane leaned familiarly. Whilst I inclined my head, Laura, after having murmured my name, introduced me to those two.

"My mother, Mr. Herbert," said she, and then raising her limpid eyes to my face, with a look which seemed to ask for pity, she added, in a more feeble voice, hesitating between each word, "Mr. Emory, my affianced husband!"

These words struck me like an electric shock. So many confused sentiments burned in my heart at the same time, that I could find no expression for a single one of them, and I remained overwhelmed with dismay. Whilst Mr. Emory surveyed me from head to foot, and whilst Mrs. Vane was thanking me for the attention I had

paid her daughter, Laura, as if she had spent all her strength in pronouncing her own sentence, reeled rather than walked to the door. Before leaving the room, her supplicating eye sought mine. Whether it was that my look revealed ironical disdain and cold contempt, I cannot say; but she appeared to be entirely overcome, and it was with difficulty she dragged herself away.

I do not know what the lookers on thought of this scene; I do not know what I said during the few cruel minutes I remained in the drawing-room. At last I got away with suffering, rage and hatred in my soul. While crossing the garden, my hand came in contact with the glove I had taken. A few minutes before it had made me tremble with happiness, now it burned me. I threw it from me with disgust. I heard a stifled cry behind me, and turning round, I thought I saw the vague form of a woman standing against the window. But without stopping to heed it, I hurried on, and reached my own lodgings, and passed an agonizing night.

The next morning a letter was handed to me. It was in a woman's handwriting. After a moment's hesitation I broke the seal. I burnt this letter long ago, but every expression of it remains so deeply engraved on my heart that I can repeat it word for word. It was as follows:

"Alas! yes, I also have had the courage to sell myself, but I shall keep to my bargain, for I shall never forget my duty. I wished that our rapid journey should remain for you as it will always for me—a pleasant reminiscence; but you did not understand me. But if I must lose your love, if I myself entreat you to look upon it only as a dream, I do not wish that you should blush at having confessed it. It is for that reason that I write to you. I also have dreamed a sweet poem of an obscure life, in which labor was compensated by love; I also have upbraided those women who believe, or feign to believe, that riches alone are necessary, and who stifle their hearts under their vanity, and the expiation of my error is come—I only felt contempt when, perhaps, I ought to have felt pity. Who would have said then that I should bend my head under the same reprobation that I bestowed on others? O, why did you come to the house? I should have so loved to remain to you one of those dreams which, if they have no morrow, at least have no regret. Could you not understand by my sadness that I had no happiness to bestow? What have you gained by your obstinacy? Instead of a fugitive vision of love, you entertain only contempt for me. But the burden is already sufficiently heavy, and I am not resigned enough to bear more. You may forget me, pity me, perhaps; but your contempt is more than I can endure. God forgive me, if I do wrong, but you must know the truth. In seeing me here, surrounded, if not with luxury, at least with comforts, you doubtless thought it was only ambition that caused me to give myself to an old man. Alas! my only ambition is to secure an

asylum for those I love, for in a year misery would enter our home, perhaps in a few months. My poor mother, by her imprudent tenderness, gave us an education suitable to our birth, instead of preparing us for labor, which the state of our fortune at my father's death should have destined us. I have taken the step for my mother's sake, for my brother's, that noble boy whom you know, and for my young sister's, whom necessity, perhaps, in a few years, would have compelled to pursue a similar course to mine. It was this thought, especially, that one of us was fatally predestined, that gave me strength enough to be resigned to it. If a sacrifice is necessary, it is for me, who am the eldest and strongest, to make it. I know the task is a hard one, and I sometimes fear my own weakness; but I hope, in seeing my mother without care for the future, my brother launched in an honorable career, and my sister free, through me, to choose for herself, that I shall find in the sentiment of duty accomplished, that resignation and calmness which is all that I can aspire to. Adieu! Do not visit me again. I trust you will not seek to take from me the strength of which I stand so much in need to tread my sad path. May you be happy! May you become famous! And if you ever think of me, pray to God that he will give me oblivion and repose!

"LAURA."

My first impulse on reading this letter was to visit Laura again. But reflection soon came to obscure the charming mirage which the certainty of her love had for the moment caused to pass before my eyes and my heart. It was then, that I should not succumb to the temptation which assailed me to pursue my love even at the price of Laura's repose, that I determined to travel. I visited Europe. But while sailing on the calm or agitated waters of the Adriatic, or of the Ganges, whether I was in the palaces of Venice or Calcutta, my dream everywhere was that little white cottage on the borders of the Hudson, with its vines, its flower-garden, avenue, and the young wife, who with tender glances watched her two children playing on the grass; and this young wife always assumed to me the lovely and elegant form, the blue eyes, and the resigned smile of Laura Vane.

Two months after Herbert had told me this history, a lady of my acquaintance informed me that Mr. Emory had received a few days before a package containing a picture, without any indication of where it came from. From the description she gave of this painting I recognized it as my friend's work.

"The most singular thing about it," she continued, "is that when Mrs. Emory saw the picture she was seized with an emotion which she in vain endeavored to dissimulate."

The next day I called on Herbert. The moment I entered, he handed me a letter to read. It contained only these words, "I thank you!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## RETROSPECTION.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

Companions of childhood, who sported with me  
'Neath the drooping branches of yonder tree;  
Who, hour after hour, in its pleasant shade,  
Stones for castle and turret laid;

Your steps were buoyant and light as air,  
Your eyes were bright, and your brows were fair,  
And sunny your ringlets of glossy hair,  
Untouched by time, or sorrow, or care.

How often we wandered in pastures wide,  
And in sunny nooks on the steep hillside;  
We gathered the wild flowers that clustered there,  
And wove fragrant garlands to deck the hair!

As we joyously fitted then bard in hand,  
Like spirits astray from some brighter land,  
We dreamed not that Time, with his fast dropping  
sand,  
Would ruthlessly sever our dear loving band!

Friends of my childhood, O, where are ye now?  
The dust settles heavy on each radiant brow;  
And the grave's dim shadow rests gloomy and chill  
On those beautiful features, now rigid and still!

There's a group of dear faces beneath the elm-tree,  
With shadowy fingers they beckon to me;  
My life-boat is drifting on time's restless sea,  
And the wind and the tide bear me onward to thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWO BIBLES.

BY MRS. M. A. NOWELL.

THE gaslight streamed gaily over the brilliant surroundings of a drawing-room in the heart of a large English city. In this room a lady, young and handsome, was sitting quite alone, and apparently waiting for some one. Every sound made her start, and each successive disappointment was painted visibly on her cheeks, as the sound died off in the distance without bringing the expected comer. She went to the piano and played a few bars of an opera; then looked over a portfolio of fine prints. Tossing these last aside with a gesture of impatience, she walked back and forth through the splendid room, looking at each object uneasily, and as if it pained her.

"I cannot think what has come to me to-night," she said at last, throwing herself at full length upon a *fauteuil*. "If I were half as imaginative as Edward is, I should think some

misfortune awaited me, and that these strange feelings were the presentiment. But I seem to be quite out of the reach of any great misfortune, unless something has happened to my husband. O, what a foolish woman I am, to borrow trouble when everything is, in reality, so little like it."

Hour after hour went by, and the bright eyes, weary with watching, closed in a calm and gentle slumber, which was broken by the sound of the door-bell, rung with a quick, fierce motion. The next moment a young man with disordered hair, and a countenance that betrayed intense agitation, entered the room.

The lady sprang up, rubbing her eyes. "Is that you, Edward?" she asked. "Why, how late you are! Here I have been fancying all sorts of dreadful reasons for your stay. How could you leave me so long?"

The words were spoken, not peevishly, but still with a little gentle reproach. Edward Brooks seemed to feel them deeply—more deeply than such light words deserved.

"You may have to wait longer still, Helen. I have hard news to tell you, which will perhaps be of more consequence than waiting an hour or two in a comfortable room like this."

She sat perfectly still, with a face so white that it frightened him.

"Don't look so, Helen! Come and sit by me, and we will give care to the winds to-night. Play something to me—something quite lively and stirring."

She saw that this sudden gaiety was all forced, and she felt yet more frightened than before. She remembered the fancies that had crowded upon her mind that evening; and, looking at him, the thought came that Edward had lost his reason. His clothes, usually so nicely arranged, were dusty and disordered; his hands were stained with ink, and his whole appearance was very different to the stylish, scrupulously neat gentleman who had walked away so proudly at noon, knowing well whose eye was watching him from the drawing-room window.

Terror now had full possession of her, and she ran to her husband, laid her hand beseechingly on his shoulder, and gasped out a hurried request that he would tell her what had happened.

"Are you able to bear it?" he said, in a softer tone than he had yet used.

"Yes; tell me now—anything is better than this dread."

"Well, then, we are beggars, Helen; that is all—only beggars." And he smiled such a ghastly smile that Helen shuddered, believing that his wits were leaving him indeed. Remembering that he had taken nothing since noon, she

went herself to the supper table and brought a biscuit and some tea, playfully feeding him, against his protest that he wanted nothing.

"Now tell me all, calmly, Edward," she said softly, and with her hand nestled within his own.

He plunged into the subject at once. His partner in a heavy mercantile concern had gone off with everything, involving the firm in debt to the amount of thousands of pounds more than all their property. Everything was gone—not a penny remained. The house they were living in was not their own, and every moment they stayed there—every day that they should keep their servants, was an injustice.

The strong man even wept as he recited all these dismal details. Helen was calmer, because she could not take in all the trouble and disgrace at once; she did not know how proud and sensitive her husband was, when the name, so long kept from reproach in a great mercantile house, becomes associated with evil report—the name of father and grandfather, hitherto unspotted, and always a passport to all business relations, foreign or domestic. Such had been the name of Brooks—nor had the son ever tarnished it. Unfortunately he had associated it, after his father's death, with one he considered equally honorable—that of Marvin. Its owner was the descendant of men of unblemished integrity; but he proved himself unworthy of his ancestors, and in his own fall had carried his partner down also.

Helen tried her best to comfort him, but in vain. He could not be persuaded even to go to bed, but sat up all night writing, as he had been doing at the counting-room since noon.

The morning dawned upon two miserable, haggard beings, for Helen had shared his labors, sealing and directing his letters—hopeless ones, alas! for Edward felt that no one would believe his asseverations of ignorance, since Marvin's name had hitherto stood as good as his own. When morning came he called in the servants, and manfully told them all, distributing among them the money he had kept in the house for that purpose. He dismissed all, save one woman who was brought up by his own mother. Her he intended to provide for in some way—he hardly knew how.

Helen Brooks was the daughter of a poor man; but by the kindness of a relation, now no longer living, she had received a good education, and had mingled in a circle above that in which her father could have placed her. Here she met Edward Brooks, and her beauty, her grace and talent made a speedy impression upon him. He had helped her father to rise from his obscurity, and it was fair that he should now be willing to

give Helen the protection of a home until he could master these difficulties of his own position.

Edward's first thought was to enter the British army, then in India; and he felt that a woman so beautiful as Helen, should not remain unprotected during his absence.

Mr. Bingham, however, was a selfish man. He was deeply disappointed at Edward's misfortunes. They robbed him of all the prestige which a rich son-in-law had given his own circumstances. He dwelt upon the late failure as something injurious to himself, forgetting that Brooks had raised him from his former poverty. He consented ungraciously to the care of Helen, and hinted pretty strongly that her husband ought to save enough from the wreck to enable her to live in much the same style as before. It was another stab to Edward, this unworthy treatment; but he made the best of it. He gave up the house and furniture, keeping back nothing but the few keepsakes that were presented upon their wedding day, and Helen's wardrobe. Among the former were two Bibles precisely alike, of a unique style of binding, which had been the sole presents of the newly married pair to each other. They were small in size, exquisitely printed and richly gilt, forming the most beautiful ornaments of their library. These were selected from the books there, and Edward's, with the simple inscription "From Helen," was the companion of his travels to India; while hers was as carefully cherished as his gift.

Some months passed. Helen had heard from him, and he was getting on bravely in a soldier's life. He trusted that whatever shame she might feel in his mercantile career, she would have occasion for none in this. She answered his letter, reporting herself as very comfortable in her father's house, except the one thought of her father's continued and increasing selfishness.

A long time went by, bringing terrible and heart-rending accounts from India, but no tidings of Edward. At length Mr Bingham came into Helen's room one morning, and brought her the dreadful intelligence of her husband's death.

How dreary and desolate was Helen's life after this no one can imagine, save those who have gone through the same ordeal. She kept her room for months, until her father pressed upon her the necessity of mending her broken fortunes. About this time he introduced to his family a Captain Claussen, a man who had become very wealthy by inheritance. Having no mother, Helen was forced to do the honors of the house, and the rich sea-captain was struck with the beauty that her widow's weeds could not hide.

When a year had passed he offered his hand, and Helen, thankful to escape from her father's grudging maintenance, married him and left England for the United States. Here Captain Claussen soon died, leaving Helen in New York a young rich widow, with sixty thousand dollars in her own possession. He had been kind to her, and she mourned his loss. She remained in New York, not choosing to return to her father's ungracious protection, since she now felt competent to protect herself.

On a beautiful September day one of the New York judges sentenced a man to three years' imprisonment for the crime of forgery. He was taken to Sing Sing, where he was visited by several people who had become interested in his case. He was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with the remains of a noble bearing about him, but marred by the appearance of dissolute habits. Among his visitors was a person whose profession was that of a newspaper reporter. To him the prisoner gave a beautiful Bible, saying that its elegance made it an unfit ornament to a jail. He sighed at parting with it, and observed that he gave his wife one like it when they were married, and that this was her gift to him.

"The value of the gifts is destroyed to both," he said, "for she is married to another."

"How!" asked the listener, "married while you live! Were you divorced?"

"No. It is a long story, my friend, but I will tell you the heads of it, since you look so interested."

"I am so, indeed. Pray tell me all."

It need not be said that the prisoner was Edward Brooks himself. It was the father of Helen who had forged the account of his death, that she might marry again. Her husband's truly loving heart was almost broken by hearing of her marriage. He became dissipated, reckless; committed some offence, for which he was held to a court-martial, and was discharged from the army. Pride, ambition, everything which he most valued in his own character, were swept away by the one terrible thought, that Helen, whom he had loved dearer than his own soul, had forgotten her vows to him, and forsaken him for another.

That she was in the United States, and in the same city with himself when he committed the forgery, was a thing of which he never dreamed. He pictured her in England, the happy, prosperous bride of another, careless of him, and perhaps with children playing about her feet—Helen's children calling another man their father! It was a desolate heart that Edward Brooks carried in his bosom. Let no one condemn him ut-

terly until he has been tried in the same furnace, and come out from it without the smell of smoke upon his garments!

Mr. Ashton, the gentleman who had visited the prison and received the gift of the prisoner's Bible, was, on New Year's day, at the house of a friend, tendering the compliment of the season. Casting his eyes carelessly over the books upon a table, he was struck with the resemblance of one of them to that cherished gift. On opening it, he found on the fly-leaf the name of Edward Brooks. An exclamation of surprise escaped him involuntarily, and drew upon him the notice of a lady sitting near, to whom his hostess had just introduced him, calling her Mrs. Claussen.

"That was the gift of my first husband, sir," she remarked. "It was given on our wedding-day."

Ashton forced himself to ask how long her husband had been dead.

"Four years. He was an officer in the British army, and served in India, where he died."

"I have the counterpart of that book, madam," said he. "Would you like to compare them?"

Her voice trembled as she assented, and he drew forth the Bible from its morocco case, and placed it in her hand. Fortunately, all other visitors had departed, and there was no one but her friend and Mr. Ashton to witness her emotion, while he gently and delicately narrated all he knew of the giver.

"Let me go to him instantly!" cried Helen, when he had finished. Mr. Ashton called a carriage and placed her trembling form within it, accompanying her himself. He went in alone to prepare him for a visitor, and then withdrew. What passed in that brief interview was too sacred for strangers to hear. From it Helen came forth with a new light in her eye, that told of a high purpose within.

From that moment nothing could deter her from obtaining her husband's pardon. All the influence which a young, rich and beautiful woman can so easily command, was brought to bear upon this one object—and when at length she procured an interview with the governor, and came from his presence with a face brightened with a joy it had never known since the first delicious weeks of her marriage with Edward Brooks, the faithful friend who accompanied her, and the kind Mr. Ashton, who was resolved to see this strange drama played out to its end, both knew that she was perfectly successful. It needed not her glad words to assure them of the result of her perseverance.

A month after, Edward Brooks and his wife—Helen Brooks once more—returned to England,



bearing with them a love that had never, in reality, lost its power over the hearts of either of them. To him, how great must be the change! Instead of wearing out three terrible years in the gloom of a prison, without a human being to care for him, he is suddenly restored to the light of day, to the love of a fond heart, to the enjoyments and luxuries of wealth and ease, and to a fair opportunity of recovering the self-respect so nearly lost to him forever.

Had ever reality or romance a parallel to this? And yet the tale itself, in its main incidents, is a true one, and its date very recent.

#### POPULAR ERRORS.

Few errors are more general than to suppose that chalk is used to adulterate milk, chalk or whiting being absolutely insoluble in any liquid, unless an acid be present. It would be useless to attempt the introduction of this matter with any idea of giving a *body*, or whiteness, after thinning with water, because the chalk would fall to the bottom in a few minutes, and thus at once indicate its presence. Again, a short time ago a contemporary gave some illustrations explaining the method of adulterating London porter—at least they illustrated *their* ideas. We there read, "the *heading* is the joint result of drawing through the engine and a *copperas admixture*!" Such an error as this could only have emanated from a writer totally ignorant of his subject. This, however, has been a popular error for some years, and we only regret that, in the present day, it should be again published. A few grains of *copperas* (sulphate of iron), added to a quart of porter, would instantly render it *thick*, and impart an unmistakable inky flavor. London porter is in reality adulterated with water, salt, sugar, or treacle, and what is technically called "Black Extract," a preparation of *Cocculus indicus*, an intoxicating drug, which, by an oversight of the legislature, is suffered to be imported at a nominal duty. Some tons pass the customs annually for "medicinal purposes!" although the article is scarcely known to the whole profession, except by name.—*Chemical Wonders*, by G. W. Septimus Piesse.

#### "ONLY ONE."

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate, all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble.

Fools measure actions after they are done by events; wise men beforehand, by the rules of reason and right. The former look to the end to judge of the act. Let us look to the act, and leave the end to God.

#### A CURIOUS FISH.

A very curious fish has been caught about two miles outside Killibegs Harbor, a few days ago, by a fisherman named William Devitt. The like description of fish has never been seen within the memory of any person living there. Some of the gentlemen of the place, whose curiosity it had excited, referred to "Goldsmith's Natural History" (!) and searched it, but in vain, to find a name for it. It is in appearance, somewhat like a sun-fish, but smaller. It has two fins near the shoulder, one on each side, and two very large ones near the tail, one on the under side, and the opposite to it, on the back. It has a very small mouth, being not much bigger than that of a small fish; and instead of teeth, it has a line of bone on each side of the mouth, above and below. The most curious thing about it is its tail, which is scoloped round the edge, like a lady's collar, and seems connected with the body by a number of hinges. Its color, too, is different (being a pure white) from the rest of the body, and the skin is as hard as the crust of a lobster—the weight of the fish is 150 pounds; its length four feet; and measured from the top of the lower fin to the top of the opposite one four feet ten inches. A correspondent says: "One morning as Mr. Devitt was out fishing in Killibegs Bay, he captured a fish of elliptical form, weighing 150 pounds, having a mouth extremely small in proportion to the size of the fish, and instead of teeth, a ridge of enamelled solid bone. It has two fins, situated near the tail, each measuring fifteen inches in length, projecting from the back like the propeller of a steamboat. The tail is short and works on hinges, and is covered half way with an elastic substance resembling India rubber, so as to allow the action of the tail, which is scoloped at the tip. It is all enclosed or covered with a strong, bright shell. Several gentlemen visited it, but were unable to tell its name. It is now being exhibited in the principal towns, and will be sent afterwards to the museum.—*London Journal*."

#### UNINTENTIONAL JOKE.

One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. "We have lost," said one gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." At this moment the doctor (who was quite deaf) rose and gave the company grace, "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised!" This ludicrous combination was not intended by the doctor, and was the more ludicrous on that account, because the objects to be connected were all the further removed. We have many such freaks of nature. We see her occasionally blowing off the hat of some solemn man, as he turns a corner, and sending him a zigzag chase along the road after it; or we see her make a modest man give an involuntary sneeze during an impressive pause in a choral song; or making a donkey bray outside the window just as some country minister has opened his mouth to speak. Amusing tales, farces and burlesque result from the conception of such things in the author's mind.—*Fraser*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

'Tis the first grave of the household,  
Where these drifts of violets hide;  
They were up last year, in clusters,  
Just before our dear one died;  
Here and there, like groups of maidens  
With their sweet heads meekly bowed,  
Shining through the springing verdure  
Like the blue rifts of a cloud.

Turning the fresh sod to hallow  
In the mould a narrow bed,  
Pierced the rude spade, like an arrow,  
Through the webs of silver thread  
Which were woven, snowy-fibred,  
Like a network, in and out,  
Just beneath the grassy surface  
Where the infant violets sprout;

And the tender roots were severed  
At a single fatal stroke  
Even as our hearts were sundered,  
And their sweet ties rudely broke  
By the sharp unsparing sickle  
In the shadowy Reaper's hand,  
Who, a-gleaning, plucked the fairest  
From our happy household band.

We were saved—but now the household  
Hath its mournful vacant chair,  
And an angel sometimes glideth  
Stilly down, and sitteth there!  
"One in heaven"—we whisper softly,  
As we count our number o'er;  
One in heaven—albeit our circle  
Shall be perfect, here, no more!

One in heaven—albeit the violets  
In this sweet decline of May,  
Cluster thickly o'er the bosom  
Where his pale hands folded lay!  
One in heaven—and lo! a warble  
Sweet and distant, thrills the heart,  
And behold, with sudden shimmer  
White wings rustle and depart!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

SUCH rich, gushing music fell from the lips of gentle Mary Broughton that calm, autumn evening! Very neat and trim she looked, in her dark calico dress and white linen collar, with her brown hair taken back smoothly from her white brow, and her large gray eyes, full of a happy

light that diffused itself all over the colorless face, till it reached the red lips, and wreathed them in a contented smile. Her low rocking-chair was drawn up beside the window that looked into the garden, bright with autumn flowers, and the willow work-basket by her side was filled with patches of every hue, that her skillful fingers were swiftly arranging into a quilt.

The room was scrupulously clean; the brass andirons in the old-fashioned fireplace were polished till you could see your face in them; the bright hues of the home-made carpet on the floor were not disfigured by a speck of dust; the mantel-piece was adorned with a couple of bouquets, prettily arranged, but placed in plain glass tumblers; the muslin curtains at the windows were as white as snow, and the small lounge was covered with the neatest and brightest chintz. In fact, everything betokened an air of comfort, without wealth. In one corner of the room was an elegant guitar; it had been a present to Mary from her wealthy cousin, Bella Crampton, and was her chief pleasure and amusement.

Presently the sweet song was hushed, and the work was dropped from the busy fingers, for a handsome, smiling face was thrust in at the open window close beside the singer, causing a little shriek of fright, followed by a laughing rebuke to the intruder—he was a welcome one, you could see, from the faint pink that welled up in her face.

"See what I've got for you, Mary," he said, holding out of her reach a dainty little letter, and fairly laughing at her vain attempts to get possession of it.

"What a tease you are, Gerald. Please give it to me, that's a good boy."

"Not till I've had my pay, little one," leaning over as he spoke, and kissing the red, pouting lips, then placing the coveted epistle in her hands.

She tore it open eagerly, and the young gentleman—Gerald Leighton—amused himself while she was reading it, by turning her work basket into a hopeless confusion. She folded it up at last, and placed it in her pocket, looking up fondly in his face as she did so.

"No secrets from your liege lord, birdie; who is it from?" passing his hand tenderly over her smooth hair, as he spoke.

"From Cousin Bella Crampton. She is coming to spend the winter with me. Aren't you glad?"

"Indeed, I can't say that I am, for I shall not have you all to myself, then; she will steal half the pleasant evenings away from me, that are mine now, with you. What kind of a girl is she?"

"Just the best girl in the world. Warm-hearted, lovable and beautiful. You will be falling in love with her, I expect, and leaving me to a life of spinsterdom."

"Not a bit of it, dearie. My heart is effectually steeled against her manifold charms, for I have already within it the dearest little girl in all the land."

She smiled contentedly, while her hand crept into his eager clasp. A sweet silence fell over them then. Presently she spoke again.

"Gerald!"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you love me?"

"What a queer little puss you are. Of course I do—better than everything else living—better than I can ever tell you."

She knew very well what his answer would be, yet it was sweet to hear it again and again from his lips. It was twilight when he left her. She looked at his retreating form with proud fondness. Involuntarily her lips murmured:

"Thank God that Gerald Leighton loves me; that before many more months have passed away, I shall be his companion for life."

Two weeks later, when Gerald Leighton stepped into the cheerful sitting-room at Mr. Broughton's, to make his evening visit to Mary, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the lovely apparition before him. It was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, a perfect brunette, and as beautiful as a poet's dream. Her jetty hair hung in short, heavy curls around her head; her eyes were large, black and lustrous; her cheeks of the richest crimson; her small, rosy mouth was parted in an arch smile, revealing a set of pearly teeth; her form was rounded and graceful; her hands small and white, unadorned save by a single diamond ring that flashed in the bright firelight, and the large, flowing sleeves of her rich, brown merino dress displayed her beautifully shaped arms.

Mary rose hastily, as she saw her visitor, and introduced her cousin, Bella Crampton. Mr. Leighton bowed gracefully, but the little lady came forward with a pretty frankness, and placed her small hand in his.

"We must be good friends, Mr. Leighton, and dispense with all formality, for Mary has been telling me about you, and I am very anxious to like my new cousin—that is to be," she said, smiling and looking even more bewilderingly beautiful than before.

"It shall be my pride and ambition to be worthy the friendship of so fair a lady," he said, gallantly.

Then the conversation flowed on easily and

smoothly. Bella was a fluent and brilliant talker, and Mr. Leighton was charmed with her freshness and vivacity. When Mary went to the door with him, to say good-night, she asked him how he liked her cousin.

"Better than I thought I should, yet I would not give my little Mary for a dozen like her." He stood holding both her hands in his own, and looking into her sweet face as he spoke.

"You had better wait awhile before you make such a positive assertion," she said, laughingly, "for you have not been fairly tested yet. The better you know her, the more you will like her; but beautiful and good as she is, I am not afraid that you will love me less, for knowing her. I have faith in my Gerald's love."

A few more low, loving words, and he kissed her good-night, and she went back into the sitting-room, to hear her cousin's playful remarks about her handsome and accomplished new cousin.

The next day, as the two girls sat in Mary's little room, she told Bella all her plans for the future. Of the little home Gerald was building for them—a tiny thing it was to be, with only three rooms—enough for them, Mary said, till Gerald could afford something better. Then she told of the small dooryard, with its white pickets and smooth green grass, and the pretty geraniums and verbenas that were to be dotted over it, with two rose-bushes, a scarlet creeper, and a snowy white one on either side of the sitting-room window. Then she took Bella down stairs to a large closet, and showed her that her fingers had not been idle in preparing for her new home. A dozen snowy sheets, and as many pillow-cases, half a dozen damask tablecloths, white muslin window curtains, that were to be hung over green paper blinds, Mary said, with a quantity of pretty patchwork quilts, all the results of her own labor. Then, with all a housekeeper's pride, she displayed a complete set of plain white dishes, with an accompanying set of German silver forks, and large and small spoons. These were all hers, she said, bought with the money she had earned in teaching the country school for six months.

"What a famous little housekeeper you are, Mary, and how proud of you and of his snug little home that handsome Gerald Leighton will be. I am such an idle thing—I never even try to help myself, much less others. What a sacrificing spirit you must have!" Bella said this, and looked at her cousin admiringly.

"Sacrificing? Why, Bella, nothing on earth gives me half so much pleasure as to think I can do something to assist Gerald. You know he

is only a young physician, not fairly installed in his profession yet; and I could not bear to be a burden to him, and keep him down in the world, when I could so easily prevent it. I intend to be an assistant to him, as well as an obedient, loving wife." She said this so earnestly, and such a holy, beautiful light shone from her eyes, that Bella thought it a pity Gerald could not see how pretty she looked.

The quiet, country life was a novelty to Bella. She never tired of roaming through the woods, that now wore their autumn dress of rainbow hue, listening to the falling nuts, and gathering the purple clusters of grapes. Mary always joined her in her rambles, as ardent an admirer of nature as herself. Many a wreath of gold and crimson leaves was woven to cover the two young heads, many a moss basket, made by skillful fingers, found its way to the sitting-room table, filled with nuts or flowers, or grapes. As often as he could leave his business, Gerald Leighton joined them in their pleasant walks and promenades.

He loved to watch the rich glow of enthusiasm that spread itself over Bella's face, to hear her clear, birdlike voice trill some wild, merry song, as she tripped along, rustling the leaves with her small feet. Mary, who was more quiet than her cousin, was always happy and contented, so long as Gerald turned his beautiful eyes full of love upon her, or murmured some low, fond words in her ears.

So the time wore on, till winter came. Then there were long, cozy evenings spent by the bright, sparkling fire, evenings brimming over with happiness for them all. Mary would sit with her patchwork, while Bella made a pretty pretence of being busy with some slippers she was embroidering, her little taper fingers as graceful as the buds she imitated. When she tired of this, she would throw herself on a stool at Mary's feet, and chatter away in her sweet, childlike manner, or, touching the strings of the guitar, would mingle her musical voice with its melodious chords.

There was nothing beautiful about Mary; her face was a sweet, grave one, yet, when compared with Bella, she was almost homely. Unconsciously, Gerald Leighton had learned to note the contrast, saying to himself, though, by way of excuse, that Mary was far more lovable than her bewitchingly beautiful cousin.

One evening Mary had left the room to assist her mother about preparing tea. Bella sat near the fire, working on her slippers, and did not hear Mr. Leighton enter the room, till he playfully laid his hand on her work.

"What a tease you are, Cousin Gerald! Do go away!"

"First permit me to claim the kiss which is the right of all cousins," he said, laughingly.

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing, you impertinent fellow. You are not my cousin yet, and if you were I—"

He did not let her finish the sentence, but took her blushing face in his hands, and kissed her sweet, tempting lips. That kiss revealed to him what he had never known before—that he loved Bella Crampton, but as something dearer than a cousin could ever be. The knowledge sent a pang of self-reproach through his heart. He walked quickly to the window, and stood silent and gloomy, looking out on the dreary landscape, and hating himself for having allowed his heart for one moment to cast off its allegiance to Mary. He thought of her confidence in him, of the sacrifice she had made, and was yet willing to make for him, and of her pure, unwavering love. It was almost madness. Bella came up to him softly.

"Cousin Gerald, are you offended with me?" Her voice trilled out low and sweetly.

"Offended with you, Bella? No, I wish I could be. You must never call me cousin again, though—it pains me. There, leave me awhile now, I shall be myself again presently."

She went quietly from the room, and did not return again till tea was ready, then she found Gerald apparently as gay as usual. After that he did not visit them so often, resolving by staying away, to tear out the beautiful image that fastened itself in his heart, where Mary's should have been. The task was harder than he had supposed it would be.

It was Christmas at last, and a merry one it had been for them all. Gifts had been exchanged, and kind, loving wishes as well. Bella had finished the slippers, and presented them to Gerald. She had surprised Mary with a present of an elegant little watch; but beautiful as it was, it was not so precious to her as the picture Gerald had placed in her hands that morning.

A heavy snow lay on the ground, and the night was a clear, moonlight one. Mr. Leighton came around early in the evening, with a sleigh, to take the cousins out; but Mary had a severe headache, and could not go. She begged Bella to go without her, and would hear no excuses. This was both unexpected and unpleasant for Gerald. He had avoided being alone with Bella since the evening he discovered his real feelings; but there was no excuse for not going, and so with Bella tucked down by his side, looking even more bewitching than usual, he touched the

high-spirited horses, and kissing his hand good-by to Mary, they dashed off down the road.

Mary was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room, when they drove home. The family had all retired, and the faint firelight revealed her white face. She was awaiting Bella's return, before seeking the rest she needed. She heard the hall door open, and footsteps on the threshold, then a manly voice said :

"But I tell you, Bella, I love you, I worship you. I have struggled against it, because it was wronging Mary; but I cannot conquer it. I cannot live without you, now." The voice was full of passionate entreaty.

"O, Gerald, you know too well how much I love you; but we must leave each other forever. I would not be the cause of blighting Mary's happiness. She will make you a better wife than I ever could. Take her and love her, and send me from you, for to love me now is wicked. O, Gerald, darling—" She broke down in sobs and tears.

"Bella, Bella, we cannot control our hearts. I know we have wronged Mary, yet would it not be a thousand times worse for me to marry her, and love you, than to trust to her generosity, and tell her our error? O, my Bella, I cannot, will not give you up."

For a moment Mary was motionless, then while her naturally pale face took a yet whiter shade, she walked slowly into the hall where they stood. She had nerved herself for the task before her; yet when she saw Gerald's strong arm round Bella's waist, when she saw him kiss her tear-stained face, she staggered for a moment against the wall, covering her face with her hands, as if to shut them from her view. She was calm again in a moment. Then she went up to them quietly.

"Bella, Gerald, do not let me come between you and your happiness. I do not blame either of you. I believe you have tried to do right. It is indeed better thus, Gerald, than for your whole life to be a hollow falsehood. I hope she will love you as well as I have done. Bella, sweet cousin, do not grieve for me; this, as all other sorrows, must wear away in time, and I shall be happy in knowing I have made my two dearest friends so. Bella, this is my Christmas gift to you. Treasure it above all other earthly things." She took Gerald's passive hand, and placed it in that of her cousin. "May God bless you both, and grant you a life of peace, and contentment, and joy." She pressed her cold lips on Bella's forehead, and as quietly as she had come, left the hall and went to her own room.

The lovers had not had time to speak, so sud-

denly had this transpired; but now they looked in each other's eyes, half with sorrow, half with joy. Bella spoke first.

"How calm she was. If she had loved you as I do, it would have broken her heart, dear Gerald."

He did not reply. He knew, better than Bella, that Mary's calmness had been the calmness of despair. It was the only thing that kept his joy from being complete.

The next day Mary did not leave her room till evening, then she joined the family, looking so serene and calm that no one save Gerald, who was present, guessed one half that she had suffered. There was nothing cold or reserved in her manners. She was, to all appearances, the same quiet, affectionate Mary. It cost her a severe struggle to assume a cheerfulness she felt so little; but she was too noble to wish to render others miserable.

Bella remained with them a month longer. It would be useless to try to describe the torture poor Mary endured all this long, long time. The awakening from her sweet dream of happiness had been so sudden and so complete, that she felt as if everything beautiful and joyful in her life had died out on that dreadful night. She was patient and uncomplaining, though, even in the midst of her sufferings.

Gerald Leighton never before so fully appreciated her beautiful, self-denying character. He read in the depths of her sad, gray eyes the daily anguish that filled her soul. He remembered with keen remorse, the bright pictures she had painted of their future life, of the home that her careful hands would have rendered a haven of peace and rest. Yet when he listened to Bella's endearing words, and felt the warm kisses she lavished upon him, he forgot everything else in the fascination her presence threw around him. Mary was strong in her own clear-minded goodness; but Bella clung to him in a helpless, child-like way, deferring everything to him.

When Bella bade him good-by, before leaving for her splendid home, it was with a torrent of tears, and unlimited promises, never for one moment to forget him, till he came to make her his bride. In consideration of Mary's feelings, the time had been postponed for a year. This was Gerald's work—he could not bear to further wound the tender, sensitive girl by a hasty marriage.

Bella clung to him in a paroxysm of grief, never even heeding the presence of her cousin, who stood pale and tearless, looking out of the window, her heart aching with a terrible, hopeless pain, to see bestowed upon another the caresses



once given to her. Finally the carriage drove to the door, and Bella permitted herself to be lifted into it, and with a fresh burst of tears, bade the man drive on.

Gerald waited till he could no longer see the flutter of her delicate lace handkerchief, and then went into the room, where Mary yet stood by the window, apparently calm and immovable. He went up to her, and took her resistless hand in both his own. It was cold as ice.

"Com to the fire, Mary—sister—you are cold and shivering," for a tremor had seized her frame, as she felt her hand again clasped in his.

"I am not cold, Gerald, only ill—so ill at heart!" she said, smiling a faint, sickly smile. "I shall soon be better, only leave me." The words came from lips which seemed to be frozen.

"Mary, I know that you are suffering. I know how good you have been, and I bless you for it, though the knowledge makes me almost as miserable as yourself. Forget me, Mary; forget I was ever anything more to you than a brother. I am not worthy of you, at any rate. I have not spoken to you thus before; but let me now thank you, for your kindness to my little Bella. It wrings my heart to look in your sad, white face."

"Bella is my cousin, and I love her; even if I did not, for the sake of what you once were to me, I should be kind to her. As to myself, Gerald, do not notice me—do not think of me. I shall soon be cheerful and happy again, no doubt. But you had better go, now; I feel stronger when alone." She held out her thin hand to him—it had grown thinner since *that* night—and he clasped it reverently in his own, and without another word left the house.

Six months later, Gerald Leighton received a letter from Bella Crampton. It ran thus:

"I know you will hate me, Gerald; but I must tell you now, that I do not love you. I believed sincerely that I did, when I left you at Cousin Mary's; but since then, I have met one, who has become to me dearer than everything else in the world. I know your generous spirit, and am sure you will release me from an engagement made without reflection. I hope you will learn to love some one else more worthy of you than I am. Forgive me the wrong I have done you.  
BELLA."

He read it through carefully, and the color on his face never varied. Then he drew the candle to him, and let its flames wrap the delicate note in a light blaze, till nothing was left but a pile of white ashes. A sigh, almost of relief—surely not of grief—escaped his lips, as he sat and

thought of Bella. After awhile, he sat down to his desk, and wrote:

"I gladly release you, Bella, and forgive you, too, for I am sure it is best for both of us."

"GERALD LEIGHTON."

The next week there was a letter for Mary in her work-basket. It was from Gerald, telling her all that had transpired. It closed thus:

"Through the kindness of a wealthy uncle, I shall be able to attend lectures for the next six months. At the end of that time I shall come back to my home, to begin a new life. Whether it will be a bright or a dark one, I know not. Mary, dear friend, think as kindly as you can, of  
GERALD."

For the first time for months she shed tears. So long as she had believed him happy, she could endure all things; but now her heart was full of bitterness towards the one who had destroyed the loveliness of *his* life. She wrote a reproachful letter to Bella, but her better nature conquered ere it was fairly sealed, and she threw it in the fire.

After this, there was nothing for her to do but to go on with the monotonous routine of home life. She was patient and cheerful—the neatest housekeeper, the tenderest nurse, the most affectionate daughter. Meantime, a letter from her cousin had announced her marriage, and subsequent long wedding tour. To this, Mary wrote a kind reply, but she did not wish to continue the correspondence, and so the matter rested where it was.

It was the week before Christmas. She sat busy with her sewing one morning, when her mother entered the room with a letter for her. Her heart stood still for a moment, as she recognized the writing. It was from Gerald. She feared to read it, but at last summoned courage. All over her pale face the red blood flowed as she read:

"A year ago, Mary, I cast from me the holiest, most precious gift ever bestowed on man. I turned from your deep, earnest, enduring love, to revel in the smiles of your beautiful cousin. I was not myself then. I was bewitched with her loveliness, pleased with her artless, childish ways, and flattered with her preference and deference to my opinion. I made a mistake that many other men have made—I mistook a whim, a passion, for something better and purer. Bella saved us both a life of misery by her marriage with another. There was nothing in common between us. Even in the midst of my infatuation, I always felt like turning to you for sympathy and advice. You know what all this is leading me to say, Mary; you know that I come to you again, humbly and penitently, to lay my love at your feet. Do not spurn it, Mary;

it is pure and holy—a love that shall never again waver or turn cold. Forgive me for what is past, Mary, and in the future I shall try by my devotion to atone for my almost fatal error. Only take me back to your warm, loving heart, Mary, only let me call you by the sweet name, wife, and with your help I shall try to be a better man hereafter. I am coming home at Christmas. Will Mary forgive me, and once again trust me, and be to me the dear girl she has ever been? God grant it!

GERALD."

How merrily her songs rippled over the house in waves of music that day! How happily she sat by the firelight that evening, and dreamed once again of the tiny house with its three cheerful rooms, and its pretty yard and flowers; and dearest of all, of Gerald himself—of Gerald who would then be her husband.

Christmas eve again. "Joy is a great beautifier," and Mary certainly looked pretty in her brown dress, with the faint flush on her cheeks. No need of words to tell her whose were the footsteps coming up the walk, and with a glad cry she bounded down she steps to meet him. She had forgotten and forgiven everything. He was to her the dearest, noblest man living. He caught her up in his eager arms, raining kisses on cheek, and lip, and brow, trying to check the glad tears that flowed over her face; but his own eyes were moistened, and his own lips were tremulous.

"Mary, darling, birdie, this is more than I deserve—more than I hoped for. How can I ever repay you?"

"Only love me, Gerald. It is all I ask of you."

He drew her to him again, fondly looking into her face.

"I accept your love as the choicest of all earthly blessings, and my whole life shall be devoted to guarding and strengthening it—so help me God!"

#### CATS AND GARDENS.

Every lover of flowers knows that a "bull in a china shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is *Nemophilla*, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some *Nemophilla* was sowed in a large vase which stood alone in the centre of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries*.

#### ASSYRIAN MODE OF MARRIAGE.

The ancient Assyrians had a practice with respect to marriage which appears somewhat novel, when compared with the *modus operandi* of making brides and bridegrooms in the nineteenth century. The foundation of this mighty empire was laid by Assur, in the first ages after the flood, and its history, although shrouded in great obscurity, is the most interesting of all the nations of antiquity. With regard to the institution of marriage among the Assyrians, the historians tell us that every year, all the young girls in the empire were commanded by law to assemble at one place, commonly in the chief city, and the public crier would there put them up for sale, one after another. The wealthy customers paid high prices for those whose beauty seemed the most attractive. The money which was received for these, was bestowed as a portion with the more homely, whom nobody seemed to fancy. After the most beautiful had been disposed of, the crier presented such as were less attractive, and asked if any one would accept of such a one with such a sum of money. The sale proceeded by coming lower and lower, and that maiden was at last allotted to him who was willing to accept of her with the smallest pecuniary portion. This very ingenious method of facilitating and promoting marriages, shows the importance the law-givers of the Assyrians placed upon the institution. The prospective bridegrooms were never allowed to carry off the persons they had purchased, until they had given sufficient security that they would marry them. If at any time it turned out that the parties could not agree, the man was obliged to refund the money he had received. Herodotus informs us that this mode of husband-and-wife making was abolished, toward the end of the Assyrian monarchy. It is not known the direct origin of this practice, but probably it had its foundation in that custom which prevailed very universally in the early ages, of the husband being obliged to purchase his wife, instances of which are given in the Bible.—*Ancient History*.

#### THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

Magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all houses or works of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, its quiet attitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the wall of Hades not knowing each other—dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—these trees never hear human voice; they are far above all sounds but the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaves of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the vacancy and the rocks; yet with such iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride, unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SUMMER TREES.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

I looked upon the summer trees  
 So deeply dyed in green,  
 That made to me on every side  
 The magic of the scene.  
 'Twas Nature in her noonday dress,  
 For all the world to see;  
 And heavenly, bright and beautiful,  
 Her face then smiled on me.

And I remembered when the spring  
 Was fresh with buds and flowers;  
 And Nature, in her girlhood, played  
 Through all the morning hours.  
 But now her perfect beauty wore  
 A more enduring charm;  
 And to the ravished sense she gave  
 A joy more deep and warm.

And I looked forth to autumn days,  
 When, with her robes blood-dyed,  
 Nature would stand upon the hills,  
 A matron in her pride!  
 Yet in her bright maturity  
 That now so fills the heart,  
 What wish could ask for more than this?—  
 What more could Heaven impart?

Winter will come—and she will lie  
 Wrapped in her winding sheet;  
 And her great heart, fast bound in ice,  
 Will then have ceased to beat.  
 But spring and summer will return  
 With many a fruit and flower;  
 And bring again the summer trees  
 In Nature's crowning hour.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAINE THANKSGIVING.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

WHAT a beating of eggs, rolling and sifting of sugar; what cutting of immense pumpkins and red apples; what boiling, stewing and roasting was going on in Farmer Deering's kitchen, that delightful old homestead "way down-east," for a week before the Maine Thanksgiving! What great blazing wood-fires were kept up in the grand old fireplaces all over the house! What compounding of cakes and pies in the great pantry, with mother, and daughters, and old black Sybil; for these were mysteries at which no one, not thoroughly versed in Mrs. Deering's ways,

could be permitted to assist!—and especially for that festival which comes every year to bring home the sons and daughters of New England to their happy, innocent, peaceful homes—the homes of childhood.

Ah, blessed indeed are those institutions which serve to fix the love of home in wandering hearts!—blessed indeed, where the hopes and longings of young and old hearts alike come back to nestle beneath the old roof tree!

And what if there are some missing ones? What if an empty chair stands at the board, to which all eyes turn? O, let not tears bedew that chair too sadly! Let it remain there at the table—a memorial of the dear form that sat there last year, but never one of sadness or bitterness. He who sat there was an old man. Shall we murmur because, when the sun of his day had gone down, the golden sky was rich with the splendors of that brighter region into which he had entered? Or, perhaps it was a little sunny head that nestled close to our arm on that last Thanksgiving—shall we not remember that it is not gone from among us, but that an angel glides into its place, invisible only to outward view? And thus may we think of all who have passed away. Our mortal sight may not discern them, but they are as truly here, as if their breath touched our cheeks, and the rustle of their garments met our ear.

Thus had it been in this dear old homestead of the Deerings. There had been death and bereavement. Father Deering had passed onward, and had been speedily followed by little May, the loveliest flower that had bloomed there; and a sorrow of a darker, deeper, more mysterious nature had stirred the heart-strings of the parents into an agony all the more severe because incommunicable. Richard Deering was not among the comers to that peaceful household. Had the sod rested upon his head in the gray old churchyard, there would have been tears and lamentations; but now there was only bitterness and anguish, mingled with a sad uncertainty respecting his fate.

But as Mrs. Deering moved cheerfully around, preparing for those who would certainly come, no one would have dreamed that the heavy weight was upon her heart; never hushing the carolling songs upon her daughter's lips, nor checking the loud laughter of the servants as they passed and re-passed each other with parts of the coming feast. It was now the very night before Thanksgiving; and all was in readiness, save what could be easily managed by Sybil the next morning while the rest were at church. Already, two married daughters, with their hus-

bands and children, had arrived, and were sitting around the parlor fire with the farmer himself. Mrs. Deering was putting the last touches to her rich puddings, dressed in her handsome dark merino, and pretty, tasteful lace cap. Her two young daughters, Myra and Angie, in blue and crimson dresses, as became the blonde and the brunette respectively, fluttered for a few minutes over the fragrant compound, and then disappeared to watch the coming of their brothers, and perhaps one or two of their brothers' friends, who were coming down from Portland to spend Thanksgiving with the Deerings.

Sleigh-bells were soon heard, and the stage stopped at the door. Out jumped Andrew and Harry Deering, and with them, Stephen Isley and Rufus Talford. They still waited, as it seemed, for another, and pretty Jessie Moody skipped out like a little fairy, and ran up the steps, kissing every one, even Farmer Deering himself, as he came to the door to bid her welcome. Catching little May and Willie Morrison (the mournful legacy of Mr. Deering's eldest daughter, who had died at his house only two years before,) in her arms, she ran into the bright, warm parlor, and throwing off her rich furs, displayed a sylphlike figure, clad in green—the fairies' color—over which her long black curls hung far below her waist. To judge by Harry Deering's looks as he gazed upon her, she was something more than a mere acquaintance.

Little Willie, too, became evidently a great admirer of his pretty aunt, as the farmer mischievously bade him call her.

A real nice country supper was set out in the ordinary family sitting-room, which was hung with wreaths of evergreen intermixed with bright red wood-berries; and all was cheerful gaiety until Jessie involuntarily sat down in the chair invariably set in memory of the absent Richard. Mr. Deering's brow clouded, as he gently removed her to the next seat. "No one sits there, my dear," was all that he said; but the light-hearted girl could not recover her mirth for several minutes, for she suspected whose chair this might have been.

Music filled up the evening, and then all retired to recruit for the morrow. When it came, it was indeed a day to be remembered. It was one of those soft, warm, bright days which the latest autumn sometimes brings, as if the dying year was giving its last cheerful good-by. The sun shone clear, like that of the choicest of the Indian Summer's shining; and the senses were greeted by the scent of dried leaves which had lain under the early frost, and were now giving out an odor sweeter than ever, as the crushed heart some-

times sends out a deeper fragrance for the tears that have sprung from its depths.

All the family came down ready dressed for church; for it was the constant rule of the Deerings. Even for the magnificent dinner which was to grace the table, there was left no one to watch its operations, save old Sybil, who now walked around, discussing with perfect freedom the dress of each individual, strangers especially.

"Ki! look at missy's pretty furs!" she said, as Jennie's sables caught her eye. "Not nigh so pretty as her face, nor so pretty as dat ar green gown. How ole Sybil look in dat ar muff!" And she seized the tasselled toy, and placing her two great black hands half way within it, kept prancing around the room with the freedom of an indulged and petted servant; nor would she resign it until Jennie was handed into the family carriage by Harry Deering. Then the old creature toiled wearily up the long steps, and went to watch the various dishes which had been left in her sole care.

Very lonely to Sybil did the great house seem when all those laughing, ringing voices were out of it. She occasionally, during the long forenoon, sauntered into the parlor, where she dusted and set back the chairs, struck upon the piano keys, and laughed at the nice sounds she could make, replenished the fire with immense blocks of wood like the Yule log at Christmas, and then back to her kitchen again. Poor old Sybil!—she had lived with Father Deering when she was but a young girl, and thence was transferred to his son's house, where she had lived through all the chances and changes of the family. No wonder that they loved and humored her. Hers were the hands that held all the infants, and the same hands had closed the eyes of the dead. They trusted her with all that they loved or valued. Little May and Willie were her especial charge, and Sybil would have felt grieved and offended, if any one had usurped her privilege of alternately scolding and coaxing them. She felt a little sore this day, because Mr. Deering had insisted on taking the children to church; for Sybil's one great and intolerable affliction was being left alone in the house. Her West Indian superstitions of ghosts, apparitions, obi, and all other supernatural creatures, had never been overcome. Father Deering had brought her from Jamaica when a child, but not early enough to keep her from the infection of ghostly fears. What wonder, then, if Sybil's eyes opened to their full white extent, and her old limbs quivered like leaves, at a faint sound heard at intervals as she paced backward and forward from the table to the fire, basting her turkeys, and prepar-

ing her store of vegetables. It continued until Sybil's fears were almost ungovernable; and what made it worse, it sounded as if it came from Richard's chamber, which was just above the kitchen.

She was sure now that it must be Massa Richard's ghost, and her eyeballs ached in trying to keep them from staring up to the hole which he had made in the ceiling in order to warm his room from the genial fires below, when as a boy he had staid half the night in his room. The step was exactly like his, and Sybil was distressed to know how she could talk to the ghost, in order to stop that well remembered tramp.

"O Lor' has you got anyfin on your min', Mass' Richard, dat make you come back from de grave? If you has, don't stop to tell poor ole Sybil, but go right up to de meetin', and tell Mass' Deerin' his own self. O Lor, do go, and not scare poor nigger any more."

Her blood chilled, and her teeth chattered at hearing a voice loud and clear speaking through the hole in the ceiling:

"Hush! it is I, Mammy Sybil. Fetch me some hot water and towels directly."

"O, de Lor', what he want of hot water? Is de poor ghost cold? O Lor, what shall I do?—what shall I do, and whar shall I go?"

Before she could say more, the stairs door leading down into the kitchen opened, and a young man, pale and thin, but with a light, ringing step and voice, bounded into the room, and seized old Sybil around the neck, actually kissing her withered black cheek.

Feeling the warm, living hand, Sybil could no longer doubt the living presence of a man; but a new fear possessed her. It must be some evil spirit which had assumed the likeness of her young master; nor was she re-assured until he stripped up his sleeve, and showed her the very cross and anchor she had helped him to imprint on his arm when a boy. Then indeed she believed, and her extravagant joy manifested itself in twenty different ways—one of which was to spread a table with sundry delicacies, which she was mortified to have him refuse.

"Not until I see my father, Sybil. I cannot eat in his house until he knows my innocence."

"Bress you, dear!" answered the excited black woman, "then go dress yourself in de close dat poor ole Sybil has brushed for you ebery Sabbath since you went away, and make haste down, for massa 'll be home agin soon." And she took the water and soap to his room, and gave his clothes a most affectionate brushing once more.

"Don't tell them, Sybil. Wait till I choose to enter the room. Who is here to-day?"

"And Charlotte Hope, is she here, too, Sybil?" he asked, as she named them over.

"O Lor', massa said he was goin' to fetch her home arter church was ober." And Richard, reiterating the charge of secrecy, shut her from the room.

What a heartfelt prayer went up from that long deserted room! As Richard Deering rose from his knees and looked around on the old remembered furniture, and saw how beautifully arranged was everything in the room, although evidently unused, he shed tears of thanksgiving that at least a mother's heart had not forgotten him. He heard the sleigh-bells, and knew that they had come. He had given Sybil directions to bring his mother alone to his room, and this created a little delay in the dinner; but soon Mrs. Deering came in, with a little agitation in her manner, which surprised nobody that knew the family troubles. Again the chair was set for the absent. Again the father, in blessing the food, prayed that ere long the missing head might be seen at the board, erect with conscious innocence. So earnest was Mr. Deering's prayer, that he did not heed a slight movement around the table; but when he opened his eyes, his son Richard sat in his own seat beside his father! Had *all* his prayer been answered? Perhaps—for that bright, manly head was as erect and beautiful as ever, and the soft blue eyes were bent in love and reverence upon his face. Charlotte Hope was pale and red by turns; but Richard's arm was around her waist, and something that he whispered brought a calm smile to her lips. Old Sybil was fairly dancing with delight at the door, and brothers, sisters, and the friends of Richard's boyhood, Ilsey and Talford, came in for a share of the general joy. Not a shadow rested on the face of the gentle mother. Mrs. Deering had believed in her son's innocence as in the sun. Her only trouble had been from his absence and silence.

Yet Richard Deering had been charged with a crime no less than murder—the murder of a dear friend—of Charlotte Hope's brother! Everything was against him—Daniel Hope was found dead in his bedroom, with Richard's pistols discharged, and the wound corresponding in size. They had slept together for many nights, and had retired together on the night of the murder. There was not a loophole of retreat for the young man. He was arrested, and confined in Mr. Hope's house, from which the loving hand of Charlotte Hope had released him, after hearing his defence.

He had walked out again after he and Daniel had gone up to their room, having forgotten

something at the store. As he came up the street, he saw a man skulking away from the house, and recognized him as one of the clerks in the store. He spoke to him, but there was no answer. Evidently the young man did not wish to be known. It was afterwards recollected that this clerk was not on good terms with Daniel Hope.

Richard made use of his freedom to track this man; for he had disappeared altogether. Sometimes he heard of him within a few miles—sometimes he even saw him—but he always contrived to elude him. A severe sickness, which chained the fellow to the house, effected Richard's purpose. Supposing himself near death, he made his confession before a number of witnesses. He had seen Richard leave the house, and knowing the locality of Daniel's chamber, had stolen up to it. It was in a retired wing of the house, apart from any other room. The sound of the pistol had awakened no one, but the shutting of the house-door had been heard. The family awoke with an impression of singular alarm, had called to Richard and Daniel, and receiving no answer, had called the police, who came in just as Richard had found his friend dead. There was no one to prove his absence, and everything to prove his crime. The pistols were his own—marked with his name.

The murderer, stung with remorse for the two deaths which he supposed he had caused, led a rambling, uncertain life—a life of penury and petty crimes. He died soon after his confession, and Richard, armed with his proofs, set out for home. As he drew near his father's house, finding that no one recognized him, he determined to meet no one but his mother, until he should slide into his seat at dinner. Sybil had discovered him, however, and now assumed vast importance in being the first to welcome Massa Richard home.

Farmer Deering willingly gave up the farm to Richard, and Charlotte Hope is the beloved daughter of the house, the other daughters having gone to bless those of Talford and Hsley.

**DISCOVERY OF PAINTINGS**—A remarkable discovery of fine paintings has taken place during the alterations and repairs being made in Marlborough House, the future residence of the Prince of Wales. These paintings, covering about five hundred square yards, had been entirely hidden beneath coatings of common wall-paper and paint. They are now being restored, and the progress of restoration has revealed several masterly portraits of Marlborough and the chief men of the allied army, together with views of battles, sieges and cities.

#### SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS.

These were 1st, the brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Cares, A. D., 288, occupying twelve years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes sixty-six years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 600 camels with the brass. 2d. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 860,000 workmen thirty years in building, and has now stood at least 3000 years. 3d. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psammeticus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall 1000 houses, and twelve royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by the order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed round the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year, by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars, seventy feet high. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber, cypress. It was destroyed by fire, B. C., 364.—*Wonders of the Ancient World.*

#### WHY THEY GET MARRIED.

Though it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if "single blessedness" were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he married to get a housekeeper; another to get rid of bad company. Many women declare that they get married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friend." Whycherly, who espoused his housemaid, said he did it "to spite his relations." A widow, who married a second husband, said she wanted somebody to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another, because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another, to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors. Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than as spinsters. Nevertheless, Quilp gives it as his opinion, that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, virgins or bachelors, do so for the sake of—getting married.—*Boston Post.*

Never blame a friend without joining some commendation to make reproof go down.



## EVENING.

Sweet is the mellow coolness underived,  
That swims about the earth ere she hath hived  
Her scattered fragrance for the night, and fills  
The little sleepy glens between the hills,  
And lingers by all whispering brooks unseen,  
And dreams o'er gray-blue downs, that toward it  
lean -

So wooingly aslope; and always lends  
Its solemn hush to every heart that blends  
With Nature's in true love—what time the grand  
Wide reach of throbbing blue on every hand  
Deepens and darkens upward endlessly  
Through zones of lessening stars, and when they die  
In the unimagined depths, still, onward driven  
Into the soul of space, soars purpling up to heaven.

Sweet is the first faint rising of a star  
Between the dying sunlight and the far  
Thick-dazzled blue beyond; in all the blind  
Unconscious dimness roused, a one defined  
Sure spot for thought to grasp, and gazing watch  
It brighten, till all darkened glories catch  
Outline and substance from the chaos-gloom  
Again, and slowly, singly disentomb  
And concentrate their special selves, and stand  
In individual clearness—a fair band  
Of crowded loveliness, not fused, nor quite  
Distinct and edged with sharp unquivering light,  
But mid soft breadths of holy vagueness borne  
Into the bosom of the expectant morn.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DUEL.

BY A TRAVELLER IN RUSSIA.

I LEAPED from my travelling carriage and stood on my native land. The ringing of bells peculiar to Russian churches dissipated that state of absorption which one often falls into at the sight of his native country, especially after an absence of ten years. Facing me on a hill stood the white walls of a convent. Forgetting my fatigue, I rushed towards the church—the doors of which were open—not as a curious traveller, but as a child who throws himself in his mother's arms. The sentiments which actuated me, all those who have been a long time absent from their country must have experienced.

Matins were just over. Through the round windows gleamed long rays of purple light, illuminating the golden images. The faithful were just leaving the church; and after them, forming a long black line, followed the nuns of the convent. I remained alone, and the empty church appeared to me more majestic and more holy. The sight of it renewed in me those thoughts which the world and its agitations had dissipated,

and which, although they have no expression in language, are not less intelligible to the heart. A rustling almost imperceptible caused me to remark that I was not alone. I then perceived in a far-off corner of the church, a monk kneeling on the cold floor. His prayer was finished, he rose up, and the sun lighted up his form. We looked at each other, he appeared to recognize me, and approached.

"Is it you, Rastislaff?"

"Is it you, Gregory?"

We threw ourselves into each other's arms. I recognized in the monk my old companion in arms, the old friend of my childhood.

"What means this dress?" I asked him. "What signifies that pale and thin face? Is it really you—the intrepid huzzar, the glory of the balls at St. Petersburg?"

The monk replied only by a deep sigh. He took me to his cell, and there related the following history to me:

"A short time after your departure for foreign countries, my dear Rastislaff, I obtained leave of absence and returned to my family. I found my mother very weak and sick. I scarcely recognized my young brother he was so much changed. He was five years of age when I left home, and he was now sixteen. My mother did not wish to separate from him; he was the only one of her children she had nursed herself, and you know what a mysterious, indestructible bond this establishes between a mother and her child.

"Vetcheslaff (such was my brother's name) had never up to that time expressed any desire to leave his mother, but when he saw my brilliant uniform, my moustache, and when he heard me speak of my circle of friends, of the theatre, and of the pleasures of St. Petersburg, he forgot his vows to his mother, the promises he had made her, and did not cease to supplicate her to allow him to enter the service. I joined my prayers to his; I represented to my mother all the advantages he would enjoy by following the same course as my own; I observed that we should be a mutual support to each other, and I promised never to separate from Vetcheslaff, and to be for him, not only a brother but a devoted father. After long discussions on this subject, my mother one day took me aside and made me sit near her.

"It is impossible," said she, "to resist your prayers any longer. I do not wish that my children should ever reproach me for opposing that which they consider necessary to their happiness. Take Vetcheslaff with you, but, my dear boy, do not rejoice at my consent. You know not what responsibility I charge you with. If I were well

enough to leave the house, I might accompany you, although that would be very inconvenient. What matters it then, if a poor old woman like me be seven hundred miles or seven hundred steps from you? Listen to me, then! Vetcheslaff is a child, he knows not what he wants, he knows nothing of men nor of life; but you have experience; you have passed that strange age when a man takes heed of nothing, when a single word pronounced louder than another is capable of losing him forever. You will naturally have great influence over your brother; for a long time he will think, feel, and live only through you. Advise him, direct him. I shall accept no excuse from you; in my eyes you will be responsible for his entire conduct. You must foresee everything. I confide to you his present life and his life to come.'

"These words sound still in my ears. My mother was much affected, and even my own heart beat. I was moved even to my very soul. I assured her that she had not put confidence in me in vain, and I swore the trust she had confided to me should be sacred forever. The time for our departure arrived. With a great effort we tore ourselves from our mother's arms. I carried Vetcheslaff half-fainting to the carriage; he wept like a child.

"I will not depict to you the first years we passed at St. Petersburg. I had nothing to complain of in my brother; he was a little wild—but this wildness preserved his innocence of heart, so rare in young men. A little thing irritated him, but a little thing restored him to good humor. He was full of candor and frankness, and spoke his thoughts without reserve. In his moments of joy he would dance on the tables and chairs; in his hours of sadness he wept hot tears. He played whole hours with Bocks, my hunting dog, whom he called the friend of his heart, because he said they were both equally wild. In fact, Bocks, which had become intractable to me, allowed Vetcheslaff to do what he pleased with him. When they played together in my chamber, it was impossible not to burst into peals of laughter. I confess this childishness of my brother pleased me more than the maturity of certain comrades of his, who appeared to have been diplomatists from the cradle. I introduced Vetcheslaff into a few houses, and took him to several balls where he danced joyously. It was impossible that his open countenance and frank manners should not please everybody. All the women were in love with him and exercised all their arts upon him; but they found they had to do with a child. He allowed them to cajole him, and then as they say in France, he *faisait le gros*

*dos* with them. When I saw this I felt the happiness that a father would experience.

"At length the day so long and patiently expected arrived. Vetcheslaff was made a cornet in my regiment. To depict his joy would be impossible. A perfect stranger to the official dissimulation of the youth of our own day, he scarcely ceased to regard himself in the mirror, turning first on one side, and then on the other, for the purpose of getting a better view of his epaulettes—then he would throw his arms round my neck—then he would place himself in a military position, and dragging Bocks by the tail, exclaim:

"'Do you know, Bocks, that I am now a cornet—do you understand that? Do you know that hereafter you will have the honor to walk with a cornet?'

"And really Bocks appeared to understand him, at least, he wagged his tail and replied by loud barking. All these little events of our life, every word of Vetcheslaff, still lives in my memory. One of our comrades named Vetsky had a brother older than himself, who was in the civil service, and whom I very much liked. He was a man of remarkable intelligence, but I never saw any one who possessed greater physical imperfections. He suffered from deplorable health. He knew his own weakness and natural defects, and therefore avoided all effort, walking always with the greatest precaution, and watching every step he took. On horseback he was the most comical horseman that could be seen, and whenever he went out riding he always chose the most quiet animal he could find, and always saw himself that he was well girthed up. Besides all this he had a defect in pronunciation, which compelled him to speak very slowly to prevent himself from stuttering. You can imagine what a figure he cut amidst a band of young hairbrains, who were full of life, and who were accustomed to give utterance to every thought that entered their heads.

"Vetsky, however, was a good comrade. We all liked him, but we had no respect for the infirmities of his constitution, for his awkwardness, and for that extreme prudence which bordered on poltroonery. Vetsky took our jokes marvelously well; sometimes he replied with spirit, sometimes by joining with us in jests about himself. Often, however—and this happened most frequently—he made no reply to our raillery, for the faculties of his mind like those of his body, appeared at certain moments to be paralyzed. He was one of those persons whom it is easy to confuse with a word, and who for some moments cannot recover themselves. On these

occasions Vetsky suffered visibly, although he would endeavor to conceal his anger under a calm and cool exterior. It was easy to be seen that he made every effort to be master over himself, for he would say with a constrained smile :

"If I got angry it would only compromise my feeble health."

"I remarked that my brother was more pitiless towards poor Vetsky than any one else, but we were so accustomed to jest about him, that I did not pay much attention to my brother's course of conduct. The secret of this persecution was the love of a lady which by a curious caprice was accorded to the deformed Vetsky instead of to the elegant Vetcheslaß."

"It was usual for officers newly appointed to 'wet their epaulettes,' as it is called. We dined successively at each others' quarters. You can form no idea of our banquets. You have been absent ten years, and ten years is an age in Russia. The time was passed for gross and wild orgies. Now young men are more reasonable, even with the glass in their hands, and good breeding exists even in their wildest moments. Their wives might witness them without blushing. You must not imagine, however, that champagne is wanting, and that it does not cause the blood to mount to their heads. In the present day, it is true, we do not drink until we roll under the table, but we drink enough to become gay, petulant, and sometimes foolish, and to say things in the heat of wine that we should never have said in cool blood."

"We dined then one day in a little house in the village (it was at that period when troops camped in the environs of St. Petersburg for the summer months). Our host had not spared the champagne. The repast lasted a long time, and we had all of us, even Vetsky, drank more wine than was good for us. It was two o'clock in the morning. I was stifling. I left to take a walk in the fields. I remember still that the night was fresh and the sky pure. I breathed with delight the morning air. The country lighted up by the purple rays of the morning sun offered a delicious picture to my gaze. Silence reigned everywhere except in the cottage where we had dined, and from the open windows of which cries and laughter could be heard. Suddenly their cries and laughter ceased. At this sudden change from noise to silence I shivered involuntarily; my heart beat as if one had unexpectedly told me some dreadful news. Not being able to explain what had occurred, I involuntarily retraced my steps and re-entered the cottage. Just as I was about entering, I met Vetsky, who was coming out with his hat in his hand. He did not

say a word to me, but he was as pale as a corpse, and endeavored to conceal his agitation under a smile. My presentiments were verified! I was then told what had occurred during my absence. It was childishness, but childishness which might be followed by blood."

The guests had opened a window which looked on the yard, and one of them had jumped from it. A second had followed, and then a third. Whoever jumped badly was hurt, for the window was quite elevated. The laughter which accidents provoked, and especially the danger, excited in the young men a strange emulation. All wished to try if some one would not break his neck in this fine exploit."

"And you?" said my brother to Vetsky, with a loud laugh.

"I will not jump from the window," replied Vetsky, coldly.

"O, yes, you will do it."

"I tell you I will not."

"You will not jump," replied my brother, heated with wine, 'because you are a coward.'

"I advise you not to repeat that word," said Vetsky.

"My unfortunate brother did not understand either what he said or did."

"Not only will I repeat it," he said, putting his hands on his hips, 'but I will tell the Countess of M— (the lady to whom they both paid their addresses). I will say to her, 'your dear adorer is a coward!' Will you bet that I will not say this?'

"Vetsky, in spite of his coolness, could not contain himself; he seized my brother by the throat."

"Do you dare, fool?" he cried.

"A blow on the face was the only reply he received. What remained to be done? For a moment I thought of reconciling the adversaries; but how? Compel my brother to ask forgiveness? It was not possible. His officers' uniform had exalted his natural self-love. He felt that he had acted foolishly, but to commence his military career by that which he considered an act of cowardice—recede—he would never consent to it. I had not even the courage to propose such a course to him. I had no one then to fall back on except Vetsky, whose prudent timidity and instinctive moderation gave me some hope. In my egotism, I fancied that this man, to save my brother, would, like me, brave anything, even public contempt. I stifled my pride and visited Vetsky. When I entered his chamber, he was seated before a table writing and quietly smoking a cigar. His calmness made me uneasy."

"I wish," said I, "to have an interview, not with your second, but with yourself. You are a man, and ought to view my brother's conduct towards you simply as the impoliteness of a child, utterly unworthy of your attention."

"Vetsky regarded me with surprise, and smiled.

"You do not believe yourself what you say," said he. "Let us be frank—this matter cannot be passed on in this manner."

"These few words changed my ideas with respect to Vetsky. I then sought to touch him. I painted to him our situation, my mother's condition, and the promise she had exacted from me. I did not spare Vetcheslaff, whom I called foolish and hairbrained. The word forgiveness was even articulated by me.

"Allow me to interrupt you," said Vetsky, with the cold smile which had not left him—"is it on your own part or on that of your brother that you ask pardon?"

"I was troubled, and did not know what reply to make. He, however, fixed a penetrating look on me, and said:

"I understand your situation. I know that your brother will not ask my pardon—he cannot do it. I pity you as well as him. I am not a fighting man, and duels are not to my taste. It has always been my rule to avoid everything that might lead to one, but I cannot recede from it when it becomes inevitable. Put yourself in my place—how many times have I been obliged to turn into jests, words which, if addressed to any one else, would have cost your brother ten duels? I have had pity on his youth, and I confess it, pity for yourself. I have always maintained that life is sad enough and short enough, without sacrificing it foolishly. But this matter is a more serious one. What should I become in the eyes of the world, which already thinks that I exercise too much caution, if I allowed this affair to pass over? You know what would be the result. I should not know where to hide myself; I should have the finger of scorn pointed at me; there would be no other resource left me but to blow out my own brains, and you will agree this would not be reasonable for a man with so much caution as myself."

"These words were cold, disdainful, but I felt that I could make no reply.

"If that is the case," I replied, with heat, "it will be with me, sir, that you will have to do."

"Certainly, if that be agreeable to you," replied Vetsky, shaking the ashes from his cigar—"but not before the affair is finished between your brother and myself. Besides, I am certain your brother would not listen to any other arrangement. But excuse me, I've some letters to write.

"He bowed coldly. I left him with despair in my soul. At my own quarters Vetsky's second awaited me. He announced that he had orders to refuse every proposition of accommodation, except in case my brother would consent to ask pardon of Vetsky before all the officers of the regiment. I do not know what I should think of such a proposition now, but then I could not accept it.

"One hope remained to me. Vetsky was a bad shot. It was natural that I should be my brother's second. I was allied nearer to him than any one else; it was the sacred duty of nature and friendship. Wishing to give my brother the greatest possible advantage, I proposed pistols, and that the adversaries should be placed at twenty paces, and advance at will. I reckoned on my brother's correct aim. Vetsky's second accepted the condition. We had scarcely finished the compact of blood when Vetcheslaff entered. Bocks leaped before him barking joyously. My brother put on a good countenance and played with the dog, but it could easily be seen that he suffered from concealed emotion. Poor young man! life probably at that moment was spread out before him with all its attractions, and he could not realize the idea that he might soon leave it. When I saw his young and fresh face my heart bled. In the few hours which preceded the duel I aged twenty years.

"A few minutes afterwards we were on the ground. The thought that it was I who had led my brother into danger took away from me the faculty to think and act. It was in vain that I endeavored to show that coolness so necessary in such an affair. I was not myself. Vetsky's second filled my functions. At last the fatal moment came. I gathered together all my strength and examined Vetcheslaff's pistols; they were in good condition. Vetsky was as cold as ice; an imperceptible smile moved his lips; he was as self-possessed as if he were standing with his back before a fire in a room full of people. I looked at Vetcheslaff, and saw with consternation and fear that his hand trembled.

"The signal was given. The adversaries approached each other a little. The sight of danger made Vetcheslaff forget all the advice I had given him. He fired. Vetsky tottered, but did not fall; the ball had broken his left shoulder. Mastering his pain, he made a sign for his adversary to approach. My brother obeyed with an involuntary and convulsive movement.

"I felt petrified—a cold perspiration inundated my face. I saw Vetsky advance by degrees and level his pistol. I saw his calm and pitiless look. He was not more than two paces from

my brother. Then I thought of my mother—her last words and my oath. I believe I became deranged. My eyes became obscured. I forgot everything, honor, reason, and the convention of the duello. *'They kill your brother before your eyes'* rung in my ears. I could not support this idea. I rushed forward before my brother, and interposed my body between him and Vetsky.

"Fire!" I shrieked out.

"Vetsky lowered his pistol."

"Are these the conventions of the duello?" he asked, tranquilly turning towards his second.

"A cry of reproof was uttered by every one present. They removed me away from before my brother. The report of a pistol followed, and Vetcheslaff fell, mortally wounded. How can I relate what passed? I tore myself away from those who held me, and threw myself on Vetcheslaff's body, and saw my brother in the convulsions of death. I saw him writhe under his atrocious sufferings—I saw a veil cover his eyes. At that moment Bocks, our dog, ran to the spot, having broken his chain. He approached my brother's body and licked the wound.

"This recalled me to myself. I leaped up and seized a pistol. But Vetsky, weakened by his wound, had been carried away. Rendered crazy by my desire of revenge, I would have followed him and killed him. But they restrained me, and I heard as in a dream my comrades' reproaches. What have I to add? You know the end of a duel. My punishment was light, but my real punishment was in the heart. Life was ended for me. I only hoped to lose it in battle against an enemy, or to bury myself in oblivion. I was not fortunate enough to fall in battle; that is why you see me here, far from the place where I was born, unknown to all, and seeking to stifle by my sighs the voice that rises from my heart. I have not yet found peace. Every night I am awakened by horrible dreams; I see Vetcheslaff covered with blood, my mother dying of despair, and I hear these terrible words;—*'Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?'*"

**A BAD SUBSTITUTE.**—Spontaneous combustion destroyed eight hundred haversacks at Philadelphia, one day lately, the second fire in that city from the same cause. Benzine is used as a substitute for turpentine in the coating of the haversacks, and there the mischief originates. Should this sort of thing continue, a haversack or knapsack will be little less dangerous than a keg of powder. They caused a loss of near \$100,000 at Craig's mill. The present loss will add about \$5000 to that sum.

#### CHINESE ANIMALS.

Chinese horses are not numerous, and are of a poor and stunted breed, being very ill-fed and kept. The Chinese are indebted to the Tartars for their supply of these horses when wanted for warlike purposes. Asses and mules are common. The latter are generally of a good size, and said to bear a higher price than horses, as capable of more labor with less food. Of pachydermatous animals, the domestic pig of China is well-known in England, and has been freely introduced into our farm-yards. The larger and more ferocious description of carnivorous quadrupeds are not common in a country so well peopled and cultivated. Bears are said to be found in the wooded parts west of Pekin. There is a fierce description of wild-cat, which is caught and fattened in cages for the table. The domestic dog of China is uniformly one variety, about the size of a moderate spaniel, of a pale yellow, and occasionally a black color, and coarse, bristly hair on the back; sharp, upright ears, and peaked head, not unlike a fox's. The sheep are the large kind; and as the people never use milk, cows are rare and of a peculiarly small kind. Goats are everywhere. The buffalo used in ploughing is also very small, with a skin of a slate color, and very thinly covered with hair. Dromedaries are used as beasts of burden. Of rodent animals the common rat attains to an unusual size, and is eaten by the lower orders of the natives. Hares and rabbits are scarce. The ornithology of China is distinguished by some splendid varieties of gallinaceous birds, as the gold and silver pheasants. Partridges do not appear to be very plentiful. Domestic fowls abound; the sparrow, thrushes, larks, tits, finches, swallows, etc., are common. It is well stocked with wild fowl of all kinds. From the nature of this part of the country there are immense flocks of wild geese, ducks, etc., constantly on the wing. Quails are numerous, and are trained to fight. Ring-doves are common; and there is a peculiar crow of the country, marked with white about the neck. Both large and small birds of prey are to be seen everywhere. In consequence of the large population and traffic, venomous serpents, I believe, are scarcely met with. The lizard tribes abound; also scorpions, centipedes, and monstrous spiders, which are said to kill small birds. The common fly is an awful pest. They beggar description; they darken a room or tent, and when you are eating they dispute every morsel with you, and fly into your mouth, getting down your throat if they can. The eyes, ears, and nose are continually attacked by them. As to mosquitoes, we had enough of these gentry at Hong Kong; if they dwelt here along with the flies, the country would be absolutely unbearable. Butterflies are of a gigantic size, and very brilliant colors. Almost every fish common to England is to be found here. But the gold carp and sturgeon are of the most distinguished kinds. The best edible sea fish is rock cod. Soles are very fine and plentiful. At the head of the Chinese botany may be placed the tea plant. It is extensively cultivated a few miles to the west of Pekin, but the great tea districts lie south.—*Travels in China.*

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GOD'S BLESSING ON THE SOLDIER.

BY MISS SARAH C. CLARKE.

God's blessing on the soldier in tented camp or field!  
 We have yielded up our loved ones—O God, be  
 thou their shield!  
 Amid the din of battle be this their watchword  
 bright,  
 Onward, true yeomen of the North, Columbia and  
 the right!

God's blessing on the soldier!—for him shall prayers  
 ascend,  
 Wherever Christians meet for prayer or at the altar  
 bend;  
 From lonely village hamlet and city's busy roar,  
 From Pacific's far-off murmurs to our own Atlantic  
 shore.  
 God's blessing on the soldier!—wherever waves our  
 flag,  
 Wherever duty calls him, may his footsteps never  
 lag;  
 O, God of battles, arm him with courage true,  
 divine,  
 That the "stars and stripes," Columbia, o'er thee  
 may proudly shine.

We will not ask them back again—shame on the  
 recreant heart  
 That would not, in her country's need, most gladly  
 bear her part;  
 And yet we'll hope to meet them when, all our  
 battles o'er,  
 Dusty and toilworn from the fray they come in  
 peace once more.

God's blessing on the soldier!—God's blessing on  
 our land!  
 Bright angels hover round them—that brave, de-  
 voted band;  
 God's pity on our enemies—they know not what  
 they do,  
 When they in brother's blood their treacherous  
 hands imbrue.

God's blessing on the soldier!—from hamlet, vil-  
 lage, plain,  
 Has the battle-cry resounded, re-echoing back  
 again;  
 On, onward for the right—to your country's cause  
 prove true:  
 Brave comrades of the North, Columbia looks to  
 you!  
 From Mexico's blue waters to the lake shore's  
 coast,  
 America, our pride—her loyal sons, our boast;  
 From every hill and valley shall soon our ensign be,  
 And the "stars and stripes" again wave proudly to  
 the sea.

God's blessing on the soldier in tented camp or field!  
 We have yielded up our loved ones—O God, be  
 thou their shield!

Amid the din of battle, be this their watchword  
 bright,  
 Onward, true yeomen of the North, Columbia and  
 the right!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OFFICE-BOY.

BY M. A. AVERY.

"BOY WANTED.—One who can read manu-  
 script well, can find a situation by application at  
 this office."

Such was the paragraph that met the eye and  
 took the fancy of a fair, slender girl of twenty,  
 as she sat alone in one of the sparsely-furnished  
 attic rooms of a miserable tenant house in a great  
 city, running her eye down the column of  
 "wants," in a flourishing daily paper, in the  
 dim hope of finding something that would meet  
 her own particular "wants" and needs.

"Would that I were a boy!" she murmured.  
 "Boys are always wanted. Men, too, are  
 wanted, and good stout women; but nobody  
 wants weak, slender girls like me. Teachers  
 are wanted; but they require recommendations  
 which I couldn't get, except from two old Irish  
 women. Nurses are wanted, but I know nothing  
 of that business. Servants are wanted; but they  
 say I look too delicate to be good for anything,"  
 and she looked pityingly at her white, thin  
 hands. "Seamstresses are wanted; but I have  
 tried that—I cannot now get work enough to  
 keep me from starving—and when I did my  
 health visibly declined. Alas that dear Arthur  
 and I should have come to the city, alone and  
 orphaned as we were, to live upon our slender  
 means, in the vain hope that his authorship was  
 to bring us such a golden harvest. How little  
 we knew then of its uncertainty or precarious-  
 ness; or that his precious health, and perhaps  
 life, would be the sacrifice. As a last resort he  
 has gone to a warmer clime, to which, but for  
 our straitened means I would have accompanied  
 him, and it would kill him, I think, if he knew  
 that by his trust in a villain we had lost all upon  
 which both of us depended, and that I was re-  
 duced to such straits to obtain the means of  
 living. I have removed to this miserable attic,  
 sold everything that I can possibly spare, and  
 yet— Ah, there is Arthur's old trunk that he  
 brought from home! Wouldn't that bring some-  
 thing? I wonder what rubbish is in it?" And  
 she took out a key, opened the trunk, and laid  
 out the contents upon the miserable bed.



As she did so, her eye again fell upon the staring capitals, "Boy wanted."

"I declare, that paragraph haunts me; and sure enough, here is quite a decent suit to clothe that boy—the same that Arthur wore when he first came to the city five years ago. Who knows but that an over-ruling Providence has purposely placed these things in my way, to keep me from perdition or death. But I will not think of that. What do they want of a boy, I should like to know, that I couldn't do just as well? Answer the devil's call for 'copy,' run errands from morning till night! Ay, and read manuscript to the lazy, yawning editor, i. e., decipher such unintelligible hieroglyphics as puzzle him, and would make a monkey laugh. Does a printer's boy do that? I believe I could do all that, though, with the privilege of getting a malediction once in an hour or two, better than stitching to the tune of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt;' and Arthur used to say I had a peculiar knack at guessing out the meaning of cabalistic characters, and making sense out of nonsense, which I got, no doubt, by copying law papers for Uncle Hamilton. How much and how often I have tried in vain to get employment suited to my sex and condition, during the past few weeks, Heaven only knows, and I cannot believe I shall forfeit its favor by playing the fictitious role of a boy. I will, I must try it, whether I succeed or not; and upon the whole, I think I should like that freedom and independence that are supposed to belong of right to the pantalons," said she, smiling.

Having come to this conclusion, the young lady proceeded to invest herself soberly in the strange garments; but she could not help smiling when she took a survey of herself in a bit of cracked mirror, and saw how nearly she resembled her brother, when a bright active boy of sixteen—all but the hair. It went dreadfully against the grain to clip those dark, shining curls; but she did it—for necessity is a stern master—it was a struggle of life and death with her, and she must hesitate at no means that would insure success. After surveying herself to see that all was right, and marching up and down awhile to get used to the feeling of the strange garments, and get her courage up to the sticking point, she set out upon her mission.

The editor of an exceedingly popular weekly as well as daily journal was sitting in his office, pen in hand, poring over a pile of manuscript, and trying to gather his ideas into a focus, for a spicy leader, during the pauses of a nervous headache, when our boy, with a trembling heart, was ushered into his presence.

"Boy, sir!" echoed the obsequious servitor, sententiously.

The editor looked up scowlingly, for he had just caught an idea, and did not like to be disturbed.

"You advertised for a boy, sir," said she, tremblingly.

"Yes. You are the fourth who has applied for the place to-day." And with a keen, searching glance from a pair of sharp gray eyes, she was told to sit down and wait.

The boy's courage fell yet a good many degrees lower at this, and if her case had been one whit less desperate, she would have made a hasty retreat. As it was, she dropped into a seat, with pale cheek and downcast eyes, and it was some time before she again ventured to raise them. He paid no heed to her, however, but continued to write rapidly for half an hour or more before he deigned to bestow upon her the least notice. But this was a benefit to her, as it gave her time to collect her thoughts, and examine his physiognomy and surroundings. At last he turned upon her suddenly, and said:

"You want a place, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are your qualifications?"

"Such as I thought would suit you, sir. I can read, write, and run."

"Good things; but let us see about the first," and he passed her a book of selections.

Now Alice Hamlin was one of the finest readers in the world, with a pleasant, sweet-toned voice, an agreeable expression, and a face that would light up eloquently when she read or conversed, and the fascination of her looks and tones was not lost upon our bachelor editor, even though he thought her a boy.

"That will do," he said, after several trials; "but here is where you all fail. If you can read these, you would indeed be a treasure to me just now;" and he passed her over a handful of the knottiest kind of manuscripts, which to his evident astonishment she deciphered at once.

The man's forehead relaxed its frown, and a genial smile broke over his face, as he said:

"You will do, if we can come to terms. What is your name?"

"Alis—Alison Hamlin, sir," she said, with a bright blush, for, strange to say, she had not before thought of a change of name.

"Have you friends in the city, or recommendations?"

"Neither. I came to the city but a few months ago, to live with an only brother. He was obliged to go south, on account of failing health; we lost our property soon after, so I am obliged to do as I can."

"We usually require recommendations," and he looked her over searchingly.

The bright brown eyes filled with tears, and fell for an instant before his steady gaze, and the cheek crimsoned; but they were raised again with an assurance born of the necessities of the hour, as she said:

"I could judge of a man's talents, capability, or honesty, better by his countenance than his recommendations. The latter might be forged, the former never."

"Perhaps you are right," said the editor, laughing. "You are a queer boy, and I suppose have been sitting here all this time, spaniel-like, reading my ugly countenance."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you make of it?"

The dimples came into the corners of her mouth, as she said:

"You looked sick, and harassed, and stern enough; but I would trust to your generosity, or kindness of heart."

"Well, you shall not trust in vain, boy. I like you so well that I will dispense with the recommendations, and shall try and give you reason to believe you were right."

After the terms were concluded upon, Alice went home with lighter heart, and the next day she entered upon her new duties, and a new phase of life. She found that the continued illness of the junior editor was the cause of the "boy's" being wanted, and that Mr. Morley, the senior, who was a gentleman of thirty-five, or so, with superior ability, but infirm health, was indeed over-worked, and harassed enough by his double duty, and very much in need of an assistant. Piles of unanswered letters, and unexamined manuscripts had accumulated, and everything about the office was in the utmost confusion; for the senior had not been in the habit of attending to such matters as taking care of the odds and ends, and doing the office drudgery generally; but devoted his time to writing, and obtaining general information.

He had expected only temporary and partial relief from a boy; but somehow, with her woman's tact and ingenuity, joined to untiring patience and perseverance, things about the office in a very few days began to assume quite a different aspect, and the editor looked with astonishment upon the immense amount of business performed in one day by that "strange boy." Heaps of letters were answered, interminable manuscripts waded through, large quantities of papers filed, and put in their proper places, and everything reduced to better system than had ever been known in the office before; and all

without the least noise or confusion, or bother to the gentleman, who, though constantly occupied, was yet made dimly conscious of what was going on, by an occasional low-toned inquiry, as well as by the gradual accession of comfort and freedom from harassing cares that had so unexpectedly come to him. He seldom spoke to her at first, except upon the business of the office; but after awhile, upon rare occasions, he would converse with her quite genially, each time with a growing wonder and admiration of the boy's abilities, and stock of general information. Where did you get such a tact for office work? Why, you are as handy as a woman," he said to her one day.

Alice had now got used to his abrupt ways, and the feeling of her strange garments; but this feminine allusion brought the blushes to her cheek, and for the moment disconcerted her.

"I used to sort and file law papers for my guardian at home, and later, since I came to the city I have copied manuscript a great deal for my brother, who was an author."

"Indeed! What was his name?"

"Arthur Hamlin, sir."

"Ah, I remember him; you resemble him, too. Light literature, wasn't it? Very light, Blake said; but Blake was sick and cross then, and perhaps too fastidious. Look in that drawer of waste papers yonder, and see if you can find any of his productions."

Alice readily found them, for they were in her own handwriting, and she had happened to come upon them a few days before, and sighed over the broken hopes they involved, and when Mr. Morley asked her with unusual interest and condescension to read them, she was careful to do her best. He interrupted her several times with expressions of admiration, and at the end exclaimed:

"Why, what was Blake thinking of? It is really excellent."

Alice's eyes glistened with tears, as she said, "I knew that you were kind and generous—"

"There's no generosity about it. I look at these things in a purely business point of view. The story is admirable, and shall be published and paid for; and if you have any more as good at home, why bring them along."

"Thank you a thousand times," said she, tearfully.

"No thanks; but did your brother write much?"

"Yes; but he was unknown, and his writings were not very highly appreciated. I have a number of his articles at home that I think better than half that get into the papers; but you, perhaps, would think differently."

"I have considerable respect for your judgment, Alison, and we will see what they are like."

The papers were brought, highly approved, and paid for; a kindness that touched Alice the more deeply in that she had heard from her brother, who was slowly improving, and she was trying to send him a remittance. From that time a more confidential intercourse grew up between the two, though neither could have told why. Alice found no happier place than the grim office, and its associations; and our editor felt lost, and a strong sense of loss, whenever the boy was away, until he returned again. And when more at leisure than usual, he would sometimes sit for an hour tipped back in his chair, with his feet upon another, and eyes half shut, listening entranced to the clear, bell-like tones of her voice, and watching the play of expression upon her exquisite features, as she read some grand old poem of romance, or even dry political speech or disquisition. And often after office hours he would ask her home with him to his hotel, to dinner or tea, and spend an hour or two in quiet conversation.

Alice was fully aware of what misconstructions would be put upon their interviews, were it known that she was a woman; but she trusted to her disguise, and was only too happy to enjoy them. It seemed strange to her, though, and himself, even, that he should form such a friendship for a mere boy, a lad of half his years, and few of his educational advantages, but so it was.

It was early autumn when she entered the office, the winter was over and gone, and one morning in early spring the editor came in, and as usual found a good fire, the office swept and dusted, and his boy at the desk, busily engaged in writing.

"Good morning, Alison," said he, pleasantly. "I have been over to see Blake. He is decidedly better at last, and thinks he shall be able to go to work again in a few days."

"And then you will want me no longer," gasped Alice. And she turned very pale, and grasped at the desk to prevent herself from falling.

Mr. Morley saw the look, and the act, and stepped quickly forward.

"Do you really like your place and your employment so much?" he questioned.

"Ay, and my employer more than either," she uttered, impulsively, and blushing at the words as soon as they were spoken.

"Do not be alarmed, then, for there are so few in the world that do that, that I cannot afford to lose one. Blake has received the offer of a bet-

ter berth than I can give him, and will not come back to the office. To tell the truth, boy, you are worth quite as much to me as he ever was, with the exception of writing an editorial occasionally."

"How do you know but that I could do that?"

"I think not; few possess or acquire the gift."

"What will you have—the one you spoke of upon the condition of the times generally, or something else?" And with a blush, and a smile, she passed him the paper upon which she was engaged at his entrance, with ink as yet scarcely dry upon the last page.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Morley, laughing, as he ran his eye over the page. "I couldn't have done it better myself. Did you really do this, boy?"

"Certainly, sir. They used to say I had some knack at composition at school, and I've been trying my hand at it a little lately."

"Why didn't I know you had such a talent before?"

"I hardly knew it myself."

"But what are you trying to do with it?"

"Just practising a little to get my hand in," said Alice, blushing.

"I see it all," said the editor, with a searching glance. "You have looked weary and worn of late. You are sitting up nights, after a hard day's work, striving to realize some ambitious dream of authorship. You must not do so. You are too young. You will soon sacrifice your health, as your brother has done."

"But in a case of necessity, sir—"

"What necessity, I would like to know? Do I not pay you enough for your support?"

"Yes, and much more, more than I dared hope for."

"But you wear the same old clothes—you live in obscure lodgings—you go to no place of amusement—tell me, wont you, for what you are denying yourself all the pleasures of youth?"

"I hate to plague you with my troubles, Mr. Morley."

"It is no plague. I like to have those about me give me their confidence."

"Well, sir, you know that my brother is sick, needing many comforts in a foreign land, where gold melts away like dew before the sun."

"Ay, you told me as much before."

"Well, he thought he took money enough out with him to last until his return; but it was gone before he hardly realized the fact, and twice he has written for more—the last time saying he

wanted quite a large sum to bring him home in the early summer, supposing all this time that he had enough in the hands of a trusted friend to make him quite independent of surrounding circumstances. But that friend has failed. We have lost all our dependence; but I dared not tell him so yet, through fear that the shock might kill him. So what was I to do but contrive some way to supply the sufficiency?"

"You should have come to me."

"I had no claim upon you, sir. You had paid all and more than I had earned, and there was no one else upon whom I could rely."

"But what did you do?"

"I wrote."

"What, pray?"

"Can you tell me who is the author of 'Golden Dreams'?"

"What, that long serial we begun to-day?"

"The same, sir."

"You are not the author of that splendid story—the lady whom ill health prevented from calling to make the arrangement?"

"I believe so." And Alice laughed and blushed as she took the correspondence from her pocket and presented it to him.

"I will confess myself nonplussed and imposed on. For you recollect I told you that I could see the feminine characteristics sticking out all over it. But tell me why you deceived me so? Couldn't you have come to me in your own character just as well?"

"I feared you would despise the article coming from a mere boy; and besides, a little mystery is sometimes a benefit to an author, is it not?"

"Perhaps. But how you must have enjoyed the freedom of my comments. Authors don't often have so fine an opportunity to hear themselves cut up," said he, laughing.

"You were very kind, and I thank you," said Alice, tearfully; "and in accepting what has caused me so much care and anxiety, you have relieved my mind from a great burthen."

Mr. Morley chided her for risking her health and life in the night watches that the article must have cost her, yet he could not help admiring the self-sacrificing devotion that led to it.

"The world attributes all the nobleness, generosity and self-devotion in the universe to weak, vain, frivolous woman; but give me a man or a boy for the display of such sentiments," he thought, and in consideration of this he gave her an extra fifty dollars for the story, for which Alice was sufficiently grateful.

The mail that carried Arthur his remittance, in due time brought Alice his reply, and she was

rejoicing in heart at the near prospect of his return, with renewed health and brighter hopes, when a circumstance happened that changed the aspect of everything materially. In taking out her handkerchief, one day, as she was about to leave the office upon some errand, Arthur's last letter came out without her observing it. Mr. Morley was absorbed at the time, and did not notice it; but rising for something not long after, he observed and picked it up, to see what it was.

"Some office paper, I suppose—Ay, an open letter. 'Miss Alice Hamlin, No. 510 Cherry Street,' W. I. postmark. Alice Hamlin, who can that be? Patron or correspondent? 510! As I live that is Alison's number! What does it all mean?" And eagerly opening the mysterious epistle, our editor read as follows:

"Havana, Cuba, May 25, 1859.

"DEAR SISTER ALICE:—You can't imagine how glad I was to hear from you and receive that welcome remittance, for my money was all gone; I was beset with duns on every side, and expected every moment to be turned out of doors by my landlady. I had sought in vain for employment, retrenched every expense, and sold my watch and most valuable effects to satisfy my grasping creditors, and but for this timely relief, must have shipped as a foremast hand, and run away to avoid paying a few small debts. I feared you were ill, that my letter had miscarried, or that there was some trouble with Harding about getting the money; but I did not blame you, dearest sister, for I knew you would do all you could for me, at the earliest possible moment. My health is very much improved, and now that I have the means, shall come home at once, and you may expect me by the next steamer. Yours, now and ever,

"ARTHUR HAMLIN."

There could be but one solution to all this; and we won't say our bachelor editor's heart didn't give a bound as the truth flashed over him, or that he was very angry at the thought that the boy he had befriended so much, who had been his constant and almost only companion for months, who had grown into his affections, and won his admiration as boy never had done before, was a girl after all! What a goose he had been not to have known it all the time. He remembered now that she had revealed herself in a dozen different ways, had he but thought of it, and he wondered now that he had been blind so long. He had half a mind to wait and amuse himself by seeing when and how she would reveal herself; but he was too eager for the denouement to do this, and besides, he judged rightly in supposing that she would drop the character and disappear without explanation, when her brother returned, for such had indeed been her intention.

People who called that afternoon thought our editor wonderfully absent-minded; but his wandering wits came back from their wool-gathering when Alice returned in the evening. Waiting till the evening's work was done, and they were about to quit the office, he turned to her suddenly and said:

"Have you lost anything lately, Alison?"

"Not that I know of." And Alice put her hand to her pocket, but without revealing her loss.

"Does this belong to you?" And he regarded her with a keen, searching glance as he gave her the letter.

She took it carelessly, but the instant she glanced at the superscription, and then up to his face, she knew that he had discovered the truth, and crimsoning to the roots of her hair, and overcome by an impulse of shame, she turned without a word, and was leaving the office, when a firm hand was laid upon her arm.

"Do not go, Alice, or grieve that the truth is revealed to me," said Mr. Morley, earnestly. "I know your motives, and what were your necessities too well to blame you very severely. But you must have known that it was a dangerous experiment."

"My choice was between that, starvation and the streets," sobbed Alice, shuddering at the remembrance; "and now you can disgrace and turn me out again, if you wish;" and she sank into a seat and buried her face in her hands.

"Alice, have I ever given you reason to wrong me thus?" said Mr. Morley, in a deeply agitated voice.

"No, no; you have been all that is noble, kind and generous, and for my sake, as well as your own, you will keep my secret, and shield my name from obloquy."

"Your trust in me shall not be in vain, Alice."

"But I must leave you. You will not have a woman in your office, knowingly."

"Yet I cannot spare you, Alice. You have done me a world of good, and almost saved my life by coming here, and now I cannot begin to do without you."

"But you must, for Arthur is coming home, and I would not have him know—" She had hushed her sobs, but the expression of his face, as she looked up, made her hesitate.

"Alice," he said, in a tone that was eloquent with emotion, "if I know myself, the world would be a blank to me if you should leave me forever. O, stay with me always, and become my wife."

"But you hate women. You despise the whole sex."

"I hate their vanity and folly; you have none of it, and if you could but return a tithe of the deep love I bear you, I could worship the whole of them for your sake. You know me well, and that I am many years your senior, and knowing this, can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

Alice looked up into the strong manly face that bent over her, to read its anxious solicitude for her favor; but still she doubted.

"You know my poverty and dependence," she said, "and it is pity alone that you feel for me."

"No, by my hopes of heaven! For years a lonely-hearted man, I felt the magnetism of your presence, though I knew not all the causes, from the moment you first entered the office. But I see how it is. You cannot return my affection, and say in your heart that the bright spring and the dreary autumn were never designed for the same place in the seasons. My age and plain person," said he, sorrowfully, "are—"

"No objections with me," said Alice, impulsively. "Did you think I could not see the noble soul through its plain outward setting? Or that all your kindness and generosity were lost upon me? No, Mr. Morley, I have seen and felt it all, as an impulsive woman must, and for months I have been conscious of such a deep and absorbing love for you as I had never felt for another."

"Thank God for the precious gift, my darling," he said, as the blushing face was hid for a brief moment upon the bosom to which she was pressed so tenderly. "Life will bloom anew for me, if this is true, dear Alice."

"But you know my poverty, my inferiority of intellect when compared with your own," she murmured.

"Not a word of that. I value you above the wealth of the Indies, and in intellect few women can compare with you."

Need we say that Arthur Hamlin, upon his return to the north, took the "boy's" place in the office as a junior partner in the firm, or that Alice was joined in another and a dearer partnership with the chief or senior partner of the establishment?

#### Scientific Fact.

From discoveries made by the prism, which can write in lines in the spectrum of any flame the names of the metals or other elements which enter into its composition, we know that all the planets, primary and secondary, are illuminated from the same source, and, what is more remarkable, the atmosphere of the sun contains the vapors of several of the metals with which we are acquainted.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MISS MARCHMONT'S ROMANCE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"MOTHER!" exclaimed Julie Greene, as we three, Mrs. Greene, Julie, and I, were sitting at work in Julie's pretty boudoir—"why is it that Miss Marchmont always wears that horrid brown silk dress? I declare I'm really distressed with seeing it so often!"

Mrs. Greene looked a mild reproof at her daughter before she replied.

"Miss Marchmont has a reason for wearing the garment you affect to despise, Julie; and if you two creatures can keep quiet long enough to listen, I will tell you something of Helen Marchmont's life history."

The grave manner of Mrs. Greene checked our gaiety; we drew our chairs to her side and begged her to begin at once.

"Seventeen years ago," she proceeded, "Helen Marchmont and I were schoolmates. We were reared amid the brown hills of New Hampshire, far up toward the spires of the White Mountains. Two old gray farm houses held our childhood; and the long stretch of meadow land on the banks of the Saco, was our play ground. We were very gay and happy in those days, and as we grew to girlhood, like Julie, there, we entertained a profound horror for old maids.

"At sixteen, Helen was the belle of the village, the liveliest at all our merry makings, and the admired of both old and young. Indeed, in my whole life, I have seldom seen one more beautiful than Helen Marchmont, at the time of which I speak. Traces of her loveliness yet remain, but so marred by years and sorrow, that few who knew her then, would recognize her in the pale sad woman of to-day. She was three years my junior, and having enjoyed the advantages of two years' schooling at B— Academy, she was greatly my superior in intellect as well as beauty. But her spirit was even more beautiful than her person. Had her face been unattractive, a stranger would have been insensibly drawn towards her by the sweetness of her voice, and the gentleness of her demeanor. Did you ever think, my dear girls, that there are those whom the world calls plain and unlovely, set apart of God, who seeth not as man sees—as the objects of his especial love and care? The soul is the true index of beauty, and I have much pleasure in thinking that in heaven all will be merged in eternal beauty and youth!

"Before Helen was seventeen, she had many offers of marriage from young men highly es-

teemed by her friends, but she encouraged them not; her whole affections were given to Arthur Richardson—the only son of a poor widow, who resided in our vicinity. Arthur was well worthy of the distinction bestowed upon him by the village belle, for a nobler hearted fellow never existed; but he was the child of poverty, and with this meagre patrimony he inherited a pride as haughty as that of a crowned prince.

"He loved the peerless Helen with his whole soul, but he could not brook the idea of taking her from a home of comfort, if not of luxury, to the stern life of toil and poverty which lay spread out before him. Many and fierce were the struggles between love and reason; but his pride conquered every other feeling, and it all ended in his espousing the resolution of going to sea. A brother of his dead father was largely engaged in the India trade, and this uncle gave him the offer of a supercargo's situation on board a merchant vessel which traded between New York and Singapore. It was very hard to leave his widowed mother to her loneliness; very hard to part with his fair Helen; but young Richardson had before him the prospect of carving his way to fortune, and the thought of what should come afterwards buoyed him up through the solemn parting. His heart was full, but he left his native village without a sigh or a tear.

"Helen was very grave and quiet for some months after his departure, but soon her naturally sunshiny disposition emerged from the cloud, and again she was the life and pride of the village. Arthur had been absent two years; and one fine September morning as Helen and I were picking over the ripe whortleberries we had gathered on the mountain the previous day, the yard gate opened hurriedly, and in another moment Helen was in the arms of her lover! He had returned for a brief visit of ten days; then he was to go away once more, to be absent eighteen months only, and then—The happy blush on Helen's cheek spoke eloquently of what would take place then.

"While he had been away Arthur had prospered; already he had quite a little fortune invested in trade—a little more of successful labor, and he would give Helen a home of luxury, and gratify her every wish. The morning of his departure arrived. Helen was very sad, but calm and hopeful. She doubted not his return; she had faith to believe that all would be well. When he came to bid her farewell, he put into her hand a package, saying:

"Dear Helen, I want you to wear this, to please me. It is my choice, for it is just the color of your own bright hair. And some serene



Sabbath day I shall come home to find my darling in the dress I brought her from beyond sea.'

"And folding her to his bosom with many a passionate kiss, Arthur Richardson went away once more. When Helen opened the package, she found amid the folds of tissue paper, a piece of soft, glistening brown India satin. She laid it away carefully; and although I often questioned her as to when it was to make its appearance in our little church, she always smiled quietly, and evaded the subject. But I knew very well that she intended it should be her bridal robe, and she would not have it made until near the time of Arthur's expected return.

"The probationary eighteen months rolled away—daily was the good ship Sarah Jane expected to arrive in port. The brown satin was fitted by the village dress-maker; and quiet preparations went on in the Marchmont household for a wedding. The guests were bidden; the bridal loaf frosted white as snow, and the two bridesmaids, of whom I was one, were on tip-toe for the festivities which would follow the performance of the ceremony.

"The Sarah Jane was expected on Tuesday, and by Saturday night we might look for Arthur in Milville. Railways were things unknown, or comparatively so, in our region, and the journey from Boston must be performed in an old-fashioned stage coach. Saturday came—a clear, cloudless day in April, and by especial invitation, I went over to pass the time with Helen, until Arthur's arrival. She was flushed and smiling, a little anxious, but very happy, and so beautiful! I could scarcely keep my admiring eyes off her face all through the cool bright afternoon, and when, at eventide, she arrayed herself in the brown satin, and with a crimson shawl around her stood by my side on the eastern piazza waiting the coming of the stage, I could not refrain from clasping my arms around her, and exclaiming—'dear Helen, how beautiful you are!' She smiled her own sweet, gentle smile, as she replied:

"I am glad of it, Mary; glad for *his* sake.'

"The sun set—the shadows deepened and thickened. I remember that the wind, which had been all day a western zephyr, changed to the east, and blew up cold, white columns of mist from the river; and the blue translucent heavens were clothed in the vestments of purple gray. I shuddered—Helen wrapped her shawl around me—and directly we heard afar off down the valley, the shrill blast of the stage horn. Thus the weird sound broke up the silence of the forests, and was echoed faintly from the glens among the mountains, till to my excited

ears it sounded like nothing else but a death wail. The light in Helen's eye grew deeper; her cheek took a warmer tinge.

"'Dear Arthur,' she said, dreamily—'he hears it, too! I will listen to the wild sound for his sake.'

"We both went down and leaned on the gate that opened upon the highway. Not a doubt crossed her mind; she looked for his coming with the tender faith with which a child waits its mother's good night kiss. The lumbering old vehicle came slowly up the hill. The meek, white-faced horse that led the team, glanced benevolently in our direction, and then came the brown bays, the delight of the good old driver's heart, bringing up the rear.

"But the white-faced horse and the sleek brown bays pursued their way without halting—there was only a single passenger, and she was an old woman returning from a visit to Dover. The coachman's cheery 'good even, girls,' fell on ears that heard not, for as the vacant stage rattled by, a cold trembling seized upon Helen, and it required all my strength to support her into the house.

"From that hour hope was dead in her heart. She gave all up! She looked for nothing—expected nothing. A long illness confined her to her bed for a full year; we all mourned for her as for the dead, and the old physician who attended her pronounced her recovery impossible. But contrary to the expectations of every one, just a year from the day she had expected to be wedded, she rallied, and in time she was once more able to move about the house.

"About this time I was married, and removed to my present home, and two years afterwards, Helen by the death of her parents was left alone. Mrs. Richardson had died some months previously. There was no tie to bind Helen to Milville, and that she might be near the friend of her girlhood, she disposed of the old homestead, and came to this city, where, after a time, she purchased the stone cottage she now occupies. Arthur Richardson never came back; the vessel in which he sailed was never heard from after she left Singapore, and in all probability his grave was made in the ocean depths.

"Though many wealthy and gifted men have bowed before Helen Marchmont's purity and goodness, and besought her favor, she has remained faithful to her first love. She is waiting very patiently for the reunion which she believes will take place above. And every Sabbath, in memory of this lost love, when she goes to the place of worship, she wears his parting gift—the brown satin dress. She is wealthy, and might

flaunt in her velvets and diamonds if she chose, but she is content to wear always the now faded and old garment, which her dead lover selected for her bridal array. There, girls, you have the story of an old maid's life—are you satisfied that there is such a thing as a woman being true to a memory which keeps her forever from wandering after other idols?"

There were tears in Julie's eyes; and I felt my own lips quiver, as I thought of the pure devotedness of this pale mourner. For sixteen years she had wandered among the broken shrines of her altars—what charm could life hold for her, that she did not cast the fickle possession away?

Two years afterwards, while I was again a visitor at Mrs. Greene's house, I remembered the story of Miss Marchmont, and hastened to inquire of my hostess concerning the beautiful heroine. A smile lighted up the lady's face as I mentioned the name.

"Miss Marchmont no longer exists," she said.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, shocked by her reply.

"Not dead, but married! and more than that—she is the wife of her first and only love!"

"But he was lost—"

"So we all supposed. But it turned out quite differently. He returned about twelve months ago. The ship in which he expected to sail to New York was captured by a piratical craft, and Arthur Richardson was thrown into a Spanish dungeon, from which he did not make his escape for ten years; and then he was taken to Australia by the captain of an emigrant ship. There he labored incessantly to retrieve his shattered fortune, writing often to Helen, letters full of love and trust, which, of course, owing to her change of residence, she never received. After three years he found himself a rich man, and without delay, he set out for the States. He visited Milville, to find only his mother's grave, and to hear the tidings that Helen had wedded a gentleman in the city, whither she had gone at the death of her parents. Heart-sick, and reckless of himself, the wanderer took refuge in the far West, and engaged in trade. Coming about a year ago, to this city, to purchase a supply of goods, he met me in the street. A recognition ensued—explanations and revelations; and if you can, picture to yourself the meeting between those two so long severed. Arthur Richardson was the master of an immense fortune, and Helen herself was in receipt of a handsome income, but she was married in the identical brown satin dress that was wont to excite Julie's ridicule. Helen is happy, and deserves it. God bless her!"

"Amen!" I responded softly—"Amen!"

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Monthly.]

## THE POWDER PLOT OF DUBLIN.

### A DESPERATE DEED.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

At the treaty of peace in 1814, all the French prisoners who were found on board the prison-ship at Kingston, in Ireland, were restored to liberty. Almost all crossed, on the morning of their deliverance, St. George's Channel to return to France. In the small number of those who did not manifest the same eagerness to regain their native country, Dublin has preserved the names of ensigns Celestin and Xavier; these were two orphans, who by birth belonged rather to the sea than to the land, and who, having no memories of maternal caresses, village bells, or betrothals, suspended by the conscription, thought Dublin as good a place of residence as any other, and resolved to remain, at least temporarily, in that magnificent and hospitable city.

They had, besides, a more important reason which led them to take humble lodgings in Dublin. During their long captivity they had profited by a remarkable talent at carving of wood; they had made an entire museum, consisting of detached pieces, representing each some scene visible from their floating prison; and certainly, the accident of their position had been very favorable, for nature and art have lavished superb landscapes between Kingston and Dublin to the promontory of Howth Hill.

Our two sailors hoped to make a fortune by exhibiting this museum in the capital of Ireland, and especially to promote the politic munificence of some rich gentleman who should buy this fine piece of art at an enormous price. Celestin and Xavier had not a shilling in their pockets; but they would not have sold their museum for twenty thousand pounds sterling; in their self-love as authors, they estimated their capital at four times its value, at least. They hired a room on the ground floor of Christ's Church square, and placarded this sign:

### GREAT ATTRACTION.

COME AND SEE ALL THE WONDERS OF THE  
BAY AND CITY OF DUBLIN!

*This flower of the land, this pearl of the sea!*

A SHILLING A TICKET.

In England crowds are never wanting at exhibitions. Their receipts were superb. Celestin and Xavier dreamed golden dreams; in a week they already had in their coffers a hundred pounds sterling in five pound bills. They saw

themselves with a million at the end of the year, for their plan was to visit all the great cities of England, and to return to France in a post-chaise and with two lacqueys.

Chance or malice destroyed these fine projects in a twinkling. The museum of Celestin and Xavier was burned: they themselves almost lost their lives in attempting to save it. The present mode of insurance was then very little known in Dublin. Besides, our two soldiers would not thought of taking this precaution.

They lost all, even their hundred pounds in bank bills; they had only two or three sovereigns left; enough to last them in bread a fortnight. While desperate with their recent loss, they chanced to be crossing the bridge of St. Stephen; under their feet rolled the river Liffey, now swollen with a freshet. The sailors cast their eyes upon the yellow and turbid waters and then eyed each other.

"I understand you," said Xavier; "we are destined to perish in fresh water. Let us embrace each other, and so be it."

They sprang upon the parapet of the bridge. Closely folding their arms over their breasts, as if to express an energetic resolution not to swim, like sea-wolves as they were, they threw themselves head first into the Liffey. The noise made by the double fall aroused a pack of Newfoundland dogs who had recently been stationed at the end of the bridge by an Irish philanthropist, for the purpose of saving lives. The active animals reached the water almost at the same time with Celestin and Xavier. The two sailors were seized by vigorous mouths; but as their project of suicide was irrevocable, they struggled energetically against their deliverers. Men and dogs rose to the surface, and in the contest which followed, the dogs had become nearly exhausted, and would have lost their lives, had not Celestin and Xavier, suddenly touched with compassion for these noble beasts, swam with them to the bank and saved them from death.

Unintentionally and by mistake they had also saved themselves. The gathering crowd of witnesses to the scene gave its admiration to the dogs and its pity to the sailors. But the latter, whose long imprisonment had incapacitated them for labor, and who had persuaded themselves that the destruction of their museum was not the result of accident, and therefore saw an enemy in every one around, believing that they had no longer a duty to fulfil or a punishment to fear, concocted an infernal plot against the city of Dublin which had persecuted them by fire and by water.

"Listen, Xavier," said Celestin; "I have

heard in my youth the story of M. de Roux, a merchant of Marseilles. M. de Roux, like ourselves, had reason to complain of the English. He was a wealthy individual, who had lent money to Louis XVI.; the extent of his fortune was not known. He had a fleet of twenty merchant vessels, and I know not how many privateers. M. de Roux perceiving that Louis XIV. remained quiet, himself declared war against the king of Great Britain. The letter which declared hostilities commenced thus: 'I, Roux I., to George III.' Roux commenced by doing the English every injury in his power; but the king of Spain and Louis XIV. interfered between the belligerent parties, and a treaty of peace was signed."

"I know the story," said Xavier; "but what do you intend to convey by it?"

"We will imitate our countryman, Roux I. We will declare war against Dublin. We have a precedent; our position is better than that of Roux I.; we are in the heart of our enemy."

"And if our enemy refuse to furnish supplies, we will blow him up, as he blew us up at Aboukir."

"We will hire the ground floor of a house in Sackville Street, between the government offices and the wealthy manufactory of Richard Schawb; it is a superb position, in the centre of the richest quarter in Dublin; there we could blow up all Sackville Street. The next night we will affix on the corners of all the streets a placard in these terms, addressed to the inhabitants:

"The two sailors saved from the Liffey declare war against the city of Dublin. They have taken lodgings in Sackville Street, between the post-office and the manufactory of Richard Schawb. On the floor of their room stands a barrel containing two hundred pounds of powder, ready to be exploded in the following circumstances:

"1. If the police officers make the slightest attempt to enter the room where it is.

"2. If either of the sailors is arrested while walking the streets of Dublin, the other, who will be stationed with a lighted match near the barrel, is to set fire to it.

"3. If the two sailors are not supplied with all things necessary for their support and amusement, when they demand it.

"4. If the neighbors leave their houses as if to isolate them, and thus threaten them with an attempt from the police.

"5. The two sailors promise on their honor to protect by night and by day the city, and property of the inhabitants, if the inhabitants will comport themselves favorably towards these

two unfortunates, honorably known in the capital of Ireland.

"6. One of the sailors will walk in the streets of Dublin every day, from twelve o'clock until five; the protection of the citizens is requested. If at half past five he has not returned, his comrade will drop the match into the barrel, and Sackville Street will be blown up, as was L'Orient at Aboukir.

Signed, CELESTIN AND XAVIER."

When their plans were all laid and carefully calculated, Xavier went out in the middle of the night with a hundred copies of his proclamation, and placarded it everywhere. At sunrise the sheriff received a letter from the two friends, by whom he was invited to call upon them immediately, for the sake of the city of Dublin.

At this hour Dublin had not its eyes sufficiently open to read the proclamation of the two sailors. The sheriff, who knew that these two enraged Frenchmen were capable of any desperate act, forgot his rank, and complied with the invitation. He was received in the powder room with great politeness. Celestin offered him a seat, and said:

"Honorable sir, take the trouble to read this copy of a proclamation which we have affixed to the corners of the streets of Dublin."

The sheriff looked at Celestin, took the paper, put on his spectacles, and read, bounding from his chair at every article.

"Honorable sheriff," said Celestin, "you now know our business as well as we do; it remains for me to introduce you to our palladium; a little pocket volcano; do not fear, and do not cry out, for at the faintest cry, my dear sheriff, we shall leap above the steeple of St. Patrick. See Xavier holding the match, which is constantly burning; it is the vestal fire—the vestals have changed sex only. What say you to that idea, sheriff?"

The old magistrate, motionless with surprise and terror, looked at the black and threatening circle, strongly sealed into the floor. Celestin took a handful of the powder, and presenting it to the sheriff, said:

"See, it is of a superior quality; judge of our domestic Vesuvius by the specimen. Take it with you and have it analyzed by your chemists; they will tell you whether it is onion seed. We now set you at liberty, sheriff."

The old man rose without daring to manifest the slightest emotion which might disturb these two fearful enemies, and without uttering a word; for he could not have spoken but to condemn these incendiary projects. The sailors conducted him to the stairs, the one compelling him to

take the specimen of powder in a box, the other presenting the lighted match, as a sentinel presents arms to his superior officer.

A few hours afterwards it was easy to see that the proclamation had produced its effect. In the environs of Nelson's Monument, and before the government offices, the usual crowd was reduced to a few anxious groups. Sackville Street was filled with constables, but they affected no hostility of attitude. In the distance appeared the sheriff, who seemed by his gestures, to recommend prudence.

At noon, Celestin, in his sailor costume, and with a French cockade in his hat, boldly came out on the pavement of Sackville Street; and when he had reached the middle of the wide street, he turned to exchange salutes with Xavier, who appeared for a moment at the window, with his lighted match in his hand. Celestin marched directly to the sheriff and said to him:

"The play has commenced, all goes well; Dublin will be prudent and we shall be grateful."

"Sir," said the sheriff, "there is much anxiety; you see the shops on Sackville Street are closed."

"Why should there be anxiety, honorable sheriff? our intentions are pure. The anxiety should have been when the hand of the criminal burned our museum and reduced us to poverty. At present let Dublin but do its duty and all will be well. I am going to order our breakfast at Greamesh's hotel, the first hotel in the world. It is indisputable that at the first pain we experience we shall accuse you of poisoning, and Sackville Street will explode in a thousand pieces. Everything is provided for, sheriff, even an attempt at poisoning."

"Do not fear, sir."

"Fear! ah, it is for Dublin to tremble! Fear! are you jesting? Since my birth on board the Indian, I have spent my life in dying."

"But, sir," added the sheriff, in a gentle and persuasive tone, "renounce this abominable folly—"

"Sheriff, not another word, or I make a signal and we land in the clouds."

Then addressing the crowd who surrounded him, the sailor added:

"Gentlemen, I order you to retire, I need air; leave me alone."

In a twinkling the crowd, as well as the sheriff, had disappeared. Celestin felt a natural sentiment of pride at seeing with what facility a word from him threw consternation into the people of Dublin. With majestic step he took his way towards the hotel of Greamesh, and in a maritime and provincial voice demanded breakfast.

All the domestics of both sexes, with the landlord at their head, ran to obey the orders of Celestin; thirty dishes were served up to him; Oporto, sherry, and claret wines. The repast terminated, he chose from among the untouched dishes, put them in his basket, and calling the landlord, said to him:

"This is for my brother Xavier, it is his breakfast; now give all the rest to those groups of poor women who have been peeping through the windows."

The master of the hotel bowed with a sign expressive of obedience to the will of his powder barrel neighbor, represented by the French sailor. Celestin made the signal agreed upon, before opening the volcanic room, and Xavier approached with the match to the powder barrel. Celestin closed the door, fastened it, and deposited his provisions on a table.

"Everything goes well, Xavier," said he, seating himself; "Dublin is ours. What a breakfast I have just devoured at Greamesh's! what wines! what charming domestics! Breakfast in your turn, my friend; I have ordered dinner at seven o'clock."

"And the sheriff?" said Xavier, cutting his beefsteak.

"The sheriff is afraid; he knows us; all Dublin knows us, Xavier; it knows that we are people to keep our word. The police is embarrassed; it seeks an expedient; it finds none. On my way home I met a gentleman who accosted me politely and said: 'In the name of God, captain, do not forget to return at five o'clock.' 'What interest have you in that?' I asked. 'I am Richard Schawb, your neighbor.' 'Ah, I understand,' said I; 'well, I will be prudent, but let Dublin be prudent also.' M. Richard answered for the prudence of Dublin."

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Xavier; "if Dublin troubles us, we will send it to take a walk in the moon."

"O, it know that well; indeed, I am enchanted with the life which is opening before us. I have already a hundred plans in my head. And first I intend to demand in marriage the daughter of our neighbor, Richard Schawb."

"Ah, Celestin!"

"And I will marry you, also, to the daughter of M. Greamesh, with twelve thousand pounds for a dowry, a hundred thousand crowns!" said Celestin.

"But of what use will this dowry be to us, Celestin? we are imprisoned here for life; how can we enjoy a dowry?"

"Who knows the future? Let us always take a dowry if it presents itself. To-morrow I

will ask Miss Schawb for myself, and Miss Greamesh for you."

"And if we are refused?"

"We will blow them up—that is my reply to all. We can blow them up only once. To-morrow I will have the nuptial chambers furnished by the first upholsterer in Dublin. We will have two splendid weddings."

"Where?"

"Where? At the hotel of Greamesh: in his magnificent saloon. You shall be married first, I second; one of us must be left to guard this volcano. We will invite to our wedding all the nobility of Dublin; we will dance until morning; we will expend in a feast and at the ball, a hundred thousand francs!"

"And who will pay them?"

"Parbleu! Schawb and Greamesh, our fathers-in-law, shall pay."

"You are right, Celestin; but how will all this end?"

"Who knows? It will perhaps not end at all. It is not necessary that it should end. It will commence anew every day. I have even a plan to have myself nominated for mayor of Dublin, and you prefect of the department of Ireland. Meanwhile we will commence by the least difficult things; let us be married."

This conversation was interrupted by a tumultuous sound of music in Sackville Street. Celestin opened and shut the door with the usual precautions, and descended into the street, where he did not fail to meet his neighbor Richard, who seemed to follow all his motions.

"What is all this?" asked Celestin.

"It is the Dublin band, on its way to the City Hall, where three hundred choristers are to perform the Messiah and the Creation."

"Mr. Richard Schawb, go and tell those people that I love music, and that I desire to hear the Messiah and the Creation beneath my window this evening before sunset."

"Captain," said Richard, "we will try to arrange it so."

"How, do you hesitate?"

"No, no, nothing is easier—I will go and see the sheriff. We will bring the festival to you."

Celestin returned and announced to Xavier the evening concert which had been ordered.

"It will be a fine triumph," said he, "if we have this army of musicians," and he stationed himself at the window to await the concert.

An hour before sunset Mr. Schawb was seen at the extremity of Sackville Street, serving as advance guard to the musicians. The army of performers defiled through the street, the broadest in the world, and arranged themselves in

battle array before the post-office. A symphony served as an overture; each musician, as usual, played his favorite air with that independence which characterizes the English artist. Afterwards three hundred mouths attacked Handel and mutilated him without pity. From his window above, Celestin thanked the choristers and musicians, and in his royal munificence ordered Mr. Greamesh to supply them all with beer from the brewery of Luxton. Greamesh bowed.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the night being very cloudy, Celestin could not resist the desire of going out, but in the strictest incognito, to hear the conversation in the public squares. There were many people in Phoenix Park. The sailor slipped cautiously among the groups, and listened. Nothing was talked of but the siege of Dublin by the two French sailors. Celestin turned, and found himself face to face with M. Richard.

"Ah, I have not left you," said M. Richard, in a low voice.

"Take care, Monsieur Richard; do not play the part of my guardian angel, take care."

"Captain, return, it is late; your friend may do some mischief."

"Be easy, my friend has my instructions. Apropos, Monsieur Richard, I want some of your advice; take my arm and let us have a little neighborly conversation. I desire to marry, what do you think of it? Xavier and myself cannot always live in this isolation; we have duties to fulfil towards society."

"Well, I think if you have at heart some youthful passion—"

"No, Monsieur Richard, all the loves of our youth are poor; at present we have some pretensions; we intend to marry heiresses. We have made our choice. Think you that the families will consent?"

"Why not?" said the neighbor, in a tremulous tone. "Are you not fine young people?"

"That is what we said."

M. Richard fell into a profound reverie, and after remaining silent for some time, said to Celestin:

"You have asked my advice; I wish to give you a little friendly counsel, will you permit it?"

"Give it, neighbor."

"You are preparing for yourselves an uncomfortable life; Dublin owes you reparation, and it will grant it. The insurance companies, Mr. Greamesh and myself, will make a sacrifice; we will enrich you at once, and put you on the road to France with two hundred thousand francs in your pockets, and liberty."

Celestin stopped and fixed his eyes on the eyes of M. Richard.

"Neighbor," said he, "when we have the fortune in our pocket-books, and have extinguished our match like simpletons, they will hang us."

"O," exclaimed M. Richard, "fear nothing; you shall be allowed to return to your country with your fortune and your liberty."

"This requires reflection, neighbor. Listen; there is a middle course; you shall give two hundred thousand francs to my friend Xavier; he shall depart, and I will await in Dublin his arrival in France, always watching the powder barrel. In this manner one, at least, will be happy, and only one hung. Do you accept my proposition?"

"It shall be done. At daybreak I will await you at Greamesh's hotel."

Celestin returned to his friend, related his interview with his neighbor, and both danced rejoicingly around the volcano. At daybreak the sheriff and the two hundred thousand francs were before the house of Celestin. Xavier descended, received the bank-bills, and set out for Kingston in a post-chaise. Celestin guarded the volcano. On arriving at Calais, Xavier wrote to his friend and told him that he awaited him, with eyes fixed on the channel. Celestin boldly came out, with Xavier's letter in one hand and the extinguished match in the other. The people accompanied him on the road to Kingston, with shouts of "*hurrah for Celestin!*"

#### USE OF SWEET APPLES.

A sweet apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples raw, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Cooked sweet apples will "fat" children, and make grown people fleshy—"fat" not being a polite word as applied to grown persons. Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," we are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution" in their season. Everybody, from the toddling baby holding up by its father's knee—children are decidedly a household commodity—away back to "our revered grandmother" in her rocking-chair, loves them. No sweetmeat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionary is half so simple as the soft pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple of the right kind. It is good in milk with bread. It is good on your plate, with breakfast, dinner or supper—we don't "take tea" at our house. It is good every way—"vehemently good"—as an enthusiastic friend of ours once said of tomatoes.—*New York World.*

Don't tell unlikely or silly stories, if you know them to be true.



## The Florist.

One more plant—

Which consecrates to Salem's peaceful king,  
Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,  
Is linked to sorrow like a holy thing.  
And takes its name from suffering's fiercest hour,  
Be this my noblest theme—Imperial Passion Flower!  
Whatever impulse first conferred that name,  
Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,  
I freely own its spirit-touching claim,  
With thoughts and feelings it may well impart.

BERNARD BARROW.

### A Flower-Garden.

We wonder that every farm has not its flower-garden, however small. In its perfection it is, of course, unattainable without great care and expense; but a single dollar a year, judiciously laid out in seeds and bulbs, will, from one tiny plat, yield, from the first crocus to the last chrysanthemum, a perpetual joy. It is indeed passing strange that there is not a more general enthusiasm in the cultivation of flowers. It has been said that they are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths. Certain it is that they are ever suggestive of the pure and holy, and ennobling to those who live in their gentle presence.

### A Hint to Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreen is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

### Flowers.

In the south of France a harvest of 2,500,000 of pounds' weight of flower leaves is gathered every year, and sold for about £250,000 pounds sterling. It consists of 1,800,000 pounds of leaves of the orange blossom, 500,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 100,000 pounds of jasmine blooms, 80,000 pounds of violets, 65,000 pounds of acacia buds, 30,000 pounds of tuberosees, and 5000 pounds of jonquill flowers. Why should we not grow flowers for their odors as well as for their colors?

### The Hollyhock.

Few flowers contribute so much to the embellishment of large gardens as the hollyhock. It is a biennial plant, and therefore, to keep up a stock, must be sown every spring, usually in a hotbed, and there nursed till the plants are large enough to be put out in the open borders.

### A Floral Sentiment.

If you look to "heart's-ease," never look to "marry gold."

### To preserve Flowers in Winter.

Take the latest buds just as they are ready to open; cut them off, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem with melted sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little withered, wrap them separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. When you wish to have the buds blossom, cut off the sealed end, and put them into water, in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved. In twelve hours the buds will be open.

### To facilitate the Growth of foreign Seeds.

Seeds which do not commonly germinate in our climate, or in our hot-houses, and which, of course, we cannot raise for our gardens, or hope to naturalize in our fields, become capable of germinating when immersed for some days in a weak, oxygenized muriatic acid. This interesting discovery has been already turned to advantage in several botanic gardens.

### Proper Situation for a Green-House.

The aspect of a green-house may be at any point from east to west, following the course of the sun; or, it may even be a little to the north of east or west; but only a little, and the less the better, otherwise the plants will not generally thrive in it, nor will the flowers acquire their natural colors. A south aspect is to be preferred.

### Preserving Seeds of Plants for Vegetation.

Seeds of plants may be preserved, for many months at least, by causing them to be packed, either in husks, pods, etc., in absorbent paper, with raisins or brown moist sugar; or, a good way, practised by gardeners, is to wrap the seed in brown paper or cartridge paper, pasted down, and then varnished over.

### Perfume Flowers.

The chief places for the growth of the sweet perfume-producing flowers are Montpellier, Grasse, Nîmes, Savoy, Cannes and Nice. The two latter places are the paradise of violets, Nice alone producing a harvest of a hundred thousand pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer odor.

### Star of Bethlehem.

This is an extensive genus, chiefly indigenous to the south of Europe, Siberia and the Cape of Good Hope. *Umbellatum* is the only American species. The roots are bulbous, the flowers white. It has six petals—no calyx.

### To plant and make Edgings.

Edgings of daisies, thrift, violets, gentianella, etc., should be planted in February; but those of box succeed better, if planted in April or August.

### Geraniums.

When the bloom of the geranium has gone by, cut the branches back as far as you like; they will break out again, and form nice bushy plants.

## Curious Matters.

### A singular Incident.

It is related in connection with the loss of the two scows which escaped from a tug at Niagara Falls, a short time since, that the Hotspur, one of the scows, had a valuable black horse on board, which was found the next morning unhurt, grazing about 150 feet above the precipice, with the halter about his head, fastened to a stanchion measuring eight feet long and three by four, which was the only visible portion of the wreck above, and almost the largest portion of the vessel seen below the falls. The first time in the history of the world, as far as is known, that a domesticated animal entered the rapids in the middle of the river and reached the Table Rock in safety.

### Discoveries at Suez.

The excavations which are being made for the canal for the Isthmus of Suez, have led to the discovery at Gizeh of a religious edifice as vast as the Louvre, and which was constructed more than five thousand years ago. At Karnack also, a temple, the circuit of which is stated to be four kilometres (two and a half miles), has been discovered, and another at Edfou, containing twenty saloons. The walls of these latter edifices are decorated with sculptures, hieroglyphics and paintings, still fresh.

### Curious and invaluable Recipes.

For preserving the complexion—temperance; to prevent the breath from smelling of tobacco—abstinence from the weed; for whitening the hands—honesty; for the moustachios—the razor; to remove stains—repentance; for improving the sight—observation; a beautiful ring—the family circle; for improving the voice—civility; the best companion to the toilet—a wife; to keep away moths—good society.

### Curious Facts.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and be shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into the water, it will rebound and be flattened as if fired against any hard substance. A musket-ball may be fired through a pane of glass, and if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread not even vibrate.

### An old Timekeeper.

An ancient clock, which belonged to James Guthrie the martyr, who was beheaded at Edinburgh, in the year 1661, two centuries ago, may now be seen at Stirling. The relic is curious; and in connection with the circumstance may be stated that the movements of the clock have not been in operation since the days of the martyr.

### Freaks of Advertising.

The prices paid for advertising space in England are remarkable. The British Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 lately received offers for the use of the wrappers of the two shilling catalogues. Bennett, the watchmaker, was a successful bidder for the back page of each of the catalogue wrappers, having paid for the two the sum of one thousand guineas. The Accidental Death Assurance Company obtained the last page but one at the price of £600, and Messrs. Chappel & Co., of Bond Street, got a page at back of the title in each catalogue, having also paid £800.

### A novel Enterprise.

There has been undertaken by a New York firm the re-publication of old American newspapers, extending as far back as 1728, and coming down to 1813. They are fac similes of the originals, and will be instructive and curious additions to the public and private libraries of the country. They are to be published semi-monthly, and will cost two cents each.

### Ancient Relic.

A curious relic, in the form of a stone statue of a human being, was recently dug up by some laborers on a farm near Chambersburg, Pa. It is about half a foot in length, very creditably executed, and is supposed to have been the work of some Indian sculptor.

### Spacious Room.

The largest room in the world under a single roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg, and is 650 feet in length and 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manoeuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball-room, and 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron.

### Interesting Incident.

In connection with the burial of the killed of Fremont's Body Guard, a very interesting incident is related. Some soldiers sent out to reconnoitre, discovered three dead and wounded men of the Body Guard in the woods, and sitting beside one of them a little dog of the terrier species. It had stayed for hours beside the wounded soldiers.

### Singular Death.

Francis Bone, of New York, fourteen years of age, came to his death in a singular manner, lately. He was standing up in a swing and twisting the rope, allowing it to untwist rapidly, when he slipped, and was strangled by the rope catching about his neck.

### Ancient Coin.

F. L. C. Brockway, of Essex, Conn., has in his possession a copper coin bearing the date of 1000. He supposes it to be an English coin.

**The Survivor of the Gibbet.**

In the Memoir of Joseph Basbridge, published in London several years ago, is the following strange incident:—"A surgeon in Gough Square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hung at Tyburn. The servant girl, wishing to take a look at the defunct previous to his coming under the dissecting knife, stole up stairs to the room, where she expected to find him extended. To her surprise and horror she beheld him sitting up on the board, and instantly facing about, she went down stairs again in a moment. The surgeon, hearing of the resuscitation of his subject, humanely concealed him in the house until he could get him conveyed to America, which he did shortly afterward, providing him with a comfortable outfit at his own expense. The man evinced, in his subsequent conduct, a degree of industry and gratitude which showed him well worthy of his singular escape from death. By the exercise of his industry he amassed a handsome fortune, and his gratitude was exhibited by leaving it all to his deliverer and benefactor."

**A Lawyer's Trick.**

A shrewd trick to identify the handwriting of a party in a suit was lately resorted to in a case tried in the Supreme Court, New York. A man, his wife and son, made a joint note, all three signing their names. When the note became due it was repudiated, and the holders commenced suit. No difficulty was found with regard to the identity of the signatures of the husband and son, but no one could be obtained to identify the handwriting of the wife. In this dilemma the counsel for the holder of the note got an express moneyed envelope, in which he put a subpoena. A boy was sent with this envelope and a receipt-book to the house of the lady. The lady fell into the trap, received the envelope, and signed the receipt in the boy's book. When the trial came on the lady did not appear; the boy, however, produced the book, and the signatures being compared they were found the same, and a verdict rendered against all three.

**A curious Incident.**

A singular circumstance, says the Sheffield Times, occurred lately at Rockhampton parish church, near Thornbury. The Rev. R. H. Coates, the rector of that parish, is about to be married to a young lady from Warwickshire, and at the morning service on Sunday the reverend gentleman read the bans for his own marriage.

**Curious Accident.**

A man in Philadelphia had his face considerably burned and his moustache and eyebrows singed, and came very near losing his eyesight, by the explosion of one of those red rubber balloons sold on the street, which came in contact with his cigar. This should be a warning to those who invest in these playthings to keep them away from the fire.

**A slight Change of Temperature.**

Dr. Hayes says that where he wintered in the Arctic seas a year ago, the temperature in the ship was from 75° to 80° above zero, while outside it was from 50° to 80° below zero. There was a difference of one hundred and fifty degrees, separated only by the thickness of a plank. We should think that a person in going in and out would swell and shrink so as scarcely to be known by his companions. Dr. Hayes was one hundred and thirty days without the sun; and in this night, and during the severest cold, when the mercury sunk to 68° below zero, he made a journey directly northward for twenty-four days.

**Singular Catch.**

A Liverpool paper says that as the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's steamer Anglo-Saxon, which arrived there a short time since, was proceeding down the St. Lawrence, an eagle flew off the land and perched upon one of the upper spars of the vessel. Here it soon fell asleep, and one of the sailors going aloft to the point at which it was seated, made a capture of it. It turned out to be a young one, and in fine condition, and "Jack" brought his prize with him in triumph to Liverpool.

**Remarkable Fatality.**

A singular accident occurred recently at Villers les Pots, in France. A workman named Valanchot, in eating some plums after dinner, put into his mouth one, in the centre of which a wasp had introduced itself through a slit, and, on the plum being pressed, the insect issued from its place of concealment and stung the man severely in the palate. Swelling ensued immediately, and in spite of all that could be done for him, he expired in two hours and a half of suffocation.

**Voltaire's Riddle.**

What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the most slow; the most divisible and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to all things, however great? Answer—Time.

**Unlucky Fortune!**

A French lady came into possession of a large fortune, and immediately she fell into a profound melancholy; she expected to be robbed every moment, and at length locked her doors and received food through a small window. She soon had a fear of poison, dismissed the cook, and starved to death.

**Curious Epitaph.**

The following epitaph was taken from a tombstone in Pittsfield, Massachusetts:

"When you, my friends, are passing by,  
And this informs you where I lie,  
Remember you are long must have,  
Like me, a mansion in the grave,  
Also 3 infants, 2 sons & a daughter."

## The Housewife.

### Apple Fritters.

Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs, a tablespoonful of rose-water, a tablespoonful of wine, a tablespoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately into the batter, and fry them brown; sift pounded sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

### Indian Meal Muffins.

To a quart of meal pour boiling water, stirring constantly, until a thick batter; let it cool; while warm, add a small teacup of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of yeast, with two well beaten eggs; set it in a warm place for two hours, then stir it smooth, and bake in small cakes on a griddle; when one side is a rich brown, turn the other; lay them singly on a hot dish, and serve. These may be made without the yeast, and baked as soon as mixed.

### Chicken Pot-Pie.

Boil the chickens tender, or nearly so, having them cut in pieces. Make a rich crust, adding a little saleratus, and an egg or two to make it light and puff. Lay it around the sides of the pan, and then lay in the chickens; between each layer sprinkle in flour, pepper, salt and butter, with a thin slice of paste here and there. Then add the water in which they were boiled, and cover them. They should be baked an hour, or an hour and a half, according to the size of the pie.

### Oyster Fritters.

Blanch some of the largest oysters you can get, but do not let them boil; strain the liquor, and season with cayenne pepper and a few drops of essence of anchovies; make this liquor into a good thick batter, using a little cream; have your stewpan, with lard, quite hot; then dip them separately into the batter, and fry them; use silver skewers for them; if not, dish on a napkin and fried parsley.

### Muffins.

Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonsful of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture, and bake the muffins to a light brown.

### Apple Pudding.

Take one quart stewed apples, one-quarter pound butter, four eggs, some grated bread, a nutmeg, a little rose-water. Sweeten to taste, and bake in puff-pans.

### Brass and Copper cooking Utensils.

Cleanliness has been aptly styled the cardinal virtue of cooks. Food is more healthy, as well as palatable, cooked in a cleanly manner. Many lives have been lost in consequence of carelessness in using brass, copper and glazed earthen cooking utensils. The two first should be thoroughly cleansed with salt and hot vinegar before cooking in them, and no oily or acid substance, after being cooked, should be allowed to cool or remain in any of them.

### For killing Rats.

Mix some unslacked lime with corn-meal, and place it where the rats may accidentally find it. They will soon become very thirsty, and upon drinking water, the lime slacks and swells the rat till it kills him. In the Bahama Isles, sponge is fried and placed in their way; they eat it, drink, swell, burst and die. Lime and meal should be, of the first one part and meal two parts, well mixed together, and dry.

### Chicken and Turkey Patties.

Mince some cold chicken or turkey; put to it some of the gravy, or if you have none, line your pie-dish with a paste; put in your minced meat; work some butter and flour together, and lay bits all over the meats; then nearly fill the dish with water; season with pepper and salt, and if liked, a little ground mace; cover with a nice paste, and cook until the crust is done.

### Starch.

There is no better way for making nice starch for shirt bosoms, than to boil it thoroughly after mixing, adding a little fine salt, and a few shavings of a star or spermaceti candle; the star or pressed candle is quite as good as sperm. Let the starch boil at least ten minutes, and it will give a gloss, if neatly ironed, fully satisfactory to the exquisite taste of a dandy.

### Cement for the Mouths of corked Bottles.

Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of rosin, a couple of ounces of beeswax. When it froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts, dip the mouths of the corked bottles into it. This is an excellent thing to exclude the air from such things as are injured by being exposed to it.

### Oil of Roses for the Hair.

Olive oil, one quart; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be colored by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

### Mince Pie without Meat.

Four soda crackers, four cups of water, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, half a cup of vinegar, one lemon grated, citron, nutmeg, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, etc.

**Interesting to Farmers' Wives.**

As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon health.—Of the West India sugar and molasses the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good.—Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine matter; there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed and granulated sugars than we should at first suppose.—Rich cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong, is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place.—The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.—The small white sago, called the pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. This article, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.—To select nutmegs, pick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

**Chickens Pulled.**

Remove the skin carefully from a cold chicken then pull the flesh from the bones, preserving it as whole as you can. Flour them well; fry them a nice brown in fresh butter; draw them, and stew in a good gravy well seasoned; thicken a short time before serving with flour and butter, and add the juice of half a lemon.

**To grill cold Fowls.**

Trim the joints that remain, and having dipped them in clarified butter, spread over them a coating of finely-powdered bread crumbs, mixed with very finely-ground nutmeg, mace, cayenne, and salt in small quantities; lay them upon a clean gridiron over a clear fire; broil gently.

**Rice Pie.**

Take one pint of boiling water and a small cup of rice. Boil it until very soft, and then take it from the fire, and add a quart of milk, one nutmeg, and six eggs beaten to a froth; add sugar to the taste, and strain it through a sieve. Bake with an under crust, and, if you like, a few raisins.

**Paste for Chapped Hands.**

Mix a quarter of a pound of unsalted lard, which has been washed in soft water, and then in rose-water, with the yolks of two new-laid eggs and a large spoonful of honey. Add as much fine oatmeal or almond-paste as will work into a paste.

**To perfume Linen.**

Rose-leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, and mace scraped; mix them together, and put the composition into little bags.

**Stewed Pigs' Feet.**

Clean, split and boil tender, put them into a stewpan with enough gravy to cover them, an onion sliced, a few sage leaves, whole black pepper, allspice and salt; stew forty minutes; strain off the gravy, thicken with flour and butter, add two spoonfuls of vinegar or one dessert-spoonful of lemon pickle; serve it up with the feet.

**An excellent Smelling-bottle.**

Take an equal quantity of sal-ammoniac and unslacked lime, pound them separately, then mix, and put them in a bottle to smell to. Before you put in the above, drop two or three drops of the essence of bergamot in the bottle, then cork it close. A drop or two of ether, added to the same, will greatly improve it.

**Aromatic Vinegar.**

Throw into two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves. Let them remain untouched for seven days; then express the liquid and filter it through paper. This is useful in sick rooms.

**To make Eau de Cologne.**

Rectified spirits of wine, four pints; oil of bergamot, one ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm; oil of Neroli, three-quarters of a drachm; oil of English lavender, one drachm; oil of oranges, one drachm. Mix well, and then filter. If these proportions are too large, smaller ones may be used.

**Pleasant Perfume and Preventive of Moths**

Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine errie-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, etc.

**Cleaning papered Walls.**

The prudent housewife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting-room, as desirable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance, by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

**Coffee Cake.**

One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three cups of flour, two eggs, half a cup of cold strong coffee, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, one small nutmeg, one pound of raisins.

**To clean Knives.**

One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE WILL AND THE HEALTH.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that, perhaps, in eight cases of sickness out of ten, the disorder is brought on by the morbid and excited imagination of the victim. Intense fear of disease is sufficient to produce it, and in the sickly seasons of the year, we cannot too powerfully exert our will to banish apprehension and keep our minds perfectly easy. The learned Feuchtersleben says:—"The principal cause of an habitual unhealthy state is an exaggerated attention to everything that concerns the body. It is pitiful to see narrow minds occupied by an incessant and minute care for their physical existence, and wearing themselves away by habitual anxiety. The physician, whom they are never weary of consulting, only feels contempt for them. These people die of the desire to live!" The effect produced on most people of weak minds, by reading medical works in which different maladies are described, is well known. It often happens in studying diseases of the eye, that, the fear of amaurosis striking the imagination, the sight finally becomes affected by that fear alone. An English servant, after reading an account of a frightful death caused by the bite of a mad dog, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and only owed his life to the most careful treatment. Goethe says:—"During an epidemic fever which raged around me, I was exposed to inevitable contagion, and felt the first attacks, but succeeded in saving myself (I am convinced of it) solely by the exercise of a strong will. The power of the will at such moments is almost incredible; it expands, so to speak, throughout the whole body, which it places in a condition of activity to repel injurious influences. Fear is a condition of indolent weakness which surrenders us defenceless to the victorious attacks of the enemy." These are facts worth remembering and acting on, and they are reasonable hints.

**AFFECTION.**—The tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

**WISHES.**—Our wishes are but the blossoms of the trees of human life, seldom bearing fruits.

### LAWS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Domitian ordered all the vine plants in the Roman territory to be rooted out. Charles X. of France issued a similar edict. In 1586, under Francis I., a law was passed sentencing drunkards to imprisonment on bread and water for the first offence, a public whipping punished a second infringement, and on reiteration, banishment and loss of ears. Draco inflicted capital punishment; Lycurgus destroyed the vineyards. The Athenians had officers to prevent the excess of drinking. In Rome the patricians were not allowed the use of wine until they had attained their thirty-fifth year; nevertheless, drunkenness was a common vice among the Romans. Aurelianus had officers whose duty it was to intoxicate foreign ambassadors. Temperance societies are not modern institutions. Sigismund de Dietrichstein established one in 1815, under the auspices of St. Christopher.

**WELL TO REMEMBER.**—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in one week. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

**A MARTINET.**—A certain severe drill sergeant invented a manual to be used by his men at feeding time. Some of the orders were: "Draw coffee!" "Present milk!" "Carry sugar!" "Recover cup!"

**A GOOD ONE.**—An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement a "copy of a fresco by Raffaele," wrote "A Fresh Cow by Raffle!"

**LOW REMARK.**—"Deceit, sir," said the cynic Jones—"deceit is like coral, and is ever to be found in the deep."



## CAPERS.

We do not speak now of a class of actions indulged in by very nervous or very energetic people, sometimes called "cutting capers," but of quite another matter—those queer-looking little pickles which we eat with our boiled mutton, under the name of caper-sauce. They are an unfolded blossom plucked from its parent stem in its first infancy, while only a day old. The caper-plant is a native of the warmer regions in the south of France, and is cultivated extensively in the neighborhood of Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is very tender, being less rugged even than the olive, pomegranate or fig, and is killed to the roots every winter, notwithstanding the comparative mildness of that season in the locality where the plant grows. But the plant shoots up afresh from the root, in the spring. It does not require a rich soil, and will even grow among rocks, and in the crevices of walls. The cultivators set it out in intervals of about eight feet, and for greater security in winter, the roots are covered with low mounds of earth, about a foot in height. A little ploughing or hoeing in the spring, is all the labor that is necessary. The new plant springs up to a goodly height and throws out creeping branches, which extend about three feet from the centre. The fruit forms upon the stem as that extends itself, and must be gathered every day. In this way it continues to produce fruit from the latter part of June until the middle of October. The picking is done by women, and one picker can gather about twelve pounds a day. On an average, each plant will produce two pounds in a season, which are worth on the spot about twelve and a half cents per pound. An acre of land will sustain six hundred and eighty plants, according to the usual method of cultivation, the produce of which will amount to one hundred and seventy dollars. As the cost of female labor for picking is very low, the results of the crop must be quite valuable to the caper farmers. The roots will last for a man's lifetime, or longer, without any necessity for renewing, if the precaution above spoken of, to guard against the cold of winter, is observed. The process of pickling is very simple, the buds being merely immersed in salt and water, and packed in glass bottles, for the purposes of commerce.

**CURIOUS.**—A valuable collection of fossils has been discovered near Rouen. They embrace the bones of giant stags, bulls and elephants.

**FIRE ENGINE.**—The city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has just obtained a steam fire engine.

## THE TURQUOISE.

The beautiful gem known as the turquoise is so celebrated for its peculiar tint of blue that it has given a descriptive name to that soft, rich color known as turquoise blue. Yet though so lovely, the color is not permanent, but changes and fades out by age and exposure to the light. It is said that the color can be restored by keeping the gem for a long time in the dark. There are two kinds of the turquoise stone, known as the oriental and the occidental turquoise. The former is the best, and has the most permanent color. It is found in Turkey and Persia, also in Siberia, and has a different chemical composition from the latter. The occidental turquoise is found in Lower Languedoc, in the southeast of France, and is a fossil ivory, colored with the phosphate of iron. The other is a tri-phosphate of alumina, and derives its color from the oxides of iron and copper. Truly this was ordinary stuff for old Shylock to prize so highly, when he mourned over his runaway daughter's extravagance in giving his ring for a monkey, and exclaimed, "It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." But there was probably a trace of ancient sentiment still left in the hard heart of the Jew, and sentiment is a great alchemist in turning dross to gold.

**LIFE WITHOUT TRIALS.**—Would you wish to live without trials? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable, throw them overboard! Over with them, and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

**A RARE BIRD.**—A rich journeyman printer has been found out West. He is being exhibited with ring-tail monkeys, wild hogs, no-haired horses, four-legged calves, Gliddon's Aunt Phebe, and other mean things.

**MAD DOG.**—We have a paragraph before us headed "How to tell a mad dog." It strikes us that we shouldn't stop to tell him, but would prefer to keep right on.

**MONUMENTS.**—Those only deserve a monument who do not require it; that is, those who have raised themselves in the minds and memories of men.

## ORATORY.

The ancients asserted *poeta nascitur non fit*—"a poet is born and not made," and the same thing has been said of the orator. But Demosthenes proved that natural deficiencies might be overcome by study and perseverance. His stammering he cured by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; and he strengthened his lungs by raising his voice above the tumultuous clamor of the waves as they dashed in fury on the shore, and so learned to make himself heard amidst the scarcely inferior din of noisy political assemblies, and

—"outroar the roar  
Of loud Euroclydon."

It is well known that the first attempts of many of the most celebrated orators the world has heard, by no means gave promise of future excellence. But a consciousness of natural talent in some, and indomitable perseverance in others, at length carried them triumphantly to the goal which they sought. A knowledge of this is very encouraging to aspirants for the forum, who fail in their maiden efforts, and tends to prove that a man need not necessarily be born an orator to shine in that distinguished character.

There can be little doubt, however, that Americans are born orators. Every school has its debating club; every lyceum its band of Demosthenian or Ciceronian youths, and every Fourth of July its thousands of orators. The American eagle, that most useful of all the birds in ornithology, figures on all these occasions "as large as life, and twice as natural," soaring, stooping, reading, stretching his wings, folding them, silent, shrieking, defiant, exultant, etc., etc. A very hard-worked and praiseworthy bird, never used up, and always ready.

There are various kinds of oratory—from the solemn, majestic, argumentative, sculptural style of Webster, the polished suavity of Everett, the flowery, fervid, brilliant rhetoric of Choate, to the exuberant, erratic, thrilling declamation of the "member from Cranberry Centre." Who can forget his vivid delineation of the prince-president?

"Look at France, Mr. Speaker! See Louis Napoleon seated on the throne, going about Europe like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour somebody!"

There are various voices employed in oratory. There is the high-keyed, ear-piercing voice, like the sound of a fife on the muster field. This is exceedingly appropriate for denunciation, sarcasm, satire and political effect. Then there is the deep, guttural rumble, like that of a bullfrog that has laid out all night without a blanket in a

wet swamp with the water-gate open. This is highly effectual for recounting the misery and utter ruin of the country, the disastrous effect of a prevailing policy, and the certainty of a general break-up of all our institutions, and the approach of a period of universal misery. There is the flute-like voice for picnics, female contribution societies, tea-drinking and general benevolent associations. Then there is the deep braying voice, like the sound of the trumpet or jackass. This particularly suits the belligerent orator, whose "voice is still for war," and who talks of batteries, bullets, breaches, bomb-shells, Paixhans, powder, ramrods, rifles, regiments, generals, guns and grenades as familiarly

"As minks of thirteen do of puppy dogs"

Gestures are of great importance in oratory. Everybody knows that "action—action—action," was some old fog's sovereign recipe for making an orator. There is the pump-handle orator, who saws the air with a perpetual up-and-down stroke, very appropriate to the

"One weak, washy, everlasting flood"

he spouts. There is the sledge-hammer orator, who hammers everything within his reach as if he were putting his opponent's head in chancery—as the amateurs of the prize-ring would have it. There are plenty of orators who "smit the action to the word." Hood tells us how he spoke young Norval's speech in this manner, and all about

"The long, lanky leg that I stretched out before,  
And the arms I held out as the "arms that he wore."

But we are forgetting that we are not a teacher of elocution, and find ourselves delivering an oration instead of writing a leader. Our object was to show that anybody who chooses can be an orator. John Van Buren says that any man who has lost a leg can be a *swamp* speaker; but we think that we have shown that a man can be so without undergoing the pain of an amputation.

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INNOCENT.—"You, Jim, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good whipping."—"Well, ma, I wish you would, for you have never given me any licking that I called good yet."

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VANITY.—The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

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CHILDREN.—The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest stars are nearest the sun.

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THE MAN WHO CARRIES ALL BEFORE HIM—The wheelbarrow man.

## ARTESIAN WELLS.

The construction of Artesian wells is based on one of the simplest principles of hydrostatics—namely, that water, if allowed to escape from a reservoir through confined tubes, will always rise to the level of the open fluid in the reservoir. Thus, by boring the ground perpendicularly in certain localities, to a sufficient depth, subterranean channels of water may be reached, which, by the pressure constantly bearing upon it from some underground reservoir in a higher locality, is forced upwards through the channel opened for it by the auger, and not unfrequently becomes an elevated and abundant jet. The word artesian derives its origin from Artois, which is the name of a province of France, where it has been erroneously supposed that this kind of well was first introduced. Now, however, it is an established fact that the mode of boring these wells was familiar to the ancients, and frequently practised by them. Indeed, it is said that those extraordinary people, the Chinese, have known the use of the artesian fountains for thousands of years. In certain parts of Italy, it is probable that these wells were used at remote periods, and it appears from a passage in "Shaw's Travels," that even the inhabitants of the Desert of Sahara, in Africa, have been long acquainted with their properties. Mr. Shaw says, while speaking of a collection of villages, far in the interior of the desert, that the "villages have neither springs nor fountains. The inhabitants procure water in a curious manner by digging wells one hundred, and sometimes two hundred fathoms deep, and never fail to find water in abundance. To effect their purpose they remove several beds of stone and gravel until they arrive at a sort of stone resembling slate, which they know is precisely above what it called *bakar taht el erd*, or 'the sea beneath the earth.' This stone is easily pierced—after which the water issues so suddenly and so abundantly that those who descend for the operation are sometimes reached by it and drowned or suffocated, though they are taken out as quickly as possible."

In France, there are no means of ascertaining when artesian wells were first used. The most ancient well of the kind known there, exists in the old Carthusian Convent at Lilliers, in Artois, and is said to have been made in the year 1126. The most stupendous experiment which has ever yet been made in this branch of science, and attended with triumphant success, is that effected in the *Plains de Grenelle*, near Paris. After boring to the unprecedented depth of fifteen hundred feet, the engineers found their work to be such a decided, and as yet unsuccessful bore, that

they were almost tempted to give up in despair, but under the representations of M. Arago, a French philosopher and scientific man of much eminence, they were induced to persevere, and after proceeding three hundred feet deeper the imprisoned store at last gushed up, as if impatient of escape; and now about half a million gallons of the limpid, sparkling fluid are regularly ejected in the course of every twenty-four hours. There is not, as many people seem to think, any reason to doubt the permanency of the supply of water obtained from artesian wells. As an instance of this, and perhaps the oldest on record, the well at Lilliers, which we have mentioned above, may be introduced. This spring has continued to furnish the same supply of water, projected to the same height above the surface, for upwards of seven hundred years—the quantity daily poured out at the surface not having been known to vary during that long period.

**PHILOSOPHY.**—The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose and plenty of train oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

**PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.**—As we stand by the seashore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we shall be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world, they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

**A FATAL TRANSFORMATION.**—Clark, the traveller, asked, in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited. "Became of her?" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh, "she became a pancake!"

**TO MEDICINE-TAKERS.**—If any person who is obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were as much sugar.

**KNOWLEDGE.**—Useful knowledge cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

**A THOUGHT.**—The germ of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

## THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Without question, one of the most attractive forms in which literature can be presented to the public, is that of theatrical representations. The universality of dramatic entertainments is a proof of their adaptedness to the taste and feeling of mankind. Amid the highest social and intellectual refinement, as well as in the almost savage phases of life, the drama, or something like it, flourishes and has its being. With us it flourishes under peculiar and anomalous circumstances. While Germany has its national drama, Italy its national drama (if we embrace lyrical dramas), France and England their national dramas, America has no national drama. We have a plenty of good American authors, enough to show that the Anglo-American race is capable of furnishing the mimic art with worthy professors; and yet we have but very few American pieces, the staple offered to the public being the product of a foreign market. This is not surely for want of talent; the talent for romance writing is very nearly akin to that required for writing for the stage, and we have produced romance writers of the very first talent and success. It cannot be because we want national subjects for plays. Cooper has demonstrated in his long series of novels how fertile is the field of American scenery, history, character and incident.

The early colonial struggles between the settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants are full of dramatic interest, and their history abounds with incidents of startling character and stranger than fiction; but of all that period we have only one very indifferent yet highly successful play, presenting a faulty outline of Philip of Pokanoket, the Pequod sachem of Mount Hope. The old French war has found no dramatist for its achievements. Going further west, we find ample materials for the stage in the marvellous conquest of Mexico by Cortez, with the splendid scenes that story presents of the singular social and religious customs of the Aztecs, the gorgeousness of their costumes, and their desperate valor contrasted with the fanatic chivalry of the Spaniards. The American Revolution is fraught with events now quite remote, and well suited to the purposes of fiction, and full of the deepest interest to every American. Yet the subject of this great struggle for independence has furnished only material for a few miserable melo-dramas, made up of deep traps, sawdust and horses. Besides the revolutionary incidents and period, there are the wild scenes of the West, too, with the wild, strongly individualized pioneers of civilization, fit material for the stage, and still they remain unclaimed and unappropriated treasures.

Why is this? It is owing principally to the short sighted parsimony of managers. If a dramatic author, nobly ambitious of doing something worthy of the American stage, presents himself to one of these gentlemen, and sounds him touching the production of an original piece, he will probably be told, "My dear sir, we cannot afford to purchase new pieces—it won't pay, because we can get printed copies of hundreds of excellent English pieces that have never been played in this country, for a sixpence or a shilling sterling each. It's no use, sir—no use to pay for native talent."

We say this niggardliness is short-sighted, because foreign pieces, representing foreign customs, characters, localities and interests, cannot possibly enlist the sympathies and enchain the attention of an American audience, nor can they rally to the support of foreign authors as they would to that of their own countrymen. When native talent has been encouraged, it has paid liberally. When Forrest proposed to pay liberally for an American play, he secured the "Gladiator," a really excellent production, and brought into notice and activity Dr. Bird, whose silence, at a time when he promised so much, pained and surprised every one. We may yet have a national drama, but until we do, we must be content to hope for a good time coming.

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**FRENCH GLEANERS.**—Instead of its being an act of generosity on the part of French farmers in allowing their fields to be gleaned by the poor, it seems that the poor have the right by law; and the farmer has no right to turn his sheep into his own field till two days after the crops have been carried off.

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**WISDOM.**—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

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**JUST SO.**—A man's worldly success is best promoted by so conducting himself as to secure the good-will, instead of the ill-will, of his fellow-men.

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**THE TRUE LIFE.**—Affection or love is what constitutes the life of every person, for whatever the affection is, such is the whole man.

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**JUSTICE.**—Love of justice in the generality of men is only the fear of suffering from injustice.

## DIAMONDS.

Rarity alone will give value to almost any object, however insignificant in itself, but it is not rarity alone that has raised the diamond to the rank it holds as the most regal of all jewels, the most splendid mineral production of the earth. This gem drinks in the solar ray, as the flower drinks the dew, and emits it again with the crystalline and perfect splendor of a star. Hence it has been eagerly sought for; the larger specimens have commanded fabulous prices, and monarchs have contended for their possession. A king upon his throne with a diamond like the Koh-i-noor set in its frontlet, seems twice a king, and blazes before the eyes of loyal subjects with the brightness of "Lucifer, son of the morning." The history of individual diamonds, written out in full, would abound with the elements of romance. To trace some of them from the mine to the hand of the unfaithful slave, from the slave to the smuggler, from the smuggler to the Jew trader, from the trader to the lapidary, and thence to the casket of lady fair, or sovereign prince, would be as difficult as to follow out the clue of a secret murder. Diamonds have sometimes undergone strange transformations—the gem pronounced worth millions, has suddenly been reduced to the value of a few shillings—for the enormous value of these gems is a constant prompting to fraud and robbery. It may console the lot of the begrimed charcoal-vender to know that the gems for which loveliness and royalty run mad, are nothing but pure carbon; and that diamonds enough to represent the whole wealth of the world, exposed to the intensest heat would yield a few cents' worth of charcoal, and the consumption of a few forests would yield a few dollars' worth of diamond dust. Unluckily it is much easier to reduce diamonds to charcoal, than to produce the gem from the charcoal.

The diamond uniformly occurs in a crystallized form, and the situations in which it occurs warrants the supposition that, in Brazil at least, it is of recent formation. They are either colorless, or a yellowish bluish, yellowish brown, black, brown, Prussian blue, or rose-red color. In its crude state, a diamond looks like a lump of coarse gum arabic. The most valuable are clear and colorless as water—and hence the expression, "a diamond of the first water." Its extreme hardness is such that it can only be cut by itself. The less valued specimens are ground together into powder, which is employed in the arts for polishing cameos and other purposes. The weight and value of diamonds are estimated in carats, one of which is equal to four grains. The application of a fine file to the face of a dia-

mond is a pretty sure test of its genuineness; if it be true, the steel will not produce the slightest impression. A diamond the size of a pea is worth about sixty dollars; but one twice the size would be worth three times as much, for larger diamonds are extremely rare. The diamond trade is almost wholly in the hands of the Jew dealers, and Amsterdam is the only city in the known world where the art of cutting diamonds is understood, and there the process is kept a profound secret. Though the art is of remote antiquity in India, it was first introduced into Europe in 1486, by Louis Bergehm, of Bruges, who accidentally discovered that by rubbing two diamonds together their surfaces might be abraded. It is very evident that a man who has a pocket full of diamonds may safely be pronounced to be very well off—indeed, a lady might hold several millions of dollars' worth of these terrestrial stars within her tiny hand.

## MONEY---HOW TO KEEP IT.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, "Money goes as it comes." Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

WAR'S VICTIMS.—The number slain in war since the commencement of the race was estimated by Edmund Burke to amount to the almost inconceivable sum of thirty-five billions.

PUNCTUALITY.—Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his excuse.

THAT'S SO.—A promising young man may do very well, perhaps; but a paying one much better.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—Can a man be said to be in a stew when you make his blood boil?

## Foreign Miscellany.

Garibaldi has been elected Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons.

Victor Cousin is about to be married, although he is more than seventy.

Florence Nightingale, in a recent letter to a friend, says her own early death may be regarded as certain.

Mozier is modelling a Peri. He will send three statues to the London Exhibition. One of these, an Indian girl, taken from Bryant's poem.

Mr. Harris, late American Minister, writes home that the Japanese are making rapid progress in all the arts—especially in commercial enterprise.

Johanna Wagner, who has lately taken again to the drama, with which she began her career, has not been as successful as was anticipated, and it is said that she will return to the opera.

The Emperor Napoleon III. has conferred the Imperial Order and Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Mr. Francis Henry Saltus, of New York, in approval of his method of perfecting steel ordnance.

A large steamer has lately been built at Liverpool, England, with the steam jet applied to the chimney as it is in locomotives, for the purpose of increasing the draft. It has been partially successful.

At Brussels the greatest quantity of beer is consumed, at Stockholm the most brandy, at Madrid the most chocolate, at Paris the most absinthe, at Constantinople the most coffee, and at London the greatest quantity of strong wines.

Amongst the donors to the National Shakspearian Fund are the Marquis of Lansdowne, £50; Lord Northampton, £100; Professor Thompson, of Cambridge, £25; Mr. Charles Kean, £20; Mr. Ewart, M. P., £5; Mr. Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, £20.

Kleptomania is the new term used in England to designate petty thefts committed by members of the aristocracy. The old-fashioned words—robbery, theft and larceny, only apply when these offences are committed by the poor and ignorant.

The British Admiralty has ordered that for the future the officers, petty officers, and seamen of the fleet, are not to wear moustaches or beards. Moustaches, but not beards, may be worn by the officers and men belonging to Royal Marine corps.

The Luther monument at Mortara, which has lately been inaugurated, is receiving high praise from the critics. It is modelled by Muller, and represents the great reformer as clothed in his cope, and at the moment when he uttered those famous words at Worms: "I cannot do otherwise—God help me—amen."

A subscription has been opened at Cork, Ireland, for the purpose of providing Turkish baths for the poor. This bath is making great progress in Ireland. They are going up in the principal cities and towns, there being in Dublin no less than three bath-houses, one of them built with great architectural beauty.

Imprisonment for debt is now practically abolished in England. Fourteen days is the extent.

The trip from Paris to Berlin by rail is now made in twenty-four hours and thirty-five minutes.

The population of Russia is just about double that of our own country—a little over 60,000,000.

A Roman grave, made out of slabs of stone, and a Roman urn of stone, have been found in Perthshire, Scotland.

An emerald has been found in the mines of Muco (South Africa), weighing over two pounds and a half, the largest in the world.

A French lady has succeeded in manufacturing an excellent paper from wood, and at a price much lower than that made from rags.

It is said that the photographic art in Paris, including all classes of photographic workmen, employs 10,000 persons.

Roman antiquities have just been exhumed in Perthshire, Scotland. Among them was a funeral urn, in an excellent state of preservation.

The magnificent ruins of the Chateau d'Heidelberg have suffered almost irreparable injury by the railroad tunnel excavated in its immediate vicinity.

The Malta and Alexandria submarine telegraph line is 1400 miles long. It was opened for messages on the 1st of November, and is in admirable working order.

The tobacco produced this season in the north of France is of greatly superior quality to that of last year, and the cutting of it has been effected under the most favorable circumstances.

Great arrays of statistics from India are given in the London papers to prove that the people of India are going into the cotton business extensively.

In Norfolk, England, a woman was recently appointed parish clerk, because in a population of six hundred souls, no man could be found able to read and write.

It is stated that China has already been entered by one hundred Protestant missionaries. In the Canton province there are about twenty-eight, of whom seventeen are in the city of Canton itself.

The Lord Chamberlain of England announces by special edict that in future the compulsory closing of the theatre doors will be limited to Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, and that they may be just as jolly as they please during the intervening part of Lent.

A new plan for the prevention of railway collisions has just been patented in England by a Mr. Crozier. It consists in surcharging the rails with electricity, which, by an apparatus attached to the engine, under the eye of the driver, indicates the approach of the engine on the same line to the driver of both engines.

The cotton speculation is going on in England at a tremendous rate; it is at present carried on by ladies, clergymen, lawyers, and others not regularly engaged in business, who have fallen into the mania as others did into the railway mania of 1845. The professional cotton speculators have retired from action. They know that bubble must burst.



## Record of the Times.

A cubic inch of water, converted into steam, will raise a ton weight one foot high.

One of the tokens of progress of the age is the splendid free library open in London.

Statistics exhibit the fact that there are some five millions of Germans in this country.

The present population of the State of Massachusetts is set down at 1,231,065 souls.

The Academie at Paris is the largest theatre in the world, and covers 51,000 square feet of land.

Mr. McCormick, the celebrated reaper man, is said to have cleared \$1,408,251 on the invention.

One of the finest pearls in the world was recently found in the Bay of Panama. It is of a perfect pear shape, and of the finest water.

A great demand for American statistical works exists just now in Europe. Every steamer brings orders from our consuls and diplomatic representatives for works like Olmstead's and Helper's.

Colonel John Nelson of Deerfield started for Boston in a sleigh, November 14, 1820. He was two days on the road, remaining there one day, and returning during the two following days, finding good sleighing all the way from Deerfield to Boston and back.

A California paper gives an account of a fight between a big bull and a small tiger. The tiger leaped for the bull's back, but was caught on his horns and thrown fifteen feet. That is, he first took a high leap on his own hook, and then got a higher one on the bull's.

A new and splendid stone building has just been completed at Indianapolis, Ind., for the United States government. It will contain the post-office, land office, federal court rooms, marshal's and district attorney's offices, etc. The land and edifice cost \$150,000.

The common lumber received at Detroit is mostly shipped to the northern lake ports of Ohio, from which it is distributed over the whole State. The amount thus annually shipped is about sixty million feet, leaving a surplus on hand to be consumed in the city and adjoining country of ten million feet.

The debt-burdened province of Canada is alarmed at the expense of the new capitol buildings at Ottawa. Only one building is half done, at a cost of \$900,000, and to complete the work according to the plans will require \$3,000,000 more, or double the amount estimated when the work was begun.

The Rocky Mountain gold mines are still worked with activity. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Mountain City, says: "Our mining prospects were never brighter and more promising than now. The mills never did a better business; labor was never in greater demand than at this time."

The storage capacity of Chicago, as per estimate, on the first of January last, was 5,000,000 bushels. When the storehouses now in course of construction are completed, the storage capacity of Chicago will be 8,950,000 bushels. In all probability this will be increased, by the close of next season's navigation, to ten millions of bushels.

There are now living but about 1000 survivors of the American war of the Revolution.

There are 21,500 miles of railroad in the Union States, and 5000 miles of canals.

Two unmarried ladies have been imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Petersburg, and another whipped, for presuming to attend a course of lectures at the University at St. Petersburg. It don't do for women to know too much in Russia.

The Russian population is 61,129,470. Of this population the serfs number 22,568,066. Free population, 38,566,894. The proprietors of serfs number 106,897. This gives an average of about 211 to each proprietor.

The salt works at Saginaw, Mich., are manufacturing salt at the rate of 300 barrels per week, from sixty kettles, and they will soon be enlarged. The salt is produced at a cost of about sixty cents a barrel, and sells for about \$1 30. The enterprise is yet in its incipency.

An intelligent physician of Charlestown, Mass., states that it is a fact familiar to the profession, that in time of war the number of males born into the world greatly exceeds the number of females—much greater than the average proportion of 20 to 21. In his own practice, since January 1st, out of about fifty, only six are females.

Some rather threatening disturbances recently took place in England on the part of the gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, owing to complaints as to the diet and the introduction of new regulations. The windows of the governor's residence were smashed, and the malcontents obtained what they desired—an investigation.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that the climate of the Potomac valley is more kindly than regions further north, whereas it is often more severe than New England. Ice has formed and snow fallen along the upper Potomac within a week. The snow on Cheat Mountain, Western Virginia, has averaged five inches in depth for several weeks.

Dr. Clarkson, rector of St. James Church, Chicago, thinking the lay members ought to share in the labors of the parish, has organized five divisions of church labor, viz: Relieving the poor; aiding the Sunday School; bringing in young men and strangers; care of the chancel; diminishing the funded debt; and on this plan he has set his parishioners to work.

There are nine Episcopal churches in the city of Chicago, with fourteen clergymen and twelve congregations—not including Hyde Park and Lake View, at both of which places stated preaching has been kept up. The number of families belonging to these churches is 729; number of persons, 2923; number of communicants, 888; scholars in the Sabbath Schools, 1189.

The English papers state that recently, at Middlesex, two young ladies, who gave feigned names, and were reported to be wealthy, highly educated and well connected, had pleaded "guilty" to the charge of stealing books from a shop. The judge, who considered that their position should have taught them better conduct, sentenced them to imprisonment with hard labor, for nine months.

## Merry-Making.

Who invented matches? Adam and Eve.

The fellow who took offence has not yet returned it.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.

If you would be employed in serious business, don't set up for a buffoon.

Soldier's pity for the wounded on the battle-field—"Over the left" ones.

What tribe of Indians could obtain a loan with the most ease? Pawn-ees.

We are told to weigh our thoughts; most men and women would need a very small pair of scales.

We may say of a good many people's souls that it is a wonder Nature ever thought them worth framing.

If you want to live long, live upon the sea-shore. No matter how fast your sands run, you will always find a plenty more.

Men dying make their wills—why cannot wives? Because wives have their wills during their lives.

To a lover, his sweetheart's right hand and cheek and eye and ear are equalled by nothing on earth but her left.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk and the other the water.

There is no truth in the bold assertion by Vanity Fair, that a deaf man was recently cured by the judicious use of dumb-bells.

An editor says when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer "to give the prison a puff."

"I know well enough," said a fellow, "where fresh fish comes from, but where these salt ones are caught, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74 pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

A disconsolate lover, who was discarded, consoles himself with the reflection that his loved one is married to a lawyer, has two children, and the fever.

Punch's Almanac advises the farmers to sow their Ps, keep their Us warm, hive their Bs, shoot their Js, feed their Ns, look after their potatoes' Ls, and then take their Es.

"Mr. D—, if you will get my coat done by next Sunday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "It won't be done," said the tailor, "upon such terms."

In one of the Portsmouth public schools, a boy who was reading the morning lesson from the New Testament, rendered one verse thus: "This is the hair comb; let us kill him." It should have been, "This is the heir; come," etc.

A bawdy fellow bragging that he could carry a barrel of pork without difficulty was suddenly put to his trumps when told that he was frequently seen staggering under a load of less than 175 pounds of corned meat.

To keep warm in a cold day, women double the cape, and men double the horn.

Don't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse, unless you want to be dis-located.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

If you are conscious of being green, and don't want folks to see it, try to be an invisible green.

There is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish.

The soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he can become distinguished.

The size of a whale is always known by the strength of its blows.

The end of good government, says Sydney Smith, is good mutton and good beef.

"I will take a bite, too," as the wolf said, when he came across a man eating his dinner in the woods.

Some one says that the municipal arrangements are so strict in the Arctic regions, that Dr. Kane was kept from going further by the North Pole-ice!

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Falls Journal says, "I paid a short but very pleasant visit to a neighbor's cow yesterday." Wonder if he stopped to tea, and took cream?

Said a person to an inveterate smoker, with a pale, haggard countenance, "You look as if you had come out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

"Steward, where's my berth?" said a man, recently, on board one of the Cunard steamers. "I begin to feel as if I should very soon need a little weak brandy, or a good deal of tin basin." We believe he used both.

For organizing an army, feeding, clothing and equipping it, and going into war business in general, the American people stand a loan.

"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following *note bene*: "To regular customers I sell wafers gratis."

"I have one request to make of you, my dear Mr. Grant."—"My dear widow, I will grant anything you say."—"Well, sir, I want to be Granted myself."

Jinkits is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin' biler," Jinkits cried after him, "There you go, my es-*tramed* friend!"

A young lady of California recently broke her neck while resisting an attempt of a young man to kiss her. This furnishes a fearful warning to young ladies.

There are a number of heavy guns now in the fortifications on Arlington Heights, and at the risk of being thought traitorous, we must say that we wish the rebels would take the whole charge of them.

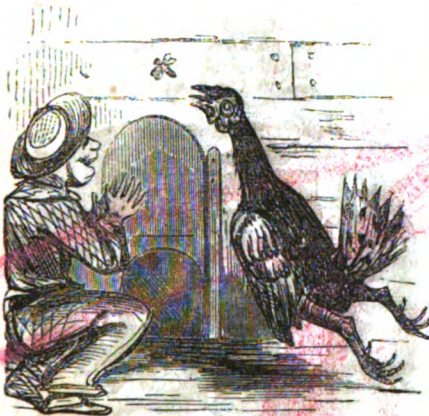
# A FEW FREAKS OF FANCY.



A Cricket Ball.



A mere Flea-Bite.



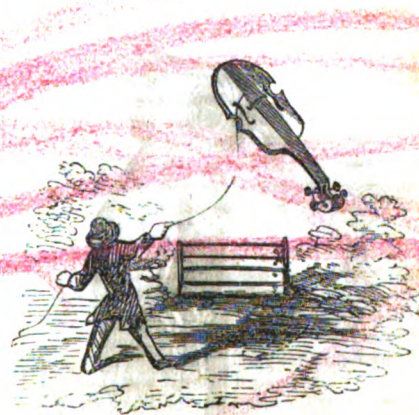
Hen-Tomology.



Coming to the Point.



The Tragic Mews.



Air adapted to the Violin.



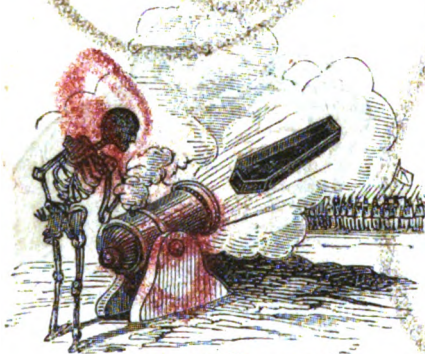
**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



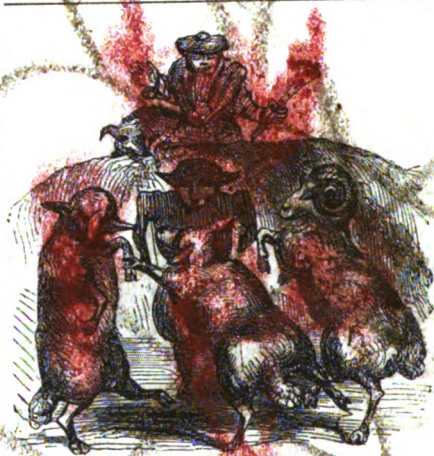
Mother of Pearl.



Theodore Hook.



Firing Shells.



Mutton and Capers.



Hook and Eye.



A Bill-Sticker.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1862.

WHOLE No. 87.

## SCENES AT DOBBS' FERRY, N. Y.

THE designs with which the Magazine opens this month, represent scenes in Dobbs' Ferry, New York, a place, which, though presenting not a very great degree of interest to the mere traveller for pleasure, was yet a place of some importance during our Revolution. It derives its name from a family named Dobbs who settled here about the year 1698, and established a ferry to Sneed's Landing on the opposite side of the river. This is the first point north of Fort Lee where a crossing can be effected. The palisades extend, an unbroken, perpendicular wall, of from 300 to 500 feet in height, for ten miles, shutting off all communication except at either Fort Lee or Sneed's Landing, to the rich agricultural country which lies sloping from the brow of the bluff backward to the Hackensack River. It was here that Cornwallis crossed to the attack of Fort Lee soon after the fall of Fort Washington, which occurred shortly before. The landing on the other side is there called "Paramus," by which name it was then known. A fortification

was erected at Dobbs' Ferry by the Americans in 1776, to command the communication, and its site is still strongly marked, on the brow of the elevation just above the depot, although the hand of improvement has terraced its face, levelled its embankments, and filled up its inequalities. Two or three other redoubts of earthworks were thrown up in the immediate vicinity, and it was at one time quite a strong post, although not being defensible in the rear, it was not calculated to resist an attack from that quarter. These fortifications often annoyed British vessels in their passage up and down the river; yet there is no stirring incident which calls for description from the historian's pen as having occurred in the vicinity. It is only from its relative position as regards the two opposing armies that Dobbs' Ferry derives its importance. It was the lowest post held by the Americans during that long period of seven years during which the British army held possession of the city of New York. The first engraving gives a view of Sneed's Landing on the oppo-



SNEED'S LANDING, OPPOSITE DOBBS' FERRY, NEW YORK.





FORT HILL, DOBBS' FERRY, NEW YORK.

site side of the river from Dobbs' Ferry. The surrounding scenery as observed from this place is very fine. The second picture represents Fort Hill, which was the location of a strong work erected during the war. The parapet is yet vis-

ible, though the ditch, etc., is filled up. Following next in order is the Livingston Mansion House, a spacious and beautiful building. It stands on the hill back from the river. Our series closes with a view of the remains of the



Old Fort, a redoubt, which during the Revolution, was a source of strength, and is now an object of interest to the visitor. The historical associations of such a place awaken reverential feelings, while frequently the scenery and surroundings make up a charming landscape, upon which the eye lingers with delight.

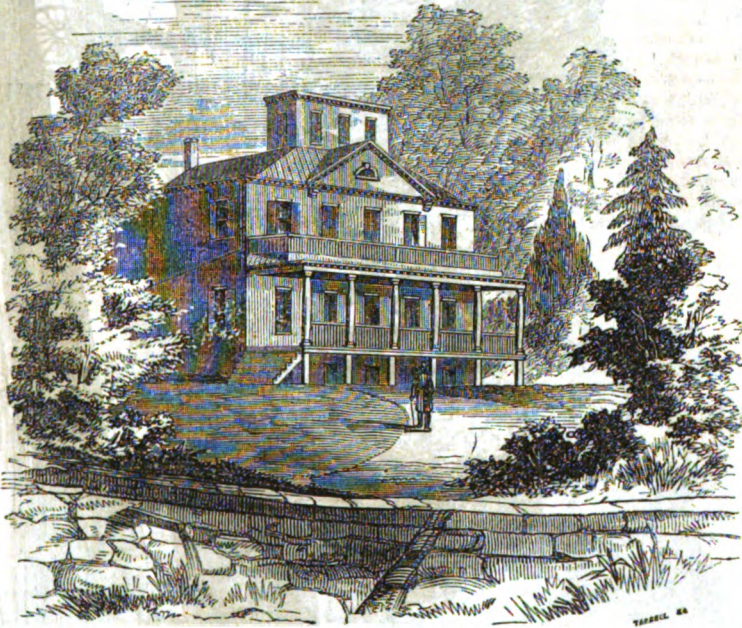
#### ODD COMBINATION OF TRADES.

The Poles so thoroughly detest the Russians, and so seek to ignore them, that no bookseller in Warsaw will have a Russian book in his shop, nor even a music-seller a piece of Russian music. The result of this heartfelt antipathy to Russia is, in one respect almost comic. Russian books are banished from the booksellers' shops in Warsaw to such an extent that works in the Russian lan-

guage of one of these literary grocers you may fancy yourself in Russia; but there are not more than three or four of them in Warsaw, as soon as you have left the shop you might, for any sign of Russian civilization that meets your eye, be 2000 miles from Moscow.—*London Times*.

#### RIVERS—HOW THEY FLOW.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character—they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike, and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their

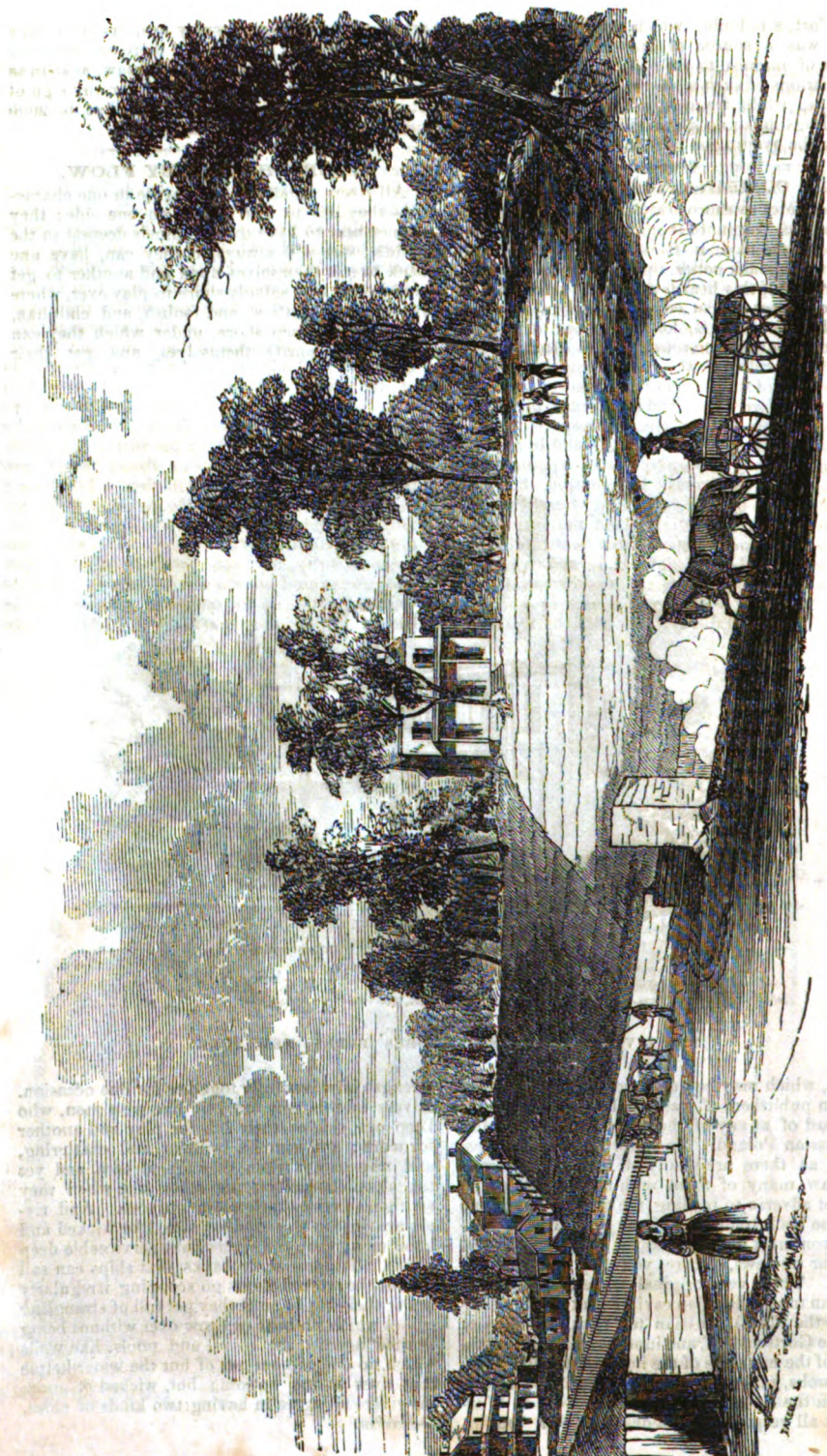


THE LIVINGSTON MANSION, DOBBS' FERRY, NEW YORK.

guage, which may be purchased at the principal foreign publishers of Paris or London, are not to be heard of at any of the libraries in the capital of Russian Poland. To supply this want, inasmuch as there are plenty of Russian officers in Warsaw, many of them with their families who are not adverse to reading, the grocers have gone into the book trade, and if you want to read Russian, you must get your books, your newspapers, or your reviews, where you buy your tea and sugar. These very original tradesmen also sell Russian music, Russian caviare (not much relished by the Poles), Russian tea urns, portraits of the late Gortschakoff, and innumerable representatives of the members of the imperial family. Russian books, pictures and music might be advertised in the Polish newspapers as "sold in Warsaw at all respectable tea-dealers." In the in-

strength of waves fully together for due occasion. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to their main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided also, like wicked and good men; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in, but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, and pools like wells which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides.—*Ruskin*.





REMAINS OF THE OLD FORT, DOBBS' FERRY, N. Y.

## VIEWS IN RICHMOND, VA.

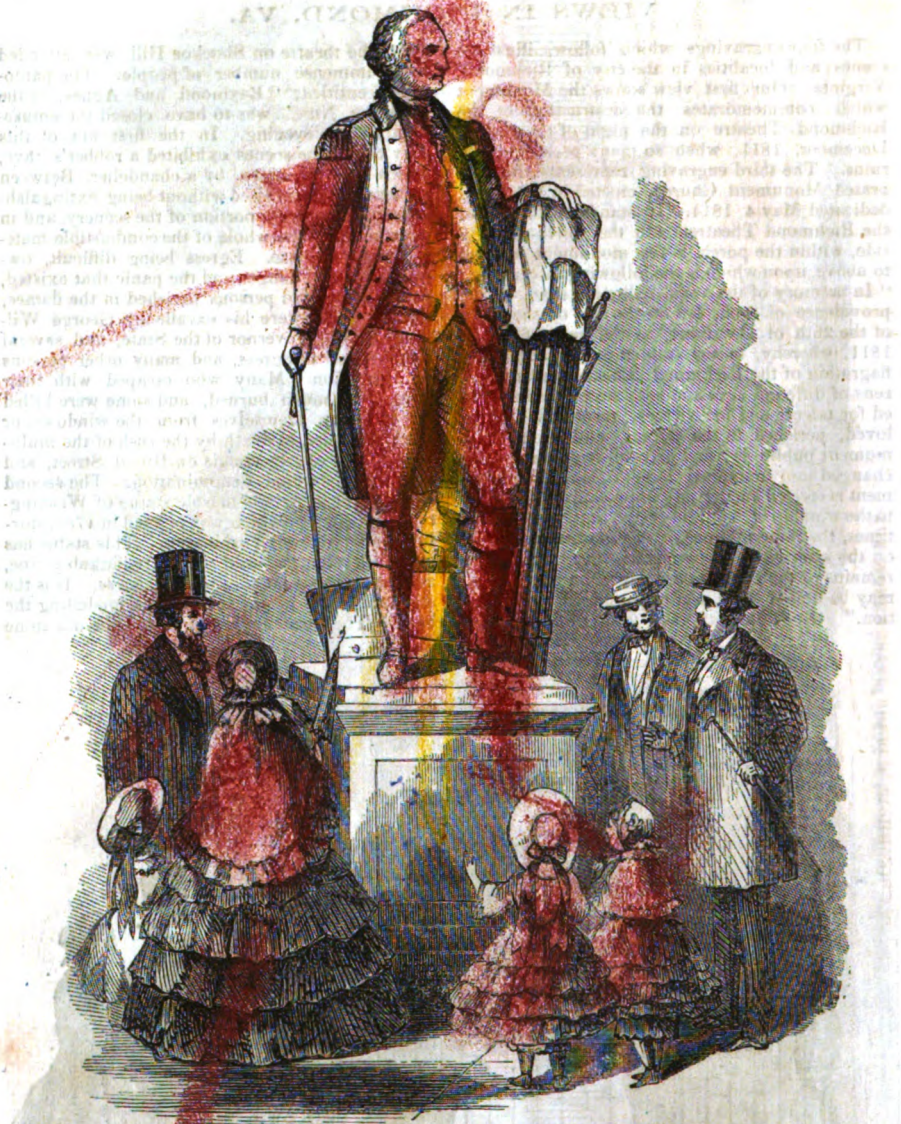
The four engravings which follow, illustrate scenes and localities in the city of Richmond, Virginia. Our first view shows the Monument which commemorates the destruction of the Richmond Theatre on the night of the 26th of December, 1811, when so many perished in its ruins. The third engraving represents the celebrated Monument Church, erected in 1813, and dedicated May 4, 1814. It stands on the site of the Richmond Theatre. On the north-westerly side, within the porch, is the monument alluded to above, upon which is the following inscription: "In memory of the awful calamity that, by the providence of God, fell on the city on the night of the 26th of December, in the year of Christ 1811, whereby, in the sudden and dreadful conflagration of the Richmond Theatre, many citizens of different ages and both sexes, distinguished for talents and for virtues, respected and beloved, perished in the flames, and in one short moment public joy and private happiness were changed into universal lamentation, this monument is erected and the adjoining church dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, that, in all future times, the remembrance of this mournful event, on the spot where it happened, and where the remains of the sufferers are deposited in one urn, may be united with acts of penitence and devotion." On Thursday, the 26th of December,

1811, the theatre on Shockoe Hill was attended by an immense number of people. The pantomime entitled, "Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun," was to have closed the amusements of the evening. In the first act of this play one of the scenes exhibited a robber's cave, which was illuminated by a chandelier. Between the acts this was raised without being extinguished, setting on fire a portion of the scenery, and in a few minutes the whole of the combustible material was in a blaze. Egress being difficult, owing to the real danger and the panic that existed, nearly a hundred persons perished in the flames, among whom were his excellency George William Smith, governor of the State, and several members of Congress, and many other persons of distinction. Many who escaped with their lives were much burned, and some were killed by throwing themselves from the windows, or were trampled to death by the rush of the multitude. The church stands on Broad Street, and is of the Episcopal denomination. The second sketch represents the marble statue of Washington, by Houdon, which was erected in 1788, during the lifetime of Washington. This statue has great celebrity, the head being remarkably fine, and pronounced an admirable likeness. It is the standard authority for sculptors in modelling the head. The fourth engraving shows the old stone



MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VA.





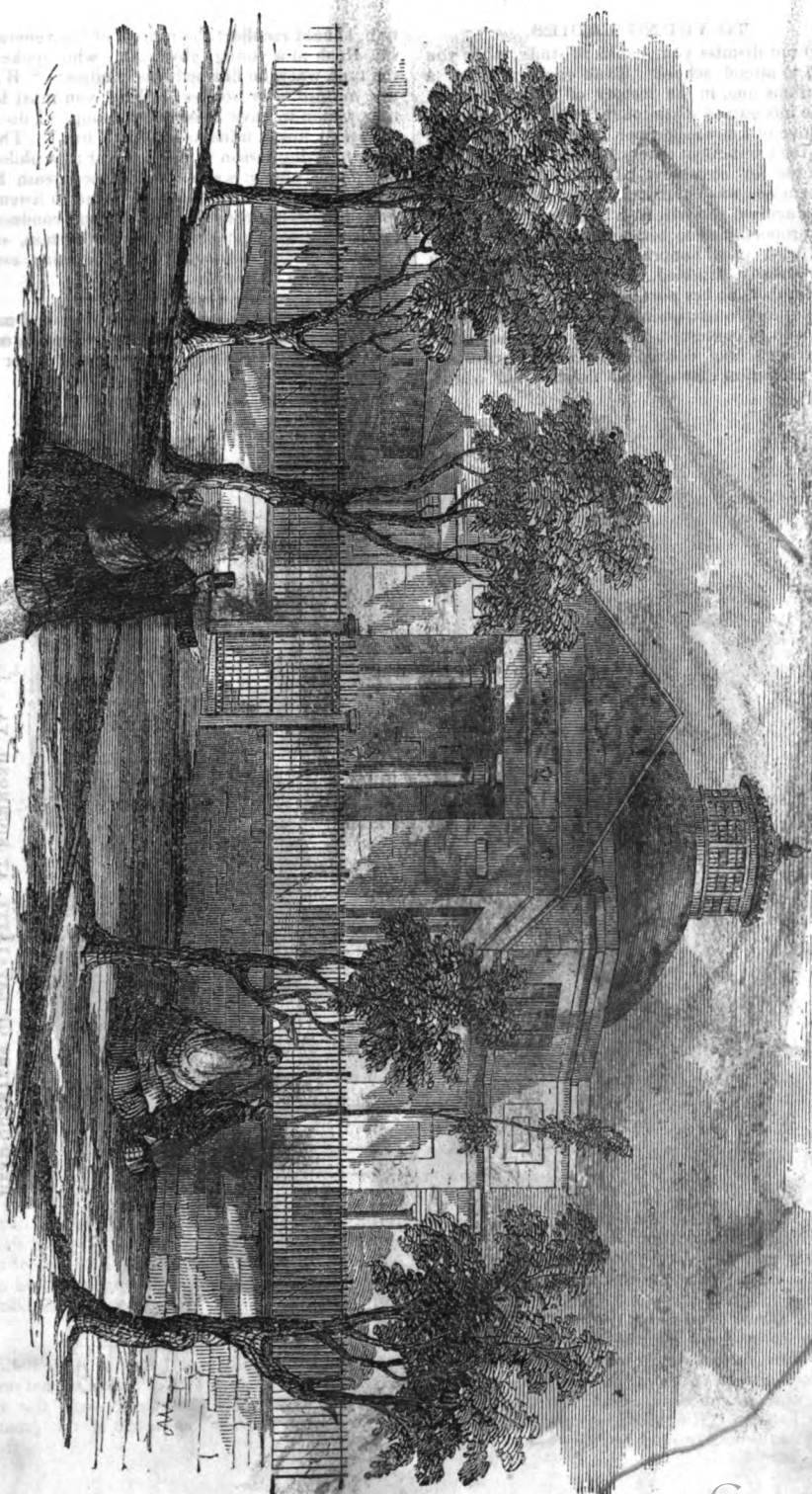
STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT RICHMOND, VA.

house which served as the head-quarters of General Lafayette during the Revolutionary war. It stands on the northwest corner of Main and 20th Streets, and is said to be the first dwelling erected in Richmond, and was among those spared by the incendiary fire of 1781. The Henrico county court house and jails, represented in the last picture, form a picturesque group of buildings on Main Street, without any pretensions to architectural elegance. The James River is seen in the distance. Richmond is a desirable place of residence, both from its healthiness and beauty.

Built upon elevated ground, on either side of the valley of the Shockoe Creek, it is spared those fevers which visit the low and moist lands of the low latitudes. The city is beautifully laid out with spacious streets, and much has been done towards its architectural embellishment.

Why are the quills and bones of birds hollow and without marrow? That they may not only be light to assist their passage through the air, but that they may be possessed of the greater strength.

THE MONUMENTAL CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.





## TO YOUNG LADIES.

Do not dismiss your habits of study, when you cease to attend school. That crisis is often a hazardous one, in the history of a young lady. If she has gained distinction there, without a radical love of knowledge, her improvement ceases with the excitement that sustained it. If a latent fondness for expensive dress and fashionable amusements was cherished in her period of classical education she will rush into them with eagerness proportioned to her previous restraint. Satisfied with past honors, and believing that she "has already attained, and is already perfect," she slumbers at her post, and in a few years, perceives those outstripping her, whose talents she once held in contempt. Every young lady who, at leaving school, entertains a clear and comfortable conviction that she had finished her educa-

tion, should recollect the reproof of the venerable Dr. Rush to a young physician, who spoke of the time when he finished his studies. "*When you finished your studies! Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine as long as I live.*" There is an affecting lesson in the death of that philosopher, who, after it was supposed the breath had forsaken him, faintly raised his head to listen to some improving conversation that was conducted in his chamber, and even drew the curtain, saying, "*I shall be most happy to die learning something.*"—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF LAFAYETTE, AT RICHMOND, VA.





HENRICO COURT HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA.



## STREET CHARACTERS OF PARIS.

The subjects of the pictorial sketches on this and the three following pages are taken from the streets of Paris. The streets of Paris! what a field for the artist, the historian, the philosopher, and the student of human nature! As Paris is France, so the streets of Paris are its soul. In many other cities the streets only afford you glimpses and hints of the character and habits of the dwellers therein—but in Paris, the people may be said to live out of doors. You see them dining through the plate-glass windows of the restaurants; in fine weather, they occupy chairs *al fresco* on the sidewalks and in the gardens, and all Paris loves to *flaner* in the streets at the

fashionable hour. The history of the streets of Paris is the history of the French. But let us see what characters the artist has selected for us from the busy thousands that throng the streets of Paris. And first we have, in the stout, shambling, down-looking, bearded individual, seen in our first picture, in shabby clothes, with a broad-brimmed felt hat, proudly decorated with a feather, like the bonnet of a Spanish grandee, with his staff on his shoulder, and his wallet slung by a strap, a vender of rat-poison. He guarantees the deadly efficacy of his poison. City and village know him well, for he tramps from one end of France to the other—now by



"DEATH TO RATS!"

the banks of the Seine, in the streets of the splendid capital reflected in its waters—now in the country, with its level fields and scattered farm-houses. Tramp, tramp! he moves on ever restless, like the wandering Jew. Hail or rain, fog or sunshine, are the same to the veteran rat-catcher. Habit has rendered him watchful and attentive. At the slightest noise he is on the *qui vive*—his face assumes the fixed, suspicious and sharp expression of the animal he watches. He fears neither the hazards of street or road, nor the snares of the wicked. Two invisible protectors, reflection and experience, are with him. In the city of Paris, the vender of "death to the rats" belongs to an expiring race. Long have the cats looked with envy on his spoils, hung upon a pole, with which he walks the streets, typical of his profession. But they who have longest known his countenance will now know him no longer. Whether any of the "dinners for seventy-five centimes" restaurants will raise their bill of fare on account of his exit, remains to be seen. A company has been formed with a capital of three hundred thousand francs for the extirpation of the rats of Paris. If a cordon of cats is to be established around the city to keep out the country rats, *rabbit* will become a rare dish in more than one cheap eating-house. But have the rats no value after their lives have been sacrificed? Trust a Parisian for putting everything to use, and for giving it a new name, if its legitimate appellation is offensive. It is no secret to the initiated that the delicate *kid* glove which the beauty fits to her taper fingers at the opera, which the dandy draws on his scarcely less delicate hands, while his cane is tucked under his arm, preparatory to a stroll on the Boulevard des Italiens or the Rue de Rivoli, once clothed the body of the disgusting vermin against which our friend in the picture wages such warfare. Following next in order comes a picture of the street ballad-singer. There is nothing low in this youthful face.

Its oval is graceful, the eye pure, the mouth almost infantile; there is at once something gentle and firm in the whole expression and attitude. The dominant character, however, is a careless sadness, a sort of self-abandonment. Penury has crushed all the pride and hopes of the young girl. Clad in chance garments, her hair in disorder, and become indifferent even to her beauty, she sings without thought or pleasure, as she would turn the wheel of a machine, or move the shuttle of a loom. There only is the character of her lowliness; she is evidently performing a task she does not like, and consequently does it ill. Man has need of a certain interest in whatever he does—he must feel the activity of free will. Now the appearance of the poor girl speaks too eloquently of constraint; oppressed by misery, she does not sing like the bird, for the sake of sing-



STREET BALLAD-SINGER.

ing, but to get bread. The air you hear beneath your window is but the cry of hunger—it expresses neither joy nor sadness, it asks for bread! The third picture is that of a knife-grinder, whose costume is a reminiscence of a past century, the design being from the graceful pen of Watteau. His machine is of very primitive construction, but the contrivance for moistening his wheel by setting up a wooden shoe filled with water that drips through a gimlet-hole in the toe is certainly very ingenious, and exhibits great mechanical aptitude. The knife-grinders of today, however, employ much better machinery. The young peasant, with his little puppet-show, shown in the last engraving, is another characteristic figure. Who that has visited Paris has not encountered at some street-corner a young Piedmontese, in rags, with his high Italian



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

cap, his board and puppets. and his bright, wide-awake eye? He is one of the members of the great Bohemian fraternity who know not at night what they shall eat the next day—a flight of foreign birds, drenched by the rain, dried by the wind, warmed by the sun. Poor vagabond children! See you not behind you a sinister figure that ever bids you “move on?” It is Famine; and on they go, urged by her resistless power; but in vain they hurry onwards; still the dark hag is there, ever pointing to the distance. Why have they not room for a nest in the great tree God has created for all? What do they, in

the midst of our civilization, these demi-savages, without family, without country, without aim, whom society tosses on its waves, like the fragments of a wreck? Are they here to teach us foresight, or the lesson of content, or to keep open the sources of compassion? The child who crumbles his cake for the sparrow at the window asks not why God sends him. Imitate the child. Cast some crumbs of your abundance before this exile from the land of the sun, if not for humanity’s sake, at least from gratitude. Remember the time when, with your satchel on your shoulder, you forgot the charges of a careful mother,

and the hour for school, before the narrow plank on which the mimic men and women were dancing to fife and drum. What delight, when the proprietor of the show, inspired by the enthusiasm of the spectators, imparted bolder movements to the dancers, and the little ladies and gentlemen were jerked into the streets and narrowly escaped drowning in the gutter! Happy days when you searched for the mystery of these silly sarabands! How many times since have you seen more illustrious actors on a vaster stage without feeling the joyous excitement of your childhood? Because, in infancy you perceived the wire without understanding it, and now you understand the wire without seeing it pulled. Alas! you know now that the puppet-show is but a parody of the world! How many men are only puppets, moved by the wire of self-interest and vanity, and danced by an invisible hand!

#### REVELATIONS OF THE CENSUS.

The population of the Swiss confederacy is a little over two and a half million souls. Ireland possessed, twenty years ago, a population of 3,175,124; but the census taken during the present year shows that there are now only 5,764,543 persons. In Great Britain, the only growth of population for a long time has been in the large towns. Including Scotland, the figures of the census are—inhabitants of towns, 10,556,388; inhabitants of country, 10,403,089. London alone has a population of three millions. There are here only six bridges, three of which are heavily taxed, while Paris, with but one million inhabitants, has twenty-four bridges.

Some people will never learn anything; for this reason, because they understand everything too soon.



THE PUPPET-SHOW.



## SCENES IN AFRICA.

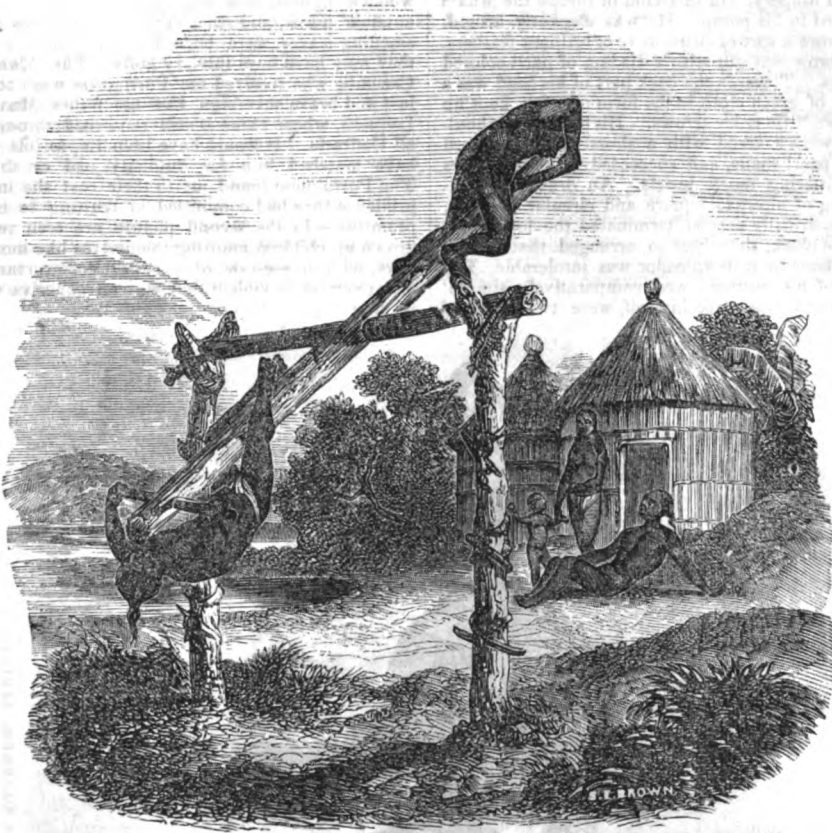
As the finale of our series of sketches for the present month, we give some very fine engravings illustrating characters and scenes in Africa, that vast continent of the Old World, concerning which so much curiosity is felt and so little is known, though adventurous modern explorers are adding every year to the sum of our information. The recent works of Drs. Livingston and Barth have opened a wide field for the public interest, and their researches are clothed in all the charms of romantic details. The first representation we give is a delineation of a solemn

audience of the Muata Cazembe. But who among us knows anything of the empire of the Muata Cazembe? The Portuguese, who have settlements on the eastern shore of Africa, have not the same reasons for indifference as other European nations, and accordingly during the last century have fitted out several expeditions to this region and its adjacent territories, whence they obtained gold enough to justify the stories told three hundred years ago of the exhaustless riches of Oriental Africa. Some thirty years ago, a new expedition was sent out by the gov-



SOLENN AUDIENCE OF THE MUATA CAZENBE, AFRICA.





AFRICAN SEE-SAW.

ernor of Sena, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in Mozambique. For this purpose he selected a few resolute men, and on the 1st of June, 1831, the expedition marched, crossing the river Zambese. It was composed of twenty soldiers, with twenty Kafir slaves to transport goods. To the caravan were added a drummer and two militia officers, taking part in the expedition as traders. These were accompanied by fifty Kafir porters. Crossing the Zambese on the second of June, the expedition resolutely set forward. But before three months of incessant travel, famine had decimated them; and during the perilous journey, which lasted six months, they lost by flight and death seventy-two men. Even at their journey's end, they were attacked by scurvy and small pox. They were then at Lunda, the capital of Cazembe. Here, instead of a cordial reception and relief, the African monarch dispensed provisions to the strangers with calculated parsimony, hoping to keep them in dependence on him, by cunningly subjecting them to the most imperious of wants. After many delays and subterfuges, the efforts of the officers secured an audience with the monarch. It was agreed that the solemn reception of the Portuguese should take place in the square of

Mossumba, the imperial residence, situated at some distance from the city, properly so called. That the ceremony might come off according to rigorous etiquette, the march of the Europeans was to last not less than a day. It took place at the appointed time. On the square of Chipango, for so the open space before the residence of the African monarch is designated, all the military the Muata had collected in his capital were mustered. These troops might have amounted to 5000 or 6000 men, almost all of lofty stature, and armed, either with the bow or zagaye, or the *poucoye*, a formidable cutlass with a keen edge which the Kafirs handle with infinite dexterity. All their blacks with shining skins stood erect, but without any appearance of military discipline. The eyes of the Europeans sought for the Muata Cazembe with eager curiosity. They discovered him seated at the left side of the last gate, one of the entrances of the Mossumba. We present a full-length portrait of Canhembo IV., in full costume, on page 220. Numerous tiger skins served him as a carpet. They were arranged in such a way that the projecting tail of each animal formed a sort of star. The skin of an enormous lion was thrown over all, and in the centre was a stool covered with an ample

green drapery. On this kind of throne the Muata figured in his pomp. He was elegantly attired. He wore a sort of mitre wove of brilliant feathers. His brow was gilt with a diadem of parti-colored stones. Towards the back part of his head was a band of green cloth in the form of a fan, kept up by two little ivory arrows. His breast and shoulders were covered with a short cloak bordered with pearl shells, and succeeded by several rows of glittering mock jewels. An ornament consisting of alternate square and circular mirrors, symmetrically ranged, terminated the lower part of the cloak, the whole so arranged that as the sun shone on it its splendor was intolerable. The rest of his costume was comparatively simple. Before the Cazembe himself, were two rows of

wooden figures, coarsely carved, armed with animals' horns, and stuck in the ground. Sweet-smelling leaves were burned before them, and they may have been tutelary gods. The Muata Cazembe who received the Portuguese was not a just and brave sovereign, like his father, Muata Laqueza, whose name is still renowned through all Caffraria. It would have been impossible to have matched him for duplicity and cruelty. The Portuguese found out to their cost the imprudence they had committed in trusting to his promises.—In the second picture are seen two grown-up children amusing themselves like monkeys, with a see-saw of peculiar construction. The exercise is violent, but we can conceive of its affording good sport.



THE AFRICAN MUATA CAZEMBE, IN FULL COSTUME.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

The moon walks through the clouds  
That hang beneath the sky,  
The winds moan low through trees,  
And seem to sadly sigh:  
One to whom the moonbeams bright  
Were messengers of love,  
Now watches the soft light no more—  
He passed from earth above.

The valley clod now lies upon  
His noble, manly breast;  
The earth is moist with new-shed tears,  
He's locked in icy rest.  
He's gone from scenes of earth below—  
Gone to the world on high;  
Our eyes can no more him behold,  
He's deaf to every sigh.

His life was like an early flower—  
Beautiful, soon ended;  
His heart was good, and pure, and true,  
In him all virtues blended.  
And o'er his grave a young wife weeps,  
With mother, brothers, sister;  
And friends who loved him more than well,  
Speak of him in a whisper.

O Thou who reigns supreme above,  
Who rules all things below,  
Vouchsafe thy loving comfort now,  
Bid tears no longer flow;  
Be to those sorrowing, mourning hearts  
A pitying Father now,  
And while they tread life's rugged road,  
Drop mercies on each brow!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A LOCK OF RED HAIR:

— OR, —

## A NIGHT IN REMINGTON'S 'RUIN.

BY EVA MILFORD.

I AM an old man now—old, old! And my chiefest delight has become to dwell in memory upon the days of my youth, the time when I lived in action, as now I do in thought. Shall I give you one of these reminiscences—shall I withdraw the veil from an incident of my life?—the horror of which branded itself so deep upon my heart that I shudder and turn pale, even now, at the memory I have evoked? And this one, of all my old stories, stirs in my mind to-day, for before me lies a tangible evidence that all was not

an evil dream, a wild figment whispered by demons in my sleeping ear.

In opening just now an old, forgotten sketching portfolio, I started to see dropping from between its leaves, and curling about my fingers, a long, thick, heavy curl of woman's hair; the texture fine as cobweb, soft and silky as nothing ever was but woman's hair, the length and heavy richness unparalleled, the color, a deep, glittering red. Ah, tress—tress of threaded fire—well can my heart recall the hour when first I saw you, then unsevered from the glowing mass which wreathed that magnificent head, like a crown of flame!

I had wandered, half for health, half for amusement, far from my home and native State, and finally found myself one summer evening, descending the wooded mountain road which was to bring me to a certain little Canadian village, which we will call Montvert. My horse, languid like his master with the excessive heat and long journey, was leisurely picking his steps along the rocky road, when a faint noise behind us caused him to prick his ears, erect his head, and show those signs of uneasiness which a sense of something unseen, and yet approaching, always occasions in a high-spirited horse.

"So, so, Bayard. Don't you know, foolish fellow, that it is only another horse coming down this mountain road? And a bold rider, too, or one who is something in haste," added I, as the quick, regular hoof beats drew nearer, and I could perceive that the pace changed from a sharp trot to a gallop.

Soothing Bayard as well as I could, I drew off in a little hollow beside the road, and waited for the horseman (whom I had already decided to be one of the rollicking young Canadians that I had seen at the last tavern) to pass, that I might resume my own quiet, musing pace. I had hardly withdrawn myself fully from the road, when the thundering hoof-beats swept round the angle, and a powerful black horse, eyes glaring, nostrils dilated, jaw firmly set, dashed by me like the wind. But his rider; no half-drunk boor or reckless hunter, such as I had pictured to myself, bestrode the ungovernable beast; but a vision flashed by, of which the next instant nothing remained but a confused impression of dark flowing garments, a death-pale face, from which gleamed two great black eyes, blazing with excitement and horror, and a mass of dark red hair streaming out upon the evening breeze, like the trail of splendor which the falling meteor leaves upon the midnight sky. It was Rosalie Duquesne. It was my first introduction to a new epoch of my life.

As soon as I had recovered from the first momentary shock, I shook Bayard's rein, and the impatient horse sprang out from the little nook where he had unwillingly stood, and took the steep downward road at a pace hardly less precipitate than that of the black charger with his fair, powerless burden. The chase was not a long one. We reached the next turn just in time to see the black stumble as he descended a sharp pitch, and hurl his rider over his head, among the wayside flowers where she lay like a marble statue overthrown from its pedestal and left to ruin and desolation.

In a moment I was on the ground beside her, and examining if she were dead or only stunned.

"No pulse, no color, no breath—she is indeed gone. Alas that so perfect a piece of divine workmanship must return to dust, and perish in loathsome decay."

Still I chafed her hands and temples, raised her head and loosened the ribbon and little collar about her throat. All useless, the beautiful statue was cold and still. Then laying her head again upon its flowery pillow, I contemplated for a moment the wonderful and uncommon beauty of that inanimate face. The gorgeous glowing hair, the tiny, shell-like ear, the low white brow, with two inky lines pencilled above the eyes, dark even through the closed lids; black as night, too, the long, full fringes which lay upon the clear white cheek; the mouth, with its rich, full lips, just so far parted that a gleam of snow dazzled between their ripe redness. That mouth—yes, I stooped and kissed it, long and lovingly, and then rose to go and summon help. But as I laid my hand on Bayard's rein, and turned to look once more at that rare image—was it imagination, or did the faint, rosy tinge steal into the round cheek? The lips which I had pressed, were they not gleaming more vividly already? Yes, and the white lids already fluttered, wavered, uprose, leaving soft, full dark eyes, which, wandering unconsciously a moment, rested finally upon my face, with a vague, dreamy, bewildered gaze.

I drew from my pocket the little silver hunting flask which I always carried there, and unscrewing the cup, I filled it with the wine, and respectfully raising the fair head upon my arm, applied the cup to her lips. The generous liquid did its work, and soon the young lady, pale, but firm, stood upright, and looking me full in the face with a glance which still more enchanted me, murmured: "Sir, I thank you, very much."

"Indeed, fair lady, 'tis I should thank you for giving me the opportunity of serving you, even slightly."

The girl smiled a little sarcastically, and replied, somewhat coldly:

"We, in these woods, my good sir, cannot understand quite such an extent of disinterested politeness as that, but nevertheless, I thank you very much. Do you know where my horse is?"

I did, for even as I was hastening to her rescue, I had paused to catch the rein of the black horse, as he stood checked for a moment by his stumble, and had tied him to a tree hard by. I now, at the young lady's request, unhitched and led him forward, but was about to remonstrate with his mistress upon her purpose of remounting him, when snatching the little whip which hung at the pommel of the saddle, she raised it above her head, and with set teeth and blazing eyes rained down a shower of blows upon the head and face of her runaway steed. The powerful creature reared, backed and plunged, and it was only by exerting my extremest strength that I could at all restrain him. I felt both shocked and indignant, for though the switch could hardly more than tingle the horse's skin, no one could doubt, to look at that white face, that had the weapon been a sword or a club, the will to use it would have been the same. •

"I can't hold the beast, if you do so, nor I sha'n't try to," shouted I, angrily, and as the blows continued with unwearied vigor, I let go the rein, and had the satisfaction of seeing the horse spring off up the mountain.

"Why did you let him go?" asked the girl, fiercely turning upon me.

"Really, my dear young lady, I am ashamed to say that my education as a hostler having been neglected, I was unable to hold him any longer. Permit me, as a traveller, to inquire if Canadian ladies are in the habit of chastising their refractory animals and servants themselves? For, if such is the case, I, being somewhat of a timid man, shall to-morrow retrace my steps to the States."

My friend turned upon me a glance of mingled scorn and inquiry; but probably satisfying herself by my six feet of stature and brawny breadth of shoulder that I was not likely to be a coward physically at least, she paused a moment, and then bursting into a merry, ringing laugh, she frankly held out her hand, and said:

"Well, Mr. 'Timid-man,' I'll promise not to beat you for one, and you shall come and stay at my father's house till to-morrow, or as much longer as you—dare."

"But how are we to get there, Miss— How may I have the honor of addressing you?" inquired I, with a slightly exaggerated bow.

"When you speak in that way, sir," said the girl, with an angry flush, "you may call me Miss Duquesne; but when you have forgotten that you are city bred, and we are forest bred, you may call me Rosalie, as every one else does."

"You are more severe than just, dear Rosalie."

"No, I didn't say *dear* Rosalie; but plain Rosalie."

"I have been piously brought up, Miss Duquesne, and never will commit such an enormous departure from truth as to call you plain Rosalie."

"Well, 'Plain Kate, or bonny Kate, or even Kate the curst,' just as you choose, sir; but now how are we to get home, for Nero will not be very apt to come back just now?"

"Probably not, being a horse of spirit, and having some sense of what is due to himself; so, bonny Kate, if you will let me lift you to my saddle, I will walk beside you, and lead Bayard."

"Or why don't you mount as usual," suggested Rosalie, "and I will sit behind you?"

"But can you keep on without a pillion or cushion?" quoried I, laughingly.

"Can I?" replied the forest maiden, gaily. "It is very seldom I take the trouble to saddle Nero at all. I only did so to-day because I was going to Montvert to do some shopping."

"Then you don't live there?"

"O, no, we live back here on the mountain—Nero has gone home. My father is a hunter and trapper," continued the girl, throwing back her head proudly. "Perhaps so fine a gentleman as you will not care to become acquainted with such rough, rude people as my father and brothers."

"Come, come, fair Rosalie," laughed I, "you promised not to beat me, either with the riding-whip, or the more cutting lash of your satirical tongue, did you not?"

"That depends—"

"Upon what?"

"Your behaviour," responded the girl, leaping from a stump to Bayard's back, with the litheness of a cat.

I sprang hastily to the saddle, and but just in time, for Bayard, startled at the sudden weight and unusual rider, was about to start away without waiting for his master. He soon, however, yielded to the accustomed voice and touch, and under Rosalie's directions we soon traversed the four miles which lay between us and her father's house.

This, I found, was not upon the road which I had traversed, but another and still more secluded

mountain path, one of those highways which lead from nowhere, and conduct nowhere, but on which it sometimes suits men to set up their abodes, as had been the case with Mr. Duquesne. This was a large farmhouse, built with logs, and evidently added to from time to time as the increasing family demanded one apartment after another.

As we rode up to the door, two young men came forward to meet us, one of whom I recognized, from his likeness to Rosalie, as her brother; but the other, some ten years older, had not a feature in common with her, unless it was his dark eyes, which glittered and gleamed like those of some wild beast from beneath his coarse, shaggy eyebrows; his skin was swarthy and bronzed, but entirely destitute of red so far as the cheeks went, at least; his mouth was concealed by a heavy moustache, which mingled with his coarse black beard.

"Ah, Pierre, have you returned?" said Rosalie, as I helped her to alight, and she looked with no great pleasure at the swarthy man.

The other youth, meanwhile, came forward with a courteous salutation, and took the bridle of my horse.

"Yes, girl, I have returned," replied Pierre, "and one with me whom you will receive as my friend. Whom have we here?" continued the fellow, scowling sullenly at me.

"One whom you will receive as my friend," promptly replied the spirited Rosalie.

"Nay, Miss Duquesne," interposed I coldly, "pray do not tax this young gentleman's courteous politeness upon my account. I am very happy to have been of service to you, and will bid you good evening."

As I spoke, I was about to mount my horse, but Rosalie, springing forward, laid her hand upon my arm, and said, hastily, to the lad who still held Bayard's rein:

"Run, Baptiste, and call our father!"

But before the lad could spring away upon her bidding, a tall old man emerged from the house, and approached us. His face and figure formed a strong and agreeable contrast to his son Pierre, and when, after a few hurried words from Rosalie, he held out a rough hand, and in hearty, cordial tones thanked me for the help rendered to his daughter, and begged me to accept his hospitality for the night, I hesitated but for a moment, and then yielded, half to the solicitations of the old hunter, half to a look of undisguised entreaty which shone upon me from the great dark eyes of my fair Rosalie.

As I signified my pleasure in accepting the invitation, I caught a look of scowling dislike

fixed upon me by the dark-browed Pierre, a look to which I replied by an amiable smile, a polite bow and a slight twirl of my moustache. Muttering an oath, the fellow strode away, and I followed my host into the house, where, busy in preparing the evening meal, we found Rosalie's mother, a woman still showing the traces of much beauty, though of another type from that of her daughter. In her mild, blue eyes, too, there was none of the fire or ardent passion which occasionally caused me to regard the young girl with as much fear and dislike as admiration.

As we entered the house, a young man who had been sitting at an open window came forward to greet us, and was received by Rosalie with a look of undisguised astonishment and displeasure.

"You here, Antoine?" said she. "I thought after what I said to you last month, we should not see you soon again."

"Pierre invited me," stammered the young man, whose face presented a disagreeable combination of audacity and cunning.

"Pierre may invite you to his house, when he has one, but here I think you had better wait for an invitation from my father," said Rosalie, in a voice so low that I had some trouble in catching the words, especially as I was at the same time making my compliments to Mrs. Duquesne, who received me with a self-possession and grace which would not have been out of place in a city drawing-room.

The next day I delayed my journey to visit with Rosalie and Baptiste a beautiful waterfall about ten miles from their home; the next the old hunter took me deer-stalking; the next and the next were spent, no matter now for the various excuses, the one fair attraction in all was Rosalie.

The witchery which that woman succeeded in throwing about her every word and action, was and is perfectly incomprehensible. While with her I could look at, speak to, think of nothing but Rosalie. Away from her, my one thought was how soonest to return to Rosalie.

So passed a week, another and another, at the end of which Baptiste brought me from Mont-ert a letter from my father, inquiring the reason of my long silence, and requesting me to attend immediately to some business in Quebec, which he had intrusted to me.

The state of mind in which this letter plunged me was perfectly chaotic—my father's commands, my love for Rosalie, my desire to carry her home as my wife, and the sure conviction of my father's eternal displeasure in such a case, whirled

distractedly through my mind, and under all lurked an undefined, almost unknown doubt of Rosalie herself. That fiery will, those ungoverned passions, that strong nature coerced wholly by impulse, with hardly a restraining principle, all this wove, even in the bright web of my headstrong love, a thread of doubt and gloom. This it was that enabled me to restrain the offer of marriage which I longed to lay at the feet of my Circe. This it was which gave me power to say only:

"When I return from Quebec, Rosalie, shall I come here again, and talk of what I do not speak of now?"

"Yes, yee, Ralph, come again, but do not say what you ought not to say, even to save wild Rosalie's heart from breaking."

I gazed at the graceful bent head, I heard the choking sobs, I seized her hand, and in another moment should have pledged heart, hand and name, when Baptiste came running toward us.

"O, Rosalie," exclaimed he, "Pierre has returned again, and if you will believe it, that Antoine is with him."

I believe I have not mentioned that the next day after my arrival, Pierre and his friend had left the house upon a hunting expedition, and had remained away until the unwelcome news of their return was thus brought us by Baptiste. Rosalie shuddered all over, and drew close to me.

"O, Ralph," said she, "I fear that man. He is the only human thing I do fear; but his cold, snaky eyes fascinate me as I have seen birds drawn to their doom by serpents not in human form. I hate him, and yet when I am with him I have no will or power left me."

"What you, my heroine, my brave Rosalie, afraid of this villanous-looking trapper? Shame, shame on you, my Joan of Arc. Keep out of his way, and be thinking for the next four weeks what you will say to me on my return."

Rosalie sobbed afresh, and turning from me, entered the door of her own bedroom, which opened immediately out doors, and my "good-by" elicited no response.

Ten minutes after I had left the farmhouse, pursued as I rode away, by a taunting laugh from Pierre and his friend Antoine, who watched my departure as they stood at the stable door, and evidently amused themselves by saying to my back what they did not care to say to my face. I was half tempted to return and demand an apology for this rudeness, but the thought of Rosalie and her father's hospitality restrained me, and soon I was far away. The business which led me to Quebec was by one thing and another



protracted to such an extent that two full months had elapsed when I found myself once more upon the road to Montvert.

In spite of my exertions, aided by my good Bayard, it was already night when I reached the little inn where on my previous visit I had seen the party of young men carousing. Similar sounds now greeted me from the open windows, and turning aside to the stable I left my horse, and stepped quietly up to the door, hoping to catch sight of the landlord, and ask him for a private room, without exciting the attention of the noisy crew within.

As I lingered a moment in the little porch, my attention was arrested by the sound of a voice which I had heard before, and the next moment the name of Rosalie Duquesne met my ear. Some comment was made upon her beauty by a strange voice, and was replied to by that which I now recognized, as belonging to the hunter Antoine, by a brutal jest, and insulting innuendo, which made my blood boil.

The first impulse was to confront the ruffian, and charge him with a slanderous lie; but a moment's reflection showed me the folly of this course, and pursuing my original intention I found the landlord, and soon retired to my chamber, where I passed a sleepless and wretched night.

Early the next morning I resumed my journey, and in an hour found myself in sight of the well-remembered house. Before the door stood two persons in conversation, whom I at once recognized, as far as I could see, for Rosalie and Baptiste. I waved my hat gaily, for the slanderous insinuation had passed from my mind in the joy of re-union; but no sooner had the two looked attentively at my approaching figure, than Rosalie hastened into the house, and Baptiste rushed away toward the woods.

"How very strange!" thought I, and I redoubled my horse's speed, with a vague idea of diminishing the force of the impending shock by meeting it half way.

On my arrival nothing was to be seen of brother or sister; but Duquesne the elder at last appeared, and bid me welcome, although I missed the hearty and cordial manner which he had before employed toward me. He now seemed stiff, constrained and confused.

"Are you all well?" inquired I, anxiously, as I dismounted.

"I don't know, sir, I don't know," said the old man sadly, shaking his head. "I don't understand what's going on in my own house, and among my own children. Rosalie does nothing but cry— Well, well," continued he, abruptly,

"perhaps it will be better now that you have come."

I entered the house, where I found Mrs. Duquesne busy as usual; but the first glance showed me that she had been weeping, and her manner was fluttered and unequal. It was evident that both husband and wife were doubtful whether to receive me as their former valued friend, or as a newly-discovered enemy.

"Is your daughter at home, Mrs. Duquesne?" inquired I, after some awkward attempts at conversation.

"Yes, sir, Rosalie is at home; but I believe she is not well. I do not think she will feel like coming out of her room to-day."

"I am sorry to hear it," replied I, coldly, "for as I resume my journey this afternoon, I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her."

"O, dear, O, dear!" murmured the poor mother, as hurriedly crossing the room she entered Rosalie's apartment.

A murmuring conversation ensued, and presently Mrs. Duquesne re-entered the apartment.

"Rosalie requests that you will stay here to-night, and she will meet you at sunset by the spring. She has something to say to you, and does not feel well enough to see you till then. O, Mr. Lacy," continued the mother, clasping her hands, "if you know what is the matter with my poor girl, you cannot find it in your heart not to comfort her. She says she is dying, and I can see that it is true. And O, if she dies, her poor wretched mother will die too."

Bursting into tears, Mrs. Duquesne left the room, and I remained alone, wrapt in gloomy thought, and combating with terrible suspicions. I was aroused by a heavy step, and turning round, confronted Pierre Duquesne, who was just entering. To my surprise he greeted me civilly, and sitting down entered into conversation, evidently exerting himself to be agreeable in his rough way. Among other things we talked of the route which I proposed taking on recommencing my journey, and I mentioned that I intended visiting Niagara, which I believed lay about fifty miles from the place where I then was.

"Fifty?" exclaimed Pierre. "If you go through cross roads which I can describe to you, it is not more than twenty-five or thirty."

I begged the information hinted at, but it was so confused that I plainly foresaw I should never find my way by it, and inquired if there was no one in Montvert whom I could hire as guide.

"I don't know," responded Pierre, carelessly. "Perhaps I will go myself if you will pay me for my trouble. I have never seen these big falls, and should like to go, well enough."

The double motive seemed plausible and sufficient, and I at once accepted Pierre's services. We soon completed our bargain, and taking my hat, I strolled out and spent most of the day in revisiting the spots where I had wandered a few weeks before with Rosalie. So lately, and now how changed!

At sunset I approached the spring for the first time that day, and as I drew near perceived a female figure seated upon a great rock which I myself had arranged as a comfortable resting-place for Rosalie. And this languid, drooping figure now seated there, with heavy eyes, pale, thin face, tremulous, wan fingers—no one beauty left but the masses of glittering hair—was this Rosalie, my Rosalie? As I approached, the poor girl rose with difficulty, for she was evidently very weak, and extended her hand.

"It was kind of you to come," said she faintly; "but I have very little to say to you, only this—go from here to-morrow, and hereafter never mention, never think of Rosalie Duquesne."

Her forced calmness gave way, and covering her face with her thin fingers, she burst into tears. I implored her to speak to me, to give me the key to this gloomy mystery which shrouded us all; but she only gasped out:

"I told you I feared him; I told you the bird could only flutter toward the snake. Leave me—forget me—I shall soon go where all will forget me, and I can forget myself."

She would say no more, and I could only lead her to the house, where her mother tenderly met her, and accompanied her to her bedroom.

Sorrowful and gloomy, I wandered by myself till bed time, and after arranging with Pierre to start very early in the morning, and forcing a present of considerable amount upon the reluctant father, I retired to watch out the night, with my sad and bitter thoughts. Morning dawned, and after a hasty breakfast forced upon me by my tearful hostess, I departed, after making a fruitless effort to see Rosalie.

"No," said her mother, to my request. "She bid me, if you asked for her, say that this is all you will ever see of her again." And placing the lock of shining hair in my hand, the heart-broken mother sank into a chair and sobbed without disguise.

I rushed from the house, and mounted my horse, which Pierre held ready, and we were many a mile on our road before a word passed between us. Yet I found some comfort even in the company of this boor, for he was *her* brother, a last link between us.

The day passed gloomily on, and as the sun began to sink toward the west, we entered an ex-

tensive forest, the trees of which were so tall as almost to shut out the daylight. The road, too, became very difficult, encumbered by fallen trees, and turning and winding in all directions. At last an exclamation from my guide attracted my attention. He was attentively observing some hieroglyphics cut with a hatchet upon an immense pine.

"Well, I do declare," said he, at length, "I never should have believed I could so mistake the road."

"Are we lost?" asked I, calmly, for it appeared a thing of little matter to me.

"Why, not exactly lost, since I know where we are; but we are far enough from our right road, our horses done up, and no house within ten miles. We shall have to camp out, and the nights are getting frosty. But no," resumed he, after a pause, during which I did not speak, "we are within a mile of Remington's Ruin; we can sleep there, and have at least a roof over our heads. Will that do?"

"What's Remington's Ruin?" asked I, languidly.

"Why, a man named Remington built a tavern here in the woods, and thought people would make a high road through here, and use his house; but they laid out the road differently, and after a while he died, and his house went to ruin, and so got that name. Shall we sleep there?"

"Yes, if you please; I don't care," said I, indifferently, and putting our horses in motion, we did not exchange another word until in the twilight Pierre drew rein before a large, low log-house, and said, hoarsely:

"Now, Mr. Lacy, you've got to Remington's Ruin."

"Yes, and I shall be equally glad to leave it to-morrow morning," said I, surveying the gloomy, repellant-looking edifice which stood before us.

"I dare say you will," replied my guide, and I thought I heard a low laugh; but glancing toward him, I saw him picketing his horse, with his usual sullen gravity of expression upon his face.

This object accomplished, my guide proceeded to remove some boards which closed up the entrance to the house, and then invited me to enter.

"We will have our supper here in the kitchen, where there is a fireplace; but the only place to sleep comfortably is what used to be a sitting-room. I made a sort of bunk there myself last summer, and filled it with dried leaves, so that I could sleep here when I was out hunting."

"Why didn't you make it in the kitchen, so as to have the fire for company?" asked I.

"Well, I had two reasons. One was I don't care about sleeping by a fire in summer time, and the other was that the window holes there are boarded up, and there's a door to it which will shut out any bears or such varmint which might be prowling round."

While Pierre was speaking he had been busy in putting together and lighting a fire in the long-deserted fireplace, and in extracting some food and a bottle of corn whiskey from his saddle-bags. Next he drew from a pile of dry roots and branches in one corner of the room, some resinous pine knots, and lighting one, he motioned me to sit down and eat with him. This I did, mechanically, noticing meanwhile that my companion, although he ate very little, consumed nearly the entire contents of the whiskey bottle.

His manner, meantime, lost much of the attempted politeness and hilarity which he had assumed through the day, and I began to resume my first dislike of him, and to wonder how I had been so thoughtless as to undertake a journey demanding such constant companionship with one who had shown himself so little of a friend to me.

I resolved to sleep but little, and early in the morning, asking directions for my future course, dismiss my guide, and pursue my journey by myself. Arousing suddenly from this reverie, I found Pierre studying my face intently, while his own was rendered more repulsive by a smile of fiendish and sarcastic malignity.

"Are you ready to go to bed?" asked he, as soon as I looked up.

"I think I will sit here by the fire all night; you can go to bed," said I.

"No, no, master, that wont do," exclaimed Pierre, with a return of his cordial manner. "These woods are damp and cold, and to sleep here with the wind whistling through, as it is now, would be as certain to bring you fever and ague, or autumnal fever, as honey is to draw bears. But if you will stay here, why I shall stay too. I am not more tender than you, I suppose." And the fellow chuckled grimly.

"Then let us go, in Heaven's name," said I, impatiently, finding that my effort to be rid of my companion was an entire failure.

Pierre took up the pine torch, and preceded me across the entry, and into a small room upon the other side. I looked round as I entered. On one side was the crib or bunk which the hunter had mentioned, long enough for two men to lie with their feet in the centre, and a log at each end to serve as a pillow. This was filled with

dried leaves, and was the only furniture in the room, excepting a rough box near the door, piled up full with stones.

As I stood in the middle of the room, making my survey, Pierre closed the door, and with difficulty, owing to its great weight, dragged the box of stones across it. As he raised himself from this effort, he deliberately threw down his torch, and put his foot upon it. Then before I could ask the reason of this, the deep, stern voice of Rosalie's brother sounded through the chamber, divested of all the amenity which had been so painfully assumed throughout the day, and something like the threatening growl of some savage beast just about to spring.

"Stranger," said he, "I have brought you here to die. You know the reason well enough, but I will tell it you again. When you came to my father's house, two months ago, where was there a handsomer or happier girl anywhere about, than Rosalie Duquesne? She was my sister, and I had promised her to my friend, a man who had done more for me than such as you would do for your own souls. You came, you talked and rode, and walked with my sister. You tempted her with your devilish smooth tongue and city talk, and—what is she now? She is what my friend should never call his wife, even were he willing. He discovered it, he made her confess it to him; he told me—and told me it was you—he was the noble fellow who said he would do just as I wished about marrying her. But I have got another husband for her. One, too, who will never blush at her shame. Listen, stranger, I am going to kill you here, then I am going to bring that shameless wanton, and show her where her husband lies in yonder bridal bed. Then I will nail up the door of this accursed room, and leave the bride with her bridegroom till the day of judgment. But I am no murderer; you have the same chance for your life that I have. You carry a bowie-knife—draw and defend yourself."

"Hear me, Pierre Duquesne," gasped I. "As God in heaven is my witness, I am guiltless of this great sin. Antoine himself—"

"Silence, liar! Liar and coward too, to try to shield yourself by accusing an innocent man. The next word you speak will tell me where to aim."

Then a stillness of great horror fell upon the room. I felt that words were useless; I felt that my last hour was come, that I was to die for a madman's crazy fancy; and memories of all that I was leaving behind rushed across my mental vision—my father, my sisters, my home, all before too little valued, in this moment seemed to

me a heaven upon earth. I was unwilling, too, to defend myself, for the man was so totally deceived by the deeper villain who had plotted to destroy us all. I would make one more effort to convince him.

"Listen," said I, and as the word left my mouth, a pistol flashed, and a bullet buried itself in the wood just above my head.

I sprang to one side, for I knew the flash would show my murderer where to aim his next bullet, and the next second showed me right. The second aim was true to the spot where my head had been a moment before. I drew my knife, for I knew now that the deadly struggle must come. I heard Pierre kick off his shoes, and soon I perceived soft steps approaching me. I crept as softly in the other direction.

So the grim chase was kept up for nearly an hour, till I, finding myself close to the box of stones which confined the door, began softly to remove it, hoping to make my escape from the house, at least; and if I must fight for my life, with this furious maniac, to do so under the free heavens, at least. Possibly I might bridle my horse before he attacked me, and once upon his back, I saw life smiling once more in the distance.

But no sooner did the slight noise I unavoidably occasioned, reach the quick ear of the hunter, than he sprang across the room straight upon me. Instinctively I held out my right hand armed with the long knife, and my enemy, carried on by his own impetus, plunged headlong upon the weapon, which entered his breast. A gush of warm blood flowed over my hand, and with a groan and a curse mingling in his latest breath, the body of Pierre Duquesne fell forward into my arms.

With a cry of horror, I sprang aside, dragged away the box of stones, dashed into the free air, and sinking down sobbed like a child. Then, my brain, relieved of the horror which had pressed upon it, I re-entered the house, and lighting another torch, forced myself to again pass the threshold of that chamber of death, and examine the body. He was stone dead, my knife still standing in his heart; and in another minute I had left the house, saddled my horse, and was galloping by starlight back upon the road by which we had arrived. This I pursued until I reached a fork leading to a little village, where I aroused a justice of the peace, made my deposition before him, and some hours later I conducted a posse to the horrible spot where the corpse awaited us.

We found all as I had left it, and after the necessary formalities had been complied with, the

body was buried in front of the ill-omened ruin, and I was reconducted to Prevert for examination. I found no difficulty in obtaining bail, and as soon as the delays of the law would admit, I was judicially exonerated from all blame.

I returned home, but finding neither rest nor comfort there, made the needful preparations and soon after sailed for Europe. The day of my departure I received a rude-looking letter. It contained, in a woman's hand, these words, "Rosalie is dead!"

"Thank God, thank God, for she is at peace!" murmured I, with a sharp pang at the heart that loved her dearly yet.

Many years have passed; but holding this rich, red tress of hair, I feel in every glittering thread an electric link connecting me with that fearful past. I see the sight—I hear the voice—I feel the touch, I thrill with the sickening horror which stamped so indelibly upon my brain each minutest incident of that darksome night in Remington's Ruin.

#### A SUPERSTITION.

In the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, it is said that the nurse takes a branch of the ash tree, one end of which she puts into the fire, and while it is burning receives into a spoon the sap which oozes from the other end; this she gives to the child, to be mingled with its food. It is supposed to impart wonderful virtue. In Kings county, Ireland, near Kenetry Church, is a famous ash, the trunk of which is now twenty-one feet ten inches in circumference. When a funeral of one of the peasantry passes by this tree the procession stops, the body is laid down for a few words of prayer. Then each person casts a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulated over its roots. This is imagined to benefit both the dead and the living. There is an ancient saying that "a serpent would rather creep into the fire than over the twig of an ash tree." It is surprising how many of such follies will creep into men's minds.—*The Druggist*.

#### AN ARISTOCRATIC "SELL."

This is the age of practical joking; and what are vulgarly termed "sells," seem to interest all alike. An amusing instance has lately been perpetrated by several of our West End jewellers. A rich morocco case, of the size and form of an ordinary photographic miniature, is lettered outside in gold, "Portrait of the Gorilla." It is laid carelessly upon the drawing-room table, with scrap-books, etc. The unlucky victim beholding it for the first time, seizes it with impatience—"Ah, I have not seen that"—opens it with eager haste, and beholds a portrait of himself reflected in a palpable piece of looking-glass. If bewhiskered and bearded, the joke tells amazingly—he drops it with speed, and the gorilla tries to enjoy it.—*London paper*.

An angry woman, like an angry snake, makes a terrible exhibition of tongue.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHRIST-NIGHT.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

The snow on the bare brown meadows  
Lay royally like a crown;  
And all of the roofs and ridges  
Were mantles of eider-down.  
O Pity, divine and tender!  
It is meet that our sin-soiled earth  
Should sit silently veiled before thee,  
This night of Immanuel's birth.

But one in a silent city,  
Whose streets are so still and white,  
Weeps for the graves that are hidden  
So cruelly from her sight.  
No father hath she to fondly  
Smooth out her curls and say:  
"Come, kiss me, my pretty daughter,  
For my Christmas gift to-day."  
No mother to tell her the story  
To-night of the dear Christ-child—  
No home in the wide world only  
The graves where the snow lies piled!

Ah me, for her fourteen summers!  
What match are they for the strife?  
One pitted against a thousand,  
In the battle-shock of life!  
Ah, well may she call, in her sorrow,  
Poor homeless and stricken dove—  
"O God, let me lie beside them,  
For the sake of the dear Christ's love!  
O lips, that have kissed and caressed me,  
Do you mind in your home above  
How lonely and cold the world is,  
And sparing and scant of its love?"

Dear heart, may the Pitiful help you!  
He hath many and many a one  
Like you—and to comfort and keep you,  
He gave to the world his Son.  
O, orphaned and stricken darlings,  
Who weep for the loves of earth,  
Take your harps once more from the willows,  
This night of the dear Christ's birth!  
O, how has the chorus of gladness,  
First woke on Judea's plain,  
Through the Christmas Eves of the ages  
Re-echoed again and again:  
"O, joy to all peoples and nations,  
The Blessed has come to reign!"

LEISURE HOURS.—There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass no day without a line—visit no place without the company of a book—we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. —*Hazlitt.*

[ORIGINAL.]

PROPOSING TO NELLY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

I WAS proud of my orchard. There wasn't a nicer show of fruit in Harford than my two acres held. I had been at pains enough with it, it is true, to be well rewarded; but I was well rewarded, and as I stood leaning over the stone wall, and viewing the regular rows of heavily laden trees, I concluded that I didn't regret the time, labor or money I had spent on them. But with gain comes care. While I watched the gleaming of the red and golden fruit through the screen of dark leaves, thoughts of orchard plunderers crossed my brain, and in a moment I was tortured with anxiety. It was my first full crop of fruit; never before had the trees borne enough to give me any care as to a loss, but now their lavish supply filled me with all a miser's anxieties. Not that I grew suddenly selfish, but for the first time I experienced the cares and responsibilities of an owner of property liable to danger.

While I lingered, I suddenly heard voices. Turning suddenly, my eyes fell upon two elf-like little girls standing by the bars of the enclosure, and peeping through at my precious fruit. They did not see me at first, and while they chatted, I had leisure to observe them. They might perhaps have been twelve or thirteen years old, and both as pretty as pictures. The tallest one was a little gipsy-like creature, with slender, sun-burnt limbs, thick black hair tangled under an old straw hat, and a thin, dark, vivacious face lighted up by a pair of coal-black eyes. The other was bareheaded, and, as well as her companion, barefooted; and such a mass of snarled golden hair as streamed about her shoulders, I never saw before or since. It descended nearly to her waist; brushed out and properly arranged, it would have been the pride of a queen. As it was, it floated about the child's bust in the sunshine, making her cherub-like face look as if set in a cloud of gold. They would have been treasure models for an artist—those healthful little country girls; as it was, I had natural appreciation of the beautiful enough to be charmed by their springing grace and freedom of movement.

"Nelly," cried the black-eyed little one, "just see those apples!"

Nelly, so called, stopped playing with a great, sagacious-looking dog which accompanied them, and sprang upon the bars to the entrance of my orchard, where she hung like a vine. I cringed at sight of the little bare feet on the rough wood



covered with "splinters," but the child did not seem to be inconvenienced.

"By jingo!" she cried; "aint they nice, Mag?"

The romance of my youthful beauties was spoiled, but I was still interested.

"Who owns 'em?" asked Mag.

"Don't know; let's have some."

"Can't—they'll see us from the house," was Mag's laconic answer, as she whirled a willow stick in the air, and listened to the whirring noise it made.

"They wont to-night!" said Nelly.

Here was a pretty pair of plunderers to contemplate—pretty little girls of a dozen years! The thought of dogs, guns and traps was infamous in such a case. What was to be done?"

"They wont to-night, Mag," repeated Nelly, dropping down from the bars to a place beside her companion. "Let's," she added, significantly.

Maggie went nearer to the bars, and the two girls, putting their heads together, talked in whispers. As they whispered and gesticulated, the great black eyes of Mag suddenly fell upon me, and with a start she alarmed her companion. The little witches were about running away, but I stepped forward and addressed them:

"Let us have some apples, girls," I said.

Two pairs of bright eyes scanned my face, and then my dress of coarse summer cloth—a pair of overalls drawn over my pantaloons, for I had been at work in my garden. At last Nelly seemed to come to a conclusion regarding my identity.

"We can't get them," she said, shyly.

"The man what owns 'em might catch us," added Mag.

They evidently thought me some rough fellow—their equal in social position. Determined to have some fun, I said:

"But he wouldn't see us to-night. I know him, and he does not keep any dog. We might have a nice time to-night."

The girls looked at each other, and then at me.

"They are prime apples," said Nelly, apparently quite assured.

"The wall's awful low," added Mag.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do, girls. To-night about eight o'clock come up to the oak yonder and meet me, and together we'll have a feast of apples. Will you come?"

There was a little hesitation, but the consent of the wild little romps was gained at last, and after a while they left me. They were true to their word. About eight o'clock that evening I found them waiting for me under the oak in the moonlight.

It was a foolish—a supremely ridiculous adventure, to be sure, but I enjoyed it. I helped those little thieves rifle my choice apple trees, and entered into the spirit of the sport with a gusto which quite rejuvenated me. It was prime fun to see their bright watchfulness, their graceful alarms, their pretty cautions, and their hearty, suppressed merriment. Their aprons were full at last, and then when I kissed them at parting, I told them who I was. And there was a scene!

So commenced my acquaintance with Nelly Bert—the wildest, brightest, prettiest little romp that ever bade defiance to rules. She and Maggie Heath were cousins, and together a double pest to the neighborhood. But I always got on well with them, and our intimacy progressed rapidly after the adventure of the apple-stealing. They used to come up to the house occasionally, and profane the sanctity of my bachelor rooms with shouts of laughter, herb rubbish and rag dolls. Oftener they coaxed me off to tramps over the hills, or frolicked in the garden where I lived.

But time went by swiftly in the quiet little village of Herford as elsewhere, and the little girls I had climbed apple trees with became older. Maggie, who was a year the elder, matured first, and had abandoned romping and adopted long skirts some time before Nelly learned to blush and escape from my kisses. She was prettier than ever, though, with her beautiful hair curled smoothly, and her wild freedom of manner subdued by an innate modesty. Her growing dignity did not quite annihilate our intimacy, however. She came to see me sometimes even after she had attained an age when the village boys looked earnestly at her in church, or strove for a forfeit with her at the huskings.

One day the time came for me to leave town. I was going away, and might be gone two or three years—and I should be obliged to leave Nelly. This thought troubled me excessively. One day she came to see me, and told me that she was almost sixteen.

"I shall not be here to give you a birthday gift, Nelly," I said. "I am going away."

She was sorry. When and where was I going? All the time she played daintily with the kitten—her pretty head on one side. Then, when was I coming back?

"Perhaps never, Nelly," impressively, trying to affect her.

That was too bad—but I could write. She commenced tucking her curls into her rigolette, and said she must be going. Her hood was dyed pink, but not half so rich a tinge as her cheeks; her eyes were blue as wood violets, and her curls

kept falling from their confinement in little bright rings, and dancing about her face. She looked exasperatingly pretty as she stood there preparing to leave me.

"Nelly," said I, at last, "don't go yet. I want to speak to you."

She sat down again.

"Nelly," I began. She was looking at me with grave attention, and I stopped. I got up and went to the window, wondering how I should say it. But I couldn't come to a conclusion. The thought that Nelly was gravely waiting to know what I had to say, scattered every other idea. A tantalizing remembrance of how pretty she was looking as she waited, helped also to confuse me. The silence grew embarrassing. How painfully loud the clock ticked! How still everything else was! I grew desperate.

"Nelly!" I exclaimed, turning around suddenly; but I turned to face her quiet look of surprise, which quite frightened me. Nelly never looked so pretty and womanly before in all her life. The matter had got to be serious with me, when I turned to the window again. My heart thumped in a distressing manner as a realization of my intentions came over me, but I had no idea of abandoning them. How desperately I wanted composure, and how completely I failed in getting it! My face burned; something kept rising in my throat to choke me. I had a vague idea that I ought to cross the room and overpower Nelly's distressing composure with my eloquence, but that little five feet of humanity was the most unapproachable object in existence to me then. My situation kept getting worse with each succeeding moment, but I was no nearer an escape from my painful position.

"I am in a hurry. Have you anything to say to me?"

Nelly's voice was never so startlingly clear and sweet before. Its silvery ring went through me like an electric shock. I turned around—I was forced to—she was putting on her gloves. Her eyes were down, but I could see that she was as serene as a lady of state. I felt dreadfully large, heated, and in my own way.

"I will come up in the morning, or before you go away," she said. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, Nelly!"

And she went away. Actually, I *couldn't* propose to her.

Five years' travelling about the world changed me considerably. At thirty I was very little like the man I had been at twenty-five. I had learned the ins and outs of human nature, and the worth of much that is valued in early life. I had spent part of my time in Europe and South

America, where I nearly lost my individuality in adapting myself to the manners and customs of others. I had had my heart experiences and love intrigues also. I had lost my heart a dozen times, and as often found it again. Only once was I seriously in love, and that was with a sweet-faced English girl with golden hair like Nelly's. She married a wealthy banker, however, and I strolled away into France, where I remained a few months, and then crossed the channel again to see Mary riding through London streets in her husband's carriage. Then I came home.

I remained in New York for a month, and then went to Herford, to see how my old place prospered. Everything seemed as it did when I left it. The little farm-house was as brown outside and as comfortable inside as ever. The orchard had been well kept, and the trees were heavy with their fall crop of unripe fruit. I thought of the time I had helped rifle them, and laughed. Then I thought of Nelly as she was when I went away, and looked grave. What had she grown to be, I wondered. When I left her she gave promise of being a very sweet and beautiful woman—the style of women which make charming wives. I wanted a wife—I was free to acknowledge that I did. After my unsettled, wandering life, the thought of a home presided over by a good wife was a common one. I read Ike Marvel's "Reviews of a Bachelor," and entertained the plan more earnestly than ever before. I came to the conclusion that I must see Nelly.

So one day I knocked at the door of the country cottage where she lived. My heart beat heavily while I waited for a response to my summons. Meanwhile I looked around and observed the thrifty air which the place bore. Everything was as neat as wax-work. Suddenly the latch of the door was snapped up, and the entrance was open. A tall, homely girl, with frizzly yellow hair, and a soiled calico dress pinned up over a short quilted petticoat, faced me.

"Is Miss Nelly Bert at home?" I inquired, a vague fear dampening my roseate hopes.

"That's my name. Will you walk in?"

My heart went down like a large weight of lead, but I stepped over the well-scoured threshold. As Miss Bert closed the door she gave me a quick, scrutinizing look. Thinking it time to make known my identity, as she did not seem to know me, I said:

"You remember me—I am William Thatcher?"

"Mr. Thatcher! My goodness!—who'd have thought it?"

We shook hands. Her hand was as large as mine, and I am sure stronger and rougher.

"Come right into the kitchen. I'm at work there, and shan't make a stranger of you, I'm sure. Take a chair. Aint this nice weather for the fruit crops?"

Having set me a chair, she seized the handle of an old-fashioned churn which stood in the middle of the room, and prefacing her next act with the remark that her "butter had most come," set to churning vigorously, her sleeves rolled away from a pair of arms which matched mine for size and muscle. And through the thumping of the dasher and the splashing of the buttermilk, we talked—Nelly Bert and I.

It was all very well, dear reader. Nelly had turned out a smart, energetic, capable housewife. She was housekeeper for her father and brother, doing wonders every day in the shape of cooking and cleaning. She lived happily in an atmosphere of soapsuds and cookery, having no other tastes or aims to divert her mind from excelling in both lines. She had an honest pride in her domestic capabilities, which were certainly excellent, and she entertained me part of the time during my stay with accounts of the work she had accomplished since the "spring cleanin'." Want of personal care and constant activity had destroyed her early delicacy of complexion and childish plumpness; but she was evidently one of the kind who disregarded physical beauty, and so the loss of her white skin and dimples was no cause of trouble to her. She was strong and healthy, and that was all she cared for. She was a "right smart" good girl, but I didn't propose to her.

#### — — — — — PRACTICAL QUERIES.

What are sonorous bodies? Bodies which produce sound.

What is the temperature at which water scalds? One hundred and fifty degrees.

What is the general effect of heat upon substances? It enlarges their dimensions by expansion.

What is the strength of a horse as compared with that of a man? The strength of one horse is as five men.

When did the first steamship cross the Atlantic? In 1819. She was the American ship Savannah, from Savannah, Georgia.

In building a room for public speaking, what should be the limit of the height of the ceiling? It should not be above thirty or thirty-five feet.

Whether does a piano give a higher tone in a cold or a warm room, and why? In a cold room, on account of the strings being tighter, or more contracted.

In a church, which is the hottest situation, and why? The gallery; because the cold air lies nearest the floor till it has become heated, when it ascends toward the roof of the building.

#### PEWS—THEIR HISTORY.

In Anglo Saxon and some Norman churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall running around the whole interior except at the east end. In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman Conquest. In 1327 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats so common that none should call any seat his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered. We approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross bars and initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint of the poor Commons addressed to Henry VII., in 1540, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared they might be taken into the "quyre," or "pue." In 1608 galleries were introduced. In 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned). The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphosed into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep,  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I., the reasons for the heightening the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they gradually declined to their present height.—*Newburyport Herald*.

#### — — — — — A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Last night a terrible tragedy was enacted in my cattle fold by two daring lions. The night was intensely dark, with occasional rain; and fearing lions might select such a night to surprise their prey, I sat up watching until a late hour. I had just lain down, remarking to my friend, that in case of a visit from these brutes the oxen would give the alarm, when on a sudden there arose an awful scream, followed by a death-like groan, such as I shall never forget; the very recollection of it chills my blood. Two lions had entered the enclosures, and succeeded in carrying away a poor fellow, whom they tore to pieces and devoured within a short distance of our camp. We neither could nor dared attempt a rescue. The unfortunate man was lying in his hut with his wife and two children, when one of the monsters forced his way through from the back, and seized him, at the same time inflicting two wounds upon the woman. The poor wretch, in his hurried exit, had evidently, in endeavoring to save himself, laid hold of the poles of the hovel, for the whole back part of the tenement was carried away.—*Andersson's African Exploits*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## STANZAS.

BY W. HOWARD PERRIGO.

My soul is dark and dreary,  
 My life is one of care;  
 And I wander weary, weary,  
 Onward, but I know not where.  
 The skies are dark above me,  
 Fierce around me sweeps the blast;  
 In the world there's none to love me,  
 Death hath torn away the last!

Yet I am not all despairing,  
 For I know there's one above:  
 One who for my weal is caring,  
 Guiding, leading me with love;  
 One that's guiding me through sorrow,  
 And a sea of bitter strife,  
 Onward to a fair to-morrow,  
 And a brighter, endless life.

And I patiently am straying  
 On the path that on doth tend;  
 Not despairing I, but praying  
 That the journey soon may end.  
 Yet thy will be done, not mine,  
 Holy Father, is my prayer;  
 And what'er is given by will of thine,  
 It will be mine to bear!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY ADVENTURE.

BY HELEN S. KINCAID.

I WAS OUT Maying—that is to say, I was wandering through a marshy meadow three miles from home, with my feet wet, my dress soiled, and my bonnet hanging by its strings from my neck. My fingers were blistered by tugging at tough stems, and my hands and arms scratched by briars; but it was a May morning, and I had come in search of flowers—a pursuit which all my afflictions did not discourage me from perseveringly following. I was not altogether unsuccessful, for I had gathered several sprays of pink arbutus blossoms, but I searched in vain for the pale early violets I had expected to find. When I had looked through the woods and meadows, and along the river-bank, I sat down on a mossy stump, a little tired and discouraged. As I sat enjoying the sunshine and moist, springy smell of the earth, a deep, mellow voice, softly humming a melodious air, fell upon my ear, and glancing quickly round, I saw a gentleman sitting on a fallen log not six feet from me. His

back was towards me, and I could catch only an occasional glimpse of a dark heavy profile. A knotted walking-stick rested against the log, and a short distance a shaggy Newfoundland dog lay stretched in the warm sunshine. My first impulse was to rise and walk quietly away; but I had taken but a single step, when the dog suddenly started up and came towards me, while his master's glance, attracted by the movement, followed, and rested upon my soiled dress, tangled hair, sun-bonnet, flowers, and all. I think I stood in embarrassed, bewildered silence two full minutes, while the dog snuffed at the hem of my dress, and the gentleman sat regarding me as silently, and quite as attentively, as if I were an inanimate part of the landscape he had just discovered. I broke the spell by a desperate plunge forward, with the intention of leaving as rapidly and unceremoniously as possible, but the next moment I was thrown to the ground by the heavy animal which then sprang suddenly upon me.

"Hold, Vic.!" I heard a voice say through my confusion, and the next moment I was lifted to my feet.

"Poor little Mayflower, you are not used to Victor's rough but perfectly well-meant salutes. Are you hurt, child?"

I said "No, sir," mechanically, not because it was a fitting answer, or for any reason but that I felt it necessary to say something. I had not had time to discover whether I was injured at all or not. Half frightened out of my senses, I glanced up into the gentleman's grave face with its dark eyes and rich, wavy beard.

"Where did you come from, child?" he asked. "You started up here in this wide field, as if from the ground, and stood there in the sunlight like an arbutus blossom personified."

"Arbutus blossoms don't wear soiled gingham dresses, wet shoes and sun-bonnets," I answered, laughing, restored to my composure by the kind, friendly gaze.

"But they have sweet little delicate faces looking out of their rough surroundings," he replied, pleasantly. "Don't try to spoil my fancy, little lady! You never can know how you looked to me that first moment."

"And you never can know how you looked at me," I replied, remembering his embarrassing stare. "If I looked like an arbutus blossom to you, you looked like a great animal coming to eat me up."

"Perhaps I shall prove to be, if you talk in that saucy way," he replied, looking quietly amused. "Where are you going?"

"Home," I answered, facing about east.



"Wait a moment. Wont you give me a few of your flowers?"

I hesitated. "I don't know," I said, "after a pause. 'They say that 'charity begins at home,' and as I have come a long way for the flowers for my aunt, and you seem to have nothing to do but to gather them, I don't think I had best give you any. Aunt Katherine will prize them very highly, while you will throw them away after a few moments."

"You niggardly little arbutus blossom!—only give me one, and see if I will throw it away."

My fingers lingered over my treasures a moment, and then I drew out one—a very little one—and handed it to my companion.

"Thank you!"

He drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a neatly bound memorandum book, and placed the blossom between its pages.

"Do you know what I do that for?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"To preserve it nicely, that when I tell my little children the story of how a fairy with pink cheeks came to me in a field one May morning, I may have it to show as a proof that I am telling the truth. I shall tell them, too, that there is a charm about it, as there always is about fairies' gifts."

"What will the charm be?"

"O, that whenever I look at it, I can see a beautiful picture—a stretch of tender green meadows with a blue, fleecily clouded sky bending above them, and beyond, purple hills and groves of pine."

"Is that all?"

"No. In the foreground of the picture I shall always see a little figure with a blue gingham sun-bonnet hanging from its neck, leaving its fair, bright hair gleaming in the sunshine. The figure's little white hands will be full of fragrant pink blossoms, and the figure's little earnest face full of pink bloom."

"Well, if the flower will do as much as that for you, I don't think you will throw it away," I said.

"Perhaps a delicate way of telling me what other older people have expressed bluntly a hundred times before—that you think I am a man who has a selfish motive for everything he does; that I would not prize a flower for its mere simple worth, if it brought me no further pleasure than the moment's satisfaction of possession. Well, well, perhaps it is so. Those who reach me through my selfishness touch me most thoroughly."

"I did not mean so; you are mistaken," I said, looking wonderingly at the sudden change

of his face, which was gloomily and repulsively dark.

"I'll warrant not. Your atmosphere is as pure and free as the outdoor air. You never dream of hurting anything—only giving simple pleasure. Do you like pictures?"

"Yes, real ones."

"What do you mean?"

"Like this," I said, sweeping my hand towards the south, where the river widened into the lake, and the green trees bent above the smooth waters. He smiled.

"Perhaps you will like these. Come and see."

He picked up a large portfolio which lay on the ground, carefully guarded by the dog, and resting it upon a rock, opened and displayed its contents for my inspection. I had never seen any pencil sketches before, and examined them eagerly.

"What do you think of them, blossom?"

"They are pretty, but they want something to make them look like this," I replied, glancing away at the hills and lake. "Ah, I know what it is—it is the colors!"

"Yes, the tints—the blue sky and the brown earth, the purple hills and the yellow sunshine—yes. Have you ever seen any oil paintings?"

"I think not."

"Then I wish you would come with me and see some. Will you not?"

"Where?"

"Across the field to the old Leslie house."

"No one lives there but a few servants. We cannot get in. After old Dr. Leslie died, his son went away to some foreign country, and the house has been shut up ever since."

"Did you ever see his son?"

"No, sir; I never did."

"Indeed! But if you are willing to go, I will insure a sight of the pictures."

"I should like to see them very much."

"Come, then."

We went through the field, and across the road, and up the broad path which led to the entrance of the solitary old Leslie house, beneath the cold, dark shadows of the vine-laden trees. I looked anxiously at my companion as we mounted the stone steps, but he only smiled in reply, and throwing open the wide hall-door, led the way into a rich, dusky room. I stood a moment in the rosy light which came in a mellow stream through the wine-hued drapery of the windows, and then my companion opened a door, which seemed to lead to a piazza, and the bright sunshine came in with a rush.

I saw the pictures then—the rare heads and perfect figures, the sad eyes, the red, moist



mouths, the golden clouds of hair, the intense expressions and glances—they haunted me for months. Then there were landscapes where the sunlight seemed to fall out of the gilded frames upon my face, and I listened for the songs of the birds.

"You like these, little one?"

"Yes."

He looked at me and smiled.

"Are you not tired? Have you not seen them enough?" he asked.

"No, I never shall have seen them enough."

"But I would like to talk with you a few moments. Will you not remunerate me thus for the pleasure I have given you?"

I seated myself in one of the great cushioned chairs, and he threw himself upon a little velvet lounge, and questioned me. He asked me of my father, my mother, my health, my education, my acquaintances, my relations, my plans, and hopes, and purposes. I was completely wearied when he called me a "little martyr!" and laughingly released me.

"I must go home now," I exclaimed. He filled my hands with hot-house flowers, and finally allowed me to go. But he did not go, too. He came into the hall with me and opened the ponderous door, and then, as I gave him my hand at parting, he said:

"Good-by, little blossom, and, if God wills it, my—"

The door closed upon the last word, and I ran away, feeling like one in a dream.

Five years make a great change in a woman's life. At twenty people called me a beauty and "a rose," and in the great city where I went to live with an aunt, after my parents' death, I was titled a belle. I was admired, and courted, and flattered, and quite as much for my aunt's money as for my beauty, I knew. I was happy sometimes, and sometimes I was miserable; but through all I never forgot the Mayday during my fifteenth year, when the mellow-voiced stranger had called me an "arbutus blossom." It was strange that I should have kept the adventure secret, but I had done so, though with no conscious motive. It was one of my sacred dreams. I lived in New York three years, but when the fourth summer came, I was sick for the country.

"Only let me go into the country for a few weeks, Aunt Katherine," I pleaded. "I am dying for the fresh air, and perishing for the brooks and springs."

She looked searchingly at my face, pale with three years' fashionable dissipation, and con-

sented. So I went back into the neighborhood of my old home. On the first evening I, the beautiful belle of New York, sobbed myself to sleep with my cheek on the green grass of my mother's grave.

I went to all my old haunts, and one day to the field where I had gone one May-day in my girlhood. The pine grove and the distant hills, the lake and the meadow, the sunshine and fresh breezes—all, all the same; but with a sudden realization of the change in myself—the weary, painful change—I buried my face in my hands and wept. I thought my heart was breaking, in my remorse and desolation. Was there no one in the wide world to save me?—none among my million friends to help me back to the old, true path? In that hour of need, gazing eagerly with clear, undazzled eyes, I saw there was not one.

"Miss Lynde!"

I started up at the sound of the not unfamiliar voice. Good heavens!—had they followed me there—the vain, heartless, flattering throng? But the man whose face I looked into as I sprang to my feet, was no courtier of my train. I had only seen him occasionally, and had liked him for his resemblance to the man whom I believed I had met but once, but for whom a crown waited in the guarded palace of my heart.

"Miss Lynde, do you know me?" he asked.

"I have seen you before, I think," I said, hesitatingly.

"I have known you every day for the last five years," he said, earnestly. "Think!—cannot you surmise whom I may be?"

My brain whirled beneath the shock of a wild thought, but I shook my head.

"I have watched over you ever since the day I met you first on this very spot. I have loved you since the morning you stole like a beam of sunshine into my great dark house, and made it light with your golden hair. I have needed you ever since, and have lingered near you through all the changes of the last five years, hoping, fearing, waiting for this time. My sweet little arbutus blossom, they carried you out of your pure air into theirs—so heavy with artificial perfumes, dense, unrefreshing, and you languished till I feared you would die! But you have come back to the fields again—only say that you have come back to me!—only let me take care of you, little Mayflower!—only give me your hand, and say I may teach you to love me!"

I think there is a time in most women's lives, very likely the only one, but still the opportunity for each lover to be successful in. There may be twenty besiegers, but I believe that for each the unguarded door of her heart stands ajar a

single moment, and the instant's favor, or weakness, if you like, skilfully taken advantage of, the favored one may hear the golden gate close behind him, and wander forever in the enchanted land. Phillip Leslie's opportunity was the moment in which he said, "Let me take care of you, little Mayflower!"—and at the password of his eyes the guards fell back, and my king entered his castle.

#### THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS.

The black rhinoceros resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight and a half feet, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair to be seen except at the tops of the ears and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eyes; in the young animals the foremost horn is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half or more; though the older the rhinoceros, the shorter are his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against the trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of Mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns, fixed loosely in his skin, make a clapping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of the hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand still and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.

#### DIFFERENT SPECIES.

No man knows, or ever will know, the exact number of kinds of living creatures in the whole world. Leaving out the animalculæ, which are beyond counting, naturalists compute the number of species at about 153,000. Six thousand varieties of stuffed birds are said to be in the Berlin Museum, and this collection contains one specimen of every species of bird that has been discovered. There are supposed to be about the same number of kinds of fish, not including shell-fish, of which there are ten thousand species. The reptiles number 1500; and the sucking animals, 1700. The most numerous class of creatures is that to which insects belong, and which includes the insects of land and water. Of these there are 120,000 varieties. So, leaving out the insects, the number of species is not very great.—*London Miscellany.*

"There is," said Plato, "no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

#### AIR, SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear-room where the books were kept opened into a back yard, so surrounded by high walls, that no sunshine came into the room from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when accidentally a window-glass of the family-room was broken in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupuytren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone; the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and "all her complaints vanished."

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows spindly, pale and scraggling, if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical names in France, of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health. From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family-rooms, or chambers, or as libraries or "studies." Such apartments are only fit for "stowage," or purposes which never require persons to remain in them over a few minutes at a time. And every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family-room and the chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—*Dr. Hall.*

#### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

When the swallow flies low and skims over the surface of the ground or of the water, frequently dipping the tips of its wings or bill into the latter as it glides along, we may conclude that rain will soon occur. The two reasons for this lowness of flight may be, that at such times insects are more busy near the earth's surface, and that the rarity of the air then renders flying more laborious in proportion to the height in which a bird soars. Violins, and other musical instruments having catgut strings, never emit such perfect tones when the air becomes damp just before and during rainy weather. Neither will they keep so well in tune, for the catgut continues to expand in proportion to the moisture of the air.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE UNKNOWN.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

I watch the mazy dancers' hurrying feet,  
 I see the wheeling circles come and go;  
 Above the lamps in golden plumage meet,  
 Beneath dark forms and arms of circling snow.  
 Not long I stand an idler—sure and slow  
 I feel the influence of a secret mind:  
 'Tis found! Thy beauty's kindling glance I know,  
 Where sweeps the pulsing tide, as when the wind  
 Stirs up some lordlier wave, whose crest the  
 moonbeams find.

I know thee not—and yet I know thee well!  
 The cheek where England's rival roses blend,  
 The steadfast brow, beneath whose mantling spell  
 The soul shines forth, and bids the gazer bend  
 To hail a peerless work; till age descend  
 The deep-worn path where mortal vistas die.  
 The heart with moat and balwark shall defend  
 This glorious hour, till earth, and air, and sky  
 Fade like a half-learned task before the school-  
 boy's eye.

I know thee not—and yet I know thee well!  
 I know not where thy radiant home may be;  
 What joys are round thee—what bright hopes dispel  
 The clouds of care, and shape all pure and free  
 Thy spirit's onward course; we may not see  
 The freight that crowds the home-bound Indian  
 sail,  
 When ranging swift along the briny lea  
 Her streamers wave to grace the friendly gale,  
 And to the seaman's ear rings out the pilot's hail!

I know thee not—and yet I know thee well!  
 I may not say if cloud, and time, and strife  
 Have trained thy powers divine—if stormy swell  
 Hath drowned the hope thou nursed in earlier  
 life;  
 Where beaming eye and silver speech is rife,  
 We oft discern a heart foretasting heaven.  
 When 'tis a mask to hide the festering knife—  
 The heart grown wild with sorrow's frenzied  
 leaven,  
 The starved, beleaguered soul that fronts th' "in-  
 fernal seven."

I know thee not—and yet I know thee well!  
 Thy form hath waked and fired an ancient shrine:  
 A Druid altar, reared in barren dell,  
 Where cold winds blow and glooming shadows  
 twine;  
 The ghostly glare lights up the blasted vine,  
 The storm-split oak, the range of crumbling stone;  
 And while the spectral hounds of Memory whine,  
 I sit and muse on early hopes o'erthrown,  
 Amid this whirling hour, with life and God alone!

I know thee not—and yet I know thee well!  
 I feel the impress of a kindred soul;  
 When on the heavenly plains and mounts we dwell,  
 And each through varying sphere attain the goal,  
 Then, while with velvet wheel the centuries roll,  
 The truth shall come we knew not here below;  
 The power that holds with firm and sure control  
 The parted friends of time, shall broader flow,  
 Till clime, and tribe, and tongue fade in its  
 quenchless glow.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A STORY OF A PACK OF CARDS.

BY J. L. DUKE.

In the beginning of the month of June, 18—,  
 I left Washington for the purpose of making a  
 geological excursion among the Alleghany Moun-  
 tains. The weather was very beautiful, and all  
 nature decked in her complete spring apparel,  
 offered a thousand charms to a traveller's gaze.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was not  
 completed at that time, and I made my journey  
 on horseback. After a few days' journey I  
 reached the foot of the Alleghanies, and com-  
 menced my ascent. The scenery through which  
 I passed was wild and grand. Here I saw im-  
 mense forests in which, perhaps, the foot of man  
 had never trod, and mountain streams forcing  
 their way through precipitous gorges next at-  
 tracted my attention.

One day I rode five miles without meeting a  
 living soul. Towards evening I reached the hut  
 of a woodcutter. He received me cordially  
 enough, and offered me a bed, but he knew so  
 little of the country that he could not direct me  
 where to find a shelter for the next night.

The next morning I started at hazard, keeping  
 beside a mountain river as long as I could. At  
 last I left its banks, and after continuing my  
 journey for some hours I fancied I entered into  
 a less wild-looking country.

Already the day began to decline, the setting  
 sun was enveloped in a cloud of gray vapor, and  
 I felt one of those melancholy moods stealing  
 over me which a solitary traveller at the close of  
 day frequently experiences.

Every now and then I cast uneasy glances  
 around me, for I had no idea where I was going.  
 At last I perceived a path before me. My heart  
 beat with hope. It was doubtless one of those  
 paths which are often to be seen through the  
 mountains—paths which always lead the traveller  
 to some hospitable roof.

Soon the lowing of a cow changed my hope  
 into a certainty, and a turn in the path brought

to my view a wreath of smoke, and another turn brought me in front of a charming dwelling, surrounded by a carefully kept garden, and with well cultivated fields all around it.

It was a much superior habitation to what is generally met with in the mountains, and although it had evidently been built for many years, it was the very perfection of neatness. The front of it was entirely covered with honey-suckle, through which the little Gothic windows peeped. The interior was in harmony with the exterior. Everything bespoke cleanliness and care; it is true the furniture was old-fashioned, but it was none the worse for wear.

In the sitting-room two muskets were suspended against the wall, some powder flasks and several game bags, and above these, as if it were the only object worthy of that honor, was a pack of cards fastened to the wall. This singular ornament was fixed there by a large nail which penetrated the entire pack, and the black head of which rested on the ace of hearts.

Before the door of the house sat an old man about eighty years of age; his white hair fell in curls around his shoulders, and his whole exterior revealed health and strength. His face was almost entirely free from wrinkles, and the natural gaiety of his disposition was reflected in his blue eyes as well as in every movement of his lips. He was one of those men, the winter of whose life is so blessed by heaven that it is calm and serene.

The old man's family consisted of three persons—his only son, a man of forty years of age, his son's wife and their child. The latter, about ten years of age, resembled neither his father nor grandfather. Instead of their blue eyes, his were black; his hair was long, silky, and very dark.

I was received at the door by the old man, who bade me welcome, and invited me to enter. I accepted his invitation without any ceremony, but with that easy nonchalance which a sense of superiority always imparts; but my pride received a great reproof when, having entered the cosy sitting-room of the family I found myself in the presence of the mistress of the house.

She resembled so little the woman I expected to see in such a place, that I bowed to her quite timidly. Instead of a coarse country-woman, with red cheeks and homely garments, there stood before me a lady, in every sense of the word. Her face was pale, her eyes black, and she was excessively beautiful, not so much from the regularity of her features, as from a nameless grace which ornamented every action.

The old man's son presented her to me as his

wife, and I learned that her name was Rachael. She spoke but little, but followed with interest the conversation entered into by her father-in-law, her husband and myself. Every word that fell from her lips revealed a superior education. Her husband listened to her with evident respect, often interrogating her with a look, and then changing the common-place expression which he had uttered into a more delicate and agreeable phrase.

The child sat on a stool at its mother's feet. He was eagerly reading a book, every now and then raising her eyes to his mother's face with a look beaming with love and affection. There was something touching in the picture. The two men evidently watched him with emotion. It is scarcely necessary for me to state that such a strange spectacle vividly excited my curiosity. I suspected there was some mysterious history concealed in all this, and I was very anxious to have my host tell it me.

After supper we gathered round the hearth on which a bright hickory fire was burning. I endeavored to amuse the company by recounting my travelling adventures, and while doing so my eyes wandered about from one object to another, and fell by chance on the pack of cards I have referred to above. I thought at first it was a painting, but rising to satisfy myself, I saw it was really a pack of cards, and the nail which fixed them to the wall was a real nail. The discoloration of the edges of the cards by smoke was a sufficient proof that they had been there for a long time.

"You have a singular ornament there on the wall," said I, smiling on my host.

No one replied to my question, nor my smile; a cloud of melancholy on the contrary spread over all their countenances, and a moment afterwards the young wife disappeared. When she had gone her husband approached me.

"It is in truth," said he, "a singular ornament. I will tell you the history of it after prayers."

Rachael returned with a Bible in her hand, which she placed on the table before the old man. Such was the daily custom of the house. The old man opened the book at the page marked by his spectacles, then put on the latter and read a chapter. After which they all kneeled down, and he prayed in a loud voice. A few moments afterwards, in the midst of a deep silence, Rachel rose, took her son by the hand, and having wished us good night, returned to her chamber. The old man soon followed her example, and I was left alone with my host, James Carew, for such was his name.

Without any preamble whatever, he pointed to the cards, and told me the following history, which I give in his own language:

There is a history attached to those cards (he commenced) which I like to tell to every young man who is about entering the world. You may think it strange, but I look upon them in the light of a Bible, for when I see them it recalls to my mind all the events connected with them, and I fancy I hear a chapter from that holy book which my father read a few minutes ago.

It is twelve years ago since those cards had such a marked influence on my existence, I must therefore, go back to that period. I was not much different then than I am to-day, for I have changed but very little. Perhaps I had more life and vivacity at that time, for the truth is my spirits were always good, rivalling in this respect my dear old father.

We lived in the same house that we do now, without, however, enjoying the same easy circumstances. I was alone with my father, hunting, fishing, and the culture of our farm was sufficient for our want. An honest laborer, with his wife and two sons, assisted us on the farm. They lived, and still live, near us. We worked hard, and certainly made but little, but our expenses never exceeded our resources, and we enjoyed such robust health that the visit of a physician under our roof was an unknown event. In short, we had every reason to be happy, and to thank Providence for its kindness to us.

One hot July day I mounted horse and proceeded to the little town of Grafton, for the purpose of making some necessary purchases. I executed my commissions, and was returning home, when plaintive and distant cries reached my ears. I pushed on my horse towards the spot from which they proceeded.

About three or four hundred yards off I perceived, in the midst of some low shrubbery, a man calling for help. His horse was extended on the ground, and he was on his knees near the animal, rubbing one of its legs with his hand. Not far off lay a dead rattlesnake. I understood in a moment what had occurred. I leapt from my horse and approached the stranger, to assist him if it were possible. But the poison had already conquered, and in spite of all our effort the poor beast expired.

At that moment I examined the stranger attentively. He was a man past the middle age, with very strongly-marked features, and with very black hair; his eyes were full of fire, and they had such a piercing look about them that I felt myself transfixed by his gaze. His face was

pale, and his dress in the height of fashion; he carried a gold watch fastened to his vest by an expensive chain. In his hand was a gold snuff-box, fashioned in the form of a shell. The loss of his horse did not appear to affect him much, and he received my expressions of condolence very coolly.

"Pshaw!" said he, with a half smile, "it is not worth mentioning. You have a good horse there, and you will give it up to me; you appear to be an excellent young man."

This proposition was by no means to my liking. I cast my eyes over my horse, which was in fact a superb beast, and felt by no means disposed to part with him. Having confidence in my own strength, I did not fear that he would attempt to take him from me by force, but still I looked upon the stranger with suspicion; he remarked my perplexity, and explained himself more clearly.

"Young man," said he, "I repeat that your horse is a very fine one. Will you sell him to me? I will pay you what he is worth."

This proposition gave the affair entirely another aspect. It was a simple sale that he proposed. I was willing to accede to this, for although the horse coveted by the stranger really deserved the praises he bestowed upon it, we had others in the stable sufficient for our business, and yet I felt that it would cost me a good deal to separate myself from my faithful companion, and if I had not taken into consideration the stranger's embarrassed condition, an embarrassment I could easily remedy by selling him a superfluous horse, if I had not reflected that we required another cart and other materials for the farm, the bargain would certainly have never been concluded.

"You find my horse to your liking?" said I, hesitatingly.

"Perfectly so, and I am ready to pay you a good price for it."

"What will you give me?"

"Fix the price yourself; you are old enough to know what it is worth."

"Well, then, I ask a hundred and thirty dollars for it."

"That is not enough; I will give you a hundred and fifty. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so."

"I will give you my dead horse in the bargain. He is a superb animal, and deserves to be stuffed for a model."

So saying the stranger drew from his purse a hundred and fifty dollars and placed them in my hands. I bit them to see that they were good, almost blushing at my suspicions. In fact the



appearance of this man should have inspired me with contrary sentiments. A rogue would not have been dressed so elegantly, he would not have worn such handsome jewelry, and he would not have been mounted on such a handsome horse. The stranger watched me attentively.

"Have you ever," said he, "possessed as much money as that at one time before?"

"Never."

"I thought so by the way you looked at it. You seem to me to be very frank and honest. Your horse, I suppose, is sound?"

"I will answer for it with my life; but to be frank with you, I think I do wrong in taking more money than my horse is worth."

"Ah, your conscience is hurt, my honest lad? But I will find a way to satisfy it."

So saying, the stranger drew from his pocket a pack of cards, the same that you see nailed to the wall.

"We will play," said he, "for the twenty dollars which you think you have received too much."

And throwing that sum on the dead horse, which was thus transformed into a gaming-table, he began to shuffle the cards. Although I felt remorse, I could not resist this man, and placed my twenty dollars by the side of his. He showed himself so firm and resolute in all his movements that all contradiction was impossible.

"What game do you play?" said he.

And he named some fifteen, of which I had never heard before. My ignorance appeared to embarrass him.

"You know no game, then?"

"None."

"Very well, we will play at 'Old sledge,' and I will teach it to you."

The stranger gave me two or three lessons, and I soon comprehended it. He passed the cards to me.

"You begin," said he.

I played and won.

"I double the stake," cried the stranger.

And before I understood what he meant he had already placed forty more dollars on the horse. I felt a sinking at my heart and did not wish to play. I wanted to lose, but did not know how to resist the piercing glance he bent on me.

In spite of myself I picked up the cards. I won again, and continued to win. I was a prey to real despair. I trembled in every limb. My adversary, on the contrary, was as calm as possible; he drew from his purse all that was left of his money.

"Play," said he, giving me the cards.

Fortune favored me again.

"You are a favorite child of the fickle goddess," said he; "the money is yours. Here," he added, throwing on the heap of notes and gold his purse, "take this to put your winnings in."

I refused, and leaving the enormous sum I had gained, took only twenty dollars, the amount of my first stake, and rose up to leave.

"Remain," said the stranger, "and sit down." I obeyed.

"I cannot take back what you have won," said he, "for according to all law and right it is yours. There only remains one way for me to regain possession of it. I will play you for my horse."

My heart beat violently—not that I desired to win back the horse that I had sold; but I felt pity and sympathy for him.

"You are very lucky," said he, "and you appear to be a very steady young man. I do not see why I should not make you my heir. You are not married?"

"No, indeed."

"But you have probably a sweetheart, that is allowable at your age."

"Not yet. In the deserted region in which we live there are but few girls, and among those that I have seen there is none that I should like to make my wife."

"The fault is perhaps in your own self-esteem. You think too highly of yourself to bestow your hand on a poor girl."

"Nothing can be farther from the truth; but it seems to me that to marry one should be in love, and I have not experienced that passion yet."

"You must be difficult to please. So much the better; I approve of it. A marriage made in haste is repented at leisure. But there do exist young girls—"

The stranger did not finish his sentence. The cards were dealt and we began to play. How shall I say it? I won again. I cannot picture to you my despair. I rose convulsively.

"Sir," said I, energetically, "do not think that I intend to despoil you of your horse and your money. Keep the latter and give me back the former; or if it please you better, keep the horse and give me the hundred and thirty dollars I asked for it. I will not take a cent more."

"You are a singular personage, my dear James. Do you know that such a proposition from any one else would be an insult? Debts of play are debts of honor, and no one can avoid paying them. There is your horse and your money, but do not think that our game is fin-

ished. I have already declared that you are a good and steady young man, and that is why I love you, and intend to make you my heir. In the meantime I hope to win back my horse and my money. If my purse is empty, my resources are not entirely exhausted. I possess, among other things, a brooch and a diamond ring, which are worth double what you have won. I will stake them."

"No," I replied, quickly, "I will stake the money, but not the horse, or if I stake the horse and money, I withdraw a hundred and thirty dollars of the latter."

"As you please; only, my young friend, I must state that I have not the ring and brooch with me, and although it appears scarcely fair to play for an object the existence of which my adversary has no certainty, I can act in no other manner; but I give you my word of honor that if you win the diamonds they shall be faithfully transmitted to you."

I did not believe this, but it gave me no uneasiness, for I wanted my adversary to win back his property. I had never played for money in my life before, and what I had won burned my fingers as if it had been stolen. The stranger took a gold pencil-case from his pocket, and wrote on a piece of paper the following words:

"Good for two diamonds—a ring and a brooch—worth eight hundred dollars."

He signed it with two initials. The stranger then showed me what he had written. I asked myself, when I had read it, if the man was not crazy? I was certain of it when I heard him add:

"There is an important condition attached to the possession of these diamonds," said he.

"What is it?"

"If you win them, you will also win a wife."

I could not help smiling.

"Do not laugh, I speak seriously. You are a bachelor, and no doubt some time or other intend to marry."

"Certainly, if I meet a woman whom I can love."

"You are a good fellow, James, and you deserve a good wife. The person I refer to is worthy of you."

"But will she prove to my liking?"

"I hope so—I believe so. She possesses every virtue that can charm an honest young man. She has mind, a good heart; she is well educated, and sings like an angel, and plays the piano and guitar."

"A piano and guitar—what do I know about such instruments? I have no wish to marry a musician."

I said this in an ironical tone. I was persuaded more than ever that the stranger was a madman escaped from some lunatic asylum. But where did he get all his money from?

"Yes, she plays the piano and guitar," he continued, "besides which she draws and paints. Nothing has been neglected in Rachael's education."

"Her name is Rachael, then?"

"Yes."

"And her surname?"

"You shall know it when you win the diamonds."

"But what is her age? What is her appearance? Is she young and handsome? I do not wish for an ugly woman, be she ever so well educated. I have heard it stated that talented women are almost always ugly."

"You are wrong, my dear James. Rachael is young and handsome. She is nineteen years of age. I wish you well, and that is the reason I play against you. My loss will be your gain, and you shall be my heir."

"I thank you. May I ask if she is your daughter?"

A cloud came over the stranger's features. He replied in a grave tone:

"My daughter! Do I look like a man whom Heaven has blessed with children, and especially such a girl as Rachael is?"

"Here is a lucid interval," thought I to myself. "I must profit by it." And I looked around me to seek for a means of escape.

"No, James," he resumed, "Rachael is not my daughter. She is the issue of respectable and virtuous parents. Have you any other question to ask me?"

"No."

"You consent, then, after what I have said of Rachael, to take her for your wife, or rather you promise me to marry her if you win her?"

I looked at him with an irresolute air; but he fixed on me his piercing eyes, so that I was compelled, in spite of myself, to lower mine. Reflecting that the man was certainly a madman, I thought it better to humor him, and replied in the affirmative. He shook me cordially by the hand, and we commenced our game. Fortune again favored me. I won the diamonds and—Rachael.

"I congratulate you, James Carew," said the stranger. "You are really worthy of your reputation. I have found in you the man I have been seeking for a long time. Everything I possess now belongs to you. Lend me your horse so that I can go to Harper's Ferry and fetch your wife."

"My horse is at your service," I replied, "as also is the money I have won. I have resolved not to take a single cent of it. Such an acquisition, obtained by such means, would weigh heavily on my conscience."

"You are crazy," he replied, putting the cards in his pocket. "I will borrow your horse and twenty dollars."

"Take all," said I, and I left the whole of the money, with the exception of a hundred and thirty dollars, on the dead horse.

"You are my heir, James, consider yourself as such. Between two persons so closely connected there should be no secrets."

He stretched out his hand to take the money. I turned away my head, that I should not see him. When I turned round again he was already on the saddle, and had galloped off. To my great astonishment, with the exception of twenty dollars he had left all the money on the dead horse. I still thought that he was mad, but I gathered together the notes and gold, and slowly proceeded home.

When I reached the house I told my father that I had sold the horse; but I did not say a word of my gambling exploit, for he held gaming in the greatest horror. I showed him only the hundred and thirty dollars and concealed the rest. I was at first very much distressed about the possession of so much money; but our harvest followed. It was our busy season, and in three weeks time I had almost forgotten my adventure, and recovered my tranquillity.

One evening, however, just as the sun was setting, I was seated beside the door of the house, after a hard day's work. I was in my shirt sleeves, I had no coat on, and my face was bathed in perspiration. Suddenly the stranger appeared on horseback, coming directly towards the house. I recognised him at a glance, and my heart beat quickly, for riding beside him was a young girl on a brown pony. I turned towards my father, who noticed my emotion; but he had not time to question me, for the two strangers had already arrived. In spite of my confusion I could not help looking at the young girl with the greatest curiosity. She was exquisitely formed, and sat on her horse like a queen; but her face was veiled. The stranger helped her off her pony.

In my whole life before I had never felt so much troubled. The sight of the stranger was in itself a great surprise; but to see with him the girl I had won at play put a climax to my agony. I arose to welcome them, and began by making apologies for the negligence of my toilet.

"You need make no excuses, Mr. Carew," re-

plied the stranger, abruptly, "labor is honorable. How are you? Ah, this is your father, I suppose?"

I introduced him to my father as the gentleman who had bought our horse, and then ushered them into the house.

"My ward, of whom I spoke to you," said he, as he entered.

At these words the young girl threw her veil back. I do not know why, but I actually trembled at the sight of her. I shall say nothing to you of her beauty; words are powerless to express what I thought, and what I still think of it.

The stranger fixed on me and on my father an interrogative look. I thought I remarked in his features doubt and uneasiness; but the impressions were soon dissipated. I saw his countenance after he had examined my father's face, beam with cordiality and kindness which solicited sympathy and confidence.

"Mr. Carew," said he, to my father, "I am sure I can appeal to your hospitality to give a chamber to my ward?"

"Our house is simple and homely," replied my father; "but it is entirely at your service."

"I thank you; you are a man after my own heart. My name is Alfred Denver. My ward is the daughter of dear friends of mine. Her name is Rachael Herder. Rachael will be very grateful to you if you will conduct her at once to the chamber you design for her. She requires to make her toilet after her journey."

We immediately carried out his wish. Rachael was installed into our best chamber. Mr. Denver unfastened the portmanteau which was fastened behind his saddle, and conveyed it to Rachael's room. I took the horses to the stable. When I returned my father and the stranger were seated side by side, and conversing as confidentially as if they had always lived together.

You can fancy my condition of mind. I was like one intoxicated. I did not know if I were asleep or awake. The sight of my horse gave me real pleasure. But these diamonds and that young girl? My pride revolted. I could not allow myself to be made the plaything of a stranger. After a short time I took courage.

"Although I am only a countryman, without much education," said I to myself, "I have, nevertheless, my heart in the right place. No woman ought to make an honest man blush, even although she wears silks and velvet."

These reflections did not prevent me making a change in my clothes before rejoining our guests. When I re-entered the room where I had left Mr. Denver with my father, I noticed that the former surveyed me with pleasure. Supper was an-

nounced, and Rachael entered. If she appeared handsome to me in her travel-stained garments, you can judge of the effect she produced on me in her present modest and fresh attire. Once I remarked she cast her eyes on me. I endeavored to interrogate her look. She turned her eyes away without the slightest embarrassment, and then paid no more attention to me. This wounded me; I concluded that Mr. Denver had said nothing to his ward of what had passed between us. Was I then, seriously, to be that man's dupe? "I will wait," said I to myself.

The supper was simple and frugal. The young girl scarcely touched it, and I had lost my appetite. After supper Mr. Denver proposed that we should take a short walk, while Rachael, who had completely captivated my father, continued to converse with him. We entered a neighboring wood. The stranger suddenly stopped.

"Well, my dear James," said he, "you have seen the young girl I spoke to you about. Does she please you?"

"This is an embarrassing question," I returned. "She is certainly the most handsome girl I have ever seen; but beauty alone is not sufficient in a wife, and to pronounce a final judgment it requires time."

"How long do you ask?"

"I do not know."

"Is two weeks long enough?"

"That depends on circumstances. There are some characters that show themselves in the first hour—such is mine—there are others on the contrary, that are enveloped in an eternal mystery."

"I trust Rachael's is not one of that kind," replied Denver. "Rachael is easy to read. I will leave her here for two weeks; when I return I am sure your mind will be made up, for your dispositions are the same."

"Then you are serious in this matter?"

"Quite serious; but your question is natural, and I understand it. You regard my conduct as very strange, and so it is, judged from an ordinary point of view. I have reflected long and seriously upon this matter. I am the young girl's guardian; her parents, as I have already told you, were my oldest and dearest friends; when they died they confided her to my care. I have treated her with the tenderness of a father, my sole desire is to leave her in the hands of a noble and worthy husband, who can supply my place. I am old, and already on the brink of the grave. In you, dear Carew, I have found the man who can make my beloved child happy. As you said just now, your character is easily read. With my experience of the world I re-

cognized those qualities which distinguish you, and which made me resolve that you should marry Rachael. As yet she knows nothing of my project, and from what I have gathered, I have discovered you have equally concealed them from your father. Perhaps you have acted right, although as a general thing I do not approve of secrets between parents and children. I shall go, then, and I hope when I return that all difficulties will be smoothed over."

Such was our conversation. I could not help, however, when we were returning to the house, expressing my astonishment that he had not chosen in some city a husband more suitable in worldly position and education for his ward. Mr. Denver replied to this observation in a manner so determined and resolute that, although I was by no means satisfied, I was silent.

"Yes," said he, "your remark is a just one, and any other than myself, perhaps, would have sought for Rachael a rich citizen. But I know her heart; her desires are simple and innocent. I therefore seek for her an honest and virtuous husband."

On the evening of the same day, when Rachael had retired to rest, Mr. Denver asked permission of my father to confide his ward to his care for two weeks, while he went to Baltimore, where he had important business to transact. He pretended that he dared not expose her person to the fatigues and dangers of so long a journey. He presented the matter in so simple a light that my father could do nothing else but consent. And yet, the next morning, when Mr. Denver had started, my father said to me:

"James, when I reflect upon it, it seems very extraordinary that Mr. Denver, who is a stranger to us, should leave this young girl in our care, and in a house where the only woman is an old servant."

"But, father, is she not as safe here as if she were with her own relations?"

"Certainly, James. But she will soon grow tired of this deserted place. She is one of the most charming creatures I ever saw, full of grace and innocence."

I was of the same opinion as my father, but I said nothing, although my heart beat violently, and a secret trouble made the blood ascend to my cheeks; for although my own fate, as it were, seemed to be in my own hands, I foresaw that I should have to surmount terrible difficulties. At breakfast my father announced to Rachael that Mr. Denver had gone. At first she seemed much affected, but by degrees she grew calmer, and appeared to take pleasure in our society.

This intercourse every day, under the same roof, at the same table, soon dissipated the extraordinary timidity I had felt in the young girl's presence; her amiability gave me courage, and when at last I dared to speak freely, I had so much to say, and she listened to me so willingly, that we might have been taken as friends from childhood. She was so good, and appeared to interest herself in all that I showed her. We took long walks, morning and evening. My father often accompanied us, but he could not go very far, and soon left us to ourselves. Thus hours and days slipped away in Rachael's company, and my work was neglected.

I need scarcely add that all my remorse on the subject of my gambling with the stranger had entirely disappeared. I understood marvellously well now what he meant by saying that his loss would be my gain. I do not speak here of the diamonds, I had not as yet seen them, and they gave me no uneasiness; I speak of an object more precious in my eyes than all the treasures of the earth.

I awaited Mr. Denver's return with impatience equal to the fear which his re-appearance had before inspired me with. But his absence was prolonged a week over the time agreed upon. He arrived at last. At the first glance he penetrated my secret.

"Well, Carew," said he to me when we were alone, "I see that all has gone on well. You have convinced yourself by this time, I suppose, that I told you the truth about Rachael. There only remains for us to see what she thinks about you. You have been often with her?"

"Often, that is not the word; I have occupied myself with nothing else but Rachael."

"What! you have neglected your work, your cattle, your horses?"

"They have enjoyed perfect liberty."

"That is bad news for the prosperity of the farm, but good as showing your love. When you are married you will repair the time lost."

"Alas! I fear that will never happen, for how can a girl so gifted and endowed as Rachael love a poor rustic like me?"

Mr. Denver examined me attentively for a few moments. This silent examination was torture to me. My heart beat ready to burst from my chest.

"Rachael," at last said this singular man, "has always followed my advice, for she knows I love her as a father. You, James, possess all the necessary qualities to inspire a woman's love and devotion. You are young, you have an agreeable exterior, and you have that courage and strength which only country life gives. You

are good, and you have a delicacy of feeling and thought, which must certainly recommend you in Rachael's eyes. I will not say that you have already won her heart—that is a slow operation, and does not sometimes occur until after marriage. But I hope that my efforts, my influence, and especially my love, will hasten the denouement we hope for, and which will be followed by such happy consequences for Rachael."

My mind was so full of thoughts of Rachael that I scarcely listened to what Mr. Denver said. I thought I detected in his voice and attitude a sort of melancholy gravity which had escaped me before. This gravity dissipated the idea that he was merely jesting with a simple countryman.

He shook my father cordially by the hand, and having kissed Rachael on the forehead, he offered her his arm and took her on one side.

"What strange people," said my father, "and yet they have excellent hearts. The girl is an angel, but it is easy to see that he is very melancholy."

I could make no reply—my heart was too full.

"How is it," continued my father, "that he could leave her so long with us? There are few fathers who could so abandon their child to strangers in such a wild country as this."

"But you know she is not his daughter."

"But he loves her as his child; and in all probability she has never known any other father. How I pity that poor creature, and how much I wish she could remain always with us."

My father's last words decided me to speak. I then told him what had passed between Denver and myself, our gambling transactions, the money I had won and Rachael's diamonds. I did not omit a single fact. I then told him that the young girl's departure would be a mortal blow for me, and related my last conversation with Denver, and my hopes and fears.

My father shook his head; the passion for play which I had revealed as existing in Denver opened his mind to suspicion. But it did not alter the good opinion he entertained of Rachael. He only pitied her that she was so closely allied to a gambler.

We were interrupted in our conversation by Denver himself. This man, so sombre, so mysterious, had a talent of making himself agreeable in the most eminent degree. He took me by the arm, and said:

"Go and find Rachael, she is expecting you."

I flew to the house, but when I arrived on the threshold, I suddenly stopped. I fancied I heard a deep sigh. I was prey to a violent emotion. I asked myself if it was not a crime to force the



inclination of this poor young girl. I felt humiliated that I had not won her love; but this very humiliation reanimated my resolution and courage.

"Yes," said I to myself, "if I cannot succeed in pleasing Rachael, she shall at least know that I am not a coward, and that it is not my intention to abuse her state of dependence on her guardian."

I entered the chamber, I stood before her, I seized her trembling hand; what I said I do not know. My heart spoke from its most secret recesses, and my lips murmured the words. I only remember that Rachael, her eyes filled with tears, blushed. She told me with a sweet smile, that she acceded to Mr. Denver's wishes, and that they were in accordance with the desires of her own heart.

Denver joined us; he found Rachael in my arms, I pressed her to my heart. He appeared to have had a satisfactory conversation with my father, but in spite of his apparent joy, I saw there was something strange about him. Since his journey to Baltimore, his eyes had lost their brightness, the furrows in his face had become more distinctly marked, and a great change had taken place in his appearance.

"Dear James," said he, "my desire is that you be united as soon as possible. To-morrow morning we will go to the clergyman's, and the nuptials shall be celebrated."

Everything was done as he wished. And we were married. The day after the wedding, after breakfast, Mr. Denver was to take leave of us.

"Rachael, my child," said he, addressing his ward, "I must now leave you for a long time, perhaps, for at my age we may never meet again. I have fulfilled the promise I made your father, and you are now the wife of a noble and worthy young man. I hope and believe that you will always live happily together, and that you will be as good to him as he is to you. Give me a kiss, my dear child; it is perhaps the last."

"O, no, no, father!" cried Rachael, throwing her arms around his neck.

It was a moving picture, of which neither my father nor I understood the true signification. The poor child clung convulsively to the old man; at last overcome by grief, she fainted. Mr. Denver carried her into her chamber and placed her on the bed.

"She will soon come to herself. I will profit by the opportunity to get away. You will join me by-and-by, James, I will wait for you."

He left the house before Rachael had regained her consciousness. In my agony and despair I did not know of whom to ask counsel and assis-

tance. At last she came to herself, and seeing that Denver was already gone, she pressed me tenderly in her arms.

"O, James," said she, in a broken voice, "you are now my only support—all that I have to live for in the world!"

I told her that I should be obliged to leave her for an hour while I went to bid adieu to our old friend. She made no objection.

When I rejoined Denver, I remarked that he was still on foot, and had made no preparation for his journey.

"Where is your horse?" said I, very much astonished.

"I have no need of it," he replied. "Besides, I have none. Have you forgotten that you won it at cards?"

"But can you believe that I will take it away from you, my dear benefactor?"

He interrupted me by placing his hand over my mouth.

"Not a word more, James, on this matter," said he. "The horse belongs to you, and you may regard it either as having won it at cards or as a present from me. I have already told you that you should be my heir."

I did not know, in the midst of my trouble, what to reply.

"Will you leave us in this manner?" said I, at last.

"I must."

"But how are you going? Are you going to descend the river in a boat?"

"Perhaps. It is difficult to choose a means of transport when one wishes to leave the world; for such is my design. Life at the best is but a delusion and a snare, and yet most men cling to it. It is not the case with me; a long experience has enlightened me. I am useless in the world, and I leave it. I have prepared everything to this end; my career is finished, and as I have already promised you, you shall be my heir."

I cried out.

"Do not interrupt me. My time is short—let me enjoy it. When I am no more, you can think what you please. But do you not understand what I mean?"

"Great God! you would not commit suicide?"

"Yes, James. But you turn pale, you tremble as if it were you that were about to die," said he, smiling.

I remained mute, and felt that I was almost crazy. At last I asked Denver what reason he had to form such a terrible resolution.

"It is a long, very long history," he replied, "but let it suffice for you to know that I am

tired of life. Every moment that I live serves to humiliate me more. I have enjoyed an almost princely fortune. I had intelligence, friends and talents. But in the different countries I have visited, I had not strength of mind enough to avoid frivolous company, and above all, I have not strength enough to resist the attractions of a passion, the most powerful and the most terrible of all passions. O! if I alone had been the victim—but this poor girl—your wife, the child whom a dying friend confided to my care, I have dragged her with me to perdition and misery. Do not let these words frighten you. Rachael is as pure as an angel in heaven—I only speak of her fortune which I dissipated with mine. It is true that Rachael is not entirely without an inheritance, but this absorbing passion menaced it without ceasing—it was the fear and torment of my life. Now she is yours, and I have nothing more to fear. She is saved, and I know she will be as happy with you as you will be with her. Do not imagine, my dear James, that I have ever been embarrassed to find her a husband. Many rich and distinguished men have asked her hand in marriage, and an alliance with any of these men would have satisfied the self-love of most mothers. But I knew Rachael's heart, and was determined to do nothing except for her own happiness. In you, my dear son, I have found the man I sought, and my mission is fulfilled. There only remains for me to address one more prayer to you."

And Denver drew from his pocket a pack of cards.

"You see these cards," he continued, "they have been my ruin, my curse—no, it is my own weakness that has ruined me; the cards in my hands were only an instrument without conscience, and as innocent as is the dagger and pistol in the hands of a murderer—a dangerous instrument, and against which I wish to warn you. Take these cards—keep them—but not for use, but to serve for you and your children as a talisman against gambling. Now leave me. Adieu, my dear friend—adieu!"

He handed me the pack of cards, while I endeavored to dissuade him from his terrible resolution, but he turned from me and ran in the direction of the river. I seized him and endeavored to retain him, but he disengaged himself by a sudden effort. We reached the bank of the stream, he regarded me fixedly, and cried out in a loud voice:

"I repeat to you, leave me. Return to your wife who is expecting you. She will give you the diamonds you have won, and the book of deposit for twenty thousand dollars, which is

placed in your name and hers in a bank in Baltimore."

"No," I returned, "I will not leave you."

Without listening to me, he ran in the direction of the water. I ran across him to intercept his flight, but at the moment when I was about to seize him, he pointed the barrel of a pistol at me which I had not perceived before. I instinctively recoiled.

"You are a good and noble-hearted young man," said he, "but you shall not prevent my taking my last journey."

At these words, he threw the pistol from him and leaped from the rocks into the river.

I rushed in after him. I could swim well. I sought a long time for him in the water, but all in vain. The current had borne him away and left no trace.

I returned to the house, trembling. What despair welcomed my return! During my absence, Rachael had found on the table of the room occupied by Mr. Denver a purse full of gold, and a letter revealing his terrible design.

Here, my dear guest, my recital must finish. You have seen my wife. Denver did not deceive me when he stated that she would be happy with me. She has repeated it to me every day for the last twelve years. I am also the happiest of men. Only when she looks on the pack of cards does Rachael become sad, but when she reflects that it conveys an eloquent lesson by which our son will one day profit, she becomes calm and serene again. What will a mother not do for her child?

My host here finished his story. I passed a day or two with him, and then resumed my journey, reflecting on what had been told me, and admitting that they were the happiest family I had ever seen in my life.

#### COMPARATIVE CLIMATES.

Plants spring up twenty or thirty days earlier on the western and southern sides of England than in Belgium, and nearly at the same time as in the north of Italy and south of France; but at flowering time, and maturing of fruit, that advance is lost, and maturing of fruit is earlier in Belgium, France and Italy. Flowering of plants takes place twenty days earlier in Belgium than in Berlin, or in any of the northern parts of Germany or the south of Sweden, thirty days earlier than in New York, and two months earlier than in Lapland, but the ripening of fruit does not occur till fifty days later than in the latter places.—*Pioneer Farmer*.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE PINK DOMINO:

—OR,—

## THE CARNIVAL BALL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE carnival of 1774 was drawing to its close, and a gay period of festivity and excess it had proved. The young Count de Marmont was sitting alone, luxuriantly wrapped in his brocade dressing-gown, and daintily sipping a cup of pure Mocha coffee, then at the height of popularity in Paris, when his valet entered, and presented him a deliciously perfumed note upon a silver salver.

The count lazily examined the seal; the devices of which were quaint and pretty, but the arms were not those of any noble house he could on the moment recall. The superscription was a fine female hand, but that, too, was unknown. In consideration of these circumstances he opened the note with some degree of interest, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR COUNT:—You will be without fail at the opera ball to-night; it is the last one of the carnival and will be so gay. But it is not for that I bid you come—I must see you in relation to matters of importance. You will know me by my wearing a *pink domino* with a star on the shoulder. I shall know you in whatever disguise you may assume. The heart is the best clairvoyant.

"Yours, AMIE."

Marmont tossed the note from him rather carelessly and recommenced sipping his coffee, muttering, meanwhile to himself, "Who can this be? But pshaw! why need I bother my head about the matter at all? am I not engaged to Julie de Fontange, the divinest little Peri out of Paradise? And have I not promised her to cut those masquerade balls? But this is the last one of the season, and i' faith, I should like to go. Now I should like to go above all things—for the last time."

"Does monsieur think of going to the ball masqué to-night?" asked the obsequious valet, Lecompte, who had been watching his master's face with keen eyes, such a look as a terrier dog might regard a suspicious hole in the floor. "Ah! it will be magnificent! All the noblesse will be there, and monsieur looks so well in the new blue and silver suit."

"Silence!" cried Marmont.

The countenance of the valet fell. If he had lost his father or mother, he could not have looked more heart-stricken.

"Monsieur will be the death of me," he said.

"Well, then I am going," said Marmont, rising; "but see you say nothing of my purpose to any one."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Remember."

"I shall be dumb, monsieur."

The valet laid his hand upon his heart, as he thus promised most faithfully to obey his master's injunction, and Marmont went to the riding school, with all confidence in the integrity of his servant.

In the course of the morning, however, the valet met in the garden of the Palais Royale Mademoiselle Adele, the plump and pretty waiting-maid of Mdlle. Julie de Fontange. These two characters, officiating as the winged Mercuries of their master and mistress, were frequently brought in contact with each other, and to "preserve the dramatic unity" as Mr. Lecompte averred, they fell in love. Of course, when they met that day, the ball of the evening was the topic of the moment, and as Lecompte's master had promised Adele's mistress that he would not go to another masquerade ball, it was of course very natural and proper that the faithful servant should inform the young lady that he was going, and that he was going in the blue and silver suit, and that, moreover, he had come to this decision immediately after receiving a note directed in a female hand.

Having obtained this little morsel of gossip, Mdlle. Adele darted away with it in a very bird-like manner to communicate it to Mdlle. Julie de Fontange. When you ask a lady who told her such and such a thing, she will generally smile and answer that a little bird brought her the intelligence. Now nine times out of ten, this same little bird is a light built lass, with a roguish eye, a slender waist, and a foot like a fairy's.

Some women, in the position of Julie de Fontange, would have been thrown into a fit of jealous rage, at hearing such a piece of news as she had just received, but Julie was a good and sensible girl, and knew very well that Marmont loved her dearly, and so she said very gently to her maid:

"Very well. I shall be there myself!"

"You, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Adele, why not?"

"Certainly, if madame pleases."

The little waiting-maid clapped her little hands together, and almost danced for joy.

"And what dress will madame wear?" she asked.

"That is my secret," replied the mistress, smiling quietly.

Miss Adele pouted, but asked no more ques-

tions, for she knew her mistress was firm, and encouraged no familiarity.

Gaily and brilliantly did the ball open that night; music, flowers, perfumes, a vast crowd, universal hilarity, gave it a peculiar and intoxicating charm. You hardly regretted that the ladies were masked, it was so interesting to guess what their faces might be from the indications of hand, figure and foot, or the contour of the white and finely moulded chin, appearing beneath the lace fringe of the vizard.

Marmont was there, seeking in the throng for the pink domino. He found her at last, but her figure was so disguised in the loose folds of her dress that its contours were undistinguishable, but it was tall and commanding, notwithstanding the feet that peeped forth in the high-heeled slippers were beautifully small, and the jewelled hand laid upon Marmont's arm carelessly and lightly, was fair, white and aristocratic.

"Here at last!" whispered the mask to him.

"At your bidding, lady."

"You are no recreant knight," whispered one of the most musical voices he had ever listened to. "You have not made your *Amie* wait in vain for you. Now, tell me, can you guess who I am? Come, try if you can."

"You are the Baroness de Fauchere."

"Wide of the mark," said the pink domino, laughing lightly.

"You are not."

"No; and yet I can describe to you the decorations of the baroness's boudoir, to show you that I belong to her set."

"If you please," said Marmont.

And he listened to a minute and correct description from the pink domino of her ladyship's boudoir. Then branching off, as if she delighted to perplex and surprise him, she recounted a thousand particulars of Marmont's life, habit, even his thoughts, until he was completely perplexed and bewildered.

"I am completely mystified," he said at length. "The riddle of the Sphinx was nothing to this. You must take pity, and reveal to me the being, the good angel who takes such an interest in my affairs. I feel that you must be beautiful; step aside with me and lift your mask. I conjure you, do."

"Nay."

"But I insist."

"Perhaps you will not like me as well."

"I do not fear, come."

"Not here, not amid this vulgar crowd," replied the pink domino. "But go with me to my hotel, where there are some friends of mine who are desirous of the honor of making your acquaint-

tance, and I will reveal all. When you know us, you will thank fortune for having brought you here to-night."

"Don't accept the invitation!" said another voice in a low whisper—so low indeed, that it reached only the ears of Marmont.

He turned suddenly and saw beside him a young lad, wearing his own blue and silver livery, but masked like himself. The page, so soon as he was observed, shook his head, held up a warning finger, and then disappeared in the brilliant crowd that surrounded them.

But of course, Marmont paid no attention to the impertinent interference of a strange stripling, and yielding to the impulse of his curiosity, left the ball room with his fair friend, and was soon after seated beside her in her carriage. He was so fascinated by the wit and gayety of her by his side, that he did not notice the direction the carriage took, only that the course was very rapid. When the driver reined up and the footman threw open the door, the pink domino gave her hand to Marmont, sprang lightly out of the carriage, and then hurried him into the house and up a dark staircase, and then ushered him into a room which was also in complete darkness.

"Where can my lackeys be?" she said, pettishly. "They have taken advantage of my absence, but wait here for a moment, and I will quickly remedy this neglect."

Marmont was left in the darkness, but not entirely alone, as he thought, for a light hand touched his shoulder.

"Marmont!" said a voice that thrilled to his very heart.

"Julie de Fontange!" exclaimed the young man. "You here! are you a partner in this mystery?"

"Alas, no!" replied Julie. "Finding that you rejected my warning, I got up behind the carriage and followed you into this house. I fear you are betrayed. If so, though unable to save you, I can at least die with you."

She could say no more. Lights appeared, and with them three ruffianly fellows, with long rapiers at their sides, preceded by the pink domino, whose face, now that she was unmasked, exhibited features of great regularity—but which were stamped by the unmistakable signet of cunning and cruelty.

"So you are not alone, I find," she said, glancing at Julie, who was dressed in blue and white livery. "Who is this boy?"

"My page, madame," replied Marmont, with perfect coolness. "But pardon me, I do not recognize you even unmasked. Will you not give me your name, that I may associate it in my

memory with the pleasant mysteries of this evening?"

"You will learn that soon enough," replied the woman, with a mocking smile. "You must excuse me now, while I retire; these gentlemen will keep you company in the mean time."

As the pink domino left the room, the three men seated themselves, motioning Marmont with clammy courtesy to follow their example. They were evidently cut-throats and robbers. Marmont now bitterly repented having left his sword at home, for he was master of his weapon, and though against such fearful odds, could at least hope to save his life. He thought of Julie too, involved in the same mortal peril with himself, and his heart sunk within him. But still he kept up the appearance of perfect coolness, knowing that the slightest manifestation of distrust would be the signal for his instant assassination.

"Long live the Carnival!" he exclaimed, gaily. "There is nothing like it for intrigue and romance, and this seems one of the Arabian night's entertainments."

The ruffians had never heard of the Arabian nights, but they thumped the table with their fists, and roared out, "good!" with very ample emphasis.

"Pray, monsieur," said one of the ruffians, "have you the time about you?"

"It is past midnight," replied the count, consulting an elegant gold watch set in brilliants.

"Egad, that's a pretty toy," exclaimed the ruffian, stretching out his hand, and grasping the watch.

"You like it!" said the count, hastily detaching it from the chain. "Pray accept it as a slight souvenir."

"That's a splendid diamond ring of yours!" said another of the ruffians.

"Do you think so?" answered the count. "Pray accept it for my sake. I set little store by the baubles."

"What a precious gem it is!" muttered the third ruffian, between his yellow, fang-like teeth.

Marmont hastened to present him with a heavy gold chain.

"Hang it," said the person who had just spoken, "this is dry work. Let's have a drink all round, in honor of our noble and very liberal guest."

Wine was brought by one of the gang, and they all filled their glasses. Marmont tasted it, and then sat down the glass with a wry face.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "I am going to be rude, I know; but I must say that your wine is execrable."

"What," exclaimed one of the ruffians, start-

ing up, and half unsheathing his rapier, glad of the pretext for a quarrel; "do you mean to insult us?"

"By no means," replied Marmont. "I do not dispute your taste—but your wine merchant is a cheat. Now I have got some Burgundy of the first quality; if you will permit me to send my page to my hotel, in five minutes we shall be sipping nectar fit for the gods. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried the man who appeared to be the leader of the gang; "but the boy must be quick—for we are thirsty, and *cannot wait*," he added, with a sinister look at his companions.

"You hear, my boy," said Marmont, addressing Julie, and fixing his keen look upon her intelligent countenance. "Go as quick as you can, and bring me a *dozen bottles of that wine*!"

Julie vanished. The brief space of her absence was an age of agony to Marmont. Had she understood him? Was her head clear, and her foot sure? Would no accident befall her? Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. In the meantime, the ruffians talked together in whispers; it was evident they were impatient to finish plundering him, and then killing him, to conceal the crime. Young, rich, fortunate, his career seemed destined to an abrupt and sanguinary termination. He secretly cursed the carnival, and the credulous folly that took him to the ball. But these reflections came too late. They could avail him nothing now. Alas, his fate seemed to be sealed. Suddenly the door opened, and Julie appeared.

"Good God!" cried Marmont, "have you forgotten the wine?"

"It is here," she answered. And standing one side from the door-way, a dozen gens d'arms with fixed bayonets rushed into the room, and secured the robbers as well as their accomplice—the woman who had allured him thither by the means of a deep laid plot, and after making for weeks his private life her study. Soon after this the gang were tried, and all sentenced to the galleys.

Hardly four months subsequent to this date, Marmont and Julie were happily married, and a life-time of peaceful joys repaid the lovely wife for the foresight, courage and intelligence that had enabled her to frustrate the machinations of the pink domino, and save the life of her betrothed.

If a favor is asked of you, grant it, if you can. If not, refuse it in such a manner as that one denial may be sufficient.



[ORIGINAL.]

## WANTED.

BY MISS LILLIE BELLE ASHFORD.

Wanted—a heart, a truthful heart,  
 Unskilled in passion's power;  
 Ne'er felt the syren's gilded wand,  
 Ne'er dwelt in her luxurious bower.  
 Wanted—an arm to lean upon,  
 As through life's vale I idly stray;  
 An arm, whose loving, firm support  
 May guide me till life's closing day.

Wanted—an eye that's honest, true,  
 Whose glances oft will thrill my own;  
 With love that speaks from its pure depths  
 That I before have never known.  
 Wanted—a lip, whose sunny smile  
 Smiles but for me—for me alone;  
 A lip to press, to whisper words  
 That thrill my heart with love's low tone.

Wanted—a hand to clasp my own;  
 A hand that no bad act e'er knew;  
 That scorns not labor, feeds the poor—  
 A hand that's honest, firm and true.  
 Wanted—a head, whose glossy locks  
 My fingers often may entwine;  
 A head to guide me all through life—  
 A head a little higher than mine.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD CLOCK.

BY M. L. HOWARD.

THE handsome old mahogany clock that had stood for several generations in the oak parlor, now Madame Anstice Prescott's, had just struck the hour of eleven. The old lady had yielded just an hour before to the beneficent influence of sleep; and I, Lucia Lisle, had folded up my work, and now sat with my hands crossed on my lap, my brain filled with a thousand floating fancies, and my eyes fixed alternately upon the clock and the great wood fire that was taking fantastic shapes in the wide chimney.

The last silvery chime of eleven had struck, and there might have been ten, perhaps fifteen minutes of silence, when I heard a sweet and prolonged echo, that seemed to come from beneath the face of the clock. It soon shaped itself into an indistinct murmur, which glided into speech, becoming more and more intelligible as it went on. Through the little glass opening I could see the unwearied strokes of the pendulum, swaying with unerring exactness to the musical

rythm of the words; while the miniature ship above seemed plunging the imaginary billows, and spreading its fairy sails to some viewless breeze, which, however, produced no waving of the gray plumes of Caroline Prescott's hat, left carelessly upon a corner of the clock frame.

Telling a story! Ah, that is delicious! I exclaimed, as the clock volunteered this delightful piece of intelligence. I listened eagerly for the soft, sweet tones that struck so tenderly upon my ear. I repeat them to you, gentle reader; or, if I *should* mingle my own thoughts with the revelation, it will be because I already knew something of the antecedents of the Prescotts, and may involuntarily substitute something of my own knowledge for that which the clock had witnessed.

Angelo Prescott, a clock-maker by occupation, born of an Italian mother (which accounts for his baptismal name), and an English father, who had been a soldier in the Revolution, married a farmer's daughter, in the year 1780, and settled in a quiet country town not far from Boston. It was eminently a love-match; and the young pair, who were cheerful, thrifty and industrious, sought few other companions. Both had been educated in those homely New England virtues of industry and economy, which now, alas! are almost out of fashion upon the very soil where once they flourished most. Angelo had full employment—more orders, in fact, coming to him than he could fill; for people knew before the war that he had almost marvellous skill in his occupation; and when peace was restored, every person bearing a certain rank became possessed of a house-clock. It was the test of people "well to do," and a man would sooner give up any piece of furniture than the beloved clock. You may, if you please, fancy Madame Prescott's clock *loquitur*.

"I was fashioned by Angelo Prescott's hand. A delicate organism indeed was my possession. I think I may say, *en passant*, that I was his pet—the workmanship of his happiest and most inspired moments. Indeed had he been disposed to part with me, I hardly know if he could have found a purchaser who would have paid for the extra labor bestowed upon me. He did not seek for one; for I was intended as a present to his beloved Isabella—the exact and methodical wife who regulated her works to a charm, when I was placed in the best room, within full sight, however, of the open kitchen door.

"I cannot describe the pleasure I experienced in watching this tender and gentle being. If clocks have hearts, mine, I am sure, grew to hers with most earnest affection. She passed ever

before me with the tenderest smile and the most gentle words, as I kept watch and guard from my dark corner over the large, light, cheerful kitchen. Her feet would tread over its nicely-scoured floor with a soft sound, like falling snow. No bustle, no hurry—one look at my face told her that she was in perfect time; and, through her excellent management, there was never any hard or driving work to do. She never lost an hour in the morning, and went chasing after it all day. Breakfast with her was not the unquiet, carelessly spread meal of late risers. It was the calm, social half hour, when a bright warm fire, a clean hearth and palatable food diffuse a glow of real comfort, and prepare a man to go out very cheerfully to his daily labor.

"Isabella's place was at last vacant for a whole month—not vacant, but occupied by another. How sad it seemed!—although the substitute was a pleasant, bright-eyed woman. I did not understand it, until one day she brought down a little flannel bundle and showed it to a neighbor who had called. Out of that bundle a tiny hand came forth, and a restless little eye peeped out. Small and weak as their owner was, it was the miniature likeness of Isabella. I realized it more fully the next day, when Angelo brought his wife down in his arms and seated her in a little rocking-chair, while the nurse placed a cradle beside her, and laid the baby within its deep shelter. Isabella looked up, as if glad to see my face, and then began a soft, cooing lullaby, and the baby slept.

"When the nurse departed, Isabella sent for her sister's daughter, a girl of fifteen years, or thereabouts, to assist her. She came the next day in the stage, and was heartily welcomed. She was a pretty, indolent girl—not much liking work; and I am positive that the neat-handed wife would not have kept her a day, had she not been the child of her own sister. She was very careless of the baby, too, not loving to be confined so much to the cradle; for now that Isabella had grown stronger, she was constantly worried by the neglect of the necessary household work.

"Nor did Martha love the children that came afterwards; for in a few years there were more infants to tend, and lastly, a pair of twins. O, how the mother doted on those twins! They were boys—Herbert and Arthur—with the loveliest faces shaded by soft chestnut curls, and with brown eyes and red, moist lips. It seemed to me that my beats were quicker and louder when these angelic children came into the room; and they, too, loved me, and hung long, trailing garlands over my frame. The twins grew to be four years old; and Isabella, who had never

gone out much, now accepted an invitation, once in a while, to pass the day with some old friend, leaving the children in Martha's care.

"I do not like to speak of Angelo Prescott as he now became. After the first few years of his happy marriage life he began strangely to slight the angel of his household. Isabella's wistful look was sometimes fixed upon him in surprise, as if she could not believe that he cared so little now for her health and comfort, especially as he never forgot Martha's. Who was sad or ill, weary or disappointed, Martha's comfort was always consulted.

"At first it was pleasant enough to have him care for the orphan; but it became so palpable—such a deep meaning to the case, that no one could mistake it. Poor Isa shut her eyes as long as she could, and at length ventured a few gentle and ineffectual remonstrances to them both. She saw in what spirit they were taken, and from that hour my darling never lifted up her head in the old consciousness of a wife's dear trust in her husband.

"Trouble was brooding over the household in other forms. Isa had just been talking to Martha—not with scornful vituperation, as weak or unjust women will—but with the calm dignity of conscious rectitude in herself, and of grief for the sin of those whom she had loved and trusted. She had been saying that she must send her away from a house which she had so disgraced, and had found her a refuge with an aged and distant relative, who would receive her for her dead mother's sake. Martha had replied angrily and insolently, and Angelo entered while the words were on the girl's lips.

"*'She shall not go!'* was his first exclamation to his wife. *'You would make the house like a tomb with your white face. Martha shall stay, for she alone makes the children happy. I will not have her driven away.'*

"Never again may I see such a look as the injured wife gave her husband! She put her hand to her side, and with a choking sob she began to speak. It was well that her husband angrily interrupted her, for I think she would have died on the spot. Her next words were calmly and quietly spoken.

"*'Her mother was my sister; she has a right to obey me. Martha, you will leave the house to-day! I have engaged your passage in the stage.'*

"How this would have terminated, I know not; for at this moment Herbert came in, half carrying, half leading his twin brother Arthur, whose face was covered with blood. Isa flew to her child, and, in her deep anxiety and dread,

she lost the memory of what had happened before. Arthur had been struck by a stone near the temple. It was not intentional, and the poor boy who threw it now stood shivering, and faintly asking if Arthur would live.

"With what a white and ghastly face the poor mother took up her child and laid him upon his little bed—never, alas! to be taken up alive. His pulse fluttered, stopped, beat once again, and then stopped forever! Martha, pale, frightened, and perhaps deeply repentant, in view of this calamity, was thankful to leave the scene of trouble, and slipped off quietly when the stage came for her. I may as well say here, that she came to that house no more.

"That night little Herbert, whose nerves had been completely unstrung by Arthur's sudden death, was seized with brain fever, and was laid in the same little coffin with his twin brother. How often the mother came into the darkened parlor that day, and cast herself down by the low white covered bench on which the wide coffin rested, and how deep and intense was her agony, none but God knoweth!

"No one knows how much may be laid upon a human heart and its owner still live. Isa lived—but always with that white ghastly face—lived to see her fair children—sweet May with bright, laughing eyes, and Lillie with her pale, pensive face, and Walter the calm, studious boy—lived to see them all grown, Walter in college, and the girls settled in a distant city as teachers. (Walter was the father of Madame Prescott's husband.)

"Isa lived through all—lived to see her husband depart, time after time, and knew in her secret soul that each time he met the creature who had poisoned her peace, and that more than half the gains which her own care and industry had helped to save, was lavished upon the unworthy woman.

"Why did she not leave him?"

"Do you think that she never thought of doing this? It was a thought always in her mind; but Isa knew that she had that within that would bear on to the last. Moreover, she was ill, and this home was rightfully hers; and still deeper was the feeling that its walls must never again be contaminated by Martha's presence—that presence that would make her go mad to think of as under the roof-tree that had sheltered her and her innocent children.

"But the day *did* come, when the spirit, broken down by misfortune, was about to leave the weary, wornout frame. Even the strong, proudly indifferent man was touched by the patient sweetness of that approach to dissolution. Isa

lay in the parlor, where I could see her face. It had a shining look, as if it had caught the reflection of heaven. May and Lillie came home to nurse her, and Walter brought his betrothed wife to help them watch over his dying mother.

"It was worth a kingdom to hear the bold, reckless man ask pardon of that sweet, suffering saint. On his knees, all through one dreadful night, he begged and prayed her to forgive the terrible sin of his life. It was worth a kingdom, too, to hear her pray that he might be forgiven by that God to whom she was so soon to carry her griefs and sorrows. O, the beauty and sublimity of forgiveness! It is great—it is glorious! Nothing is so uplifting, so truly sublime, as when poor human nature, laying down the burden of life, lays down the memory of wrong and injustice, or remembers only to call upon the Good Father to forgive those who have inflicted them.

"Did they say that Isa was dead? That motionless figure upon the bed tells the story but too well. Never again shall those thin, tremulous fingers wind up my weights! Never more shall those dear eyes, whose brightness has so long been quenched, be raised to my face! Ah, how often have they been swimming in tears, when the hours have pealed out their chimes to mark the duration of a husband's absence from his home!

"The daughters went away from the mournful house, and Walter to his studies, for he was to be a minister. Angelo Prescott was a heart-stricken man; and though he received many letters from that wretched girl, begging to be allowed to come to the house and live with him once more, still the remembrance of Isa's deathbed kept him from admitting her. He grew moping, silent and unfit for business. His establishment was given up, and he pined in the solitude of that dreary house.

"At length Walter, now a minister of sacred things, came home, bringing his young wife; and it was to him that Angelo Prescott owed the great and glorious hope that he was forgiven for past sinfulness. He did not long survive, but his latter days were full of peace."

With a start I awoke from my long slumber. Madame Prescott and Caroline were waiting to go to bed, but would not disturb my deep dream. The old clock had just struck twelve—the witching hour. How much had I heard, or seemed to hear, in the last hour! I looked at the grand old face, and the pitching, tossing ship above it, with greater reverence than ever. Ah, it is a solemn thing to hear its loud throbbing, and feel that each throb bears away some portion of the time which is but the prelude to eternity!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BALLAD OF DE MONDIVERE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORLIARTY.

The chilling rain is falling fast,  
And raves the bitter, biting blast,  
De Mondivere;  
The clouds, like ghosts, are flitting past  
The dreary, gloomy, unknown vast;  
The wintry day has breathed his last,  
De Mondivere.

In jewels decked and bridal lace,  
This hour I fill a wife's high place,  
De Mondivere;  
Heaven's King in glory lend me grace!  
I'd sooner lie in death's embrace,  
The hope of my declining race,  
De Mondivere.

Within my bowers I'm all alone,  
Thy blessed spirit hears no moan,  
De Mondivere;  
My dark despair to thee is known,  
Thou'lt see me ere an hour is down,  
The saddest being 'neath God's throne,  
De Mondivere.

While waxen lights the chancel fill  
With lustre bright as stars distil,  
De Mondivere;  
Thou'lt hear my perjured vow, "I will!"  
That false response his heart will thrill,  
Those fatal words my soul will kill,  
De Mondivere.

Twelve months ago, this hapless night,  
Embracing, we our love did plight,  
De Mondivere;  
Death robbed me of thy presence bright,  
Then fell despair's dark blighting night;  
I've never since beheld the light,  
De Mondivere!

Ah, when I wept for thee and sighed,  
My father did my woe deride,  
De Mondivere;  
His taunting words froze sorrow's tide,  
He bids me be another's bride—  
O, would that I with thee had died,  
De Mondivere!

This dizzy trance—this numbing pain  
Now seizes on my heart, my brain,  
De Mondivere;  
Around me floats a strange sweet strain,  
On distance dies the soft refrain,  
Approaching are a beauteous train,  
De Mondivere.

The golden gates of heaven expand,  
Around them throng a cherub band,  
De Mondivere;

And lo! I see the promised land,  
The airs of life my cheek have fanned—  
I see thee wave a welcome hand,  
De Mondivere!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ROSE OF CASTLE CONNELL.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

EUNICE was gone—Eunice, the steady, reliable, middle-aged factotum, whom my mother had educated and drilled in all the nice home "ways"—always a little superior to any other way—until I, her youngest, was married and came to live in Boston. Then, obeying the instinct which leads the eider duck to strip its own breast of down that its young may sleep more soft, my mother transferred Emma to my service, and was content with my domestic prospect.

So was I, more than content, until suddenly I discovered with dismay that Eunice was homesick. I knew her eyes were red-rimmed, but I said to myself it was the city smoke; I knew her voice was husky and uncertain—well, but she had a cold; I could not deny that her cheery smile had grown spasmodic and local—perhaps she had the toothache; at any rate time may bring all smooth again.

But time only brought the morning when Eunice, diligently sweeping my chamber, suddenly dropped the broom, and sinking down upon the pan of tea leaves which she had brought to facilitate that operation, began to cry.

"Eunice," exclaimed I, suddenly, abandoning the fortress of incredulity in which I had been for so many months intrenching myself, and determined, since the hour was come, to be first in the field (a feminine tactic, I believe), "Eunice, you are homesick!"

"Waal, now, Miss Lucy, that does beat all!" exclaimed the good-natured creature, looking up with a sudden smile beaming from behind the mottled cloud of dust and tears which so drolly overspread her face. "How in nater come you to know jest from seein' me settin' here a-cryin' like a young un that's lost its ma'am, that I was humsick? But it ar' a fac', an' there's no use a-backin' out o' the truth. I am *drefffal* humsick, an' more'n all that I'm too old a dog to larn new tricks, an' can't no ways settle down to my work in this 'ere house as I'd oughter. I've broke one lamp a'ready a-settin' it on the winder seat arter I'd lit it, and which there not bein' no winder seat, it went kersmash onter the floor. Then agin I shall 'nevertably break my arms or limbs a-walkin' down cellar, an' takin' it that

I'm goin' inter the entry way where that door had oughter go. 'Sides, Miss Lucy, I miss my little bedroom where I've slep' these twenty years; 'tain't nat'ral, somehow, to go so high up o' nights—makes me kind o' notional that the ruff may blow off some o' these windy times. Then, agin, when I've clim all them stairs an' got ter bed, there aint no sleep there; jes' as I'm a doz'in' off, rattlety bang, thump an' jingle, comes a cart or a kerridge, or suthin' or rather an' wakes me up again, or else the gaaz a-flarin' inter the winder turns me all goose-flesh a-thinkin' the town's kitched a-fire."

"And you want to go back to my father's, Eunice?" asked I, half-laughing, half-crying.

"Waal, yes, Miss Lucy, I guess you'd better write an' ask your ma whether-or-no she'd like ter have me. Somehow I shouldn't be noways surprised ef she'd got sick o' that shiftless Sally by this time."

To be sure my mother was "sick of shiftless Sally," and welcomed back her old servant with alacrity, while I, sending to an intelligence office for a chamber maid, as I should to the grocers for a pound of sugar, received the same day a nice little Irish maid named Winifred, whom I at once accepted on the credentials of a pretty face, a low voice and good manners; nor did my hasty choice lead to late repentance, for my new servant proved a marvel of neatness and intelligence, besides possessing a certain tact in the performance of her light duties which is very uncommon among her country-women.

So forcibly was I impressed with this latter trait one morning as I lay upon my chamber sofa half sick with a headache, and marked the noiseless movements and correct taste with which my pretty maid proceeded in her arrangements of the room, that I suddenly inquired:

"Winifred, where did you live in Ireland?"

"At Castle Connell, ma'am."

"How long?"

"Always, ma'am, till I come to 'Meriky. My mother was foster mother to Miss Rose, an' whin she died, an' me only two years old, Lady Connell said I should stay 'long wid her own childher; and so I did, till—till—" And greatly to my surprise the sentence ended in a burst of tears.

"Why, Winifred, what is the matter?" asked I, anxiously, and rising as I spoke.

"An it's I that should know bether than to be frightenin' you this-a-way ma'am, an' you not well," said Winifred, hastily wiping her eyes, from which the tears yet gushed again and again as she sobbed. "Och, the thought of thim days is wid me now, an' Miss Rose, darlint—O, ma-

vourneen, O, acushla machree! an it's the heart widin me that's we'ry for yees!"

"Come, Winifred," interposed I, kindly, "you will make both yourself and me ill, if you go on so. Sit down here, now, dry your eyes, and tell me all about Miss Rose and Castle Connell. Perhaps I may be able to comfort you a little if I know your trouble."

"Ah, indade, ma'am, it's not my own troubles that I would be afther tellin' to a rale lady like yourself; but it's jist for that same rason that I might be spakin' of my darlint in your prisince, for niver a lady in the land could be more than her aquil. As mild an' as soft as a June mornin', she was, but wid a step an' wid a look that might fit a queen upon her throne. She was the light o' the old house, an' niver a one from Sir Dennis, that was her father, ma'am, down to the manest scullion, that didn't feel the day brighter on him whin she wint by. There was three childher of thim, an' she the flower o' the three, though the youngest, for Mистер Thomas, and Miss Marg'ret—that was Miss Connell by right, though I always called her Miss Marg'ret, from being brought up together—they tuck more afther the mother than afther the father, an' my lady was that proud an' haughty, I belave she wondered not to see the groun' rise up an' thank her fer treadin' on it."

"And did she love Miss Rose as well as she did the one who was more like her?"

"Well, ma'am, I can't rightly say. She loved her—as who could hilp it?—but it fretted her proud heart to see a child of hers so free an' so pleasant with thim as was beneath her. She thought it was demaning, though niver a word did I hear spoke of Miss Rose but praise an' blissin', an' I'd not say as much for my lady nor for Miss Marg'ret. I mind one Friday whin the folk had coom up to the castle coort, as they did ivery Friday fer the cold meat an' bit o' soup that Sir Dennis had doled to thim, an' Peggy Shannon, who had been dairy-maid at the castle, she coom an' brought her babby in her arms, an' the little crather only six weeks old, an' so Miss Rose wint runnin' down, an' tuck the babby, an' was tossin' it an' talkin' to it, an' to Peggy, whin my lady coom into her chamber where I was sewin' at the windy, an' she looked out an' saw it. Dear knows, ma'am, it was a purty sight fer any one to look at—there stood my young lady in the middle of the coort, with the soft wind a lifuin' her yellow curls, an' wavin' out her white frock that yet wasn't whiter than the skin it touched, an' her blue eyes a shinin' down on the babby in her arms, an' all the folk a stannin' roun' lookin' at her wid blessin's in their eyes,



an' forgettin' to take the alms, they was so tuck up wid her. But my lady, she looked a minnit, an' a black scowl settled down on her brows, an' she says, spakin' quick an' sharp :

" 'Winnie Bryce, go you down to the coort an' tell my daughter it's against my pleasure fer her to be there so convaynient to thim poor, an' I desire her to coom in.' "

" So I wint, ma'am, an' because I wanted thim as was there to know the differ atwixt the mother an' daughter, I spoke up so as all should hear me, and give the message just as my lady give it to me. When my swate young lady hard her mother's words, the color coom burnin' into her cheeks as if she had been strook, and she said, low an' quite :

" 'Very well, Winnie, I shall come,' an' thin she towld Peggy to go an' ax the housekeeper fer some wine an' flannel an' things.

" Wid that she turned, an' was coomin' up the steps, whin we hard the thramp of a horse, an' young Mистер Doolan, of Fern Farm, rode into the coort, an' tuck aff his hat to make his manners to Miss Rose. 'Deed, ma'am, 'twould a done your heart good to see thim two then—they was such a han'some couple, an' my young lady so swate an so shy, an' he so bowld an' so 'ager; an whin she held out her han' to him, the roses on her cheeks was brighter than all thim in the castle garden, an' his eyes was brighter than the hawk's that Sir Dennis kept for a playpet. So they wint to the dhrawing-room, an' I back to my sewin' work. My lady was in her dhressin'-room, an' hadn't hard the horse's feet, nor I didn't throuble myself to tell her there was company below, till she axed :

" 'An' where is Miss Rose now ?'

" 'In the dhrawing-room, my lady,' sez I.

" 'Alone ?' axed she.

" 'No, my lady,' sez I, very quite. 'Mister Doolan is there.'

" 'John Doolan here ?' sez she, as sharp as a needle. 'An' what ailed ye not to tell me so afore, you big head ?'

" 'An' if I'd know'd your ladyship was so 'ager fer to see him I'd a called you at wunst,' says I, very innocent. 'An' mebbe your ladyship would go now an' relieve Miss Rose, for she's been discoorsin' him all alone this hour past, an must be we'ryin' fer a sight o' yer ladyship's gintle face.'

" O, the black look she give me, ma'am ! Niver a one but hersilf could ha' put it on, but she didn't stop to spake, she was so fast fer the door. It wasn't many minutes till I hard the horse's feet agin, an' lookin' out I see the squi-reen ridin' off faster than he coom, an' the nex-

minute Miss Rose an' her mother coom up stairs together. The purty color had all faded out of my darlint's cheek, but my lady's face was as red as the turkey-cock's that was struttin' roun' aside. Niver a word did they spake together, but Miss Rose tuck her 'broidery frame, an my lady her prayer-book, an' one was as quite as tother, till Sir Dennis, who had been shootin' in the bog, got home, an' coom cloompin' up the stair to my lady's chamber.

" 'Winnie Bryce,' says she, niver lifin' her eyes from the prayer-book as he coom in the door, 'go an' see what that farm-laborer is wantin' in the house, an' why he clatters his big brogues on my hall stairs.'

" 'O, be asy, my dear,' says Sir Dennis, who knew her quare timper well enoof, 'fer its a gossoon who has the best right in life to clatter his brogues on any flure in Castle Connell that he plazes.'

" 'O, an' is it you, Sir Dennis ?' says my lady. 'Go, thin, Winnie, an' sweep up the big loomps o' mood that'll be scattered all up an' down the stair an' trew the hall.'

" 'Howly vistments, how clane we shall be !' says Sir Dennis, an' I wint out; but I didn't stop long to swape the mood that wasn't there, an' coomin' back, I heard Sir Dennis say, 'I fell in with a fine young jintleman ridin' away from the castle, my dear, an' I should be no ways surprised if some day he should coom back to pick our Rose an' carry her off in his button-hole.'

" 'I can't be afther answerin' you, Sir Dennis, till I know what you're discoorsin' on,' says my lady, as sharp as vinegar.

" 'I'm sayin' that a young jintleman is coortin' the Rose o' Castle Connell, an' that I fer one am consintin' to it,' says Sir Dennis, very pleasant.

" 'An what may the same young jintleman be called, Sir Dennis Connell ?' axes my lady, turnin' very white about the mouth, an' shuttin' up the prayer-book as sharp as ef it had been her teeth, wid Sir Dennis' finger atween'em.

" 'It's Mистер Patrick Doolan, of Fern Farm, my Lady Connell,' says Sir Dennis, as bowld as a lion.

" O, ma'am, you should have hard the cry that ruz out of her in that minit ! She laped on her feet, an' wint close up in his face.

" 'An' is it a Connell of Castle Connell who is spakin' of giving his daughter to a poor little squi-reen, hardly more than a farm gossoon ?' says she, thrimblin' all over. 'A dirty fellow who has no right to coom in at the hall door an' sit in the dhrawing-room, but should go to the

servants' hall to sort there with his aquils.'

"' Whisht ye now, dame,' says Sir Dennis, getting up and stopping Miss Rose, who was lavin' the room cryin' fit to break her heart. 'I met young Doolan a bit by here, an' we conversed the matter wid each other. Be sure, my dear, he towld me the fine compliment my lady made him whin she sint the young lady he was talkin' wid out of the room, an' axed him if he hadn't finished his business at Castle Connell; an' be sure I towld him that it's yoursilf isn't always in your right mind, an' axed his pardon in your name, an' give him an invite to coom when he'd a mind to my house, and talk wid whoever in it he liked best; I'm thinkin' it wout be yoursilf he'll ax for too often, Lady Connell.'

"I do assure you, ma'am, it was an awful thing to watch my lady's face as she hard thim words, it was so white, an' dhraggd this way and that, wid the stringth of the timper that was workin' in her. One minit she shuk so I thowt she would fall on the flure forneast him, but the nex' she stiffened hersilf an' set her black eyes on his face as if she'd burrn him up.

"' An' now, Sir Dennis,' says she at last, 'ef you've had your say you'll plaze trouble yourself to listen to mine, an' whin you've hard it, you may go and say it over to that dirthy spalpeen you're spakin' of. Sooner than John Doolan shall marry my daughter Rose—shame on her that has so little sperrit of her own—I will murder thim both wid my own han'. I've said it, an' you know, Sir Dennis Connell, that an O'Sullivan never goes back from her word.'

"' Faix, thin, but an' O'Sullivan may be hung as well as another, my lady,' says Sir Dennis, puttin' his hands in his pockets an' marchin' out of the room.

"My lady looked afther him a minnit, an' said something inside her teeth that wa'n't a blissin', an' thin she wint agen into her dhressin' room, scowlin' as she shet the dure at the poor darlint who'd done nothing but sob and cry iver since her father shopped her lavin' it, an' now she cript away to her own room, to have out her cry alone. I niver knew, ma'am, how it coom, but the nex' day whin I wint to my young lady's room to comb her purty currls, an' dhress her for dinner, she was readin' a letther, that had lit a fire in her blue eyes big enough to dhry up the tears that had stude there ever since the yester morn, an' brought back the roses to her cheeks. Niver a word said she then, but tucked the letther in her bosom, an' axed me was it not a lovely day. 'It would a done you good, ma'am, to see the purty crather, so bright an' so baming, as she was all the rist of that day, till just at dusk she towld

me bring some warrm wather to her chamber, an' whin I got there she put a little letther in my han' wid the bright blooshes all over her face, an' says she :

"' Winnie, can ye keep a sacret for me that is your own foster-sister, and carry this to the great oak just beyant the gardin wall, an' put it in the holler at its fut?'

"' Deed, then, an' will I, an' Hivin's blissin' on you an' on him, Miss Rose, darlint,' says I. 'An' whin will I go fer the ansther?'

"' You may look in the mornin' an' see if there is anything. Most likely there wout be, though,' says she, a strivin' to look as if she didn't care.

"But shure I knew thin it would coom as well as I did in the mornin' whin I brought it an' give it to her, an' at night I carried an answer to that, an' so it wint on for three blissid days, till one evenin' as I was afther lavin' the little letther, an' was coomin' up the gardin, who should I meet but Mистер Thomas a walkin' very quite, an' lookin' as innocent as new-blown daisies.

"' The top o' the mornin' to ye, Winnie Bryce, barrin' it's night,' sez he. 'An' did ye coom to the gardins to meet your own swateheart, or somebody else's?'

"' An' is it a swateheart ye are spakin' of, Mистер Thomas? ' says I (fer ye see, ma'am, bein' childher together so long, I was freer spoken wid him than I would be wid another young jintleman). 'Faix, an' it's not fer that same I'd be troublin' mysilf to set one fut afore the other, let alone coming so fur to meet him. No, it's for a posy to put in my young lady's hair, I coom, an' I'll jist take this purty white rose. Sure an' itsilf will turn red wid shame an' envy whin it looks down at her white neck.'

"Mистер Thomas only laughed, an' I tuck the flower an' run in. The nex' mornin' the answer to my young lady's note was waitin' fer me, and I got it, as I believed, widout bein' seen, an' brought it where it was welcome as the flowers in May. But whin Miss Rose's bright eyes had thravelled down the last page, she dhropped it in her lap all of a suddint, an' began to cry.

"' O, Winnie, Winnie,' says she at last, 'what shall I do? I have no one in this wide world to give me a word of advice or coomfort but yer own mother's child. O, Winnie, shall I go wid him, an' lave all my own behind?'

"' Deed, thin, Miss Rose, an' you do the same thing, you never will regret it, fer there isn't a plisanter or a dacentor, or a finer young jintleman puts spurs to his heels in all county Galway,' says I; but at that my young lady cried harder an' iver.

"That whole blissid day did the poor young

crather spind in readin' the bit o' letther, an' cryin' an' prayin', but whin night coom the luv-in' heart uv her had got the day, an' she sint a letther to the owld oak to say she would go wid her thrue love whiniver he should appoint. The nex' mornin' was up betimes, an' while the gintle folks were atin their breakfast I stole out, run down the gardin, an' was runnin' back wid the letther in my han', whin who should I meet agin but Misther Thomas, a-takin' his mornin' walk, an' comin' so suddent upon me at the corner of the shrubbery that I could ony crumple the paper into my han' an' howld it close to me.

"An' is it fer a flower to put in my sither's hair, that you are here again?" says he, smilin' in a sort of grimly way that I didn't like. 'Shtop, an' I'll give you two to carry her wid my compliments.'

"So I shtopped, while he picked two posies an' give me, biddin' me be sure an' say they come from him, an' thin he wint his way, an' I mine. Goin' trew the servants' hall who should I meet but the gardiner? an says I:

"What's the name o' these two purty posies that I've just picked in the gardin?"

"This is a sword-lily, and yon's ca'd love-lies-bleedin', says the old man, a-passin' on.

"Faix, but that's an onloocky cooplin' o' names to take to my darlint to-day," says I to meeself, an' I floong the posies trew the windy just beyant.

"The dear knows, ma'am, I did it fer good, an' fer the luv of Miss Rose; but mebbe it was meant as a warnin' by Misther Thomas, an' it's I that am the mis'able. crather whin I think it might have kep' her back that weary night, fer it was settled in the letther I held in my fist that Miss Rose should meet her swateheart that very evenin' by the big oak, where he was to be waitin' wid horses fer all of us, my young lady declarin' that I must go too, an' I nothin' loth to folly her. So the day wint on, an' glad was I to see the sun settin', fer Miss Rose had fretted an' cried, till I was afear'd she would be too wake to walk whin the time should coom. All of a suddint howsiver, she tuk heart, an' began to help me, puttin' up her bit things, an' talkin' of the happy days that was in shore for her whin her hoosban' should bring her back to Castle Connell, an' they an' the father would go on their knees, but the lady mother should pardin them.

"An' ef I hadn't hard my dear father spake as he did, Winnie, the purty child would say agin an' agin, 'not even John could timpt me to do this thing; but knowin' that he is consintin', an' that we might be married at home ony fer

my mother, I hope an' troost that I may be forgiven here an' hereafter.'

"Be sure, ma'am, I did my best to encourage an' cheer her up, for indade I thowt it fer the best, an' that she would be happier married to the man ef her heart, wid her own father's consent, than ever she had been before. So we came to night at last, an' whin' all was whisht an' quiet in the castle, I came stalin' into Miss Rose's room, an' foun' the poor darlint all ready an' waitin', fer she had not pretended to lie down or take a rist, though I had begged her to thry at laste. Well, ma'am, we wint, crapin' along the dark gallery, down the big stone stairs, across the wide moonshiny hall, where the pictures of the ould O'Connells were scowlin' down at us blacker 'an even they were afore, an' so to the little gardin door, which I ondid, an' led my poor young lady trew, an' as she wint she turned an' kissed the wall beside her, whisp'ring to herself:

"O, stones of my father's house do not cry out at my disobedience, an' wid that she wint sobb'in' on her way.

"It was that minit, ma'am, all to wunst, that my heart failed me, an' I was timpted to beg Miss Rose to give it all oop an' come back, but I couldn't make my mind to spake till we reached the stile in the gardin wall, an' thin jist as I was openin' my mout to say 'Miss Rose, darlint, whisht a minit,' a man jumped oop from behint it, an' tuck her in his arms, callin' her his darlin' wife, an' kissin' her, so thin I saw it wor too late, an' worse than no use to spake, so wid a sigh an' a prayer, I cloom the stile, an' was jst puttin' fut to the ground, whin I hard a screech, an' thin loud words in the darkness uv the wood beyant, fer Miss Rose an' Misther Doolan had walked on widout waitin' fer me. So I roon along, an' jist beneath the three where so many luv'in' letthers had been hid, I see two men strugglin' together, an' in a little spot o' moonshine further on, my darlint angil's white form knalin' to a tall black woman, whom I soon parsaved to be my lady. I run up, jist in sason to hear her say to my doo that was pure as the snow jist out o' heaven:

"No, you bowld night-walker," says she, 'never ask fer pity nor forgiveness o' me. Loocky is it fer you that you come of an owld stock that must not be dishgraced, or I'd have you stan' in a white sheet at the church door. Very cunnin' you thowt yourselves, wid your love-letthers an' your go-betweens; but your brother Tom has read all the purty stuff afore ye'es, an' has been fit to shoot the mane thafe any time this three last days; but I towld him wait,

an' catch yees here, whin ye felt the safest an' the happiest, an' thin not shoot him like a jintleman, but bate him wid a shuck like the dirthy dog he is, an' now—'

"But jist as my lady had rached this pint uv her discourse, she saw that Misther Doolan had floong Misther Thomas, an' was makin' fer the horses, shoutin' to Miss Rose to folly him, or if she couldn't do that to hold her grund where she wor till he had untied the horses an' coom to fetch her. Whin my lady hard that it turned her mad, an' sazin' my darlint by the arm, she swore be-this-an'-be-that she would kill her first, an' callin' on her son to catch the villain an' flog him till he could nayther spake nor stan'. Misther Thomas was willin' enough after his fall to mind her, an' joompin' oop he run to Misther Doolan, an' wid a big oath strook him wid a ridin' whip on the face uv him. But the blow had hardly fell, whin Mr. Thomas lay flat upon the groun', his face white an' still in the moonlight as if he had been dead. I thowt he wor, an' so did my lady, fer with an awful screech she flew at young Doolan, an' wid a little sharp knife that she carried in her belt, stabbed him agin an' agin', howlin' an' ravin' more like a wild beast killin' its prey than like a human woman, nor did she shtop whin he lay a bloody corpse beneath her cruel han', till I broke from the horror that hild me, an' ploocked her off, an' that wid no gentle han' I promise you, ma'am. I floong her on the ground an' lift her there, though she was screechin' an' tearin' her own wicked face in a fit, but sorrer the one uv me cared if she had died there. I tuck up my darlint, to whom the vargin had sint a heavy swound before iver she saw that fearsome sight, an' carried her home, lavin' Misther Thomas to coom out uv his stun', an' the mother out uv her fit wid no one but the cowlid moon an' the cowlid corpse to hilp him. O, the weary, waary days that follyed! An' the bither, bither sorrow that inded thim! How can I spake of it? Miss Rose, darlint uv my heart an' light of my eyes—you that wor suckled at the same breast wid me, an' wor a sither to me iver after—where are ye now, ashtore mavourneen? Dape, dape down in the cold clay that hides yer broken heart an' white, white cheek. You that wor so lavelly that the birrds sang louder whin you walked abroad, an' yit so swate that ivery little flower grewed brighter whin you stipped upon it, 'in place uv turnin' pale wid invy an' wid spite! Och, wurra, wurra, acushla machree, that I sh'uld be livin' an' you lyin' there! An' I'm mindin' the poor owld father that niver lifted his head again whin the purty Rose he luvud lay withered. He's dead,

too, an' bliss the howly virgin fer that same! An' the brither an' the sither, that had helped to kill her wid their plottin' an' their contrivin'—small joy is life to thim, wid that secret iver burnin' on their sows like coals uv livin' fire."

"But the murderer, Winnie—the mother—was she not punished for her horrible crime?"

"The poonishment uv man niver overtuck her, ma'am, bud the hand uv God was heavy on her. It turnned her head, as well it might, an' she is screechin' an' ravin' in Bedlam this minit—if the black heart uv her hasn't quit batin'—an may she niver lave it till she goes out fut foremost, an' may her tormints there niver be aquiled but by the tormints that is waitin' fur her, an' may my purty darlint an' her true love look down out uv hivin, an' see her burnin' an' hear her screechin' fur iver an' iver, amen!"

"O, Winnie!" exclaimed I, greatly shocked.

But with "Indade, I cannot help it, ma'am," Winnie, her sobs smothered in her apron, dropped an apologetic little curtesy, and was gone.

#### THE VILLAGE TAILOR.

I think that the art of draping the male human body has been brought to much less excellence by the mass of those who practise it than any other of the useful and ornamental arts. Tailors, even in great cities, are generally extremely bad. Or it may be that the providing of the human frame with decent and well-fitting garments is so very difficult a thing, that (save by a great genius here and there) it can be no more than approximated to. As for tailors in little country villages, their power of distorting and disfiguring is wonderful. When I used to be a country clergyman, I remember how, when I went to the funeral of some simple rustic, I was filled with surprise to see the tall, strapping, fine young country lads arrayed in their black suits. What awkward figures they looked in those unwonted garments! How different from their easy natural appearance in their every-day fustian! Here you would see a young fellow with a coat whose huge collar covered half his head, when you looked at him from behind; a very common thing was to have sleeves which entirely concealed the hands; and the wrinkled and baggy aspect of the whole suits could be imagined only by such as have seen them.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

#### THE ORIGIN OF SORROWS.

We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart, which we never had well explored, or on which we had scarcely deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from heaven, but from the earth.—*Landor*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOVE-WORSHIP.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

I have seen a brow as purely bright  
As the snow just tinted with rosy light;  
Set round with locks of the softest brown,  
And gay with the splendor of beauty's crown;  
But more than this—I discovered there,  
Close in the shade of that beautiful hair,  
That Genius, with fingers soft and light,  
Had shaped and modelled the forehead white.  
So my soul knelt down, when that brow passed by,  
In a service of love, I knew not why;  
Who'll dare to blame me for worshipping so,  
Or chide my spirit?—not God, I know!

I have seen a pair of beautiful eyes,  
With a tender change like April skies;  
Mildly radiant, deep and blue,  
With the star of love just shining through;  
And I saw a glimpse of the soul divine  
Start out from those depths of shade and shine,  
And my unchecked spirit reached and grasped  
That new-found soul with confiding clasp.  
O, in all the world there were no such eyes,  
To reveal the heaven where purity lies;  
Who'll dare to blame me for thinking so,  
Or chide my spirit?—not God, I know!

I have seen a strangely bewitching mouth,  
With the glowing warmth of the tropic South;  
A gleam of pearl in a fold of rose,  
Where the breath in balmy fragrance flows;  
Where dimples hurry from lip to cheek,  
In a roguish game of hide-and-seek.  
Sometimes I have almost dared to think  
Sweet thoughts would thicken about love's brink,  
And slip those lips in the dearest word  
That my waiting soul has ever heard;  
Who'll dare to blame me for hoping so,  
Or chide my spirit?—not God, I know!

[ORIGINAL.]

## AN ARTIST'S FORTUNE.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE

A SULTRY summer afternoon! Not a breath of air is stirring! The heavy clouds piled up like rocky battlements, strata upon strata, which had promised rain since the noontide hour, had passed away, without bestowing a single drop upon the arid streets and dry and dusty roof-tops. What a day this for the seaside! How delicious to recline in some recess of rocks, where the fallen tide has left a fragrant coolness amid deep shadows, and bare one's brow to the kiss of the light breeze from the ever cool, unresting ocean.

Some such thoughts may have passed through the mind of Arthur Dellmont, as he sat in his little darkened study, giving the finishing touch to a picture that stood upon his easel. In spite of the closeness of the weather, the window was carefully shut to exclude every particle of dust. Through the dim panes of the attic window, nothing more picturesque could be seen than the summit of a towering stack of chimneys relieved against the burning background of a summer sky.

The picture on the easel was a rural scene—a group of cattle drinking, leg-deep in a roadside brook—a clump of umbrageous trees in the middle distance—a glimpse of a distant spire with a farm house or two, and a ridge of hazy mountains seen through a vista in the oak opening—simple elements enough, but grouped and handled in a masterly manner.

Arthur Dellmont was a young man of fragile form and delicate features. The son of a Long-Island farmer, he had been left, on the death of his father, to support his mother and himself from the produce of a small encumbered property. He worked courageously till over-exertion produced a fit of sickness which confined him for a long time to his room. During his illness, some little works on art, and some biographies of eminent artists fell in his way. It required only this to develop into a flame a spark that had long been smouldering in his bosom. During his convalescence, he made his first attempt at drawing, and succeeded in taking a likeness of his mother, a performance which, while it encouraged the artist, perfectly astounded the old lady, and impressed the little Dutch doctor, to whom it was shown in confidence, as a masterpiece of art. The doctor sounded the praises of his patient far and wide, for he felt no little pride in the achievement, being secretly convinced that his prescriptions had not only produced a cure, but an artist, and resolving a learned essay on the "psychological results of Iodine and Quinine." The village squire, Ruloff Van Hammerhorn, paid the artist a visit, coming in great state in his little Dutch wagon, drawn by two long-tailed gray mares with rope traces, and ordered his portrait, agreeing to pay therefor the enormous sum of five dollars, one bushel of wheat, and a horse-load of firewood. Much elated by this distinguished patronage, he obtained a panel of the housewright, and some brushes and colors of the house painter, and commenced his first portrait in oil. It was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. There was the very carbuncle on the magistrate's nose, and the likeness of his ruffle shirt was undeniable. The landlord of the village inn sat next, and his effigy, elevated to



the sign-post, was the theme of admiration for the entire rural population. The fame of Arthur was completely established in the village. Some of his fancy sketches attracted much attention.

It is probable that the artist himself placed a low estimate upon these early productions, though it was not in human nature to be indifferent to the united suffrages of an entire community. But he aspired after higher praise, and looked earnestly towards the great city of New York as the legitimate field for his exertions and the source of future prosperity. The die had been cast. He was resolved to be an artist. So the little farm was sold off; his patrons paid for their pictures, and with the money left after liquidating all debts, Arthur prepared to start for the great commercial emporium of the Empire State.

With the sanguine spirit of youth, he made certain of the future, and in his very ardent calculations, he made sure that he should immediately obtain patronage enough to support not only his mother and himself—but a wife. Accordingly, with the rash, unthinking impulse of youth, he offered his hand to a poor, but pretty girl, the child of a neighbor, was accepted and married, and thus encumbered, threw himself with his dear dependents on the world. For a few days everything seemed bright and exhilarating. The golden light of youth and love gilded the present and veiled the future in a dazzling haze. But, as his vision became clearer, the realities of life appeared to the young man in sterner forms, and clad in less attractive colors. His visits at picture galleries and to artists' studios first delighted and then daunted him. What were his rude sketches to these elaborate and finished productions? It is true that many of the most vaunted, popular and high-paid works that he saw, seemed very different from any nature he had yet observed, but the very pre-eminence of their art imposed on one who had mastered so few of its technicalities. A dreadful conviction that he should never be a painter sometimes forced itself upon him. This impression was strengthened by the rude reception he met with from an artist of great repute to whom he ventured to show one of his sketches. This gentleman was one of those eccentric sons of genius, who imagined it one of the prerogatives of an artist to be an unmitigated brute.

"Shall I ever become a painter?" asked the young man, hesitatingly, as he placed the sketch in the hands of the judge.

"You a painter?" replied the artist, with a taunting laugh. "Yes, a house-painter, perhaps—nothing more."

The anguish caused by this rude remark prevented Arthur Dellmont from replying. He went home to his garret and painted no more on that day. But with the morrow he resumed his pencil. His industry was equal to his modesty. From day dawn till sunset, he labored at his easel. The scenes of his youth, the visions of his fancy, were poured out with marvellous rapidity. Yet he was dissatisfied with all he produced; and frequently, no sooner was a picture finished, than he wiped his brush over it and commenced another on the same canvass.

Meantime, the little capital Dellmont had brought to New York with him, was completely exhausted. He knew nothing of this, for his wife and mother managed his financial and domestic concerns, and they carefully concealed from him the actual state of their circumstances. They were finally reduced to take in sewing to furnish the table with their daily food. Long after Dellmont, exhausted by his day's work, had sunk to sleep, these heroic women sat up by the dim candle-light plying their ill-paid needles. A cup of water, a morsel of bread and cheese, snatched hastily at meal times, sufficed for the physical wants of the painter, and so absorbed was he in the pursuit of art, that he saw not the gradual encroachments that privation and labor were making on the health of his companions. Neither did he note the disappearance of little household articles that from time to time, the two women were compelled to deposit with a very accommodating Jew pawnbroker, whose three balls decorated the doorway of one of the very dirtiest little shops in the adjacent Chatham Street. In one of these compulsory visits, Mrs Dellmont, the painter's wife, noticed two or three pictures in Mr. Abraham Isaacs' backshop, and asked him if he ever bought pictures.

"Sometimes, my tear," replied the Israelite. "But dey ish bad property—slow sale—slow sale my tear—dis ish very bad country for de fine arts."

But in spite of this discouragement, the next day the young woman offered the broker one of her husband's small landscapes in oil. As Mr. Isaacs took it, he turned away to conceal the sparkle of his eyes. He was a connoisseur—having formerly followed the trade of picture-broker in Italy.

"Poor stuff! poor stuff!" he said, disparagingly. "Only some sheep and cows. I cannot in conscience give you more than ten dollars for dish ting."

Ten dollars! It was a little fortune to a starving family. The poor woman eagerly embraced

the offer and the money was paid. As she was going away, Mr. Isaacs remarked carelessly :

"I hope you aint going to bring me any more of dese pictures. Silver spoons, my tear, ish much better."

"I have a few more of these pictures that I had thought of showing you," said the artist's wife; but—"

"Vell, vell—bring dem along—bring dem along. I shall lose money by dem—but little Isaacs is sharitable—bring dem along."

A few days after, on the sultry afternoon we have described, the artist's wife took another picture to the pawn-broker's. She entered the shop with the frame in her hand. A well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman was in conversation with the Jew, who immediately made vehement telegraphic signs to the lady, intimating that she was to keep the picture out of sight. She, however, misunderstood him, and laid it on the counter. The gentleman had no sooner cast his eyes on it, than he exclaimed :

"Another landscape from the same hand that painted the sketch that I bought the other day ! I recognize the hand. This picture is mine, cost what it may. Isaacs, is the picture yours ?"

"Yes—dat is—no—" groaned the Jew, casting a withering glance at Mrs. Dellmont, who was much embarrassed and perplexed at his behaviour.

"Is it yours, madam ?" asked the gentleman. Mrs. Dellmont bowed.

"What do you expect to get for it ?"

"Ten dollars," replied the artist's wife.

"Ten dollars ! How is this, Isaacs ?" he asked, turning on the Jew.

"Quick sales—small profits," answered the Israelite.

"Pray, madam," said the gentleman, "do you know the artist who painted this ?"

"Know him, sir ! He is my husband."

"Will you permit me to call on him ?"

"He lives very retired, sir—and he has been unwilling to show any of his pictures hitherto. But we are very poor—and I found myself compelled the other day to sell one of his works without his knowledge. Mr. Isaacs was kind enough to give me ten dollars for it—a great sum for us, sir !"

"Mr. Isaacs was very liberal and generous," said the gentleman, with a shrewd glance at the Jew, who seemed rather to wince under his keen eye, "but I assure you he has been no loser by his munificence—eh, Isaacs ?"

"Quick sales—small profits," said the Jew, shaking his head.

"But may I have the honor of waiting on you

home, and paying my respects to your husband, madam ?" pursued the stranger.

"We are lodged very poorly," answered Mrs. Dellmont, with hesitation.

"No matter," said the gentleman. "The artist and his works are all that I shall look at."

So it was arranged that the stranger should accompany Mrs. Dellmont home. Arthur was fluttered and amazed at the entrance of a man of fashion into his studio, and would fain have concealed the just finished picture that stood upon his easel. But he had no time for this. The stranger gazed long and eagerly upon the painting. At last, turning to the artist, he said :

"You have studied in a good school—the school of nature. Your style is original and pure. Is that picture for sale ?"

"I have not yet thought any of my pictures worth offering for sale, sir," replied Arthur.

"I wish I could afford to buy it," said the stranger, musingly, contemplating the landscape. "But my tastes outrun my means. I cannot afford to pay you its worth—and it would be an insult to offer you two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars !" exclaimed the artist, astounded at the immensity of the sum.

"I cannot afford more," replied the gentleman—"and I am sure the painting would readily command two hundred and fifty."

"You are jesting, sir," said the artist, trembling violently. "I conjure you not to sport with my feelings. I am poor—I am weak—I cannot bear it."

"My dear young man," said the gentleman, kindly, "I mean all that I say. If you will accept two hundred dollars for your picture, I shall be deeply your debtor—and perhaps be able to repay your generosity by finding you not a few patrons."

The offer was eagerly accepted. Mr. Preston, that was the name of Arthur's first patron, paid him the money, and took home the picture. His fame soon circulated, and orders poured in upon him. In three years, he found himself able to purchase a nice house and snug little farm in his native village, where he now resides, with his wife and mother, leisurely producing those works which have established his fame and fortune. His return to his native place was hailed with general enthusiasm. One of the first persons who called on him was the little Dutch doctor.

"Ah ! my friend," said he, "you owe all this to me—if it had not been for that fit of sickness and my treatment, you never would have been an artist. The spark of genius was in you, but I brought it out. It was the Iodine and Quinine that did the business !"

[ORIGINAL.]

## SPIRIT VISITANTS.

BY WILLIAM J. VENABLE.

O, tell me not that spirits bright,  
In lands beyond the sun,  
Cannot commune with loved ones here,  
Whose life-course is not run;  
They often come in robes of white,  
To cheer the sorrowing heart:  
To wipe the tears from sunken cheeks,  
And bid dark grief depart.

They come to point us out the way  
That leads to truth and right;  
They hover round our couches when  
The earth is wrapt in night.  
They guard us through those silent hours,  
And make our rest more sweet;  
And though we cannot see their forms,  
Nor hear the pattering of their feet—

We oft can hear their voices low,  
Like strains of music pure,  
And they impart to us new life,  
And courage bravely to endure  
The trials which beset us here;  
They tell us of a world afar  
Beyond the sun, the silvery moon,  
And brilliant evening star.

They tell us, in that blessed world,  
All, all is light and joy;  
That truth and peace and happiness  
Are there without alloy.  
And if we are but faithful here,  
And live a life of love,  
We'll join the glorious, happy band  
In that fair world above.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ELDEST SISTER.

BY NELLIE HAMMOND.

"ANOTHER girl! exclaimed Mr. Henry Murray, as the old nurse who had already made nine visits of a month each in his house, came forward and, lifting a very blue flannel blanket, asked him to look at his little girl.

"Another girl, Nurse Millett!"

There was just a little disappointment in the tone; but it was enough to be caught by the sensitive old nurse.

"And, pray, who is to blame for that, Mr. Murray?" she said, in a voice raised to C sharp. "Not poor Mrs. Murray, sartin. I know, better than anybody else, how much she wished for a son; for, only yesterday, she says to me, 'I do

hope it will be a boy, for poor Mr. Murray's sake; for he has no chance of ever having anybody to help him, and all these girls to feed and clothe.' Yes, Mr. Murray, them very words she said to me only yesterday."

Mr. Murray hid his smiles in the soft face that lay within the blanket.

"God bless the darling! Why nurse, you talk as if I were not glad to see my own dear baby. And Hannah—does *she* think I am disappointed? Let me go up—just one minute—do, and I will convince her to the contrary."

Nurse Millett was mollified in an instant by his cheerful, hearty, earnest tone, and the gentle, almost womanly manner in which he had pressed his bearded face to the baby's little red, wrinkled cheek.

"I will take it up myself," he continued, softly, "and you shall stay down to your breakfast."

On his way to his wife's chamber, he was stopped by three or four little girls clamoring for a sight of the new baby. At the top, stood Mary, the gentle, motherly "Eldest," who supplied Mrs. Murray's place to the others. Julia, the second child, had lived only to the age of budding womanhood, and faded away as quietly as she had lived; leaving a sweet and fragrant memory in their hearts, even "as buried saints the grave perfume."

"Well, Mary," said the father, cheerfully, "here is another little charge for you."

"Yes, father," she answered, half mournfully, "little chance for my lessons now."

The father kissed the pale cheek affectionately.

"Never mind, darling, the good time will soon come. Keep up a brave heart. I have good news. The little schooner *Ariel* is in, and has made a more than tolerable voyage."

Mr. Murray was in the habit of confiding the state of his affairs to Mary. She was his confidential clerk, he said. To his wife he seldom talked of them. He felt that she had care enough in training her little ones, and he wished to keep her mind perfectly at ease. If he had vexations out of the house, he shook them off when he entered it, and wore only a cheerful face within doors. They entered the room where the placid, gentle mother was lying, and Mr. Murray placed the baby beside her.

"What are we to call her, Hannah?"

"I shall let Mary name her. She will be mostly Mary's charge, and she must choose her name."

"I did not know," said the husband, with a slight quiver in his voice; "I thought perhaps you would like to call her after Julia."

"O, no! Julia is our child still, and it would

seem as if we had parted from her forever, if we gave her name to another. No! Julia's memory must be kept distinct and separate from all others."

Mary's head was bent over the table, and her father saw a teardrop sparkle in the fire-light as it fell. Of all the children, Mary had loved Julia the dearest. There was a sympathy in their tastes and pursuits; and being so nearly of the same age, it had been like the tearing away of a second self, when Julia, who had rarely even walked out without her, had gone down alone to the banks of the eternal river.

"What shall you name the baby, Mary?" said the mother, speaking quite cheerfully, for she knew how morbidly the girl was nursing this grief. "Some very romantic one I suppose, but pray don't torture me with a long or a double one."

"Don't be afraid, mother! I shall not shock you with anything worse than Sybil. How will that suit you?"

"Excellently, if you like it." And Mr. Murray added his commendation, much to the disgust of the little girls who had been selecting as many names as would have been tacked to an infant of the blood royal.

Mary Murray was a frail, delicate girl, scarcely equal to the burdens which the mother was obliged to impose on her. She had carried little children in her arms almost as long ago as she could remember; and had sung to them still oftener than she had carried them. A sweet, powerful and richly modulated voice was Mary's best gift from nature. The slight, pale girl could boast of little beauty, although the simple banding of the soft brown hair and the immaculate neatness of her dress had a charm that often threw careless beauties in the shade.

Once, when barely twelve years of age, her rich voice had caught the ear of a professional singer who had come to pass a few months at Mary's seaside home. He listened breathlessly; and when she had finished the strain, unconscious of a listener, he remarked to one beside him, "That child would win fame and riches, as a singer, anywhere but in America."

This speech was overheard by the little Julia, and faithfully reported to Mary. For years it dwelt upon her imagination like an echo from some distant land which we can never hope to reach. Long afterwards it was her daily practice to go down when the waves were murmuring loudest and try her voice to its utmost power—sometimes to the delight and sometimes to the terror of Julia, who was her invariable companion.

"If I could but attain to what he prophesied!" was her daily thought until now that Mary was eighteen, and apparently no nearer her hope than ever.

During these years, however, she had some small opportunities, which she had faithfully improved, of cultivating her voice; and it had attained a fulness and power which surprised those who marked the slight figure and narrow chest. Added to this power was an element of inexpressible sweetness and tenderness, thrilling the hearer with an indescribable pathos like the wail of the south wind, and, anon, bursting into a wild triumphant strain, almost like a battle cry.

Six weeks after little Sybil was born, Mary held long and earnest talks with her father and mother. Already had she decided in her own mind that it was right for her to go away from her dear and pleasant home.

It was a trying hour for all three—but, at its close, Mr. Murray laid his hand upon Mary's head and said, "My child, I believe you are right. At all events, we can trust you. Should the world look darker to you than you now believe, you can but come back, and the light that others may not appreciate, will be very welcome at home."

The next week found Mary on the road to a new and untried sphere. Tremblingly—for her courage began to fail as she seemed to approach nearer her wish—she knocked at the door of a well-known professor of vocal music; and tremblingly too, she raised her voice at his request, that he might test its volume and quality.

His face lighted up with emotion, as she gathered courage to sing before him; and his decision was most favorable. He agreed to give her instruction at a rate within her father's means, and promised assistance afterwards.

Sometimes the world *did* look dark to the lonely girl, separated, for the first time, from the parental care and the little twining arms that had been ever around her; but there was a strong, independent self-reliance, deep in the gentle girl's heart, that overbore all things else.

It was a glad day when the professor led her to her place in the church choir, and placed within her hand his written approval. This was but a trial of her voice. She had yet to win her way. A city church needed some one to fill a vacancy in a quartette choir, and Mary was to wait on the leader with the professor's testimonial in her hand.

This leader was a tall, aristocratic looking person who had studied abroad, and had come home with honors from the foreign musical associations. He sat down to the fine organ that

graced his rich apartment, and asked her to sing. To sing before this grand personage!

He asked her what she had been singing, and she mentioned some of the compositions of Handel. He rose and took down from his splendid book-shelves a ponderous volume, found one of the pieces to which she referred, and struck the key-note upon the organ. The symphony that followed awoke all her courage. She no longer thought of herself; and inspired by the enthusiasm with which he played, she raised her voice and sang to his accompaniment. His manner showed her that he was pleased, and this encouraged her to surpass all former efforts.

When she had finished, he said: "Miss Murray, I am delighted! You have the true appreciation of Handel's music. I shall be happy to appoint you one of my choir. You will take your place at Saint Stephen's church on the coming Sunday."

It was sometime before Mary could realize it all. On her way home she seemed to be walking in a dream. The church he had named had often been spoken of by the professor as remarkable for the beauty of its music, and he had extolled the leader for his critical taste and splendid execution. It seemed incredible that she—a little obscure village girl—could satisfy such fastidious judgment. It was only as the good news dropped from her pen to the dear ones at home, that she could believe it. Ah! that dear home, where loving hearts beat at that news.

"I know Mary can get a school for me in the city," said one of the little girls whose teaching "proclivities" were very amusing, as she had numbered scarce ten summers.

"And I know what Mary will do for me," said one still younger.

"What is it, Ethel?" said the mother. "O, a secret!" came bashfully from the sweet crimson lips.

"A secret from mother, Ethel?" said tender, obedient, serious Della, the fourteen year old girl.

"I will tell then," said Ethel, relenting. "I think"—and here her voice sank into a whisper—"I think that Mary will get a place for me at the theatre."

"Why, Ethel! how foolish!" said several voices at once. The mortified child hid her blushing face, and the tears trickled through the small fingers.

"What does Ethel mean?" asked the astonished Mrs. Murray.

"Why, mother," answered Fannie, "don't you remember when Ethel went to the play at the town hall with Cousin Fred? Well, she has been crazy ever since to go upon the stage, and I

find her very often dressed in Mary's white gown, which is very long for Ethel, so Emily holds up the train."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray, "I hope none of the rest of my children will banker after public life in any shape."

That night, there came a box from dear Mary with presents for the children. All had the very things they had desired; and, better still, there was a long letter, full of tender love and eager hope. She had been called upon to assist at concerts, and was doing so well! so much better, she wrote, than she had a right to expect.

Mary's next letter dashed their hopes. By one of those mutations common enough in musical life, the choir at Saint Stephen's was broken up.

"No matter," said Mr. Murray, "Mary has still a home to come to, thank God!"

But Mary would not come. She wrote cheerfully, although the mother detected a sad undertone. The truth was, that Mary, unwilling to be a burden to her father, had walked out on a dreary, gray day to seek employment, and had found it in a bookstore. The confinement proved too much for her, she was taken ill, and for several weeks, she hovered between life and death.

Uneasy at her long silence, the father sought her; and after many anxious hours at her bedside, the physicians permitted her to return home. Watchful care restored her at length; but the best medicine was administered by Della, who read to her from a newspaper that her old teacher had become the leader of the choir at Saint Stephen's, and had advertised for a contralto singer.

"It was wonderful how soon she recovered! The next train bore her back to the city; and in fifteen minutes she was in the professor's parlor.

"I knew you would come!" said he, with a strange triumph in his voice. "I knew not where to find you, but I thought you might see the advertisement. It is not as a singer that I wanted you, but as a wife. Mary will you marry me?"

Mary's pale face flushed scarlet. I have a home," she replied. "Such questions, if asked at all, should be asked there."

Albert Werner blushed. "You are right, Mary. My eagerness to find you betrayed me into an error. Give me the right to consult your father; and, in the meantime, you must take the situation I advertised."

She consented to both arrangements; and our Mary is now the beloved wife of the best of men. There is a happy group at the other end of the room—Albert and Mary singing, and our whole family, father, mother and the children listening.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HOMELY GENIUSES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

What beauty holds in envious view,  
 'Tis grand to see the plainest win;  
 And witness genius bursting through  
 The ugly wall that hemmed it in.

A look at Cromwell's iron face  
 Can all our nobler nature stir;  
 Nor would we clothe with softer grace  
 Old victory-courted Oliver!

To soften Johnson's stormy hue,  
 Let none the gleam of fancy call;  
 Nor touch his grand old brow anew—  
 'Tis best with scrofula and all!

Such mighty souls we may well may bless,  
 Who, putting beauty's pride to shame,  
 Without the advantage of her dress,  
 Stride past her up the hill of fame.

For doubly vain would beauty be,  
 And tyrannous, but that at length  
 She sees herself a vanity,  
 Beneath the glorious pride of strength.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

BY HENRY B. HOLCOMB.

MR. PETER PATTERSON was fifty years of age, still hale looking, hearty and evidently enjoyed the best of health. He had also some pretensions to good looks, for his rosy face, regular features, and majestic carriage, united to his portly figure, were calculated to make an impression. Peter Patterson was a bachelor. He gave lessons in dancing and deportment, but he had one great misfortune to contend with, and that was, *he could not read*. His parents had been very poor, and he had never had a day's schooling in his life. Being thus incapacitated to make his living by his head, he made it by his legs. While he was quite a lad he got employment as call-boy at one of the New York theatres; from this humble position he rose to be ballet-master. He still held that position and gave private lessons in the art. He had managed, or thought he had managed so as to conceal the fact that he could not read, although sometimes it gave him great inconvenience to do so. He had also another great trouble. In an hour of weakness he had promised his housekeeper, Eliza Griswold, marriage. Since that unfortunate day he had never

had a moment's peace. Every time she saw him she introduced the subject, but the more she importuned, the less he felt inclined to fulfil his promise.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of an October day that our story opens. Patterson had just entered his house perspiring profusely, his collar was limp, and he held his pocket handkerchief in his hand, with which every now and then he wiped his face. He threw himself into a chair, and his countenance expressed annoyance, fatigue and discouragement.

The fact was he had just returned from a long walk without having accomplished his purpose. He had received a letter by post that morning which he had got an acquaintance to read for him, under the plea that he had mislaid his spectacles. This letter informed him that a Mrs. Seymour, living in Bond Street, wished him to call at her house to consult with him about giving her daughter dancing lessons. Flushed with the idea that he was about to obtain a new pupil, he had hurried to the rendezvous. Arrived there he was informed that Mrs. Seymour had removed to the Fourth Avenue, near 36th Street. He directed his steps to the place indicated, and was informed that the lady had gone South. There was nothing left for him but to return home, which he did in the state we have mentioned. He turned the letter which had caused him so much trouble over and over again in his hands, but of course could make nothing out of it.

"Here is this cursed note which has sent me wandering half over the city," said he to himself. "There must be some postscript which was not read to me, and which would explain matters. How inconvenient it is not to be able to read."

At that moment some one knocked at the door.

"Come in!" cried Peter.

The door opened, and a man about thirty-five years of age entered. He was one of Patterson's colleagues at the theatre.

"Good morning, Jobert," said Patterson, as soon as he saw who his visitor was.

"Good morning, Peter. I came to tell you that the rehearsal of the ballet begins at six instead of seven o'clock."

"I am much obliged to you," replied Peter, searching his pockets very energetically.

"What are you looking for?" asked Jobert.

"My spectacles, which I have mislaid somewhere."

"Well, I'll bid you good-by—I must be off," said Jobert, making towards the door.

"What are you in such a hurry for?" said Peter, and then he added—"Jobert, can you read without glasses?"



"It's very certain that I can't read with them."

"Be kind enough to read this note for me," said Peter, handing him the letter which had sent him on such a wild goose chase.

Jobert took the letter, read it through to himself, and smiled.

"It's wretched writing," said he.

"You can't read it, then?"

"Don't be in such a hurry, give me time to make it out. 'My dear Sir—'"

"Letters always commence in that way," said Peter, interrupting him.

"'My dear Sir,' continued Jobert, 'I have the honor'—and then looking off the letter he said to Peter—"it seems from this that you are in debt."

"Yes, I acknowledge I am somewhat in debt, but what has that letter got to do with it?"

"You shall hear. 'My dear Sir.'"

"You have read that twice before."

"'I have the honor to inform you that I shall draw upon you on the 15th inst., for the sum of fifty-two dollars, which you have owed me for a very long time past. Yours respectfully.'"

"What is the name?" asked Peter, in a voice of astonishment.

"I can't make it out very well," replied Jobert, "it is so badly written. 'Johnson'—no, it is not that—'Sampson,' no, I don't think that's it—it looks like 'Fielding.'"

"You have already given three names not at all resembling each other."

"Well, see for yourself," said Jobert, handing him the letter.

Peter took the letter and turned it upside down and endeavored to make it out, or rather pretended to do so.

"No, I can't decipher it—if I only had my spectacles."

"Have you no creditor by that name?" asked Jobert.

"Of which name—Johnson, Sampson or Fielding?"

"Any one of them."

"Not that I know of—but I have a very short memory," returned Peter. "By the way, to-morrow is the 15th, is it not?"

"Yes."

"The deuce take it, and I have not a cent."

"I would offer you my purse," said Jobert, "but unfortunately it is empty."

"I take the will for the deed," returned Peter, shaking his friend by the hand.

"Well, good morning, Peter—don't forget six o'clock."

"Good-by, I shall see you this evening."

Jobert left the dancing-master to his own re-

flections. Peter threw himself into a chair utterly bewildered.

"I received this note this morning," said Patterson to himself. "I asked one of my friends to read it, and he told me it came from a Mrs. Seymour, who requested me to call at her residence to consult with her about giving her daughter lessons in dancing. I could not find the lady. And now Jobert reads the letter and says it comes from some creditor of the name of Johnson, Sampson or Fielding. Evidently if the letter comes from a creditor, it could not come from Mrs. Seymour, and if it comes from Mrs. Seymour, it could not come from the creditor. The person who first read this letter to me must have been mistaken, or perhaps he handed back one of his own letters instead of mine—yes, he must have done so—"

He was here interrupted in his speculations, by the entrance of his housekeeper, Eliza Griswold.

"Mr. Patterson," said the housekeeper, "I want to speak to you on a serious matter."

"O, yes," said Peter, "I know all about it. We'll get married by-and-by."

"When?"

"In two or three years' time."

"O, you shameful man!" said Eliza, throwing herself into a chair and sobbing violently.

"Pshaw! nonsense! be calm!"

"Be calm! It's all very well your saying be calm. I understand why you are so cold to me. You have another lady love. I am sure that letter you hold in your hand comes from her. I insist on reading it."

"Read it by all means," said Peter, handing it to her, and a gleam of joy flitting across his face. "In the first place, tell me to whom it is addressed."

"Why, to you, 'Mr. Peter Patterson, professor of dancing and deportment.'"

"This is really very astonishing, upon my word," murmured Peter. Eliza began to read.

"'Deceitful man!'"

"What do you say?" cried Peter.

"The letter begins 'Deceitful man!' Of course that means you. It is evidently written by some one who knows your character."

"This is entirely different from what Jobert read," muttered Peter to himself.

"'Deceitful man,'" continued Eliza, reading, "'whilst I was the only one concerned, I asked nothing of the unworthy husband who forsook me so shamefully—'"

"What do you mean?"

"I preferred rather to earn my bread by the work of my hands—"

"What in the name of fortune are you read-

ing? that is not the letter I gave you to read—that contained a notice that some one would draw upon me for some money."

"Whose letter should it be if not yours? So you are married—O, Peter!"

"I, married!" cried Peter, feeling in all his pockets—"I must be a post-office—but no, I have only that one letter."

"I understand now why you will not marry me. You are afraid of being arrested for bigamy."

"Bigamy! a bachelor commit bigamy—that would be very strange," said Peter, then he added to himself—"this letter must belong to Jobert, he must have given it to me by mistake—but then it is addressed to me," he added, stroking his forehead—"I must be going crazy."

"Hear the rest of it," said Eliza—"but now that I am the mother of two frail creatures—"

"Two!"

"Two frail creatures," continued Eliza, reading, "'of whom you are the father. I announce to you that I shall draw on you for the sum of—'"

"Again!" murmured Peter, in a state of the most complete mystification. "It is an imposition—how is the letter signed?"

"The signature is so badly written that I can't make it out."

"That is just what Jobert said," muttered Peter.

"You are married, then," said Eliza, in an angry tone.

"I swear I am not."

"I pay no regard to your oaths—the moment is come to act."

"Act? How?"

"There is only one way to make me believe you—marry me directly."

"By-and-by, Eliza."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Jobert, who came to inquire if his friend was ready to go to the theatre.

"Jobert," said Peter, the moment he saw him, "be kind enough to read this letter again."

"Willingly—you have not found your spectacles yet, I suppose."

Peter placed himself between Eliza and Jobert, and showed the letter first to one and then the other. He turned first to the latter and holding the mysterious document before his eyes, said:

"Read the beginning of this note."

"My dear Sir," began Jobert.

Peter then turned to his housekeeper, and said:

"Now you read, Eliza."

"Deceitful man!" said Eliza.

"It is certain one of you does not know how to read," cried Peter, in a complete state of stu-

pefaction, looking first at one and then at the other. During this time Jobert and Eliza had been making signs to each other, which, however, neither of them seemed to comprehend.

"What! I do not know how to read?" said Jobert, snatching the letter from Peter's hand and reading it with great volubility.

"My dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I shall draw upon you on the 15th inst. for the sum of fifty-two dollars, which you have owed me for a very long time past. Yours respectfully."

"How? do you say I cannot read?" said Eliza, in her turn taking the letter from Jobert's hands, and reading very quickly:

"Deceitful man! whilst I was the only one concerned, I asked nothing of the unworthy husband who forsook me shamefully. I preferred rather to earn my bread by the work of my hands, but now that I am the mother of two frail creatures, I announce to you that I shall draw on you for the sum of—"

"Draw on me!" said Peter, "that is the only thing that agrees."

Eliza managed to approach Jobert, and whispered a few words in his ear without being seen by the dancing-master. Jobert nodded assent to her proposition.

"This different reading is easily to be explained," said Eliza. "'M-y d-e-a-r S-i-r,' that spells 'deceitful man,' does it not?"

"What do you think?" said Jobert, turning to Peter.

"I can tell nothing without my spectacles," said Peter, getting more and more bewildered.

"It seems that you read after the old method, which is a bad one," said Eliza, turning to Jobert.

"While you read after the new which is good," replied Jobert.

"It seems there must be still a third method, since the first reading sent me to Bond Street to seek a Mrs. Seymour," thought Peter.

"Well, Peter," said Jobert, "I must be off to rehearsal—are you ready to go?"

"I will follow you—tell them I am coming."

"And I will go and fetch a magistrate now that we may be married at once," said Eliza.

And they both left the house. No sooner were they gone than Peter began to walk excitedly up and down the room, every now and then striking his forehead with his hand.

"This cursed letter," he muttered to himself, "what can it mean? first it comes from a Mrs. Seymour, then from a creditor, then from a woman with two frail creatures! O, I shall go mad!"

At that moment he saw one of the carpenters attached to the theatre pass by his window.

"There goes John," he cried, "he is honest himself. I'll call him in."

He went to the front door and called to John who immediately turned back and entered the house.

"John," said the dancing-master, "I want you to do a favor for me. I have mislaid my spectacles, and I want you to read me this letter."

"Yes sir," said John, taking the letter in his hand and glancing over it. "It appears you had a quarrel last night, sir."

"A quarrel—what do you mean?"

"I should judge so from this letter. It is as follows: 'Sir.'"

"Nothing but 'Sir!'"

"'Sir,'" continued John, reading; "'It was all to no purpose that you ran away after the manner you insulted me at the end of the play last night—'"

"I insulted some one at the end of the play?"

"So it appears," returned John, going on with the reading.

"'I followed your footsteps, and I know who you are. Such an insult can only be washed out by blood. To-morrow at twelve o'clock I shall wait for you in the Elysian Fields, with my seconds and weapons, and I warn you if you are not there at the hour fixed, I will come and tear you from your house.' WILLIAM WILSON."

"This is too much," said Peter, falling back into a chair. "I shall die!"

"I hope not, Mr. Patterson—duels are not always fatal. Good-by, sir—I wish you success."

So saying, John left the house. Peter remained for half an hour in a very unenviable state of mind. He was bewildered, mystified and miserable. He was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of Jobert who had just returned from the theatre.

"I came to tell you that the rehearsal is over and you are fined," said Jobert.

"What do I care?" said Peter, desperately.

"Jobert, you are my friend, are you not?"

"You know that very well."

"Now tell me really the truth—what does this letter contain?"

"Well, I'll be frank with you—I was joking you this morning, all that stuff about a creditor was a pure invention of mine, just for fun. And Eliza, too, invented a pack of nonsense. Now let me read it."

Jobert took the letter.

"It's from your mother," said he.

"What, from Newark?"

"Yes—listen to it. 'Newark, N. J. My dear son. Ellen, whom no doubt you recollect—'"

"O, yes, I recollect her, a very ugly girl."

"Emma, whom no doubt you recollect, has inherited a fortune of twelve thousand dollars!"

"When I said ugly, I should have said she has handsome eyes and a beautiful nose."

"She has always preserved the most tender remembrance of you—"

"Her nose was perfectly lovely."

"And she has clearly shown me that she would be happy to give you her heart. Come, then, and finish your conquest."

"O, lovely Emma, I fly to you," said Peter, beginning to pack a portmanteau. In which occupation he was interrupted by the entrance of Eliza and a magistrate.

"I have brought a magistrate here to finish our little affairs," said Eliza.

"I am not a victim to your scheme, Eliza," said Peter—"I know the contents of that letter now."

"What are they?" said Eliza.

"An adorable woman offers me her heart and twelve thousand dollars. I'm going to marry her."

"Don't make a fool of yourself," said Eliza.

"Be good enough to read this letter," said Peter, handing it to the magistrate—"and remember I apply to your magisterial capacity, and I rely upon your reading it correctly."

"Certainly, sir," said the magistrate. "'When Mr. Peter Patterson, who cannot read—'"

"What's that? what's that?" cried Peter, opening his eyes very widely.

The magistrate continued, "'who cannot read, and whom we wish to mystify, asks you the contents of this letter, tell him the first thing that comes into your head.'"

"What a plot!" said Peter, letting his valises fall. "I did not think that of you, Jobert."

"It was only a joke, you know," replied his friend.

"A joke—if you were not my friend I would never forgive you, but as you are my friend—"

"And what will you do with me?" said Eliza.

"You! I'll punish you by marrying you."

And they were married then and there, and truth compels us to state that neither of them regretted it. Mr. Peter Patterson found it especially convenient to have some one about him who knew how to read.

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"I DON'T SEE IT."—Lord Nelson was undoubtedly the author of this slang phrase. At the celebrated naval battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, who was determined to continue the fight, but whose attention had been called to a signal of the commanding officer to cease hostilities, placed his hand over his good eye, and pretending to look with his blind one, said, "I don't see it," and at once ordered a brisk renewal of the engagement.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE DREAM OF THE KNITTER.**

Loop by loop, loop by loop,  
 The white hands knit;  
 While over the eyes the fair lids droop,  
 And fancies flit  
 Wondrous and wild,  
 As dreams of a child—  
 And the soldier's sock grows loop by loop.

Who is the one of the soldier troop  
 For whom she works?  
 And as o'er a lost loop the alight shoulders stoop,  
 In her heart there lurks  
 A longing to see  
 What the man may be  
 Who shall wear the stout sock growing loop by loop.

Is he weak and loose-jointed, with squint, halt and stoop?—  
 And a growl comes unbid:  
 Or tall and erect, and like eagle's swoop  
 The eyes flash 'neath the lid?  
 And the blue eyes smiled  
 In their dreaming wild,  
 And the soldier's sock grew loop by loop.

And the well-known room, as the fire-flames droop,  
 Tho shadow drapes;  
 To her dreaming eyes the dark forms group  
 Into fearful shapes,  
 And all around  
 Is a camping-ground—  
 And slower the sock grows loop by loop.

Stretched on the ground lies a gallant group,  
 Hardy and brave:  
 Foremost of all the numberless troop  
 Who our land shall save;  
 And the young girl wept  
 While the soldiers slept,  
 And the sock ceased growing loop by loop.

For the men have a haggard and hungry droop,  
 In their deep, fierce sleep;  
 And young and slight is one of the troop,  
 And dark brows keep  
 Watch over the eyes  
 Where the sleeping soul lies—  
 And the socks from his feet are worn loop by loop.

Ah, the merry blue eyes, that o'er the work stoop,  
 Are bewildered now!  
 Her full sweet lips have a sadder droop,  
 There's a cloud on her brow.  
 Yet she merrily smiled,  
 As wilful and wild  
 A broad spot of red she knits loop by loop.

Perhaps in the swelling years' rapid swoop,  
 She would hear from the mark.  
 Who shall say if the girl was a foolish dupe  
 Of her dream in the dark?

The web of our life,  
 Spite of doubting and strife,  
 The Future will knit for us loop by loop.

[ORIGINAL.]

**GERVASE OF THE WHITE HAND.**

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

HIGH up among Norwegian hills that dominate a black and terrible coast, where the ever-angry sea but seldom leaves a wreck, because few craft are venturesome enough to skirt its cruel ledges, stood the ancient fortress of Hurven; how ancient, may be judged from the fact that it had been long enough deserted to become, with its mighty bastions and buttresses, almost a mass of ruins, and to leave tenantable but one turreted tower alone of all its former glory. Some years before there had come to it, after troublous times, an old man, bringing a few chests and a parcel of odd articles. In this tower he had taken up his abode, and it being apparently long since forgotten by the crown, whose property it was, he remained unquestioned. He had no word for any that he met; the peasantry, who, at first kindly disposed, had been checked in their advances by one glance of his dark, woful eyes, soon believed him to be, what every unexplained profession in those days became considered—a sorcerer, and so at length superstitiously withheld the least communication. He sat alone in his tower, with one attendant, a young girl who had not yet numbered her fourteenth summer; but her he had brought with him, and what relation she held to him, if any—whether she were grandchild, godchild, niece, cousin or servant—there were none to tell. She herself always addressed him as Osric, and he saluted her by the name of Hildegarden. Yet there was a high-born air about the little maiden, and her beauty, so unlike the coarse blonde beauty of the rustic belles around, seemed to single her among them as a queen. Yet, petite and sylphlike, none ever looked less regal in person than she; it was the majesty of soul that spoke in her, a majesty as yet but slightly developed, but the history of the realm recounts it in later years, and the fate of Norway felt it as a bulwark. Suitors, hitherto, this dark child had none, for those of the villagers that Osric did not warn away, her own proud petulance disposed of; she seemed to find full employ in waiting on her master, and more-over to care for no other future. Sometimes she spun with her distaff on the green hillward before the tower; sometimes she gathered herbs

and strange stones for Osric, since he beguiled his dreary days with those alchemic studies that had lent him renown as a sorcerer; sometimes she mounted the crags, and sat gazing out for long hours over the wrathful tides that never ceased foaming at their base; sometimes she lost herself in the forests, and was found, flashing by like the wraith of the wildwood blossoms, by the royal hunting-parties from the court.

Hildegarden stood by a deep salt-pool among the rocks; the dark, thick weeds that grew perennially in its depths colored it like rich old wine, and taking the sunlight with glints and sparks on their submerged frondescence, filled it with atoms of splendor. But it was not that alone that glistened just now in the depths of the salt-pool—the band of jewels, a rubied heirloom, the sole treasure with which Osric allowed her to adorn herself, the band of jewels with which she bound her hair, had slipped off and down, and lay a fathom deep, sparkling in tempting freedom, in a recess of the salt, still pool. Thus was left all the wild and waving luxuriance of hair to stream upon the morning wind. As she stood gazing into the brown bright depths with her browner eyes, a light step came leaping down the crag, and “Let me help thee!” cried a voice at her shoulder. She turned, startled, and somewhat angered by surprise.

“Nay, I want nothing of thee,” she replied, and went springing away from him down the sharp jags.

“It is danger that lies before thee!” he cried. “It is the Terrible Tarn, knowest thou not?”

But she did not hear him, or hearing him did not care, or caring chose to dare, and still went springing down, her hands upon her sides to keep the wavering balance, her hair blowing on the wind; and the boy went springing down behind her. Suddenly, when near the brink, she remained motionless; the rock next below, trembling with her steps, shivered and fell into the pool, the rock above her parted in a fissure. There seemed to be neither retreat nor advance possible for her. It was indeed the Terrible Tarn, and at any other time she would have remembered it. She turned, full of dismay; the boy stood just above her; he reached forward, endeavoring to lift her to his side, but his strength was insufficient.

“If the tides rise, thou wilt drown!” he cried.

“I will not drown!” she answered haughtily, and as if she held life and death in her will.

And as she spoke, a hand reached out from behind the rock above the boy, a man’s hand, supple, strong, and white, and on it gleamed the

signet of one great diamond like an eye. More she could not see, nothing but this hand, this wrist, so little, so slender, so nervous, so dazzlingly white.

“Trust, little maiden,” said a deep, rich voice, a voice from the hollow of the hill, one might have said.

Hildegarden hesitated a moment, and then lifting both her arms, she grasped the hand, and as if she had been a precious toy, felt herself lifted gently and firmly, and placed beside the boy.

“Now help thyself, sweet child,” said the voice.

The hand loosened itself from her yet clinging hold and disappeared.

“Why not have waited?” then asked the boy. “I would have descended alone. I should have known how to step so that not a splinter would have changed. Thou, reckless and impetuous, wouldst dash the solid hills aside.”

“I?”

“Yes, yes. Thou art so slight, so frail, so fair, they would shrink from their foundations as they saw thee come, lest with their great sides they bruised thee!”

The girl laughed, and bent to look over the edge after her jewels.

“Truly, why not have waited?” he asked again. “For none but thee would I have tempted these slippery sides of the Terrible Tarn. But for thee—ah, how gladly! I have seen thee a hundred times in the great forest yonder, as I hunted, yet always thou hast fled me.”

“So Osric commands me.”

“And thou couldst not accept even my aid in peril?”

“Nay, I needed not a stranger’s aid,” she said, half demurely, yet eyeing the new comer roguishly and askance.

“And he was no stranger, then, the man that this moment lifted thee to my side?” he demanded quickly and hotly.

“He? It was no man—that was a spirit!” said Hildegarden, in the hushed tone of belief; but then, with the boy’s laugh, and her own sense of absurdity, she added, “And yet, in truth, I do not know who it was, but no stranger, certainly; his touch was that of a friend. I felt long acquaintance and kinship. I felt as if he were myself!”

Again the boy laughed, a low, scornful laugh, that boys do not often affect; then bending with his long wooden boar-spear, he lightly stirred the surface of the pool, plunged it into the sparkling depths, and brought up the band of rubies

on its point. It was easy to see while thus employed, that this was no common lad. He had seen, perhaps, some seventeen years, his sinuous figure clad in the green mountain-garb, and the silver horn slung at his side; and as he bent, the long black plume fell forward, and cast a deeper shadow over a face already clearly pallid with olive tinges. Taking the dripping gems from his spear, he placed them in her hand. She received them without a syllable of thanks, proceeded at once to bind the flying tresses, and then, still speechless, bounded up the precipitous ascent, and reached the edge. Following again, he stood once more beside her.

"Thou art not too courteous," he said. "But now take me to Osric. I would speak with him."

"Osric sees none."

"Osric must see me."

"Thou speakest with authority."

"And have the right," said the youth, somewhat proudly.

"Prithee, tell thy name?"

"Vasile."

The girl placed her small hand in his. "I can be courteous to the brave," she said, "and already thou hast won the name in battle, young as thou art, Osric saith. Come an thou wilt."

A moment more, and darting in advance she had led the way through a narrow defile, over whose lofty sides the mountain shrubs wore a perpetual roof, as of some cavern. Leaping a bubbling stream, they gradually ascended the plane, and parting a mass of tangled junipers, merged into open air upon the grassy brow of a smooth cliff, and at the entrance of the ruined tower. The goats were browsing at the door, and a dog lying across the stone, rousing, stretched and shook himself, and after fawning round the new comers, set up such a howl as proclaimed him the only warder and warder's horn that Osric deigned to keep. The youth turned at the threshold to gaze about him. All above and around, huge gray mountain-tops piled themselves, bleak, bare and wintry. Here a single pine grew out of the deep cleft, there an eagle flew screaming from wild gaps into the dense crown of white clouds beyond; and the sad stream of the cavern lower down, here above sprung in maddening flashes of light and foam from peak to peak, till it lay weary of eddies and of raging, calmly in the cool heart of the hills. It was such a scene as the boy loved—his eye flashed as he gazed on it—the wild excitement of the place, and all the free contention of the breezes was kindling his answering spirit.

"Hast thou always lived here?" inquired he.

But receiving no answer, he looked for his companion, who came slowly down a flight of stone steps, and, as if aware of some apparent inhospitality, said, casting down her eyes, which were full of tears:

"He saith that Vasile the Prince must await the rising of the moon. His horoscope is not for the daylight, nor yet for the stars, but for the young moon that early sinketh, to shine upon. And would the Lancer question, he must bide Osric's hour, till sunset gathering wolf's-bane and minerals on the crags with Hildegarden."

"Tush!" said the youth. "What care I for divination? I would but speak with Osric. I will go to him!"

"Nay, nay," whispered the girl, beseechingly. "He is terrible at such spells. He cannot be looked upon. Evil spirits rule him. None but I dare address him. And I—even I—look there!" And lifting the floating sleeve she disclosed a purple welt on her round but sunburned arm. "He struck me there!" she whispered, the tears welling forth again.

The boy's eyes flashed. "By Heaven—"

A little brown hand was clapped across his mouth.

"Hist, hist! What would it avail me? Be silent. He loveth me—O, he loveth me, my father's kind brother—but he is possessed now of a second sight! Come, pluck the weeds."

The boy hesitated a moment, then smiling oddly, followed Hildegarden up the crags, while Osric the seer with the gray hairs and the young face gazed at them through a narrow aperture half overgrown with ivy.

"Well is it," quoth he, "I struck thee, little Hildegarden. My own heart bled thereat. Let his pity grow to love. Be there skill in divination, or in an old man's cunning, thou, wild child of the Norse, shalt be their queen anon!"

Feasting on berries and coarse bread at noon, the young prince and Hildegarden, with their hounds before them, sat beside a spring, in familiar conversation over the minerals they had gathered, and the herbs they had plucked.

"Knowest thou any language but our rude Norse?" asked Vasile.

"Yea," said she, "the tongue of the Franks as well, and a sweet southern speech that flows from the tongue like honey. It was my cradle-song—my mother's tongue."

"Ay, thy beauty is not the Norwegian. And what else knowest thou?"

"Many things. My uncle has taught me in books of strange signs. Before sunrise, ere this mood seized upon him, I wrought out with him the eclipse that next year will darken us. Ye



below will tremble. Oric and I know the cause."

"Thou'rt a witch! Cease, or I'll have thee burned. I know naught of this; yet Gervase doth, I'll dare swear. Hast no further knowledge?"

"Somewhat of the old ages past, and somewhat of the spaces the seas and nations hold. That is all, save that I can spin and milk, and weave, and am a housewife."

"Thou art not too modest in telling thine accomplishments. Thou canst play the harp perhaps?"

"Not I. There is one in the tower. A strange animal, with long, golden fibres, in which my uncle winds his hands by moonlight, and it discourses to him sweet oracles. It is his familiar spirit."

"Dost never fear to dwell here in the mountains?"

"Sometimes I hear the wild dogs bay. Frequently wolves howl by night. I met one once at noon."

"And what didst thou do?"

"I killed him."

"Thou!" incredulously, and with scorn.

"I! Decoyed him to leaping, where he fell, and his bones are whitening now in the abyss."

The hounds, leashed together, had long been restive, and at this moment, a snap, as of some beast shutting his teeth fiercely, close behind them, was heard. Springing round, they saw a huge, lean, hairy creature crouching stealthily for an attack.

"Unleash the hounds!" cried Vasile, interposing himself, with his long wooden spear, between the animal and Hildegarden, who, with crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes hastened to obey. "Let them engage him! With thee to defend, I cannot fight!" he cried, and flinging away his spear, he caught Hildegarden in his arms, and raced along the level, up and down in zigzag courses that the dreadful thing could not follow, and at length crowding through a narrow gorge where the great brown bears could never pass, set her safely on her feet once more.

"Thou a Lancer, indeed," she cried, angrily, upon her release. "Thou fliest so soon as danger beckons. It is well thou dost not rule the Nurse. They would flay thee alive for a coward, as I would!"

"Thou," cried the amazed boy. "But for thee I had not lifted foot in flight. Come, then, thou shalt see is Vasile faint of heart. Come back, and hasten! I will find him! I flung away my spear, it is true, and my hounds are doubtless slain, but here is my knife and my two

hands, and he or I shall be victor!" And the boy bounded from the place as he had entered it.

"Nay, nay," cried Hildegarden, "I meant not—"

But he could not hear her, and wild as himself, she followed. Yet hardly had they proceeded a furlong when they heard the cry of the hounds, and a tall, proud figure, that of some Grecian statue, some Roman athlete, some Gothic god, was mounting the hill in careless retreat. Turning, he threw a glance over his shoulder, and then retraced his steps. There was an air about him, still so young, though so commanding, that a king might have worn.

"Thy spear?" he said, extending a hand where gleamed the diamond signet like an eye. "This is it. Pardon, if I have intruded on thy game and spoiled a hunter's quarry." And he displayed the great skin with its claws still attached, hanging over his arm.

Vasile bit his lip, and bowed low as he took the spear, so low that hardly could one see the look of hatred darkening his young face.

"I have not fled, most noble sir," he answered. "I would but have placed this child in safety. She scorned it, and I returned."

The stranger looked at them both. "Little maiden," he said, "never tempt a fiery spirit into danger. In our brawling days, the hand that can hurl a lance, and let loose the souls of Norway's enemies, is too precious to be torn by the fangs of wild beasts." And with a firm, free footfall, he vanished.

"Dear Vasile," then said Hildegarden, "I crave thy pardon. I have done grievously. I am so wayward and so wild."

The boy did not reply with other than a clear glance, and the two descended to the tower, for the early shadows of the hill country were already falling around them.

"Thou'rt a brave girl—a noble girl!" he said, at length, with a long breath, as if the whole current of his thought were now bursting forth. "Say, may I come often hither and see thee?"

"Nay," she answered carelessly. "I want none but Oric. I do not care to see thee more."

Again the youth bit his handsome lips, and slowly he followed Hildegarden up the stairs. For some time the boy waited alone, without the door through which his late companion had passed; at last, grown impatient, he pushed it open and entered. The room was lofty and gloomy, and a gray-haired man sat by an undraped, unglazed window, through which Vasile saw the curve of the young moon, red and wild, falling amid faint clouds like filmy rims of gold,

into the horizon. So lofty and so gloomy indeed, was this room, that Vasile saw no ceiling, till with the silence and the deepening hour the stars came out above, and showed him that it was roofed alone with the ever-springing arch of the sky. From somewhere far away a low, mournful murmur ever rose, as if the wind still sung across the iron bars of the deserted dungeon rooms. Here and there a sombre curtain swung and indicated other regions less exposed to inclement winds or summer dews. Still silent, and with cap in hand, the boy stood gazing before him.

"I would speak with Osric," then he said, bending deeply.

"Speak!" said the voice of the gray-haired man at the window.

"But not with Hildegarden."

Irate and indignant, the maiden flashed from the room. The boy still waited.

"And is it thus," he said, in low, grieved tones, "is it thus that I find the Majesty of Norway seated?"

"In sackcloth and ashes," was the reply, with a voice whose authority hardly hid its sadness. "I governed my people so ill, that sackcloth I needs must wear. Into ashes has all my glory turned. So be the fate of all tyrants!"

"So should not be Osric's fate."

"So *should* be Osric's fate! So is it! Strange, boy, strange, it is, that here in this mountain ruin, left me alone of all my splendor, that here for the first time I have learned peace—have learned what liberty was—have learned that I, the king, was a tyrant!"

"Never shalt thou thus speak of my kinsman!"

"Alas, boy, but for my sins upon the throne, thou wouldst have heired it, since Norway and its wild barons would never have submitted to a woman's rule, though that woman were twice my child. Now thou wilt never know the sweet despair of kings. Gervase sways the sceptre. Gervase the people worship. Gervase fashions the country into a power. Gervase, young, brave, beautiful, and with a royal soul, supplants me and presents thee!"

As he spoke, the man's voice warmed, he reared his lofty stature, his eyes flashed, his tones rang, he was every inch the monarch. Yet evident and keen as his admiration of this Gervase was, the tone, the look, grew bitter and full of scorching hatred ere he closed.

"Thou lovest him well," said Vasile, then, in answering tones. "Almost as well as I."

"Yet in truth it is his right, this crown," said Osric. "He stood as near the throne as thou.

Ye both are kin to me, though not to each other. He is the elder of the twain. Indeed it is his right; the nation named, the people proclaimed. And he rules as if he were rocked in the cradle of power and the gods had nursed him."

"And I—should I not have done the same? Who knew unless I were tried? I will yet be tried!" And Vasile gnashed his teeth as he spoke. "He crosses me in power, and I feel it. I feel it he is yet to cross me in love. Osric, I love thy daughter."

"Thou, Vasile, son of Korner! Thou art but a boy. Thou knowest not what love is."

"Do I not?"

"And if thou didst, my daughter is no match for thee. She is now and hereafter but a peasant girl. Peasants are no spouses for princes."

"But, Osric, my liege, the scales are ever rising, sinking, rising. Thou mayst rule again."

"Never! Power I forswear!"

"But I shall. I swear here, under these stars," and the boy knelt as he spoke. "I call the God out of heaven to witness that Norway shall give me her crown or give me my grave!"

Ere he rose, a hand was laid on his shoulder, strong, warm and steady.

"Vasile," said the deep voice of the stranger of the mountain, as the boy turned his gaze upward, "does this eager nature of thine, the proud will in thy oath, pronounce thee the man who, ruling his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city? Art thou capable now of curbing a wild, daring people, now of letting them loose in torrents? Skilled in the chase alone, hast thou knowledge of government? Couldst steer the state through whirlpools, and carry her into harbor under a thousand storms? That thou art not fit to rule, child, thy very oath shows, for it is a selfish wish, and he who reigns has no right to one thought of self in that regard. For myself, I do not value this crown. It was the free gift of my people. Far rather would I rest and dream on sunny southern shores. But when I received it, I also swore an oath. I swore to preserve it mine, never to forsake my people, never to belie the trust imposed upon me—to defend it with my life—and that oath I will keep."

So saying, he lifted his hand with its slight but authoritative pressure from the shoulder of the unwilling boy. Vasile sprang to his feet.

"Vasile," said the other, again, "I am thy sovereign. Do me homage or not, as thou wilt; but think twice ere thou strike."

"Twice and thrice will I think, and yet strike!" cried the youth.

But Gervase lightly inclined his head, bent for

an instant and touched his lips to Osric's hand, and was gone.

"Yet he acknowledges thee liege," cried Vasile.

"We cannot wash the oil from the Lord's anointed," replied the other.

"Osric, canst thou so calmly resign power? Was there nothing lordly in that mien, that filled thy heart with the old desire of kingship?"

Osric was silent.

"If I were king," said Vasile, yet again, "Hildegarden were queen."

The old man looked up with burning eyes. All the ancient dreams of his life came back and drove out his philosophy.

"Make thyself king!" he said.

The youthful fire in the boy's blood blazed up; he sprang to grasp Osric's hand and ratify the compact; but the other drew back.

"I regard this man as thou dost," said he.

"At any moment my life is in his hand, and he spares it, and I hate him because he has the authority to spare it. Thou too shouldst hate him, pitiful boy, since, as he touched thee, a word from him could have summoned the slaves who would do thee to death, and he thinks so contemptuously of thy braves that thee also he spares, and defies. This Gervase holds what was mine, and however I admire, and the more I am forced to admire, the more I hate! Make thyself king, I say, and Hildegarden is thy queen."

As he spoke, they both looked from the window over the darkening land, and saw, not a bowshot away, Hildegarden standing by the kingly stranger's side, while with glittering hand extended, he spoke to her of the wild beauties of the place. As they looked, a band of knights and horsemen slowly grouped at little distance, waiting for their lord to finish his day's pleasure. At length a page wound up the hill, drawing nearer, and leading a horse with gemmed and golden bridle. A parting word, the speaker vaulted into the saddle, and the whole gorgeously caparisoned band wound away in the moonlight.

"Wretch, I detest thee!" cried Vasile.

"And I," said Osric, "prepare revenge."

Vasile went out and down, and met Hildegarden as he went. She walked along dreamily and pensively. This was a new soul that had to-day dawned upon her childish heaven; a rarer, richer nature than ever she had met, had but now cast its spell over her. A spell that, as the annals tell, stronger and craftier ones than she, found it in vain to resist.

"Farewell, Hildegarden," said Vasile, joyously, and with confidence. "I am going to win thee a crown."

"Me?"

"Ay. Promise me thou wilt wear it."

"Nay, I am better as I am. I will not wear it."

"But Osric saith thou shalt."

"Then be sure I never will."

"Thou wilt think otherwise when thou seest it within reach. Yet give me one kiss as pledge."

But Hildegarden stood erect, the woman breaking away from the child, and her face reddening with indignation. Yet nothing daunted, Vasile with half an air of amusement, half of gallantry, threw his arm round her neck and lightly touched his lips to her cheek, while her breath came and went hissing.

"We have been in danger together," he said; "fare thee well, dear heart," and left her.

"Vasile, Vasile!" cried Hildegarden, running down and standing on the smooth cliff, just as Vasile was separating the junipers at the defile's mouth. "I will be thy evil fate!" she cried. "I will always cross thy path! I will bid all the demons about thee!"

A dreadful thunderbolt burst above at this juncture, and Vasile, looking back, saw the girl still standing there, her skirt fluttering in the storm, her long black hair streaming out against the lightning-illumined sky, and her hands raised in the emphasis of her childish attempt at malison. There was a strong tinge of superstition in Vasile's nature, and at this moment the single pine growing from the mountain cleft snapped loudly and fell with its weight of perennial snow, crashing into the torrent below. With a plunge Vasile entered the black defile, and hiding his face in his fingers, repeated short prayers till he fell asleep where he had thrown himself. When he was quite out of sight, Hildegarden raced back into the sky-ceiled room, and casting herself on the floor, wept aloud.

"Alas and alas, thou shouldst never have bidden him thus insult me!" she sobbed.

"Ah, little child, soothe thy passionate heart. He thinketh thee so young. Thou shalt one day be his queen."

"Never, never!"

The old man took her in his arms, and bearing her up the turret stairs, left her on the open battlement alone, where the heavens might teach her patience, and where half the night she sat, the storm rolling off in the distance, the stars wheeling slowly, and the nightbirds screeching round her head.

The moon shone clearly through the crevices and seams, when Vasile was awakened from his slumber by sweet, clear, distant singing.

"It is little Hildegarden," said he, rising and traversing the defile homeward. "More superbly did she look in her passion than her kindness."

The months and the years had rolled away, and Hildegarden, no longer the child, found herself in her seventeenth summer and her ripened beauty. It was her birthday—a day when Osric always shut himself up in the tower and excluded her from his presence—and following the westerling sun, with a lonely heart and a laggard step, she betook herself to the shore. The tides were calmer than for many a week she had seen them. Just creaming in foam at the foot of the crags, the sea lay, far and wide, one molten sheet of color—amethyst, carbuncle, and amber, the sunset dyes were held in solution there. Far out, on a sheet of azure damascened with gold, one shallop floated, with a single fisher. But as the sun sank, he gathered up his lines, and put in toward shore. Slowly at first, but then his eye seemed to catch some spark upon the rocks. He stood up and scanned it more earnestly—that spark must surely be Hildegarden. In an instant away flew all the cares of state, the schemes and plans, which this one holiday snatched from the royal weight of duties had passed in devising. A little sail ran up the mast, and with skilful seamanship the boat cut through the waves. At first Hildegarden had watched it with careless eyes, idly, as she might have watched a leaf float down the flood. But suddenly a great thrill shot through her form, and she watched every bound of the keel from billow to billow. Here, it was among the breakers—none but a nerve as strong as iron, a hand as true as steel, could guide it there. Here, the last fringe of froth had feathered from its stern, and it floated over on shoal water. It was dangerous play for one on whose life a nation hung; but he was a man who knew to the nicety of a hair, his ability to do, his capacity to bear. The anchor plashed in the water, and the fisher was mounting the rocks to her side. Many was the evening he there had sat beside her, watching the light sink down across the seas, and the stars come out above them. Often had she wondered that he sought her thus—he, so evidently born to the air of courts, she a simple rustic maiden. She questioned silently could it be from idleness or from chance, or yet was it possible that she was dear to him? Dear to him! No such word had he ever spoken; perhaps he feared to frighten the young and timid love from its resting-place in her heart, yet certainly it had looked from his eyes, and trembled in his grasping hand a thousand times. And as

she thought, a wild longing took possession of her soul; but even then he was beside her. Perhaps the joy in her soul lent greater radiance to the sunset light that played on Hildegarden's face; but in vain she tried to hide it under chiding words.

"Thou sportest with life," she said. "Never before have I seen boat in these breakers."

"There is a first time for everything," was his light response. "And how could there be a better time than when Hildegarden stands a beacon on the shore?"

"A beacon to warn thee off the breakers?"

"Ay. Off from all breakers. Hildegarden, wilt thou be that beacon—that light of my life?"

"Thine? I?"

"Thou only? Thou alone. Hildegarden, tell me that thou lovest."

She was silent, there seemed to be no words to tell of the deep bliss in her heart, till at length she lifted blushing face and overflowing eyes, and hid them in his arms. So they sat, lovers, pledged and betrothed, till the rising tide warned them inland, and they parted in view of Osric's window.

"Ay, ay," muttered the old man in low-voiced wrath. "Thus far I will not prevent thee. Thou *shalt* love her. But never shalt thou wed her. Though I died, I would give her to Vasile. And yet, let come what fate will, still shall I get the upper hand of my proud Norwegians. It is my child that shall queen it over them." For ere half his words were said, the keen eyes had caught sight of the king's signet-ring—that diamond gleaming like an eye—and this time it was on the hand of Hildegarden.

Nearly five years had now passed since the day when first Vasile and Hildegarden had stood beside the Terrible Tarn. The prince, bold, brave, and fulfilling in the slight and agile perfection of form and of face, all the promise of his youth; and the maiden, diminutive still, yet more beautiful and graceful than ever—a clear brunette skin, with a chill crimson perpetually in the cheek, a round, pale forehead above dark, sparkling eyes, and thick hair, curling in raven wings wherever it escaped from its severe bands and braids. The prince, from his very birth possessed with the lust of power, had at length succeeded in mastering certain lawless forces, and was now, in his twenty-first year, boldly waging war against the hitherto invincible Gervase. Many bitter battles had been fought, and defeat after defeat had neither vanquished nor disheartened Vasile. He believed in fate. One other mighty conqueror had despoiled him long ago—

the love of Hildegarden. But the dislike conceived by the girl in childhood, was scarcely one whit abated, and all the more because Osric had sought to enforce his affection, and all the gifts of Vasile, his vows and offers, had gone for nothing. In the impassable mountains whose steep bulwarks had for centuries guarded his ancestors, Vasile had taken refuge from his foe, practising forage and depredation, and already planning a descent into the rich and populous plains beyond the river Reser, there to throw the final die, to conquer or to perish. Hildegarden stood with folded hands, looking down the pool; but Vasile leaned his lithe figure upon his spear, and his sad shadow-like eyes were bent on her quiet face.

"And thou still scornest me?" he asked.

"Nay," answered Hildegarden. "Do I scorn thee?"

"Thou dost! And why not say so? Thou canst not hinder my loving thee, though. Yet one thing tell me, Hildegarden. Tell me, dost thou love this Gervase?"

There was no answer.

"Dost love this Gervase, mine enemy?" he demanded again.

"Love him? I have never seen him!" replied she, raising her surprised face.

A light flashed in Vasile's eye, a flush brightened his dark cheek, and his lip curled disdainfully.

"I will not tell Hildegarden she speaketh untruly," he said. "But she *doth* know him—doth love him! He was this morn in the tower."

Hildegarden was tying up her hair within its band of rubies once more, but she ceased in unconcealed astonishment.

"Gervase!" he cried.

"Ay. He who saved thee from drowning. Once and again since that first day on this very spot. 'Tis a little exercise in which ye two indulge—thou to drown, and he to rescue!"

"He—he is not Gervase!"

"Who then?"

"Verily, I do not know."

"How dost thou address him?" he asked, contemptuously.

"Osric never addressed him by name."

"But thou, perchance, sayest 'sweetheart?'"

Hildegarden had dropt the ruby band and hidden her face in her hands, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she answered:

"Thou hast no right, Vasile—"

"Call me Vasile again," interrupted he, picking up the ruby band, kissing it and dropping it into the well.

"Why hast thou done that?" she asked.

"That no other lover might stain it with his lips."

"How shall I tie up my hair now?"

"Thou mightest bind it beneath a crown. Hildegarden, Hildegarden, wilt thou never love me?"

"I cannot. That evening, five years gone, made it impossible."

"And that was so long ago; I was but a thoughtless boy. I would give my birthright to recall it."

"Not for that, not for that alone. But then was planted what has grown. I pity, I cannot love thee." And she went close to him in her old, confiding way.

"Osric will not suffer thee to wed this stranger, who is Gervase!" said Vasile. "If I meet him in battle, I will slay him!" He stooped to look into her eyes, with a gleam of tears in his own, but angry at himself, with a quick sternness he resumed, "Nay, thou wilt live solitary and sad, or Osric will force thee to kneel and be crowned beside me."

Hildegarden threw back her head in disdainful displeasure, her proud anger darkening her eyes continually, but she could say nothing sufficiently emphatic, and was silent.

"Osric cannot force thee, thou thinkest," said Vasile, observing her. "He *shall* not! Hildegarden, give me this hope—hope only—that if I succeed thou wilt forgive, wilt love? Then shall I go forth to battle in a strong panoply. I shall conquer."

But Hildegarden, turning away and going towards the defile, only said:

"Then thou wilt *never* conquer," and disappeared.

As she had half crossed the defile, she was aware of a tall form standing at its mouth. At first she started, but then perceiving her mistake, running forward she held her lips temptingly up to his, as his arms surrounded her. Golden brown curls streamed over his shoulders from beneath a light helmet, and his face, with its long-lashed gray eyes, was of singular regularity in feature, and most noble and calm in expression.

"I have been awaiting thee, my darling," he said.

But suddenly Hildegarden sprang back, crimsoning and tearful.

"Why didst thou not thyself tell me thou wert Gervase? Why didst thou leave it for another to tear us apart?" she cried.

"Thou art bewildering me wonderfully," said Gervase, with a questioning glance.

The girl answered it, saying, "Thy rank! Do kings wed peasants? And I—go, our paths

lie separately henceforth!" And motioning him aside, she would have passed out, but he detained her gently.

"Little sprite," said he laughingly, "therefore thou wettest thine eyelashes with shining tears? Know that the king dares oppose here no wish of the man, and my rank shall wear my wife as the brightest jewel of its crown!" And he kissed away the tears from her now joy-illuminated face, while together they left the defile, and winding round the tower, ascended the hills beyond. "Who told thee I was Gervase?" asked he, as plucking a spray of scarlet flowers he twined them in her dark hair.

"He—Vasile. He knew how thou didst rescue and bring me home, and how my uncle acknowledges his obligation to thee, yet—yet—"

"Hates me."

"Exactly. And he knows how frequently thou art here. But he will not betray thee. He is noble at heart."

"Ah, thou thinkest so?"

"Dost not thou?"

"I think him a pitiful boy. Yet brave. Ay, and noble. Look thou around us, sweet Hildegarden, from this height whence thou commandest leagues of landscape. Seest thou yon slender, solitary beech above us, lightning-struck? Yet below are the twin stems, blooming and odorous, whence I plucked these blossoms. In his wild pride Vasile strives to grasp more of a kingdom than his gauntlet can hold. My love, roses blow in Christierne redder than here, and thou, dear Norse flower, shalt bloom fairer when I transplant thee thither."

"See, my uncle regards us from the tower," said Hildegarden. "I must leave thee, and seek him. Farewell!"

"Thine uncle has strange thoughts of late. Perchance I may not see thee again for months. Farewell, farewell, my darling!" And holding her a moment in his close embrace he crossed the hill and was out of sight.

Full two hours Vasile sat on the well-curb, self-occupied in his sad dreams. He was roused by a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and a gruff voice saying:

"Sir, we've been seeking thee. Thou'rt a prisoner!"

Shaking off the hand, Vasile started to his feet, and saw himself surrounded by a detachment of the royalists, who had quietly filled the valley. Submission was not in his nature; he would battle to the death, he would sell his life dearly, and whirling his spear round his head, he struck the speaker a blow that laid him lifeless. Another and another he destroyed, till numbers

overwhelmed the terrible youth and bound fast his hands. Speedily and noiselessly with him in their midst, they retraced the mountain path, proceeding till they halted on the brink of the steepest precipice in all the region.

"What now?" cried one.

"We know not the path, and this devil hath slain the guide!" replied another.

An enormous chasm yawned between them and the opposing rock, and the fierce Reser was roaring far below. But the Norse reared on the hills are all excellent leapers; and looking down, Vasile saw, somewhat below on the other side, a thrifty wild thorn bush, growing from a narrow fissure. As he looked, he had so loosened his hands that a quick wrench would free them. But before he could make even his purpose plain to himself, a stately white-plumed leader came stepping down the crags at hand, among the men who parted right and left, and marshalled him along his way till he confronted his prisoner.

"No bond of mine shalt thou feel," said the deep, sweet tones that not long since had been sounding in Hildegarden's ears, "until by thine own choice thou assumest them, and findest them then to be silken!" And bending courteously, he would have alighted the withes away.

But Vasile, as the soldiers stared, suddenly raised his haughty hands free ere the other could touch them.

"Not to thee will I owe my life!" he cried, proudly, and darting forward with his impetus, thrusting one and another aside, and bending himself nearly double, Vasile bounded across the fearful chasm and seized the thorn tree's branches.

Catching the projecting points, the twigs, the weeds, the very mosses, he sped rapidly down the shelving sides to the water's edge, for the uplifted hand of their leader, flashing like the sun on the hillcrest's snow, had staid the hurtling showers of arrows that would have pursued, and was lost to sight in one of the many caverns hollowed by the action of the water. A cheer of admiration followed his reckless deed, and then the band marched on, with Gervase their commander and king, to the valleys beyond the Reser.

When Hildegarden reached the tower after this eventful morning, Osric looked up from the melting contents of a crucible.

"Hildegarden," said he, "take yonder key and open the brass closet. Though thou hast never entered it, henceforth it is thine."

And she obeyed. Unclosing with difficulty the brass-studded door, Hildegarden entered the formerly forbidden precincts. To a maiden



whose garments had been as rustic as her compeers', the variety of apparel now presented, was dazzling. Here, thrown from beam to beam, was a whole web of stiff cloth of gold; yonder, tossed in a careless heap an unwrinkled tissue of richest shades that looked as if a breath could dissolve them. Priceless jewels lay, in rusty settings, within open caskets and among gay bunches of ostrich plumes, and silks and velvets, and finely-wrought cloths were folded hither and thither over the backs of the thronelike chairs. A freak seized Hildegarden to induce herself in some of this sumptuous finery, and first combing up her fine black hair beneath strings of ivory medallions, she put on a robe of the thick white Persian silk, over whose snowy surface soft, creamlike flowers swam up and curled in fine gold, then an ermine mantle across her shoulders, and ran to Osric.

"O, my God!" said he, turning once away and coming back, "why of all robes choose that? Thus—thus—thus I saw her last!"

"Saw whom?" asked Hildegarden.

"Thy mother."

"Poor Osric. Didst thou then love her so?"

"Ay," he answered, moodily, and regardless of her caress. "Question me no more!"

Wrapt in himself, for a time he walked the floor, then he came back, and once more surveyed her, smiling, as half caressingly he touched the heavy folds that fell about her.

"To-day," said he, "I find it fit to reveal to thee what thou hast never guessed. Too young wert thou when I brought thee here, to remember our flight from splendor to squalor, and thou knowest too little of the land's history to judge how thy father erred. Yet I, child, was the king. Thou art my heir. Whoever weds thee will reconcile all rival claims, and establish his throne firmly. That never shall be Gervase. Of him no more shalt thou see. Vasile only shalt thou espouse. The crown of Norway was my right. I am thy father! Thy mother was—Giuletta." He turned and paused; but in a moment he resumed, sternly, "That crown, I say, was my right. Thou shalt wed Vasile! Thou shalt wear it!"

As much sudden intensity as was written on her father's face, so much determination to oppose was on Hildegarden's, but silently she left him. That day was a sad one to Hildegarden. Her new rank weighed upon her. Could it be possible that for that—for that alone—Gervase sought her hand? To insure his throne? No, no! twice no!—falsehood was impossible with Gervase. He was as much the soul of truth as if he carried the spear of Ithuriel, and he had

said that he loved her, had sworn it. Still clad in her unaccustomed silks, she went roving out of the hateful air of the tower, and wandered among the shades of the forest, till the gathering darkness and all the night-side noises of the world awoke her from her reverie, and she hastened back. Usually so fearless, to-night the sadness in her soul made her timorous; every leaf that rustled, shot its tremor across to her; every bird that chirped, seemed some approaching foe; and when the wind, swelling in the great fire, swept up a wild crescendo, she could not believe but that she heard the fearful roar of wild beasts. Suddenly a footstep fell among the last year's fallen leaves, a bold free footstep, and then dimly a form loomed beside her, and an arm was thrown about her waist. At the same moment, a voice whispered in her ear—Vasile's voice:

"Now, now, Hildegarden, thou art mine. Now no other can help thee! Thou goest with me; and never will I release thee, proud girl, till thou wearest the name of my wife!"

"Unhand me, Vasile!" she cried, in indignant pain. "Unhand me, or before heaven this little dagger of mine shall find its baptism!"

In an instant, the other hand of the lawless lover had reached forward and wrenched the deadly bauble away.

"Thou art utterly in my power," he said. "Shriek if thou wilt, there are none to hear, and Osric sanctions me. If thou never wilt yield to entreaty and to prayer, and to passion, O, Hildegarden, thou shalt yield to force!"

While he spoke, a dozen torches flashed up in the gloomy heart of the forest and approached them. Cries were of no use, she was indeed at his mercy.

"Thou hast surely the power to constrain me," she replied, looking undauntedly into the bold man's eyes, "but never, never, never will I yield my soul!"

"We shall see. Sweet love of mine, be kinder now, that I may be kinder hereafter. There cometh the priest. Kneel, Hildegarden, kneel at our wild altar, and here in the presence of the night and the forest, become my bride."

"I will never kneel!" she cried.

"Hush!" he whispered; and with his arm about her, he bent her to the ground.

Suddenly her sobs ceased, all sound became impossible to her—all expression—she heard the solemn words of the church repeated above her; in vain she endeavored to protest, the words refused to be articulated; she heard Vasile's responses, and then another voice—Osric's—her father assenting in her place; then came the

benediction, and Vasile lifted her once more in his arms.

"Thou art my wife," he said, with an almost savage passion, "now let the king Gervase help thee if he can! Woo thee if he dare! Hildegarden, Hildegarden, if I did not worship, I should hate thee!"

There was little time for the congratulations of the wild witnesses, when Vasile's great horse was brought him. Still grasping her, he mounted, and disposed her before him, and then, with but the least delay, all likewise following, Hildegarden in Vasile's arms, her father galloping at her side, rode far into the night and the darkness. But little did she reck why or whither, for a blessed unconsciousness had already wrapt her in its swathing kindness. When Hildegarden awoke from her swoon, the train was yet in motion; but before she had lifted her heavy lids, Vasile's horse stood still. It was already day; the others of the band had vanished; her father and Vasile, who held her, were all she saw. Osric dismounted, and held his arms upward. A moment, and Vasile dropt her therein.

"Farewell, my bride," he said, with half a laugh. "These troublous possessions of mine demand my absence from thee. A few weeks longer art thou free from my hated presence; but then, Hildegarden—but then shalt thou learn to love it!" With the words he was away.

The place selected for Hildegarden's concealment was a cottage on one of those islands in the sweet placid lakes of southern Norway, that when the summer is upon them are bowers of greenery. Pale and wretched, and devising a thousand plans of escape, all futile and in vain, here Hildegarden waited; and scarcely did her father allow her out of his sight. If she could but divert Osric's vigilant eye! If she could but get word to Gervase! Yet why? yet why? she asked herself. O, wretched girl, she was the wife of Vasile! As the weeks rolled by, she became paler, more listless, completely weighed down with an ineffable sadness. "To enliven her, Osric had recourse to a thousand arts, for if ambition again bound him, and if he believed that with Vasile king, and Hildegarden queen, his counsels would again rule the nation, still there was left in the rough breast some tenderneess for his child. Masquers, and mimers, and jesters came to that flower-veiled cottage at his bidding, for Osric had wealth at command that none knew of, and they vainly strove to excite his daughter's smiles; and then the harp, the flute, and the viol, with every evening awoke the summer night's enchantment.

Six weeks had passed, and one night Hilde-

garden sat alone, weary and worn, and listened to a flute bubbling among the roses of the hedge. Suddenly, as she listened, another pipe, sweeter, richer, fuller, clearer, from the lake-shore below, took up the burden, ascending in quick minor half-notes, and prolonging the melody till the very cliff seemed to drip with it as with morning dew.

"It is some new trick to make melancholy pleasure," she thought, at first; but with the next breath her ear recognized something that others did not hear.

Her very soul trembled within her; she rose languidly, and wandered down the garden to the foot of the cliff, and stood on the little pebbly beach, for the first few seconds not daring to look up lest her hope should prove a miserable heartbreaking delusion. When she raised her eyes, the round, yellow rising moon, reflecting itself in the pave of the lake, half dazzled her, and then she caught the shadow of some athletic boatman who had ceased playing on his pipe, and stood listening to the echo. Hildegarden sprang into his arms.

"My own, my dearest love!" he said.

"O, I thought never to see thee, again," she murmured in the ear of this man whom the Scandinavians almost deified. "How didst thou find me?"

"Thou wert a magnet, and drew me hither without will of mine. Now thou shalt never leave me!" he replied.

"Now? Now?" said Hildegarden, lifting her hands bewilderingly to her head. "O, I had forgotten—Gervase, Gervase, I am the wife of Vasile!"

But far from recolling in horror, Gervase still clasped her.

"Thou art the wife of no Vasile!" said he. "A forced ceremony, in which thou didst utter no response, binds thee to nothing. Thou art yet the maiden, Hildegarden, and hast a right to receive thy lover's kisses, or there is no law in all my kingdom!"

"Is it true? Is it true?" she cried. "Am I not his?"

"Thou'rt not, and never shall be. Darling, darling, what thou hast suffered in the thought! I should have come to thee before, but these troublous nights and days forbade."

"Ah," sighed she, "when will the end come to these wars? When shall we be at rest?"

"Soon, now. The blades of the harvest will wave above Vasile or Gervase."

"Not thee, not thee!" she cried, crouching to the ground in sudden grief, and hiding her passionate tears in her hands.

"God knows," he said. "He will dispose. We can trust him, Hildegarden."

"That indeed," said the harsh voice of Osric, approaching hastily and motioning Hildegarden away.

"Thou hast no right to separate thy daughter from me," said Gervase. "Thou *shalt* not! Stay here, Hildegarden, here in thy natural resting-place."

"Let my daughter choose," said the old man. "Child, wilt leave thy father alone, and follow this lover? Wilt thou add to the sorrows that made my hair gray? Come, thy father begs thee!" And he knelt down on the sand before her.

Hildegarden hesitated, then sprang from her lover, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, she said:

"Thou hast been father and mother both. I will never leave thee."

The old man rose with his treasure. "'Shalt,' my Lord Gervase the king is an uncertain word to interpose between parent and child. She is mine now," he said.

"Osric," then asked Gervase, "on what terms shall thy child be mine?"

"On none. She is wedded to Vasile."

"And what sayest thou, Hildegarden?"

"I am not wedded to Vasile. I will never wed other than thee."

"Child!" cried the angry father.

"I stay and wait on thee, father, alway. I can promise no more."

"Dearest Hildegarden!" cried the lover.

"And my hopes, my pride, my ambition!" exclaimed Osric, his face swollen with purple veins. "My crown! Have I taught, nurtured, given thee life itself, for this? Out, serpent!"

It was Hildegarden's turn to kneel, holding her hands beseechingly to her father.

"Wilt thou retract, and pronounce thyself the wife of Vasile?" he demanded, ominously.

"O, I cannot, I cannot!"

The old man raised his arm to strike her, but it fell powerless, the words he would have spoken remained unuttered, and a crimson stream trickled from his lips. Gervase sprang to support him.

"Listen, my liege," said he, then, as soon as Osric could understand him. "The day but one from to-morrow, and the fate of Norway will be decided. Grant that whose on that day be victor, he shall espouse Hildegarden?"

There was a brief struggle in his will, before the old man bowed.

"Thou swearest it?"

The old man clasped the cross that hung from Hildegarden's throat, and again bowed assent,

and Gervase taking him in his arms bore him up the cliff to the cottage, while the weeping Hildegarden followed.

When they had entirely disappeared, a tall, slight man stood up, trampling the long rank reeds, and came out upon the sand. His face was haggard with distress, and his eyes unnaturally large and sunk in darkness. Leaning back against the hard, cold stone, he repeated:

"No other than him — than him! O, little Hildegarden, what carest thou for broken hearts? On that day *he* will conquer!" And throwing himself on the shore, he wept long and bitterly.

The rising wind at last sent the waves gurgling up the shells at his feet, and standing up sadly, he went away.

The morrow came, and with it Vasile, having again reached his strongholds in all the determination of despair, prepared his plan of battle. The morrow came, and with it Osric and Hildegarden re-entered the old tower by the seacoast. The morrow passed, and in the dead of night Osric called up his daughter.

"Rise," said he, "and array thyself to receive thine ancestral crown. For, win it who will, *thou* shalt wear it!" And ere long she joined him. "Hast thou betrayed Vasile's plan to thy base lover? Hast thou told him that yesterday Vasile left his army for the night, to cross the hills and send on the barons from thence? Hast thou told Gervase?"

"I could not tell him, for I did not know it."

"Come, then," said her father. "To-day decides more fates than thine."

They mounted at the door, and Hildegarden swiftly followed where Osric preceded her with practised skill. Now and then the tramp as of a distant army among the rocks, echoed back to them in the darkness, and still the twain rode on. From midnight till past sunrise they proceeded, and paused high up, but on the downward slope of a long green hill. At its foot, the Reser, broad and deep, ran clearly on, and beyond it in the bosky fields was pitched the camp of Vasile.

"Vasile is absent, in vain urging on those pestilent barons behind the hills," said Osric. "Yet he *should* be here now. What is it that delays him? Some peasant's pretty face, I'll dare be sworn. *But* him hasten; ere noon the strife will be hot! God grant Vasile a speedy return!"

But she answered firmly, "God grant Gervase the victory!" and the old man abruptly left her.

Perhaps he could not endure that she should witness his suspense; perhaps like an old war-horse he snuffed the battle from afar, and determined for a moment to direct it.

Dismounting, Hildegarden threw herself on the sod, and in spite of her anxiety, and before she was herself aware, her weary eyes had closed in sleep. She had slept long, but it seemed to her that she had scarcely lost herself, ere loud shouts from the distant army, pealing trumpets, neighing steeds and clashing arms, waking her, caused the very ground to tremble. The plain below was in confusion, the tents were struck, the forces scattered, and without competent leaders, the whole army of outlaws was in disorder. It was evident that, surprised in Vasile's absence, they knew not what to do, and Osric rallied them in vain, for the battalions of Gervase pouring in compact files over the opposite hills, and forming a formidable front, were steadily and unbrokenly advancing. Here and there alone a captain rode along the lines, rousing the panic-stricken soldiers to action, and collecting the army into shape.

Moving from the van of the royal hosts, ranks of sturdy archers came forward and picketed the field, and kneeling, one above another, till the last rank stood upright, the charge sounded, the crossbows twanged, and a shower of arrows, darkening the air, wrought wretched havoc among the rebellious forces. Again and again, till the quivers were emptied, the archer's shot, then pulling up the stakes, they fell back upon the main body, and with a wild shout the whole army started at a run and closed. In all the sea of carnage that poured below, Hildegarden could see the white plume of Gervase swim like a foam flake; could almost see, she fancied, his separate swordflash. Once, indeed, she lost him, and springing to her feet, with a suspended heart-beat, she shaded her eyes by her hand, and searched eagerly till she found it. Fiercely the battle raged, and her unpractised eyes could tell nothing of the probabilities. Calling her pony, she stood with one arm around his neck, looking at the fight, when the sound of quick-clanging galloping hoofs grew audible, a great coal-black horse, covered with foam, dashed down the hill from above, while Vasile, turning in the saddle, cried:

"Hildegarden, Hildegarden, I am lost!" and plunged downward.

Fording the rushing river, he galloped into the camp, and Hildegarden, straining her sight, only saw him disappear in the melee. Then the bands that fought beneath his banner rallied and gathered round the tossing standards, and the tide of battle a moment seemed to turn. A moment only, for the havoc grew wilder, the opposing armies twisted themselves indistinguishably together, and the white plume waved in the thick-

est. Hildegarden covered her face and prayed aloud. Long, long, not daring to look again, she stood, and when finally she raised her eyes, a page was ferrying across the stream towards herself, and straggling broken forces were fleeing over the distant hills, but of which army she could not determine. A great fear hung over her heart with suffocating pressure. Why should Vasile fly in that direction? It must then be only the hosts of Gervase that were suffering such disgraceful defeat. Should she then be summoned to meet the exulting prince, to share in his triumph, to be crowned by his side, to endure his caresses? And Gervase—great heavens!—what of Gervase?

The page ran up the hill. "Thy highness's father requireth thy presence on the battle-plain!" said he.

"Who conquers?" asked Hildegarden, imperiously.

"Vasile—" began the page.

"Vasile!" echoed Hildegarden with blanched lips.

"Nay, nay, lady; I was bidden silence. Ask me not." And guiding her down the hill, he seated her in the boat, and they speedily reached the other bank.

Marshalling her the way through lanes mounded with dead and dying, over piles of broken weapons and heaps of mangled limbs, round pools of blood, the page led her to the spot where a small yet most noble group were collected. Beside a prostrate body knelt two living men. One of them was Osric, and as the other rose and extended his arms to her, with a wild cry she recognized Gervase.

"Ay," said the old man, bitterly, as he took the dead Vasile in his arms. "I am defeated. I am humbled. Wed whom thou wilt! He is dead, and once more my hope is dead with him!"

Gervase, with noble thought, took the cross from Hildegarden's throat, and placed it in her dead lover's hands.

"Let it shrive him," said he. "He sleepeth a gentle sleep, dear Hildegarden. Smiles denied to him in life, are his in death!"

As he lay, his noble length upon the ground, his broken sword flung far away, and ghastly wounds gashed deep across his breast, from Vasile's beautiful pale face all the agony had vanished, the stern look of the battle, the treachery, the hate, the despair and the misery. What heeded he the lover's pitying yet rejoicing above him? He was at rest.

Yet noble was the rest on Gervase's brow—the rest of victory—and as he turned, one arm on

Hildegarden's shoulder, the shout that rose from the hearts of that great army scattered everywhere around, attested it. Ere the sound died, a cluster drew near from the tents, and in their midst on crimson cushions was borne a circlet of flashing gems, the diamond, the ruby and the emerald married there in triple blazing. Raising it in the sight of all as if for the blessing of Heaven, Gervase dropt it on Hildegarden's head, while the first large drops of a mountain shower fell on it for chrism, and again the loyal cry arose; but this time it was:

"Long live Hildegarden, the Queen of Norway!"

#### POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words; by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul, "If it has pleased God to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which they had for them. Even the convicts, among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace—then have they listened to me, then have they given glory to God, and placed themselves in the way of salvation."—*New York Evangelist.*

#### TREES.

There is much sentiment about a tree. One comes to love such a creation almost before thinking of it. A child loves the elm or the oak, or the maple beneath which he plays, and all his after years are streaked and inlaid with most delicious memories of his little experiences in that sacred shade. We soon personify a tree that stands before the door, or near the window, and invest its trunks and boughs, and spray, with all the attributes of the living heart. A home that is not set off with fine trees—to say nothing of shrubbery, and vines, and hedge growth—is but a bald affair; it is but a poor repository for sentiment and affection, and cannot be loved in the future with any of the endearments that belong to a spot altogether lovely. Plant trees over bare places, and you are a great creator indeed. There can be no grace added to a home like those that dwell within their umbrageous shelter. He who has not learned to love a tree, and love it as a personal friend, is not yet very far advanced in the march of life. There is a great deal to be done for his education.—*Rural New Yorker.*

#### MEASLES.

This disease prevails extensively in cities during the winter season, and will usually cure itself, if only protected against adverse influences. The older persons are, the less likely they are to recover perfectly from this ailment, for it very often leaves some lifelong malady behind it. The most hopeless forms of consumptive disease are often the result of ill-conducted or badly managed measles. In nine cases out of ten, not a particle of medicine is needed. Our first advice is always, and under all circumstances, send at once for an experienced physician. Meanwhile keep the patient in a cool, dry and well-aired room, with moderate covering, in a position where there will be no exposure to drafts of air. The thermometer should range at about sixty-five degrees where the bed stands, which should be moderately hard, of husk, straw or curled hair. Gratify the instinct for cold water and lemonade. It is safest to keep the bed for several days after the rash has begun to die away. The diet should be light, and of an opening and cooling character.

The main object of this article is to warn persons that the greatest danger is after the disappearance of the measles. We would advise that for three weeks after the patient is well enough to leave his bed, he should not go out of the house, nor stand or sit for a single minute near an open window or door, nor wash any part of the person in cold water or warm, but to wipe the face and hands with a warm, damp cloth. For a good part of this time the appetite should not be wholly gratified; the patient should eat slowly of light, nutritious food.

In one case a little child almost entirely well of the measles, got to playing with its hands in cold water; it gradually dwindled away and died. All exercise should be moderate, in order to prevent cooling off too quickly afterward, and to save the danger of exposure to drafts of air, which, by chilling the surface, causes chronic diarrhoea, if it falls on the bowels; deafness for life, if it falls on the ear; or incurable consumption, if it falls on the lungs.—*Dr. Hall.*

#### A MOTHER'S KISS.

A day or two since a ragged and dirty-looking boy, fourteen years of age, pleaded guilty in the Superior Criminal Court to having fired a building. For two years past, since the death of his mother, he had wandered around the streets a vagrant, without a home or human being to care for him, and he had become in every respect a "bad boy." A gentleman and a lady interested themselves in his behalf, and the latter took him one side to question him. She talked to him kindly, but without making the slightest impression upon his feelings; and to all she said he manifested the greatest indifference, until she asked him if no one had ever kissed him. This simple inquiry proved too much for him, and bursting into tears, he replied, "No one since my mother kissed me." That one thought of his poor, dead mother—the only being perhaps who had ever spoken to him kindly before—touched him to his heart, a hardened young criminal though he was. The little incident caused other tears to flow than his.—*Herald.*

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MRS. CLARK'S SECRET:

—OR,—

## ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

A MONTH'S flirtation—silks, orange buds and a clergyman. Six weeks after his introduction to Laura Foss, Harry Clark made her his wife. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is the old proverb, and the bridegroom discovered his case to be no exception. Before the honey moon was over, Mrs. Clark was gay, lovely, charming as ever, and yet Mrs. Clark was a myth.

To be explicit, Mrs. Clark had a secret. This our discomfited Benedict discovered ere he had worn the matrimonial shackles a week. A secret—what right had she to have a secret, the nature of which he was as ignorant as the man in the moon? No right at all—and yet she persisted in the error of her ways, and kept her devoted liege lord in a most delightful pickle from day to day, though we will say, however, in all justice to the lady she had no idea of the perturbed state of the aforesaid husband's mind.

Now the facts of the case were these. Mrs. Laura Clark was a very beautiful woman, with very dark blue eyes, witching curls, and teeth like pearls. Always a little jealous by nature, Clark watched his wife with Argus eyes. Did Mrs. Clark look upon another of the sterner sex? and if so, what right had she to do so? Indeed, was it not her bounden duty to close her eyes to every masculine save Harry Clark, Esq.? Most certainly; and yet his beloved Laura *did* allow her eyes to wander—*did* speak in melodious tones to another—a tall, dark, heavily whiskered fellow, whom the aforesaid Harry, lurking in the shadow, felt a most vehement desire to introduce to the toe of his boot, or *vice versa*.

"Remember—not a word for the world!" he heard her say, very softly—"it would ruin me forever!"

"Depend on me, madam," answered the handsome ruffian.

"Yes, I shall depend upon you."

Clark trembled in his boots with rage, yea, his very knees knocked together in the extremity of his anger; moreover, he thought his wife's voice was unsteady, as with some deep emotion, and as she turned her face so he could note its expression, he was struck with its ghastly pallor.

His first impulse was to rush frantically forth and demand from the guilty parties an explanation—second thought, however, prompted him to keep

silent; besides Mr. Clark was a dainty man of no Herculean proportions, no match for the tall, handsome, military looking person who was in the act of receiving a yellow coin from the fair hand of the gentle Laura.

"Zounds and blazes!" ejaculated Mr. Clark, in a muffled whisper—"gold—my gold—I'll wager a guinea—my gold for keeping her secret."

"This is the last payment, you know," he heard his devoted better half ejaculate—"my mind is easier now. I was so afraid."

"Not that I would expose you?"

"Decidedly yes—O, Doctor Merdeau!"

"Doctor, eh?" whispered Clark, fiercely. "Doctor Merdeau."

"Not for the world, Mrs. Clark, but—but has not your husband a suspicion?"

"Not a breath."

"Hasn't he, though?" put in Clark, in a furious manner.

"Then it's all right," said whiskers; "just keep him in ignorance. Don't open your mouth too widely, and—"

"No danger of her telling it! her mouth is close enough on the subject, I'll warrant!" whispered Clark, glaring ferociously from his shadow.

"And now good day, madam, till you need my services again," said the polite doctor.

"Which she never shall, if my name's Hal Clark." And yet, but a week afterwards he met the aforesaid doctor taking his leave from the front door as he (Clark) came up the steps.

Mr. Clark kept his own counsel—he did not knock the aforesaid doctor to the earth, neither did he demand his business, but he stalked brim full of anger up to his wife's room. On his way up he met the servant girl, who had let Doctor Merdeau from the house, and the following dialogue took place:

Clark threateningly—"Bridget."

Bridget trembling—"Sir?"

Clark—"Who was that man who went out just now, and what did he want?"

Biddy—"A fine gentleman, yer honor, who gave a poor garle a quarter as he wint out, and may be the mistress can be after telling ye better than me what he was afther within as she it was he saw in her own room!"

"Thunderation!" exclaimed the furious husband, and up stairs he sped.

He found his wife reclining upon a lounge, her face buried in the pillow. When addressed by her caloric husband, she vouchsafed no reply except monosyllables now and then, and a gush of tears as he called her to an account for what had occurred.

"Yes, madam!" said Mr. Clark, eloquently,



putting his handkerchief to his eyes, stage fashion—"after lavishing upon you the wealth of my ardent affections, loving you as man never loved before,"—here Mr. Clark blew his nose violently—"I have, after all this, madam, discovered—discovered—I say, I have discovered—"

Mr. Clark hesitated.

"What?" came up in muffled tones from the pillow.

"What, indeed?" cried our hero, tragically. "What have I discovered? would you have me tell—would you have me ask your secret?"

Here the tears on Mrs. Clark's part came in, but not a word more would she say, and Clark, after exhausting enough eloquence to have moved a jury in a murder case, abruptly left the room, swearing vengeance upon the head of the unfortunate Merdeau.

"I'll shoot him—I will," muttered the excited Clark. "I'll make him disgorge the fatal secret of my unfaithful Laura. O, I see it—mayhap he is her medical adviser—horror of horrors! mayhap she—is a—has been a wife—a mother—a—my conjectures darken! Doctor—the title is suggestive and ominous; she was paying him gold—it must have been for services, and he bade her good-by until his services were further needed. O, I see through the affair now."

Now if Mr. Clark had been one of the chivalry, he would have hunted up Doctor Merdeau, and ordered coffee and pistols for two; had he been a genuine down-easter, I have an idea he would have either given the gentleman a taste of his mind or the weight of his fists; but he was neither; so he determined to see how the affair would end, and nursed his wrath to keep it warm.

His wife did not appear at the tea table; a severe headache was the excuse, and when he retired he found her head wrapped in a wet towel, she to all appearances fast asleep. In the morning she made some trivial excuse, and did not go down to breakfast, but Clark had his eyes open. He noticed that as he descended the steps for "down town," his wife was watching him from the window, seeming strange and pale, yet looking glad withal that he was going. Clark was not to be deceived, so he went down the street, back by the alley, in at the back gate, and bribing Bridget, gained his own room unknown to his darling. Clark felt that a crisis was approaching: a brace of revolvers were taken from a drawer, cleaned and loaded, an old sword that his father had carried in the war of 1812, was belted to his waist, and an old flint musket of revolutionary glory was made ready for action; but somehow Clark was ill at ease, and drawing the balls from the revolvers, substituted peas—

lead might—it might break the windows—and—and so might peas, upon further consideration. So the peas were withdrawn. Clark would be on the safe side. Clark was on the safe side.

A ring at the door, a step on the stairs, his wife's door flew open, and his adorable angel rushed out to meet—whom? none other than that odious, villainous doctor! Upon further consideration Clark thought it best to put the revolvers aside entirely; he really was getting too many irons in the fire, the musket and sword—but then the musket was heavy, and the sword rusty. Discretion was the better part of valor, after all, so with only his natural arms the aggrieved husband stole on tiptoe to the head of the stairs, and assuming a recumbent posture, looked down into the hall from whence the sound of voices issued.

"Here they are," he heard the stranger (to him) say. "I think they will quite suit you now, Mrs. Clark."

"Yes, I think so—really it was so embarrassing—Mr. Clark has been making quite a scene about your visit yesterday, so I will send hereafter." Here followed a few words quite unintelligible to the listener, who groaned in anguish of spirit and of knees.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning, Doctor Merdeau."

Mrs. Clark turned, and was about to trip lightly up stairs, when her liege lord in too great haste to arise, stumbled and fell headlong, surprising his better half in quite a tangible way, and the loving (?) couple were precipitated violently to the floor below. Mrs. Clark screamed—Mr. Clark groaned. As the latter arose to his feet, he felt something crush beneath his heel.

"There!" exclaimed his wife, agonizingly.

"What?"

"My teeth! you've broken my teeth!"

"Zounds! are you crazy, madam? your teeth?"

"Cost a hundred dollars six months ago! What will Doctor Merdeau say now?"

"Doctor Merdeau? False teeth, madam!"

Light was beginning to penetrate Mr. Clark's brain, as he noted the curious ruins on the floor.

"Well, the secret's out," cried Mrs. Clark, in a burst of tears. "Doctor Merdeau is the dentist. I broke one of the teeth yesterday, and sent for him to come and get them to repair them. You understand all now, Mr. Clark—leave me, if you want to. O dear, dear; but they cost a hundred dollars, and O, how I look!"

One gaze at his wife, and Clark fled precipitately up stairs. But another set of teeth was forth coming in due time, and to this day Mr. Clark is as zealous as his wife in keeping her secret.

## The Florist.

"And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across;  
Some opened at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,  
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;  
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew."

### Flowers.

"The cultivation of flowers," say some, "of what use? It neither gives us meat, drink nor clothing." Well, supposing it does not! Shall we not turn our thoughts to something else besides corn and potatoes, and the productions of the earth which only keep soul and body together? Is there no mind to feed and delight? Shall we always be plodding? Will it always be the inquiry, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Must care and business always engross the whole mind? The earth, the seas and skies are full of the wonder of God's beautiful creation. Shall we close our eyes, stop our ears, and be dumb, when there is such an endless profusion around us, to delight, to cheer and soothe us? We need not compass sea and land for our gratification; the means are within the reach of every one for innocent and healthy relaxation. It lies around us; it is at our feet; "it may be found in the garden, where, in the beginning, everything pleasant to the sight" was congregated.

### Flower-Gardens.

These were ever held in high estimation by persons of taste. Emperors and kings have been delighted with the expansion of flowers; and a more exalted personage than the highest on earth, called the attention of his followers to the beauty of flowers, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Nature, in her gay attire, unfolds a vast variety which is pleasing to the human mind, and consequently has a tendency to tranquilize the agitated passions, and exhilarate the man—nerve the imagination, and render all around him delightful.

### The Cultivation of Flowers.

This is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor—and especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food. And what exercise is more fit for him who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well ordered garden? What more enlivens the sinking mind? What more invigorates the feeble frame? What is more conducive to a long life?

### Box-Edging for Flower-Gardens.

Box, of all other plants, makes the neatest and most beautiful edgings. This may be set in September or October, but will require protection, as it is very liable to be thrown out by the frost, or winter-killed, without it. It may also be planted in the spring, and also in June; but when late planted will require shading and watering. To make neat edgings, you should get some short, bushy box, and let it be slipped or parted into moderately small slips, of not more than six or eight inches in length, dividing it in such a manner that each slip shall have more or less roots or fibres upon it, rejecting such as are destitute for planting by themselves. If any have long, straggling roots, they should be trimmed off, and the plants should be made pretty much of a length.

### Grass Edging.

Grass makes a very neat edging, if kept in order; but it requires so much attention to keep it in its place, so much edging and cutting, that we would not recommend it. If, however, it is made use of, it should be obtained from a pasture or roadside, where it may easily be cut in strips to suit, of three or more inches wide, according to fancy. The sward should be fine and tough, so as not to break in cutting and removing. The mode of laying will suggest itself to almost any one—the surface of the grass should be on a level with the earth, and but slightly raised above the walk.

### Other Edgings.

Thrift, if neatly planted, makes handsome edgings to borders or flower-beds. This may be planted as directed for box, slipping the old plants into small slips; setting the plants near enough to touch one another, forming a tolerably close row. Thyme, hyssop, winter savory and pinks are frequently used for edgings, but they are too prone to grow out of compass, and therefore not to be recommended. Many other plants are often used for edgings, but there is nothing that makes so neat and trim an edging as box. It is a good time to clip old box edgings in June. They should never be suffered to grow tall, but be kept down low. It is best to give some protection to box in the winter by coarse litter, or by throwing up a few inches of the fine gravel on one side, and the earth of the border on the other.

### Female Florists.

The cultivation and study of flowers appears more suited to females than to man. They resemble them in their fragility, beauty and perishable nature. The mimosa may be likened to a pure-minded and delicate woman, who shrinks even from the breath of contamination; and who, if assailed too rudely by the finger of scorn and reproach, will wither and die from the shock.

## Curious Matters.

### An extraordinary and fatal Experiment.

Emery Lull, 17 years of age, son of Mr. James Lull, of Pittsfield, came to his death, lately, under the following singular circumstances:—After he had retired to bed with his grandfather, he complained of being unwell, and after being questioned, confessed that he had swallowed ten stones, eight leaden bullets and a metal button. After this confession, the grandfather got up and informed the boy's father of what had been done, who, being something of a doctor, told his son, with tears in his eyes, that the best he could do was to prepare his mind for death, for if he had done what he had said, no earthly power could save him. It is not known how large the stones were that he swallowed, but one found in his jacket was as large as a walnut. The reason the boy gave for swallowing the stones was, because he wanted to do what a humbug showman pretended to do at a cattle fair, i. e., eat stones. It appears that the boy did really suppose that the man lived on stones, as he pretended, and, as he said, thought he could do the same.

### An old Settler.

In excavating an old well on the farm of Mr. Jessie Nickerson, in North Chatham, recently, says the Barnstable Patriot, a bed of oyster shells was found at the depth of several feet from the surface, and among them a *live oyster*! As the well was filled up some seventy-five years since, and has never before been excavated, this oyster must have reached the ripe old age of eighty years or more!

### Curious Surgical Fact.

A singular case is noted in the *Cairo* hospital among the wounded at Belmont. One man was shot in the right leg and had to have it amputated. Sympathetic action at once took place in the other limb, and at precisely the same spot where the knife had severed its fellow, a similar pain was felt. So severe did this become, that the leg is bandaged and treated as if itself wounded.

### Sagacity of Mice.

It is mentioned as a curious circumstance, in connection with the recent fall of a large tenement house in Edinburgh, Scotland, the particulars of which have been published, that, although the building had previously been infested with mice, for five or six days before the accident not a single mouse had been seen or heard.

### A Centenarian.

There is now living in Paris a venerable centenarian named M. Ignace Gallot, who was born at Villars St. Marcellin (Haute-Marne), in 1768. He served twenty-two years in the army, took part in many battles, and was present at the disastrous retreat from Moscow.

### Strange Physical Malformation.

There was recently living, in a remote district in Sutherlandshire, a youth, aged 17 years, who, from extraordinary physical deformities, is considered one of the greatest living wonders in Scotland. Both his arms are entirely powerless, and issue from the back. Below the wrists they are reversed, and the fingers are completely stiff—in fact, immovable. The position of his feet is indescribable, their deformation is so extraordinary. Below the knee the bone appears to be twisted like a screw, and his legs resemble the arm of a grown-up person. The ankle, the heel, and the toes are reversed, and the feet are flat. He has never used shoes, and the only way by which he can convey anything to his mouth is by the toes of his right foot. He can put on and off his clothing in the same way, use a knife well, and cut a stick, or hold any other light instrument betwixt his toes.

### Extraordinary Tale.

A child was deposited twenty-seven years ago at the Foundling Hospital, at Brussels, having a flower tattooed on its arm. It was of the female sex, and was brought up by a countrywoman, paid by the Philanthropic Society. The infant became a young woman, and little is known of her career for some time, except that she had been in service for about ten years. Now comes the wonderful part of the story. An English family claims the paternity of the child, and a strict search is set on foot, which results in the future rich heiress being found in a most wretched place, in company with four soldiers, and she herself reduced to the very last degree of debauchery.

### A Man dislocates his Shoulder while asleep.

A Mr. Jacobs, of Canaan, Me., while dreaming one night, lately, that he was endeavoring to stop a flock of sheep, awoke in great pain to find his shoulder dislocated. Just what caused the dislocation is not known; but the dream was caused, no doubt, by the pain from the shoulder, and was at the moment of waking. It is a fact generally admitted now, we believe by scientific men, that the very noise or circumstance which awakens persons will often cause them to dream of events which would require months or even years to experience.

### Curious.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Messenger* states that while Mr. William Gilmans, of Armstrong township, was hauling pumpkins from a field, he discovered a land turtle held by one leg between a pumpkin and a stone, where it had been caught by the rapid growth of the former. The turtle had been held so long that the pumpkin had grown over it, and shaped a portion of the shell on its surface. When the vegetable was removed the prisoner was released from his confinement, and immediately travelled for other quarters.

**Walking on the Water.**

A new invention, enabling soldiers to walk on the water, loading and firing, is said to have been made in France. It consists of a pair of India rubber boots and trowsers, all of one piece, which are filled with air a little below the waist, and heavily weighed at the feet. With these trowsers on, a detachment has frequently crossed the lake of Vincennes, where the water is fifteen feet deep, firing their muskets and loading as they went. The men sink about two feet, the water barely reaching the top of their thighs, and appear not to have any difficulty in keeping their balance and moving along. Bridges will be useless when soldiers become amphibious.

**Pulse of Animals.**

According to experiments made in Paris, the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a tapir, forty-four times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-eight times; of a monkey, forty-eight times; of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It was impossible to determine the beatings of the elephant's pulse. A butterfly, however, it was discovered, experienced sixty heart pulsations in a minute.

**A Contraband.**

The latest dodge is reported by the Pawtucket Gazette. Some Irishwomen searched the market for a very large chicken, and on being shown one, asked if it would hold a pint-flask. The dealer thought it would, and the flask being produced, he satisfied them that it would. That was the chicken they wanted. The women finally admitted that they were going to cook the chicken, place the flask, after filling it with brandy, inside of it for stuffing, and send it to camp.

**Ancient Relics.**

The dredging machines employed in lowering the bed of the Seine at Lyons, France, have brought up nearly one thousand coins and medals, the earliest being bronze, and bearing the heads of Julius Caesar and some of the first Roman emperors. Many also belong to the reigns of Louis IX., Louis XII., Charles IX. and Henry IV. Among the silver coins found were several six livre pieces of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Nearly all have been purchased by amateurs.

**Remarkable.**

A young girl of Buffalo owned a moss-rose, of which she was very tender. She went away from home on a visit, leaving it with her mother. It bloomed on the girl's seventeenth birthday, and as her mother sat watching it a single leaf fell from its heart. The news came immediately that the girl had died suddenly, from diphtheria, on the day and minute that the rose-leaf fell. Was it an admonition?

**One of the Epitaphs.**

The following epitaph is copied *verbatim* from a headstone in a graveyard near Philadelphia:

In memory of  
HENRY WANG

Son of his Father and Mother

John and Maria Wang

Died Dec 31st 1829

Aged  $\frac{1}{2}$  Hour.

"The first deposit in this Yard

"A Short lived joy

was our little Boy

He has gone on high

So don't you cry."

**The Pins.**

Pins were worth a dollar a paper in 1812, and very poor at that. Then it took fourteen processes to make a pin; now only one machine, which finishes and sticks them into the paper. Saving pins, a half century ago, was as important as saving cents; and hence the habit then formed sticks to many elderly gentlemen, whose coat sleeves are ornamented with rows of them rescued from loss. Then it was that "pin-money" had a significance, but now the cost of pins is not a twentieth part as great as the cost of perfumery. It is estimated that from seven to ten tons of pins are made in the United States each week.

**A Dog Story.**

The Sonora Democrat is responsible for the following story:—A gentleman from one of the Western States brought to California a fine large specimen of the Newfoundland breed, coming by way of the plains. A few months after his arrival, being compelled to return on business, and intending to go by water, he gave his dog to a friend, and went to San Francisco to take passage to New York. In a few days after his departure the animal was missing. It is said the poor brute actually crossed the plains alone, and reached his home within a week of his master's arrival, much jaded and reduced in form by his long journey.

**A curious old Man.**

An eccentric old gentleman died suddenly of apoplexy in the Tuileries garden, in Paris, the other day. In his will he provided that after death his face was to be coated over with pitch, his mouth and nostrils hermetically sealed, and an incision made in his heart. He left a little fortune of £600 a year. His monomania was the fear of coming to life again after interment.

**Singular.**

A cow belonging to Mr. Faxton Chaffee, of Killingly, Ct., has been troubled for some time with a mysterious swelling on the neck. Last week her owner extracted therefrom a large darning-needle, which the animal is supposed to have swallowed with her food.

## The Housewife.

### Flour Pancakes.

Take a pint of thick milk, or a quart of sour; to the thick, add a pint of sweet milk, a little salt, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to make a batter. The thinner the batter, if baked well, the more tender they will be. Half a teacup of cream improves them. Butter while hot, and serve with sugar, honey, or maple molasses. For a common sauce, take a teacup of cream, a spoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoon of ginger. It is a delightful way of eating them.

### Lemon Pie.

Boil six fresh lemons in water until a straw will penetrate the skin; then take them out: chop them fine, and take out the seeds; to a pound of light brown sugar put a teacup of water; let it boil, skimming it clear until it is a nice syrup; then put in the lemon, and set it to cool; cover a shallow plate with pie paste; put in the lemon, spread out to nearly the edge; cover with a paste; cut a slit in the centre, and bake.

### Directions for Puddings.

Puddings should be boiled in tin forms, rubbed over on the inside with butter; or in muslin bags, which should be dipped into boiling water, and then be rubbed over on the inside with flour. A small pail will answer, with a cloth tied over it. If boiled in a tin form, do not let the water reach the top of it. If in a bag, it must be turned frequently.

### Lemon Pudding.

Take the yolks of ten eggs, a half pound of sugar, six ounces of butter, four tablespoonsful of wine, six ounces of cream, two of rosewater, two crackers pounded very fine, the peel of three lemons grated, and the juice of two. Bake in a crust.

### Peach Pie.

Peaches for pie may be ripe, but not soft; pare them, cut them up, and finish as common for apple pies. Unripe peaches may be pared and stewed as is usual for apple tart, and baked in a pie or tart.

### Corn Starch Pie.

To one quart of milk put two tablespoonsful of corn starch and two eggs. Sweeten, salt and season to the taste. Line a pie-plate with crust, and bake as custard.

### Onion Soup.

In two quarts of weak mutton broth slice two turnips and as many carrots; strain it. Fry six onions cut in slices; when browned, add them to the broth; simmer three hours; skim and serve.

### Lemon Tart.

Make as directed for pie, and instead of a top-crust, roll out the paste, cut it in strips, and lay it across, and bake.

### Bolled Ham.

Hams, if very dirty, should be soaked about twelve hours, then wrapped in a clean cloth, and laid upon stone flags for two days, the cloth being kept moistened with clean soft water; this will render it tender when cooked; let it be thoroughly scraped and cleaned, and placed in the copper, which in small families will be found the most convenient mode of cooking it; they should be put in sufficient water to cover them, which water, when the ham is cooked, will be found of the greatest service in making stock for soups; the time it will require to boil will depend upon the weight of the ham—a small one three hours and a half, which may progress according to the weight to six hours; when it is done remove the skin, if possible, without breaking it—it prevents the ham when cold becoming dry; spread over the ham bread raspings.

### Eel Soup.

Take any number of pounds of eels, according to the quantity required; add two-thirds water, if about three or four pounds of eels, add one onion, a small quantity of mace, a little pepper whole, sweet herbs, a crust of the top side of bread; cover down close; stew till the fish separates; strain. Toast slices of bread deep brown, but not to burn; cut into triangular pieces or squares a piece of carrot two inches long, cut into four slices lengthwise; put into a tureen with the toast, pour the soup on; boiling cream may be added, thickened with a little flour, but it should be rich enough without it.

### Clam Soup.

Fifty large or one hundred small clams will be sufficient. In removing them from the shell, carefully preserve the liquor, which should be strained, and to it add a quart of milk and water each; if the clams are large, cut each in two, and put them into it; set them over a moderate fire until the clams are tender (about one hour); skim it clear; put to it half a pound of soda crackers, broken small, or half a pound of butter crackers, rolled fine; cover the pot for ten minutes; then add quarter of a pound of sweet butter, and serve hot.

### Mince Pies.

One pound of lean beef, boiled tender and chopped fine; one pound of beef suet; a half pound of apples, chopped; two pounds of currants; one pound of raisins, seeded and chopped; a quarter of a pound of citron. Add sugar, salt, nutmeg, mace, cloves, wine and brandy to your taste.

### Cement for Bottles or Jars.

Take equal parts of resin and brickdust pounded fine, a lump of beeswax, stew them together and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your bottles or jars.

### Broiled Pigeons.

Split the backs; season them highly; lay them over a clear, brisk fire; serve with mushroom sauce.

**Corn Meal Pudding.**

Let two quarts of water come to a boil; then add a tablespoonful of salt; take off the light scum from the top; have sweet, fresh yellow or white corn meal; stir it in gradually and thoroughly until it is as thick as you can stir easily, or until the stick will stand in it; stir it a while longer; let the fire be gentle; when it is done enough, it will bubble or puff up; turn it into a deep basin; this is eaten cold or hot, with milk or with butter, and syrup or sugar, or with meat and gravy, the same as potatoes or rice. When cold, it may be cut into slices and fried.

**Boiled Apple Pudding.**

Make a batter with two well beaten eggs and a pint and a half of milk, with a pint of wheat flour; beat until smooth and light; pare, quarter and core five or six large tender tart apples, and stir them into the batter, with a teaspoonful of salt; tie it in a pudding-bag, and boil for two hours. Turn it out on a dish, and serve with sugar, butter and nutmeg sauce. Huckleberries, cranberries, or other fruit may be thus used, instead of apples.

**To know good Flour.**

When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impression of the fingers, and even of the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made with it is very gluey, ductile and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and which may be elongated, flattened, and drawn in every direction without breaking.

**Oyster Soup.**

Mix three pints each of milk and water. Half a pound of butter crackers, or soda biscuit (rolled fine) should be added with a pint of oysters (chopped fine), when the milk and water comes to a boil. Let it boil until the flavor of the oysters is given to the soup, and the crackers are well swelled; then add salt and pepper to taste, and three pints more of the oysters, with a quarter of a pound of sweet butter; cover it for ten minutes more, then serve it in a tureen.

**Buckwheat Cakes.**

Take two pounds of buckwheat flour; add a small saucer full of Indian meal, a little salt, and a teacup of yeast. Mix all together with lukewarm water to a thicker consistency than batter. Put it in a moderately warm place. When ready to bake, if not quite sweet, add a little saleratus, and bake on a griddle well heated.

**Baked Custards.**

Boil a pint of cream, with mace and cinnamon; when cold, take four eggs, a little rose and orange-flower water, a little white wine, nutmeg and sugar to your taste; mix them well together, and bake them in china cups.

**Culture of Bulbs.**

The Dutch have a very interesting mode of culture of bulbs—they take a flat dish, either crystal or porcelain, about the depth of a soup-plate, and, according to its size, place three, six, nine or twelve strong healthy bulbs in about half an inch of water. In a few days the roots begin to spread out horizontally, and so clasp each other, that, in the course of a few weeks, they form a natural support for the group. The bulbs may or may not be covered with moss. We advise all our fair readers to try the above. At any rate, have some flowers, to lend a cheerful aspect to the room when the storm is abroad, and something beautiful is wanted for the eye to rest upon.

**Fried Ham and Eggs.**

The slices of ham should first be boiled a trifle. Put a bit of lard in the frying-pan. After the slices have been dipped in wheat flour or rolled crackers, place them in the hot fat. Sprinkle pepper. When both sides are finely browned, dish it, with sufficient gravy. Put a bit of lard into the pan. When hot, slip the eggs into the fat, avoiding to break the yolk. Cook slowly, and separate each egg with a knife. When done, place them in a chain around the meat.

**Mince Pies without Meat.**

Take of currants, apples, chopped fine, moist sugar, and suet, well chopped, a pound of each, a quarter of a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped small, the juice of four Seville oranges, the juice of two lemons, the rind of one shred fine, nutmeg and mace to suit the palate, and a glass of brandy. Mix all together; put it in a pan, and keep it closely tied up.

**Crumpets.**

Take three teacups of raised dough, and work into it with the hand half a teacup of melted butter, three eggs, and milk to render it a thick batter. Turn it into a buttered bake-pan, and let it remain fifteen minutes; then put it on a bake-pan, heated so as to scorch flour. It will bake in half an hour.

**English Plum Pudding.**

One pound of flour, one pound of suet, one and a half pounds of currants, one pound of sugar, ten eggs, two spoonfuls of milk, two nutmegs, one gill of brandy and wine mixed, citron. Boil six hours. This quantity will make two puddings in quart bowls.

**Sunderland Pudding.**

Boil three pints of milk, seven spoonfuls of flour stirred into the milk, then seven well beaten eggs; strain it. Boil it an hour, and serve with cold sauce.

**Baked Custard Pudding.**

One pint of milk, eight eggs, two spoonfuls of flour, two of rosewater, half a nutmeg, a little salt, and sugar to the taste. Bake half an hour.



## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### A DISAPPOINTED POOL.

When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the king of Rome, near the barrier de Passy, in surveying the line, the shop of a poor cobbler named Simon, stood in the way. It was decided to purchase this stall. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded 20,000 francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it, but Simon, goaded by the god of gain, now asked 40,000 francs. This sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but that being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to 60,000 francs. He was offered 50,000, but refused. The emperor, being consulted, said he would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans entirely. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for 50,000 francs, 40,000, 30,000, coming down at last to 10,000, half what he originally asked; but the authorities would not hear a word. But after all it was decided to buy it at a fair price, when the disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the king of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for 150 francs, and in a few days after the sale, was removed to an insane asylum—disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

**A FACT.**—The temptation is not here where you are reading about or praying about it. It is down in your shop, among bales and boxes, tennypenny nails and sand-paper.

**UNDOUBTEDLY.**—A theological writer concludes that Noah's ark, as none of the ancient paintings of it exhibit any paddle-wheels, must have been a screw propellor.

**QUITE LIKELY.**—The man that was in the habit of blowing his own praise, gave the carache to his neighbors.

**CLIMATE OF LONDON.**—It is said that in the city of London the temperature of zero has never been recorded.

### THE STREET SCAVENGERS.

A writer in one of the daily journals gives interesting facts respecting the useful results of the labors of the miserable-looking beings who are daily seen in the streets of the large cities, raking over the ash-heaps and gutters, and gathering up the refuse articles cast out as useless. They are mostly industrious and frugal Germans, and occasionally among them are men of education, who have been forced by want into the business. The most prized of the articles they pick up are bones, flung out from the daily tables of the people. There is a great demand for these, and wholesale dealers send their carts for them twice a day, buying them of the scavengers for thirty or forty cents a bushel. After being boiled for grease, which when clarified is a very marketable article, they are broken and made into bone-black, while the rest is sold for bone manure. The bone-black is an indispensable article in refining white sugar. About three thousand bushels of bones are daily converted into bone-black from the city of New York, and at least two-thirds of the article used by our sugar refiners is made from the bones gathered by the street scavengers, without whom we could not have one of our commonest luxuries. Next in value to the bones are the rags and old paper, which, though filthy and disgusting, when washed and dried, are sorted and sold—the cotton and linen to the paper-maker, to be converted perhaps into delicate note-paper or bank-notes, and the woolen, with old shoes and scraps of leather, to the chemist, who converts them into prussiate of potash, used for blue dye. Old tin pots and pans are hammered out flat, and cut into squares, and sold by the dozen for nailing over the bungs of casks and barrels. Corks, cigar-stumps, coals and cinders, old iron and nails, all have their value. It has been calculated that several hundred thousand dollars are thus annually realized from the streets of New York, giving support to hundred of families, and furnishing indispensable materials for business, all the proceeds of the pickings of the gutters by this humble and oftentimes despised class of street scavengers.

**SLEEP.**—Wealth and health are really enjoyed only when they have been interrupted.

### THE MANIA OF AVARICE.

Avarice is less the love of money than the dread of poverty. This fear is a horrible malady—it is one of the most debasing and corrupting of human weaknesses. A man who would face death with a smile, and might, on occasion become the hero of a battle-field, trembles like the vilest of the vile before the shadow of misery, or only of embarrassment; and for a little money, sells shamefully, to whoever will purchase, his dignity and liberty. It is this "yellow slave that knits and breeds corruptions" that peoples this area of courts with sycophants.

This shows us why, in Greece, where liberty and dignity were highly appreciated, the philosophers insisted with so much energy on the virtue of a contempt of riches. In the present age we have reversed the opinion, and hold that whoever maintains that independence is preferable to fortune in a blockhead.

Byron said, half sarcastically, half seriously,

—"for a good old gentlemanly vice,  
I think I will take up with avarice."

And a single word may be said in its favor—it may be defended relatively. The miser does the most injury to himself; the prodigal is almost always a corrupter. He buys consciences, and makes them the slaves of his passions; his life is a perpetual inculcation of vice and contempt of labor. His example would be more contagious than that of the miser, if it were less difficult to acquire wealth; and as we say, "A miserly father—a spendthrift son," we might say as frequently, "A prodigal father—a miserly son"—if prodigal fathers only left anything to spend.

What an example—equal to that of Molière's *Avare*—was that of Daniel Dancer, of Middlesex county, England, born about 1716. As a young man, he exhibited no traits of an unbalanced mind; on the contrary, he was frank and open, ready to meet danger, and bold to surmount difficulties. But this unaccountable fear of coming to want came over him like a dark shadow, and clouded his mind forever. Though he came into possession of a considerable fortune, though he was unmarried, still this dream of want haunted him night and day like a ghost. We may imagine him cowering in that lonely country-house shared only by his sister, infected with the same lunacy, the unfortunate couple clothed in rags, and living upon food a London beggar would have spurned. Daniel reduced his allowance to the value of two pence per diem; but, strange to say, he expended as much for milk to keep life in a favorite dog. His dog, his "halved heart—his Pythias," one day killed a lamb, and Daniel was dunned for the value of the animal.

Of course he wouldn't pay; but he took his dog to a smith's, and had his teeth filed off so that a similar accident should not happen a second time. Daniel washed his face and hands in a pond; and to save linen, dried them in the sun. The hat he wore when a young man covered his head in old age. Once he made up his mind to buy a second-hand hat of a Jew for a shilling; but an old drudge, who lived with Dancer, offering sixpence more, the miser yielded his bargain rather than submit to the advance. Poor Daniel! he died wealthy. Poor, poor rich man! the wayside beggar was wealthier than he. We call the victim of avarice *miser* (from the Latin word, signifying *wretched*), but we should call him *miserrimus*.

THE APPROACH OF SLEEP.—It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis closing—'tis more closed—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

WHO WOULD NOT?—The Rev. Mr. Stockton, chaplain to Congress, declared in a recent sermon that he had sometimes thought he would give the world, if he had it to give, to be a boy again; not to remain a boy, but to shape his course under the guidance of his present light, to a higher and nobler end.

ORIGIN OF TALK.—The ancients tell us that during the sojournment in Paradise, heaven sent down twelve baskets of *talk*, and while Adam was eating three of them, Eve snatched up the other nine.

GALLANTRY.—A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliments one woman at the expense of another.

MAXIM.—If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

QUERY.—What domestic vessels does a circus-rider resemble? A pitcher and tumbler.

**A HAPPY MAN!**

Our readers have often heard of the Duke of Brunswick—a man of immense wealth; he has in his possessions diamonds valued at several millions of dollars. The pleasures of possessing this wealth are shown in his manner of life. He dares not leave Paris at any period of the year; he dares not leave his house for a single night. His house is not constructed for comfort, but for the security of his possessions. To make it burglar proof it is surrounded on every side by a high wall, and that by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear heads, so contrived that if anybody touches them a chime of bells begin instantly to ring an alarm. He keeps his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing, or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and iron; the locks have a secret which must be known before they can be opened; if opened by violence, a discharge of fire-arms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in the house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bedroom; the sash is of the stoutest iron; the shutters are of thick sheet iron. The ceiling of his room is plated with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combinations of the lock. A case of a dozen six barrelled revolvers loaded and capped lies open upon the table within reach of his bed.

Few persons who think, a contemporary well remarks, can see little difference between this man's life and that of a slave chained to the prison and beset with constant suspicions, fears and dangers. Who would wish to exchange life with the Duke of Brunswick? The man thinks he owns his diamonds, but it is not so; they own him; they chain him to that spot, confine him to that prison, as though he were a thief; shut him up within an iron bed-room surrounded with loaded pistols and death-dealing machines, in a worse position than are murderers or pirates. They do not feed or clothe him, give him health, prolong his life, or even accumulate new riches. All the pleasure he has is in simply looking upon them; but there are a thousand things in nature as perfect in form, as rich in color, and as radiant in beauty, as they are, and which every person can enjoy as much as he his diamonds. Nay, even the little flower by the wayside, which the barefooted beggar boy tramples upon, is more

beautiful in form; the rainbow that stretches out over the arch of the skies for the whole world to gaze upon, is more brilliant; and the sun in the heavens, or even the glad little bird all vocal with music, as he goes warbling up towards that sun, is more glorious by a thousand and ten thousand times.

**DESCENT OF THE EAGLE.**

In "Forest Creatures," by C. Boner, we have an account of the remarkable power possessed by the eagle of instantaneously arresting himself while dropping through the air at a certain spot, with folded wings, even when descending from a height of 3000 or 4000 feet. "When circling so high up that he shows but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and, falling like an aerolite, pass through the intervening space in a few seconds' time. With a burst his broad pinions are again unfolded; his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this when carrying a sheep of twenty-six pounds weight in his talons, and from so giddy a height that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of rock in which the eyrie was built; and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came headlong, every instant increasing in size, when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings; the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unflurried, as a bark sails gently down the stream of a river.

**JUST TRY IT.**—Do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by seeking that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

**FEELING FOR ANOTHER.**—A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was suffering and needed his assistance, drily asked him, "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

**THE FRIEND TO FALL.**—A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

**SENTIMENT.**—Wholesome sentiment is rain, which make the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

## CHIVALRY.

Edmund Burke lamented that the days of chivalry had passed away, supposing that the last spark had been extinguished by the French revolution—its usages had long before that time sunk into disrepute; but many of its influences, including some of the worst, were still in full force when the French revolution and the French revolutionary influences, rushing over Europe like a simoon, swept away every vestige of the old chivalric institutions, customs and feelings. Chivalry, like other great institutions, fitted for and springing from the character of the times, had fulfilled its mission. In the dark ages, it had interposed its mail-clad arm between the oppressor and the oppressed—between the strong and the weak; it had done more than all that Greek and Roman civilization had attempted; it had raised woman from the lowly rank she occupied among the pagans, and enshrined her upon a lofty pedestal, as the incarnation of purity, truth and love. It had sanctified friendship, softened the atrocities of war, smiled upon poetry and music, and paved the way for the growth of the arts.

The origin of chivalry must, doubtless, be looked for among the ancient Germanic tribes. Among them the people were divided into two classes—masters and slaves; while the latter performed all the labor, war and chase were considered to be the only occupation worthy of the former. Hence there rose up a race of warriors with whom military glory was the highest aim, and the thirst for renown the constant incentive. The different warriors, with their bands of followers, were subjected to the orders of a sovereign; but in their own domains and territories, their power was despotic, reaching to the extent of life and death. Out of this unlimited power sprung oppression and abuse; and the feudal times would have presented an unvaried history of crime, tyranny and sorrow, had not chivalry sprung up in this dark time to prevent and mitigate the spirit that prevailed.

For the furtherance of great enterprises, the knights banded together in societies and orders, and a community of principle soon united almost all who bore arms. The knights professed to be animated by a love of justice, devotion to the fair sex, zeal for religion, veneration for the truth, a love of military fame, a contempt for danger, and a hatred for oppression. In support of these principles, life was freely perilled; the wishes of the fair were laws with the knights. Froissart tells us of a lady who commanded her faithful knight to appear in a tournament with no other covering to his body than one of her

garments, and he esteemed the perilous order an honor and a priceless favor. Another lady threw down her glove in a circus, where lions were fighting, and commanded her true knight to descend into the arena and recover it, a feat which he daringly and safely performed.

The knight-errants were wandering champions who roamed the world in search of adventures, rescuing distressed damsels, slaying powerful robbers and oppressors, and never happy except in encountering some extraordinary peril. The deathblow to this wild spirit was dealt by Cervantes, in his immortal romance of *Don Quixote*. At the time this shaft was launched the character of knight-errantry had sadly degenerated from its pristine type. The grave narrative of the Knight of La Mancha's adventures, his encounter with the windmills, his love for Dulcinea, and his absurd chimeras, forever put an end to the career of the wandering sons of chivalry.

"But if the material and least worthy part of chivalry has passed," says a modern writer, "its spirit still remains—still invites men to high and honorable deeds, and is indeed imperishable and immortal. The vows of knighthood, the ceremonials of installation, the pomp and ceremony of knightly feasts, have gone; but the devotion of the patriot, the ardor of the warrior, the warmth of the lover, the fidelity of the friend, the loyalty and truth of the man of honor, do not sleep in the graves of Charlemagne, Roland and Bayard."

The times have been when such fascinating stories as Sir Walter Scott so well understood how to produce, would have sent a host of knight-errants into the field; but in these days the law has monopolized the redress of grievances, and the occupation of the knights, like that of Othello, is gone. Whoever should attempt the career of a knight-errant in the present day, would be apprehended under the statute against vagrancy, and be compelled to cool his valor in the House of Correction or Penitentiary.

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**MUSCLE.**—Somebody says: "Cabbage contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever." Yet we never knew that tailors were particularly muscular.

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**JUST SO.**—Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

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**RATHER DEEP.**—Some of the lakes of Switzerland are one thousand feet deep.

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**TRUE.**—Short reckonings make long friendships.

## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood!—the opening bud—the first warm blush of day—these are types and symbols of that interesting period when the dawning intellect and the bright eye first take cognizance of surrounding objects—first view with rapture the glorious world that is our heritage, and hail, in the bright stars that gem the firmament, the wild birds that float in the glad air, the free streams that rush downwards from the mountains to the valleys, the sweet flowers that shed their perfume by the wayside, a paradise on earth—all glory, joy and beauty. Alas! alas! those stars shall grow dim, those free streams shall be fettered by the frost, and those sweet flowers shall wither by the wayside. Yet no thought of desolation, decay and death enters the glad heart of childhood.

We were all children once—we have all gazed after the up-soaring bird, and followed him in his flight till lost in the blue ether; we have all gathered roses by the wayside in June, and hazel-nuts in October; we have dammed up little rivulets with shingles, and fancied ourselves millwrights; we have worn paper caps and tin swords, and fancied ourselves soldiers; we have kept a dog, and thought there was no dog in the world like our Rover; we have felt our hearts beat with rapture as our kite soared like a bird above us; we have been made happy by a half-holiday, and wretched by being kept after school; we have teased our sisters into tears and kissed them into smiles; we have been spoiled by our mother and petted by our grandmother; we have wept plentifully—for childhood has its tears, as April has its rain. But what are those childish sorrows and those childish tears to the stern trials and the agonies of mature life, to which the relief of weeping is denied? For a man rarely sheds tears—and when he does, the drops, instead of coming from the eyes, are coined from the heart's blood.

Who would not be a child again? Renown, wealth, gratified ambition—none of these compensate their heir for the pure and sinless joys of childhood. Inquire of yon peerless beauty, the acknowledged belle of the ball-room, at whose approach a hundred hearts are fluttering, and she will tell you the incense of the hour has not half the sweetness of the girlish triumphs she enjoyed when the unsought voices of her playmates proclaimed her the queen of May. Ask the soldier, as he stands upon the rampart he has stormed, and looks around him with inflamed eye upon the dying and the dead, and he will tell you he felt prouder and happier when a boy he had carried a snow-fort at the head of a storming-party of his schoolmates.

Nearly allied to regret is the deep interest with which we look upon a happy child. His sinless mirth and gayety remind us of our own when we were like him, when it seemed that we had "all the world before us where to choose." A thousand reminiscences crowd upon our mind—a thousand saddening reminiscences, because it is always sad to look back over a long lapse of time—for the interval is full of the graves of friends, or what is worse, the phantom forms of the false and forgetful. We anticipate, too, for the gay creature before us, the same trials, and sufferings, and temptations we have ourselves undergone; and though we pray that he may be strong in the trial, that he may have force to bear and principle to resist, and that the strong arm of Providence may keep him, still there are clouds and darkness in his path, through which he must inevitably pass.

There is something holy in the atmosphere of childhood—there is a sanctity in its innocence, in its reliance, in its generous faith in human nature, which none but a villain of the darkest dye could violate; and hence, in the whole history of mankind, red as it is with shame, and black with infamy, there is no one page the perusal of which so freezes, petrifies the heart as that which records the systematic corruption and ill-treatment of the unfortunate child and heir of Louis XVI., when he fell into the hands of the *sans-culottes* of France. In the last moments of the unfortunate father, when the sublime words of the Abbe Edgeworth, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" were ringing in his ear, the thought of the fate of that poor boy must have given him a pang keener than all the others which the ferocity of his enemies inflicted upon his gentle and susceptible nature.

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**MUSCULAR POWER.**—Muscular power in man increases up to the age of forty and fifty-four years; after that period it gradually diminishes its power.

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**PROFITABLE.**—The owner of a mill in Monson, Mass., employed in making army cloth, is said to be clearing \$400 a day.

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**LARGE SUM.**—The Baltimore Savings Bank has nearly four and a half millions of dollars on deposit.

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**EXPENSIVE ARTICLE.**—Specie is only *fifty per cent.* premium at the South just now!

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**A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.**—The toothache of the mind.

## THE CHURCHYARD.

The ancient Egyptians exhibited a skeleton at every feast; the Roman conqueror, as he swept up the *Via Sacra* in all the haughtiness and pomp of triumph, had a monitor who whispered, "Remember that thou art a mortal;" and it is well for us all, once in a while, to step aside from the giddy throng engaged, like ourselves, in the pursuit of wealth, pleasure, fame or happiness, and sitting down in some solitary graveyard, contemplate the abodes of the departed, and remember that "to this complexion we must come at last." Churchyards and cemeteries are not what they were formerly, for once they were the dredest spots upon the face of the earth, images of neglect, desolation, oblivion and decay; rank herbage and vile weeds sprang from the uncultivated soil; the summer suns and the winter storms alike poured down on their unprotected areas; unsightly headstones of slate, of uniform shape, covered the field of death; the gateways were ponderous and rotten, and it was difficult to distinguish in the monumental sculptures, between the death's head and the cherubim—they were equally ugly and repulsive. Now these places are quiet and tasteful retreats; some are forest-groves, others flower-gardens, in which shade and light, bloom and verdure, wood and water, are tastefully and gracefully combined. Such are Mount Auburn, near Boston; Greenwood Cemetery, near New York; and Laurel Hill, at Philadelphia. The example of these cities is being followed by all our principal towns and villages, and the homes of the dead are no longer cities of desolation.

"I am fond," says an eloquent writer, "of communing with the dead; they have the start of me a little while—are more advanced in knowledge than the living; and if they had the gift of utterance, would probably testify to me how little knowledge is, after all, really worth. There are times when their speaking silence communicates unspeakable feelings to the heart—feelings that flow back to the very sources of existence, prompting strange thoughts and imaginings." It is little singular that, as a general thing, barbarous nations pay more respect to their dead than civilized people. A churchyard is never allowed to interfere with a new street, or a line of railroad, by a civilized community; but a South Sea Islander, or a Turk, would think himself accursed if he violated the repose of his ancestors. The American savage never forgets the grave of his parents; the inhabitants of a Greek town, compelled to surrender to the Turks, first collected the bones of their ancestors and burned them in the market-place, rather than permit them to be

desecrated by their conquerors. The respect paid the dead by the ancients is too well known to enlarge upon; the pyramids and mausoleums are the most enduring monuments of antiquity.

The burial places of the Turks are scenes of surpassing loveliness, and form one of the grand features of the glorious scenery along the banks of the Bosphorus, and about that gem of the Orient, the city of Constantinople, marked by the dark and beautiful cypresses, beneath whose shade turbaned heads alone are permitted to sleep—their dense foliage "undulating in the wind for leagues, like waves on a dark ocean of death." Apart from the moral influence of a visit to a churchyard, it presents features interesting in a less serious point of view. Some one has well remarked, in allusion to the epitaphs on gravestones, "A churchyard is a species of album." Epitaphs are not infallible in point of veracity; and of many of them, the only truth uttered is conveyed in the first words—"here lies!" Some of the most admired epitaphs have been the briefest; over Tasso's grave is the following simple inscription, "The bones of Torquato Tasso." A simple monument in a French cemetery has only this word, "Mother." "She lived but one brief morning, like a rose," is the epitaph of a young lady. Of a similar character is another epitaph, beneath the figure of a sculptured rose, "She was like this flower." Of a somewhat different character is the following:

"Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;  
She's now in peace—and so am I."

The epitaph of the Grecian hero is well known, "Pause, traveller, thy foot presses on a hero!" "Sit terra tibi levis!"—"May the earth rest lightly on thee!" was a usual invocation with the ancients. The following, by Meleager, is much admired:

"Hail, universal mother, lightly rest  
On that dead form.  
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppressed  
Its fellow-worm."

The wits of the 17th century wrote the following epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, the author and architect, in allusion to the ponderous character of the buildings he usually designed:

"Lie heavy on him, earth—for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

The following inscription was placed upon an urn, raised to the memory of a young girl, at the entrance of a graveyard, where her young companions were wont to assemble:

"Young beauties who may chance this spot to pass,  
Brushing with flying feet the tender grass,  
Like you, the pleasures of this life I've known—  
Your sports, your transports, all have been my own.  
My heart was cradled in love's happy dreams,  
The bridal roses promised me their bloom;  
An instant clouded all their radiant beams,  
And gave me—what? the tomb!"



## Foreign Miscellany.

The number of pianos manufactured every year in Vienna is 2600.

The Duke of Wellington screw steamer carries more guns than any other vessel in the English navy, the number being 131.

The Earl of Aberdeen has abolished the game laws on his estates, allowing his tenantry to hunt game as they please.

The Marquis del Grillo, the husband of Ristori, has lately died at Florence, while his wife was performing at Wiesbaden. He was an amiable incumbrance.

Dog-sledges are employed by expressmen in crossing the Sierra Nevada ridges. Each sled weighs 50 pounds, and 800 pounds of freight and the driver are easily drawn by the canines.

The passport system is most strictly carried on in Poland. To get a passport to leave the country costs a Pole four hundred rubles, which is about two hundred and eighty dollars.

Mr. Johnstone is erecting a large paper mill at Burnside farm, near Alva, England, for the manufacture of paper from wood ground to dust. The invention is a French one, and has been patented.

A monument to Sir Humphrey Davy is to be erected at Penzance. It consists of a granite column and pedestal, surmounted by a statue of the great chemist holding a safety lamp in his hand.

Sir Christopher Wren, while building St. Paul's, received a salary of only two hundred pounds a year. He was hoisted in a basket to the top of the building three times a week, at the great hazard of his life.

Every citizen of France is born a soldier, and is by an old law held to serve his country, hence the gathering of their large armies, when wanted—every one from 16 to 40 belonging to the army, and from 40 to 60 to the National Guard.

A new translation of the Koran is announced in London, which, it is said, will somewhat modify the common opinion that the Koran is a dry book. The translation will be enriched with a preface and notes by the translator; and the Suras will be arranged in chronological order, after the method proposed by Mr. Muir, in his "Life of Mahomet."

The first portion of the London subterranean city railway will be opened on the first of May next. It will extend from Paddington to Victoria Station. It will be so wide and well lit that it will seem more like a well-kept street by night than a subterranean passage. It passes right under Fleet Street ditch, the fullest and foulest of the London sewers.

In London, lately, a youth of fifteen, who lived with his parents, took his half sister, eleven years of age, into the coal cellar, and immediately strangled her with a piece of cord. The boy had a stepmother, who treated him badly, and jealousy of the affection bestowed upon his sister is said to have been the cause of his horrible crime. Before the murder the boy had borne a good character for industry, etc.

The duty on tobacco in England is more than five times the original cost of it.

The thousandth birthday of the Empire of Russia will be celebrated at Novgorod next August.

Three flower vases of 18th Sevres porcelain sold in Paris recently for eighty thousand dollars.

An English laborer died recently from having—after previously imbibing freely—drank for a wager of a shilling half a gallon of beer in two minutes.

A wild bear that has done mischief in the woods of Cheverey, France, for many years was lately killed in a grand hunt. He weighed 386 pounds.

The French excavators of the Suez Canal have found, it is said, the ruins of an Egyptian city buried under a bed of sand, with accompanying embalmed crocodiles and mummies.

The city of Vienna has appropriated ten thousand florins to enable a certain number of intelligent artisans of limited means to visit the Universal Exhibition at London next year.

Henry Longeloth was a gingerbread baker of Chatham, England. He lived till he was 103 years old, retaining his faculties and attending to his business until a few hours before his death, which took place on the 23d ult.

A company has been organized in Paris, with a capital of a million and a half of francs, for the purpose of placing on the Seine a number of small steamboats, to run from Charenton to St. Cloud, at the rate of about half a cent a mile.

Horse chestnuts are used in Switzerland to fatten sheep for mutton, the flavor of which is said to be highly improved by them. They are there crushed in mills similar to our cider mills, and fed in measured proportions; otherwise sheep, in their greediness, will injure themselves.

Several tradesmen of Bradford, England, have been convicted of adulterating tobacco with rhubarb leaves, prepared so as to resemble tobacco in color, and in everything but smell and taste—the proportion of adulteration being from 5 to 15 per cent.

The celebrated historian, Schlosser, has refused to give anything to the subscriptions which are being made for the construction of a German fleet. "I have not," he said, "studied the history of nations and states for sixty years, without learning that a fleet cannot be created by charitable donations."

A member of the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, has discovered a simple and inexpensive process for rendering muslins, laces, and all sorts of light stuffs incombustible. It simply consists of adding to the starch used in stiffening them, one half its weight of the carbonate of lime, usually known as "Spanish White."

A young girl in Paris lately took a dislike to her boarding-school, and coming home at vacation, refused to return. Her parents placed her under strict surveillance, as they feared she meant to commit suicide, but she managed to get a pair of scissors, and so far succeeded in cutting her tongue out that her power of speech is despaired of by the surgeon in attendance.

## Record of the Times.

Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, Moors at their marriages, Christians at lawsuits.

Canada contains about two million five hundred thousand inhabitants.

The State of New York owns probably the most valuable salt springs in the world.

Gold and silver were used as a medium of exchange long before the art of coining was known.

One of the finest steam vessels of war in the English navy is called the "Monkey." Horrible!

Cholera is making great ravages in India, and a number of cases have appeared in London.

There is no theatre in Calcutta. There was one twelve years since, but it is now a Jesuit church.

During the last thirty years the quantity of lumber surveyed in the city of Bangor, Me., was nearly four thousand millions of feet.

Fourteen of the 133 members of the Portsmouth Mechanic Association have been connected with the association over forty years.

The Merrimack River is said to have been discovered by Captain Samuel Champlain, on the 17th of July, 1605. He was exploring the coast of New England, under orders of Henry IV.

Seven Jewish and eight Christian medical students in the University of Warsaw have been condemned to serve as common soldiers in the Russian army in Orenburg.

The wealthiest man in Canada, Harrison Stephens, Esq., is a native of Vermont, and owns property in New York city to an immense amount.

By a careful estimate of pew rent and incidental expenses of church support, the Gospel Banner fixes the average price of sermons per hearer at from three to six and a quarter cents apiece, or about the cost of a cigar.

One of the "Banks of Deposit," as they are called in England, has lately stopped payment, with liabilities to the extent of \$1,800,000, and assets for \$275,000 only. Many of the depositors belonged to the poorer classes.

The interior of Australia, heretofore regarded as a mere desert, has been discovered to consist largely of fertile regions, with some likelihood of a gold region existing in its northern coast.

M. Alexander, French manufacturer of gloves, sends yearly to America about 60,000 dozen pairs of gloves, valued from 2,500,000 francs to 3,000,000 francs. He manufactures only for export.

The French national debt in the peaceful times since 1815 has been constantly increasing. In 1815 it was but little more than \$250,000,000; in 1851 it was more than a thousand millions; and in 1858 it was almost two thousand millions, and since that has rapidly advanced.

The agricultural department of the patent-office has imparted a great stimulus to fruit and vine culture. The demand on the department for grape vines amounts to almost a mania, and next year five hundred thousand grape-cuttings will be rooted.

The Shah of Persia has adopted the French uniform for his troops.

In London an unknown person has presented \$25,000 to the Baptist Missionary Society.

One of the debtors in the Queen's Bench Prison has been confined there since 1814.

The Boston City Library now contains just about one hundred thousand volumes.

Out of 32,000 families visited in New York city, 6000 were found without Bibles.

Five thousand acres in Illinois will be planted with cotton the coming year.

Since the erection of the first Methodist church in America, in 1760, 14,000 have been erected—an average of three a week.

A system of reporting by machinery is again announced, the discovery of a Frenchman named Scott.

A letter written from Naples says that marks of growing prosperity meet the traveller at every step throughout Italy, and that gold was never so plenty there as now.

The Tartars of the Crimea are emigrating in great numbers to Turkey, and it is thought that the infusion of this new blood may yet save the "sick man" from utter national death.

In St. Louis, on a recent morning the mothers of three children locked them up together in a room, and went to market. The children set fire to a basket of chips, and when their mothers returned were all dead from suffocation.

An elderly lady of Albany was so frightened by an explosion of gas at a house opposite, the other day, which she witnessed, that she was completely prostrated, and died the following morning.

The English House of Commons has galleries to accommodate only eighty persons. This is an English idea to prevent the members from addressing the spectators instead of the house. Such a thing as cheering from the galleries was never known.

In the forest of Compiègne has lately been found an old copper vase of the shape of a large elongated gourd, and containing more than 900 coins. They comprise a complete series of the Roman emperors and empresses from Nero to the last Gordian, and many are in fine preservation.

A young man named Irvine, of Bloomsburg, Pa., being enamored of two young ladies, married them both one evening lately. The girls, of course, were ignorant that they were marrying the same man at almost the same time, and were greatly distressed when the fact was discovered. Two days afterwards the bridegroom was in the county jail for taking more wives than the law allows.

Mountain air is favorable to longevity, the world over. As living proofs of this fact, in Berkshire county, may be mentioned John Fuller, of Egremont, 94; Stephen Mead, of Lanesboro', 97; Mrs. Potter, of Adams, 97; Mrs. Schutt, of Mount Washington, 98; Mrs. Cole, of Sheffield, 99; Mrs. Spickerman, 100; and Isaac Jones of Sheffield, 102. Most of these persons enjoy fair health, and are able to walk about and work.

## Merry-Making.

The brigade that ought to reap glory—Sickles's Brigade.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

An arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her beau as she pleases.

We had better be out of the world than have everybody wishing us out of it.

When people are crazy to marry they attach no consequence to consequences.

This is a fast generation, but our ancestors certainly got ahead of us in the world.

Court jesters are not the only wits that make fools of themselves.

The weak may generally be joked out of anything but their weakness.

When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover she calls him a "naughty man."

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a perfect right to growl?

"Don't cry, little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?" "No, sir, he hit me on the head."

Even if your heart is in a cause, it doesn't follow that you should "put your foot in it."

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Mightn't they as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars?

They have got a new military company down east. They drill six times a week, and have now got so they can form a straight line—by leaning against a fence.

Does a man occupy anything like the position of a pack-horse, when employed in carrying out his own views, with other people's suggestions and improvements?

A little boy asked the razor-strop man if he could sharpen his appetite. The razor-strop man at once stropped him so severely that the urchin cut off like winking.

Swift said that the reason a certain university was a learned place, was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

It is a common saying of moralists that the lower order of animals have not the vices of man, yet it is certain that some of the insects are back-biters, and all of the quadrupeds tale-bearers.

Every one has observed the remarkable slenderness of leg in the Frenchman generally. It can only be accounted for, we think, by his disposition to fly to arms on the most trivial provocation.

A benevolent man, who proves his wish to save time by throwing it away on foolish calculations, has discovered that in forty years a snuff-taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose!

Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectly these slippery times.

The young lady who was "driven to distraction" is now afraid she will have to walk back.

Horses sometimes run for cups, but not half so often as men do.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says he raised money with a lever.

An advertisement in a provincial paper begins thus: "To let forever, or longer, if required."

A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Our most distinguished critics admit that General McClellan is the greatest reviewer the country ever produced.

On what ground may confectioners be deemed very mercenary lovers? Because they sell their "kisses."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it "a waste of water?"

A poor fellow sometimes lives only for his wife, when she would much rather he would die for her.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the tart reply.

When a girl has too many boys about her, the indication is like that of bouys off a harbor—shallowness.

It is not known what season of the year our first parents were placed in Eden, but they went out in "the fall."

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospectus, used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

*Curiosities wanted.*—1. A handle for a blade of grass. 2. A letter written with a cow pen. 3. A feather from the wing of a hospital.

A young man named Neck, has recently been married to Miss Heels. They are now, therefore, literally tied Neck and Heels together.

"Who's afraid?" said a young man to himself, in order to screw his courage to the sticking place. "Why you are," said the object of his affection, "or you would have taken courage six months ago."

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea-god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse-races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

A Frenchman has been arrested in London for exploding an egg shell full of gunpowder in his mouth, in the streets, at two o'clock in the morning. He is to be prosecuted for self-murder.

# Effects of the War on M. De Laine, a fashionable Dry Goods Clerk.



He is informed by his employer that, owing to the depressed state of business, his services will not be wanted in future.



He tries in vain to procure a situation, grows desperate, curses the war and his luck.



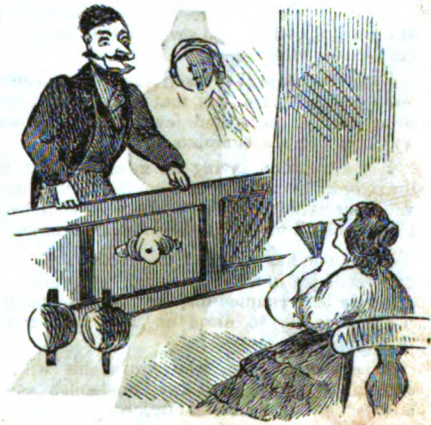
Has at first some idea of joining the army—but finding he would be obliged to go as a common soldier, he is disgusted and gives it up.



Funds getting low, and his landlady being anxious for her bill, he concludes to step out, and thus rid himself of her troublesome demands.



Now hard up, he is determined to have some money, and pawns his watch to a friendly broker.



Being in funds again, he attends the opera, hoping some rich lady will fall in love with him; he attracts the attention of a lady, and resolves to accompany her home.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Imagine his surprise to find it is his landlady, who, seeing him at the opera, thinks she will take the opportunity to get her little bill.



He hits upon a new idea—he will represent an officer in the army of his name; he procures a uniform, and goes into society.



Thinking he must have something to create a sensation, he sets his cap up, and discharges his revolver at it, and completely riddles it with balls.



The dodge takes; he is made a great lion of; every one has heard of his brilliant deeds on the field of battle; he captivates a rich and dashing widow.



Preparations are made for a wedding on a grand scale—the city is alive with excitement—they proceed to the cathedral, to be joined in happy bonds for life.



Just as the ceremony begins in rushes the real Captain De Laine of the United States army; the bride faints, and our hero leaves for parts unknown.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 4.

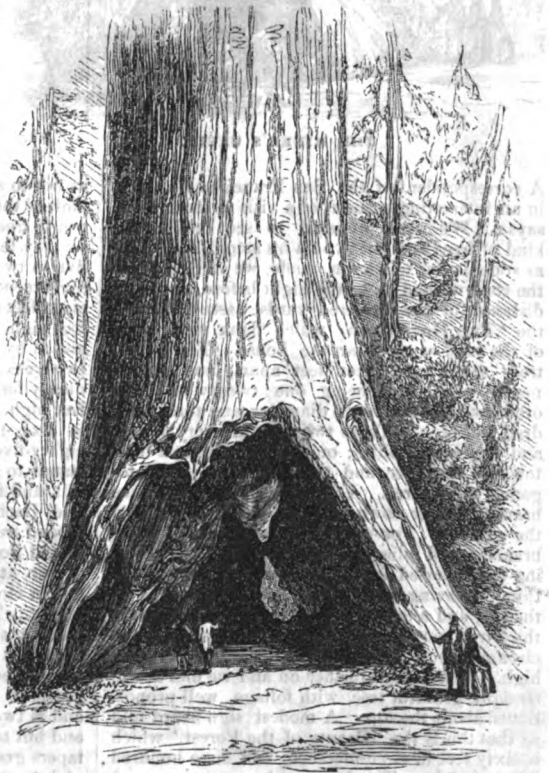
BOSTON, APRIL, 1862.

WHOLE No. 88.

## REMARKABLE TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

AIMING to give as much of variety as possible in the pictorial department of the Magazine, we this month offer our readers, on the following six pages, a series of very graceful and interesting engravings, representing some of the most remarkable trees found in our western hemisphere, in that land famed for great discoveries and great things—California. These enormous trees are the growth of Calaveras county. They indicate the richness of the soil, and show that this country is as rich in its vegetation as in its minerals. The Big Tree represented in our fourth sketch is ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred feet in length. Five men were engaged for a month in sawing it down. They sawed and bored great holes with immense augers, until the giant of the forest lost its equilibrium and fell with a tremendous crash. Three weeks were employed by the workmen in removing the bark from a portion of the trunk, which measured fifty-two feet. This bark, in thickness, in many parts, more than two feet, was exhibited at San Francisco. The learned of the place have set themselves to ascertain the age of this enormous tree, and, by counting the concentric rings, have come to the conclusion that it must be at least three thousand years old. The Three Graces or Three Sisters, also represented in this article, are united at the base, but each has a separate trunk, measuring in circumference some ninety-two feet. The Miner's Cabin has a circumference of eighty feet, while its height is reckoned at three hundred feet. The Pioneer's Cabin is of similar dimensions. There are many other trees of similar magnitude, each of which has been named according to the fancy of the emigrants. There are two trees, for instance, called Husband and Wife—a group, The Family Group. One tree, with the enormous circumference of one hundred and ten feet, and an elevation of five hun-

dred feet, has been called—because he is believed to be the oldest tree known in the neighborhood—The Father of the Forest. A tree, also of great size, standing by itself in a forlorn place, has received the suitable appellation of Old Maid. We also furnish our readers with an engraving termed The Horseback Ride, representing the hollow trunk of a tree, which affords space sufficient for a man on horseback to drive up the heart of the tree, a distance of seventy-five feet.



THE PIONEER'S CABIN.





THE MINER'S CABIN.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, in an interesting account of a visit to these trees, says: "We were prepared to see the largest kind of trees and not to be a bit astonished. So, as soon as our toilet was made, we started down the road we had come the night before, and at a distance of one hundred yards, passed between the 'Two Guardsmen,' which flank either side of the road as we near the house. These two trees are about fifteen feet apart, and are of nearly equal size, being one twenty and the other twenty-two feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high. These two trees are very perfect and very much alike; one of them leans a little towards the other, and their tops are joined together as one tree. Very few of the trees have branches lower down than one hundred feet from the ground. For such monstrous trunks, their branches and foliage are meagre, the former being few, gnarled and crooked, and the latter very thin. Leaving the 'Guardsmen,' we turned to the left, and after a few rods walking, came to a third tree (no name), which is forty-six feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high. A few steps further on and we met a tall, straight, graceful tree, with foliage, well proportioned about the top. A modest sign-board told us that this is the 'Beauty of the Forest,' which is sixty feet in circumference, and three hundred feet in height. The fifth tree has no name, and

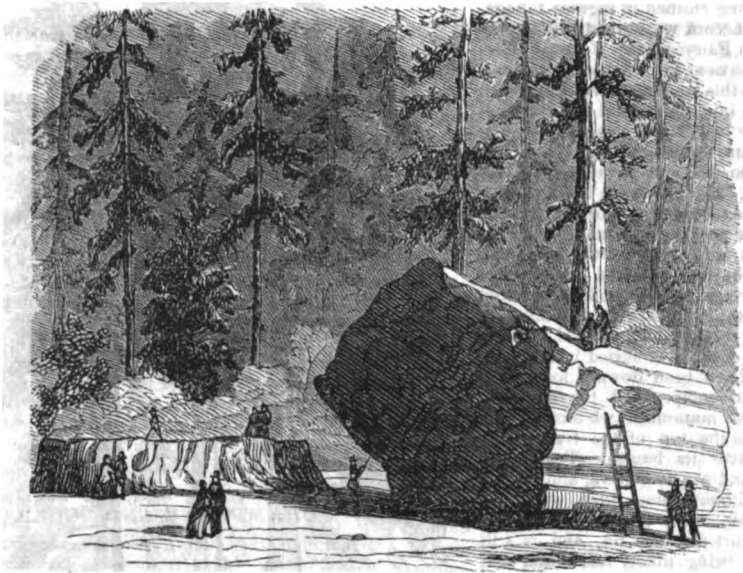
is two hundred and seventy-five feet high. Alta California is the name of the sixth tree, which is a beautiful, symmetrical, and graceful tree, with fine foliage at the top. It is ninety feet in circumference, and about two hundred and ninety-five feet high. At one hundred feet from the ground this tree is forty-five feet in circumference. The seventh tree has fallen, and measured three hundred feet from the roots to the top. Still on the road leading to the main grove, we meet the eighth tree, called Uncle Tom's Cabin. This is a large and heavy tree, the butt of which has been burned out, forming a hollow which will hold some twenty-five persons, and room to spare. The ninth tree is called Old Dominion, and is fifty-two feet round, and two hundred and seventy-five feet high. The tenth tree is called the Empire State, and is eighty-nine feet round, and three hundred feet high. Vermont is the name attached to the eleventh tree, and is fifty feet round, by two hundred feet high. The twelfth tree, which has fallen and is nearly all destroyed by fire, must have been immense, judging from the stump lying upon the ground, which is seventy-five feet long, and burnt out in the centre, so much that several of us, later in the day, rode through it on a horse sixteen and a half hands high. Half the distance through we sat bolt upright on the horse and had plenty of space above our heads, whilst the other half, not having burned so much, we bent our heads forward so as not to strike the 'roof.' We passed on and examined the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth trees, which varied in size from fifty-four to seventy feet round, and from two hundred twenty-five to two hundred ninety feet in height. The seventeenth tree, called Young America, is eighty-eight feet round, and two hundred and ninety five feet high. Directly opposite this tree, and separated by a carriage way, are the Siamese Twins, two trees springing from the same butt, being ninety feet round and two hundred and ninety feet high. Old Kentucky, the nineteenth tree, is sixty-three feet round, by two hundred and eighty-five feet in height. The twentieth tree stands to the right of the road on the side of the hill, and from its lonely position is called the Old Bachelor. The twenty-first and twenty-second trees are of an average size. The Mother and Son are next, being two trees joined together at the roots, being one hundred and ten feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height. The twenty-fourth tree is General Scott, being a stately, grand old tree, measuring sixty-three feet round and two hundred and ninety feet in height. The Fairy of the Forest is a graceful tree, standing on the left of the road, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high and but twelve feet through. This beautiful tree tapers gradually from the ground, and is clear of branches for at least one hundred feet high;



the top being clothed in regular foliage. With one accord we named this tree as stated, the Fairy of the Forest. Hercules is the next in order, and a grand old fellow this is, being over thirty feet six inches in diameter and two hundred and eighty feet high. Some cool, calculating lumberman has measured this tree into boards, and says there is upwards of (725,000) seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of inch boards in it. We now come to the Father of the Forest, a fallen tree, which is estimated to be one hundred and twelve feet in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet long. In the fall this tree has been broken in several places. From the depth it is buried in the soil, it must have been down a long time. In order to comprehend the immense size of this mammoth, we mounted by a ladder to the top of the trunk, and walked over its length. Truly, one must go and see, to believe, and no one can see without being filled with awe and wonder. The Mother of the Forest is a short distance on, and is still standing, being ninety feet round and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high. The bark, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet, has been removed by some speculative vandals and carried abroad for exhibition. We might mention here that they took the bark abroad, set it up for exhibition, but owing to the immensity of the circumference nobody would believe it came off one tree, and finally, being branded as a humbug, they had to shut up the exhibition, and ended by losing a goodly sum of money. The Family Group is the name of twenty-six trees, all standing close together, and varying in size from fourteen to twenty-two feet in diameter, and from two hundred to two hundred and ninety feet in height. Damon and Pythias are the names of two trees which were once joined together, but are now separated some three feet, fire having burned a space of that width between them. It might be mentioned here that many of the trees are badly scarred by fire, which has, in ages past, swept through this grand old forest. The Hermit stands all alone, and is seventy-five feet round, by three hundred and twenty feet in height. The Pioneer's Cabin is the name of a tree thirty-three feet through and but one hundred and fifty feet high, the top having been broken off. The fallen part has been destroyed by fire, as not a vestige of it remains. The Three Graces are three tall, graceful trees, standing side by side in a parallel line, of the same size and length. The centre one is perfectly straight, but so close do they stand that the top foliage has bent the outer ones a little from the perpendicular. There are several other trees near the Graces, one of which, the Miner's Cabin, is twenty-one feet in diameter and two hundred and twenty-



THE THREE SISTERS.



THE BIG TREE.

five feet high. The butt has been burnt out much in the shape of a tent, and will take in the recess a large number of people. We have now made the tour of the grove, and arrive back of the house, where we catch a back view of the trunk of what was 'the big tree.' This was the first tree discovered by the hunter Dowd. It was a noble, straight giant, over three hundred feet high, and about thirty feet through at the base. In August, 1853, some parties took a notion to cut this tree down, and, manufacturing axes, went to work. It took five men twenty-five working days to bore the tree through so as to separate the butt, but so plumb did the tree stand that it would not fall. After trying every means to topple it over, they cut down a large tree near it, and let it fall against the old giant, but still it would not succumb. A second tree was then cut down and made to fall against the mammoth, when it was forced over and fell with a crash which shook the very foundations of the hills and made a noise to which it is hard to liken anything. The fall broke the solid trunk in several places even as a pipe stem. When the hotel was first built at the Grove, the butt of this fallen monarch was levelled off and is now a portion of the floor of the ballroom. The tree is a very good circle, and measures, not in the widest part, twenty-five feet through. This is ten feet from the earth, without counting the bark, which varies from a few inches to over a foot in thickness. The wood of the 'big tree' is of about the color of our redwood, and the bark of a cinnamon color. It makes nice-looking furniture, not unlike mahogany in color, when dressed and varnished. It must be borne in mind that this entire grove of trees all stand in about fifty acres of ground. To say they are wonderful, grand, magnificent or immense, is poor language—one must go to them, walk round them, get into their hollows, ride through the burnt

monster, walk over the Father of the Forest—yes, go among them and around them again and again, to be fully impressed with their immensity."

But trees of enormous growth are not confined to our own continent. There is one, the famous plane-tree, at Smyrna, one of the largest cities of the Asiatic coast, situated on a beautiful bay, surrounded by lofty mountains. A vast plain extends from the eastern limits of the city to lofty hills covered with rich villages on the opposite side to the sea. Traversed by the Meles, a pretty river which bathes the walls of Smyrna, it is of rare fertility; poplars, cypress and plane-trees grow there very vigorously, as well as all kinds of nutritious vegetables. About the middle of this plain, on the side of the road from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a grotto is shown in which it is said Homer wrote his *Iliad*), stands an aged plane-tree, remarkable for its dimensions, and yet more so for its singular form. The trunk is separated into two parts strong enough, in spite of their division, to support the mass of the tree. These two stocks, uniting a great height, form a species of arch, through which the people of the neighborhood often pass, the place being much frequented, because the rich city merchants generally have their country-seats at Bournabat. The tree does not grow precisely in the middle of the road; it would be an impediment to carriages, the space between the stems not being large enough to admit them, but foot passengers, and sometimes people on horseback take a path parallel and contiguous to the road which traverses this curious vegetable gateway.

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels in the grave will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world to entitle thee to a seat among the blessed."



## QUEENLY AMUSEMENTS IN TURIN.

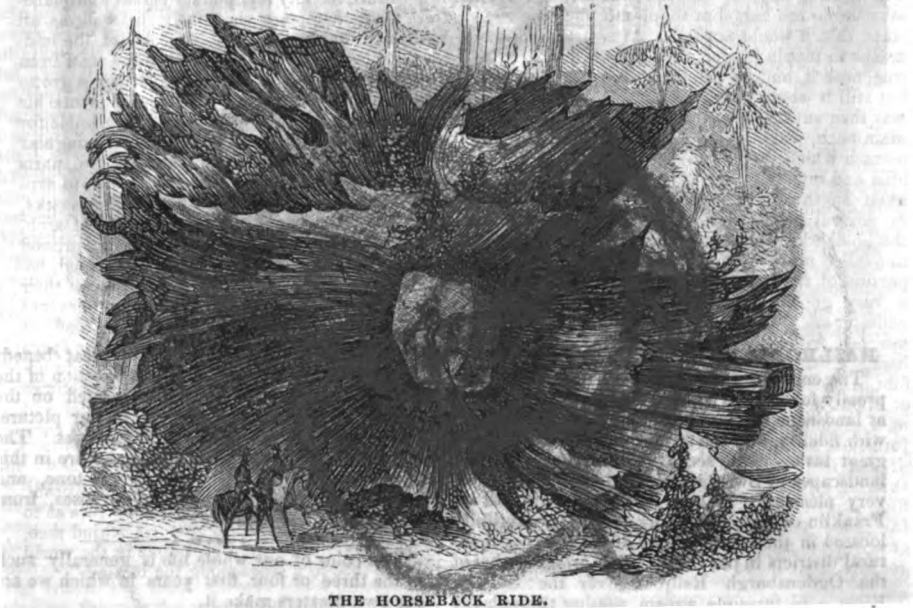
The most extraordinary rumors are afloat respecting the conduct of the ex-queen of Naples, indeed, the "pretty horse-breakers" of Belgravia are completely outdone by the vagaries of her majesty. Those who have gazed with interest on the mild, somewhat arch, ingenuous countenance of the ex-queen of Naples as it appeared two years ago portrayed in the *Almanach de Gotha*, those whose best feelings were enlisted in behalf of a true-hearted German girl, doomed to waste her sweetness in a court of which Ferdinand II. was the head, must hear with regret the reports current in this country about her present doings. Married to a better husband, blessed with children, placed in other hands, under proper control, Sophia might have been equal to any fate; but the applause bestowed upon the show of bravery on which she illustrated the ignoble fall of her husband's house have been too much for her. The laurel wreath got up in her honor by the ladies of Berlin has made her giddy, and the fumes of the beer which inspired the bard author of that ditty, beginning "Du Heldinn von Gaeta!" have got into her head. The royal Bavarian will never tire of playing the heroine. A good English riding-habit is not Amazonian dress enough for her. She shows about Rome, too, generally in man's attire—a breach of feminine delicacy only to be excused by extreme circumstances. With her lord's privileged nether garments she affects also manly swagger and bluster. She "smokes like a sailor and swears like a trooper," as if that looked pretty or sounded graceful. She hectors her sisters-in-law, has pitched battles with the princes and princesses of the house of Bourbon. The members of the exiled family have constant bickerings among themselves; they peck at each other like chickens tied to the same string and dangling from the hand of the housewife who is

carrying them to market—those true emblems, as the poet said, of partners in misfortune. High words and angry screams are heard from the Quirinal's windows. Plates are shied at royal heads, and fly into the streets, to the great scandal of the Swiss guards at the palace gates. The queen, though robbed of her sceptre, disdains to handle the distaff; she carries her dread revolver at her side; she delights in the exhibition of her skill; she aimed at a cat the other day in the Quirinal garden—a fine Syrian cat, gray, long-tailed, and hairy—who was basking in the morning sun, (the queen is up at five) on the wall hanging over the grottoed fountains and water-works, which are one of the seven wonders of the City of the Seven Hills. Purring, and stretching, and gambolling, did the unwary tabby luxuriate in the sense of blessed existence, when the queen took aim and fired, and the poor thing leaped up in the air, hit through her head, and dropped down like lead into a basin of water beneath.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*

## CHAMPAGNE AND DUCKS.

If a man wishes for a profitable contract, he gives a dinner. If he is up for a fat office, he gives a dinner. If it is desirable that a pair of estranged friends be brought together, and reconciled to each other, they are invited to a dinner. If hostile interests are to be harmonized, and clashing measures compromised, and divergent forces brought into parallelism, all must be effected by means of a dinner. A good dinner produces a good mood. The will relaxes wonderfully under the influence of iced champagne, and canvass-backs are remarkable softeners of prejudice.—*Lessons in Life.*

The perfidy of an apparent friend is the last truth that strikes a feeling mind with conviction.



THE HORSEBACK RIDE.



#### RAILROAD BRIDGE, MALONE, N. Y.

The engraving on this page was drawn expressly for us, and presents a very happy effort at landscape delineation. The view is rendered with fidelity, and the foreground is handled with great taste. The scene reminds us of similar landscapes in Switzerland, and its character is very pleasing. Malone is the county seat of Franklin county, New York, and is beautifully located in the centre of one of the finest agricultural districts in the Union. The bridge is that of the Ogdensburgh Railroad over the Salmon River, a picturesque stream passing through the

town. This railroad has been of great benefit in developing the resources of this portion of the State. There are several mills located on the river. The cotton mill is seen in our picture, and beyond the bridge of the main street. The celebrated Malone sandstone quarries are in this town. This stone is of a fine warm tone, and it is in great request for building purposes, from all parts of the Union.

The color of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it.



## ABUNDANCE OF LIFE.

The plateau, or high ocean bed, which stretches across the Atlantic between Great Britain and America, and along which they laid the lines that were to unite two worlds together, and flash our messages over the bed of the sea, is covered, it is said, to some depth, with a fine impalpable powder. To the naked eye that powder looks like dust—mere dust, devoid alike of beauty or organization. But beneath the microscope how it changes! There it appears a mighty collection of beautiful shells, once the habitation of creatures exceedingly minute. Their home was in the upper regions of the ocean; and when they died, their shells became their coffins; and, sinking many thousand fathoms down, they found their grave in the ocean bed. We know that it takes the burial of very many generations to raise the mould in the narrow churchyard. How many ages, then, must have elapsed before the coffins and corpses of creatures so exceedingly small, could have raised the broad bed of ocean! To account for this phenomenon it is necessary to suppose that these creatures are falling in showers, night and day, summer and winter, seed time and harvest; dropping down into their graves in showers as thick as the drops of summer rain, or the snow-flakes of a winter storm. And if so, how great the profusion of life in the vast ocean!

This is one of the last, and not the least interesting of the evidences that go to prove how this world teems with life. You meet it everywhere. Turn where you may, you meet it. Though not detected by the naked eye, you devour it in every morsel of food; you inhale it in every breath you draw; you drink it in the cup filled at the purest springs; you bathe in it among the billows of ocean. Nor can you walk wild moor, or shaggy mountain, or flowery meadow, but your feet go down on life. Life sleeps the winter through in every bud; it opens in every flower; dances and quivers in every leaf; and rises before you in every spike of grass. Where is there not life? More changeable than the fabled Proteus, it assumes innumerable shapes. There it cleaves the air on feathery wing; there it cleaves the deep with fins; there it crawls forth in the slimy worm; there it stands before you in the majesty of the human form. Here it breathes in vile corruption; and there it plays and dances in the heavenly sunbeam. Where do you not find life? Water cannot drown it. Earth cannot bury it. Open the grave—for a moment—life is there; penetrating the domains of death, it seizes on the lifeless body, and takes possession of the tomb. We can say to it what David said to its dread Giver—"Whither shall I flee from thy presence? Thou hast beset me behind and before! Thou compassed my path."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

## AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

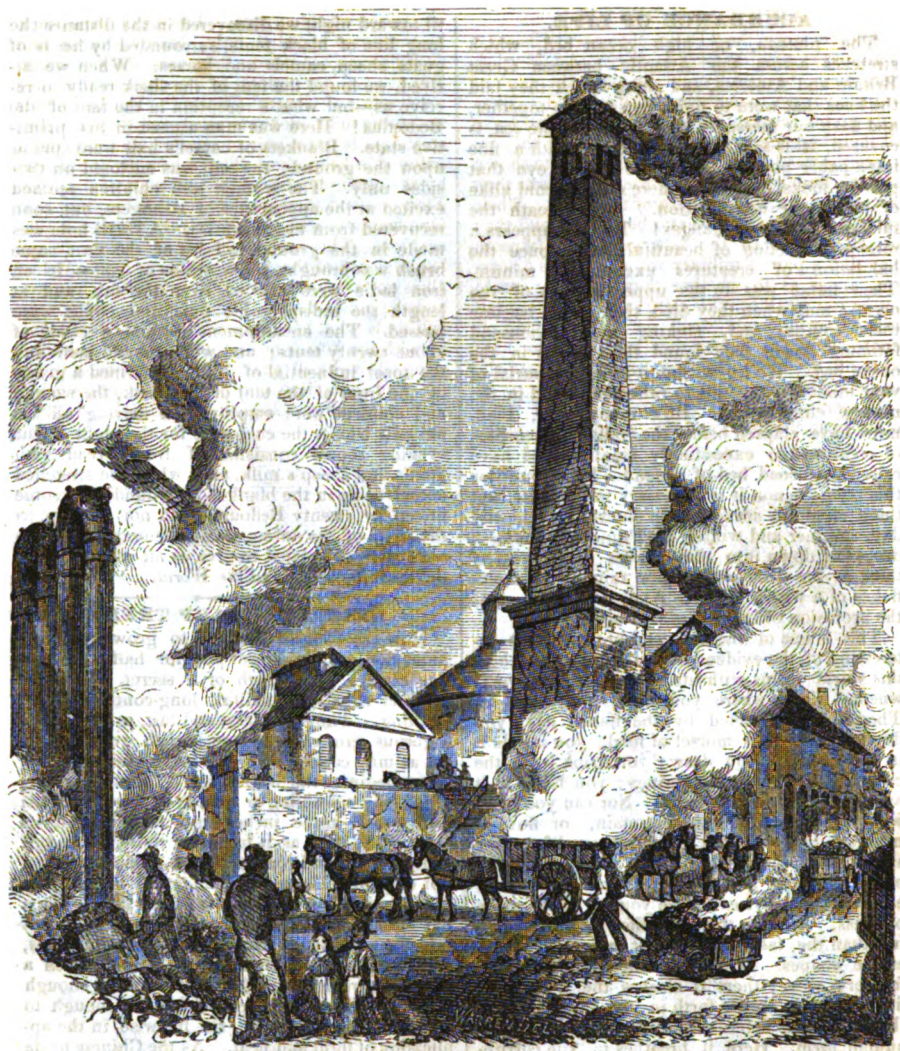
Passing the gate of Mount Zion, and crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat and part of the Mount of Olives, in half an hour's ride we arrived at Bethany, the village where Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. The monks here pretend to show the localities of the house of Simon the leper, of Mary and Martha, and the identical fig-tree which the Lord cursed. We proceeded, winding through the mountains and valleys, un-

til toward night we discovered in the distance the long line of black tents, surrounded by herds of goats, sheep, camels and horses. When we arrived, we found the tent of the sheik ready to receive us—but what a reception in the tent of the Bedouins! Here was man almost in his primitive state. Blankets of camel's hair were spread upon the ground; the tent was enclosed on two sides only. The women and children seemed excited at the appearance of strangers, but soon recovered from their surprise. A small hole was made in the ground in front of the tent, some brush was brought, a few grains of coffee in an iron ladle were roasted over the fire, and at length the indispensable pipe and coffee were passed. The encampment formed a circle of about twenty tents; and while the old men and the most influential of the tribe formed a group in the front of the tent of the sheik, the women and children were employed in driving all the animals within the enclosure for the night. Our evening repast consisted of fresh bread with goat's and sheep's milk, after which we stretched ourselves upon the blankets, surrounded by some fifteen or twenty Bedouins, but not to sleep, as the noise of the animals and the crawling of insects were calculated to give us an early start in the morning.—*Around the World.*

## CHINESE DWARF TREES.

How the Chinese contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. It is the product chiefly of skilful, long-continued root pruning. They aim, first and last, at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as far as may consist with the preservation of life. They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar), when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quality to furnish a scanty nourishment in the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves also on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances, to promote symmetry of habit, or to fashion their pets into odd fancy figures. Thus by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of the tap-roots is out of the question; by the use of poor soil, and little of it, and little water, strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by the pruning-knife, or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established, between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary.





INTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.

**BOSTON GAS WORKS.**

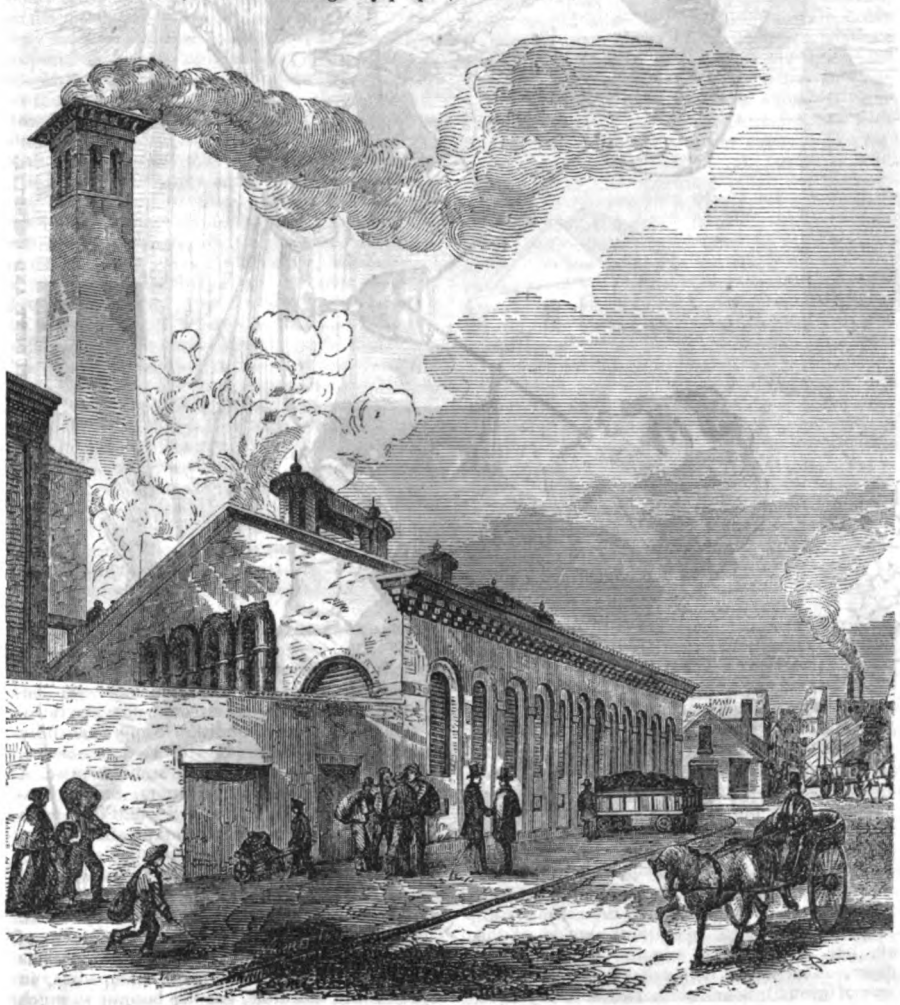
On these two pages we present our readers with two fine views of the works of the Boston Gas-light Company, at the North End, drawn for us by our favorite artist, Mr. Warren. One of these represents the exterior of the establishment, with its entrance, its towering chimneys, and other structures; and the other, the interior, with a view of the great gasometer. There are two capacious gasometers here, and there are also two in other parts of the city—one at the South End, on Washington Street, and one on Commercial Street. The charter of the company allows it to extend its operations outside of the city, but at present it supplies only the city proper. The works delineated occupy a large space of ground, bounded on two sides by Hull Street and Commercial Street. Besides the en-

trance on the former street, there is one from Snowhill Street. All who remember the benighted condition of our streets before the introduction of gas, are in a condition to appreciate fully the blessings of this product of modern science, and of the combination of capital and enterprise. A Boston theatre, a Boston ball-room, and a Boston store, by night are totally different from what they were in the days of oil lamps and streaming tallow candles, or even spermaceti and wax, which could only be commanded by the wealthy. Gas is now not only the most brilliant, but the most economical light that can be obtained. The first notions respecting the employment of gas for the purposes of domestic illuminations were thrown out by a German, Lampadius, in 1801. Since that time, gas has become so much of a necessity that nearly every city employs it.

## AWKWARD RELICS.

Another story, the "Relics of General Chassé," is almost as great a *tour de force*. An English clergyman, beautifully got up, and the pink of propriety, goes to Antwerp with a friend. They only go for the day from Brussels, and so leave all their luggage behind. At Antwerp, they go to see the castle, and at the castle they are shown the apartments of General Chassé, who was then just dead, and was the hero of the place. Their guide goes off to receive another party, and they are left alone. In the late general's bedroom they find a pair of military trousers, and a discussion arises as to whether they would or would not be too small for the clergyman. He himself insists that he could easily get them on, and offers to show practically that he can do so. He takes off his black trousers, and is well into the leathers when the noise of an advancing party of sight-seers scares him. He and his friend retire to an inner chamber, and the friend gently peeps

out to see what happens. The party turns out to be composed of ladies only, led by a fierce and domineering old maid. She sees black trousers, and at once announces to her friends that they are "relics of General Chassé." Further, she is not going to let such interesting relics escape her; so she pulls out a pair of scissors, and cuts out a patch as a keepsake. The others are influenced by the example and by the greatness of the prize. First one and then another petition for a *souvenir*. One wants to make a pen-wiper, another a pin-cushion. The arch thief herself wants to get leggings out of these devoted garments. At last all is cut away except a few straps and buttons, and the ladies depart. Out comes the clergyman and finds what has happened. He is overwhelmed with the horror of his situation, and sits shivering till nightfall enables him to get back to his inn, and there dash into bed, and forget his griefs till the morning.—*Review of Trollope's "Tales of all Countries."*



EXTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.





THE STUDENT AND GRISSETTE.

## SCENE IN A PARISIAN CAFE.

In the engraving before us are represented types of Parisian life. It shows a student and grisette seated in a Parisian cafe, and trying to Americanize themselves by imbibing a couple of sherry cobbler through the medium of straws. Possibly the learned young student may have informed his companion—the *etudiante*—that these straws are the identical slender reeds sung in Virgil's pastoral strains, and the sherry cobbler, or *sutor vini*, ascends to great historical antiquity, and is another proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Be this as it may, we have depicted the student and grisette together, for they are indeed inseparable companions. The grisette shrinks from association with workmen in her own level of life, and clings to the companionship of students of law, medicine, and art. She is always gay, always pleasant, always laughing, and at a ball or a party of pleasure, flings care to the winds. None gayer than she at the masked balls of carnival time, though she may have pinched and starved herself for months to purchase or hire her costume, and though the revelry of to-night may be followed by misery on the morrow. The grisette is always neatly dressed—and though her costume may be of the simplest and cheapest material, yet it is worn with a saucy grace that a duchess might envy. The grisette has lately taken to wearing bonnets, but this is an innovation on old custom; her head-dress is a jaunty little cap. Though associated with students, the neophytes of the world of letters, she is generally illiterate, reading and writing with great difficulty. Her notes are perfect curiosities; in them the emperor's French is treated in a way that would make an academician shudder. In the many days of battle that Paris has known during her revolutions and *emeutes*, the grisettes have not all of them remained within doors. When the dead have been numbered, many a grisette has been found lifeless at the barricades beside her fallen lover; and her devotion to the wounded on such occasions is most exemplary. The grisette, as we have before remarked, is a Parisian institution, the growth of a peculiar state of society, and not amenable to those general laws by which we measure the conduct of mankind. Her faults are the faults of circumstances over which she has no control—and she is fully entitled to a lenient judgment. The grisettes much affect the so-called Latin quarter of Paris, and choose their companions from among students as poor as themselves. How they dote upon their closely-cropped skulls, and prodigious dark beards, and curling moustaches, and extraordinary waistcoats, and jaunty pantaloons! How proud is the pretty grisette as she hangs on the arm of a law student, in the whirling waltzes of the *Maillie*, or the military gallopes of the *Chateau Rouge*, with its Bengal lights, bombs, rockets and Roman candles flashing through the air! If the pair be unhappy in their circumstances or connection with each other, a few sous' worth of charcoal finishes their romantic career, and their remains are thrown into *Pere la Chaise*.

Capital is the child and not the father of labor; and science is the daughter and not the mother of intelligence.

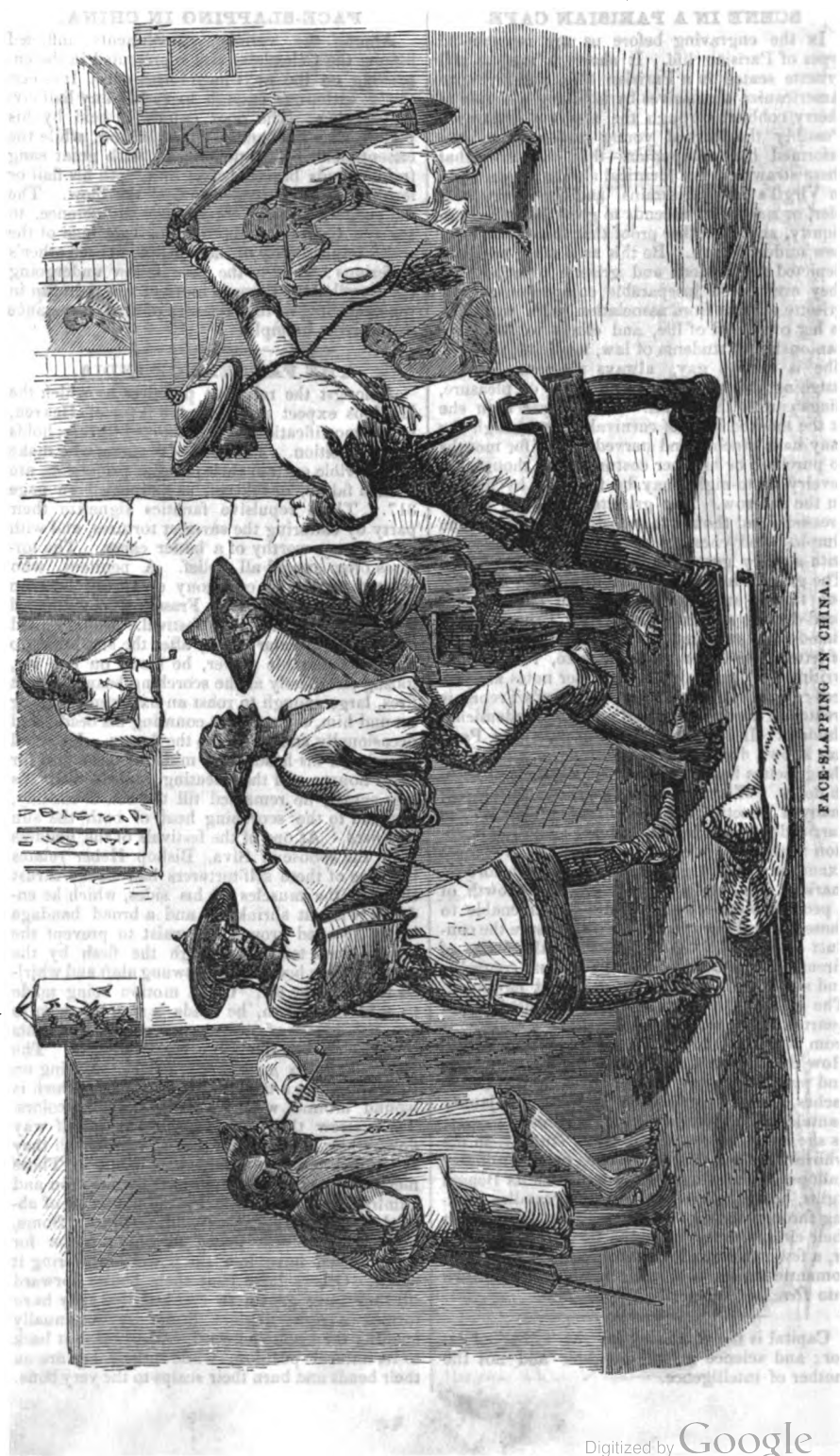
## FACE-SLAPPING IN CHINA.

Among the various punishments inflicted among the Celestials, that represented in the engraving on the next page forms one. It is certainly barbarous enough to satisfy any half-civilized being. The poor culprit is held by his pigtail, with his hand confined behind, while the executioner of the punishment, with great sang froid, stands braced before him, with his flail or ferule in hand extended to deal the blow. The old codgers looking on, in easy indifference, to see the operation, afford a fair specimen of the stolid impossibility of those people to each other's sufferings; while to the poor fellow undergoing the flagellation, there is more of fact than fun in the operation, as the grimaces of his countenance would seem to imply.

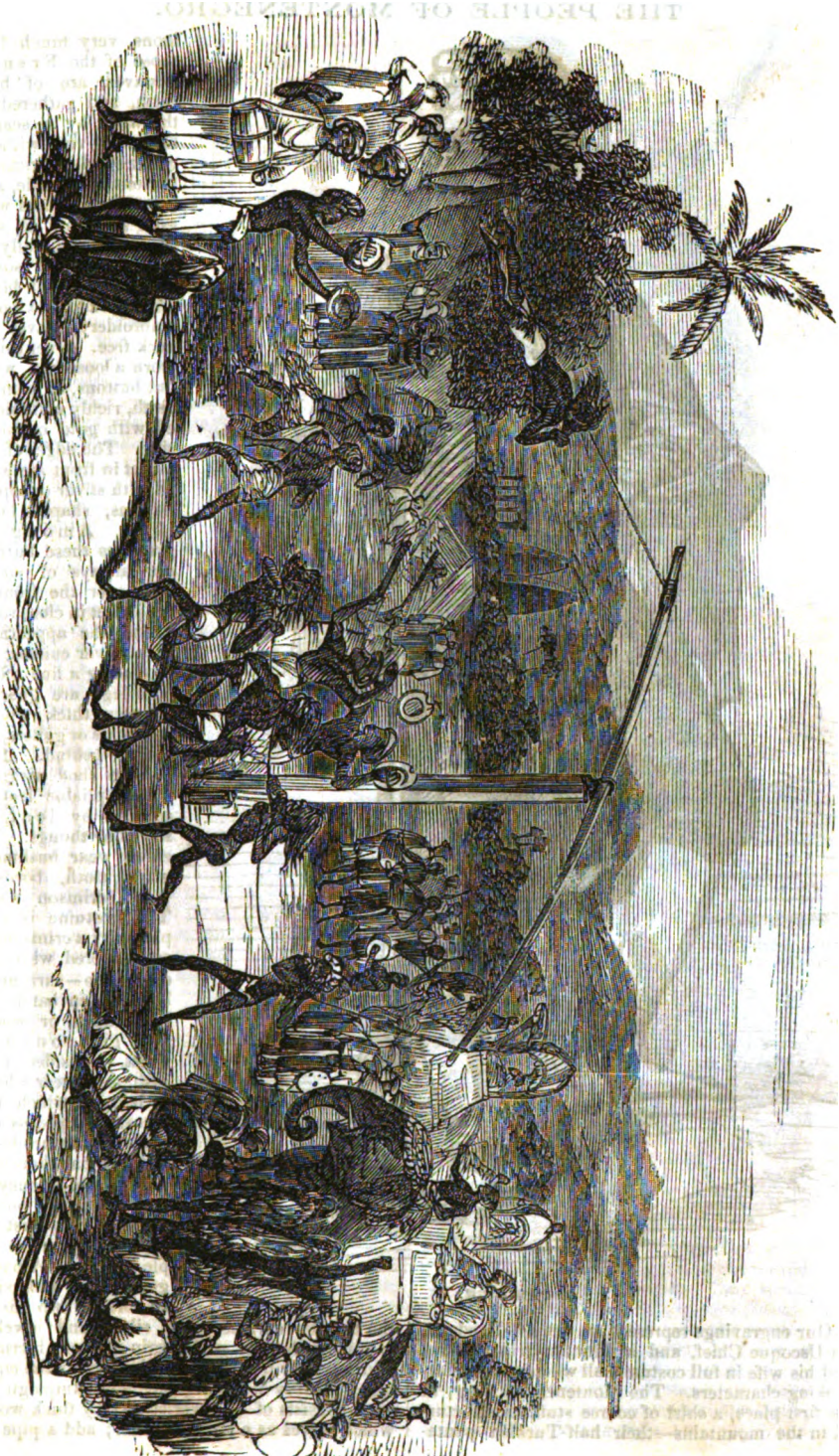
## THE FAKERS OF INDIA.

Amongst the religious practices by which the Hindoos expect to obtain the favor of Heaven, bodily mortification, or self-inflicted torture, holds a high position. The class of devotees who make this horrible custom their peculiar profession, are termed fakirs, or fakeers, as delineated on page 317. These repulsive fanatics signalize their party by enduring the severest tortures, and with a constancy worthy of a better cause. The tortures often exceed all belief. A penitent, who went through the ceremony of sitting between five fires, is described by Fraser, who witnessed the penance at a public festival. Being seated on a quadrangular stage, after the sun began to have considerable power, he stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the scorching beams, whilst fires, large enough to roast an ox, were burning around him, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally adding fuel to the flames. He stood upright on his head in the midst of these fires for three hours; and then seating himself with his legs across, he remained till the end of the day, exposed to the scorching heat of both the sun and fires. At one of the festivals of the goddess Kali, the spouse of Siva, Bishop Heber relates that one of these self-torturers had hooks thrust through the muscles of his sides, which he endured without shrinking, and a broad bandage being fastened around his waist to prevent the hooks from tearing through the flesh by the weight of his body, he was swung aloft and whirled round in the air. On a motion being made to take him down, he made a sign for them to proceed, a mark of constancy received with shouts of applause by the admiring multitude. The Hindoo fakeers go entirely naked, carrying on their shoulders a thick club, the end of which is wound around with rags of cloth of all colors. They strew their hair, which hangs half way down their backs, with ashes, with which they sometimes besmear their whole bodies. These mendicants endeavor to gain the veneration and admiration of the people by the infliction of absurd and cruel penances and tortures. Some, by holding an arm raised in one position for many years, have lost the power of lowering it again. Others have bent their bodies forward till they have grown so crooked that they have formed a right angle. Some by continually bending the head backward, cannot bring it back to its natural position, while others lay fire on their heads and burn their scalps to the very bone.





THE FAKEERS OF INDIA.





## THE PEOPLE OF MONTENEGRO.



A PANDOUR.

Our engravings represent an armed Pandour, an Uscoque Chief, and a Montenegrin captain and his wife in full costume, all wild and peculiar-looking characters. The Montenegrins wear, in the first place, a shirt of coarse stuff manufactured in the mountains—their half-Turkish panta-

loons, very much like those of the French Zouaves, are of blue cloth, and gathered to the waist by a scarlet sash. A vest without collar of bright crimson, buttons at the side, and is embroidered with gold in front. A sort of frock, generally of white cloth, but sometimes green, with black edgings and without embroidery, leaves the neck free. Over this is worn a loose vest, without buttons, of crimson cloth, richly embroidered with gold or black silk. The edges of this jacket in front are loaded with silver or copper buttons, shaped like olives. Among the grandeses these buttons are always of silver, and cover the front of the jacket in close rows, giving the appearance of a silver cuirass, and producing a fine effect. The legs are guarded by very thick woolen stockings or gaiters, fastening behind. The feet are shod with sandals of pliable leather, secured by leather straps or thongs. The chiefs wear buskins of white cloth, bordered with crimson filets. The costume is completed by a crimson cap embroidered with gold on the top—surrounded by a silken band, and by a silken or woolen sash girt round the waist. Besides this sash, they wear a leather belt in which they thrust their pistols, cangiar and ramrods—as well as handkerchiefs, papers and money—it is a universal pocket. Arms are the first luxury of this warlike people. A long Albanian gun inlaid with silver or brass, two pistols, the handles enriched with silver and jewels, a cangiar or hanger with a grip of ivory incrustated with coral or mother of pearl—such is the equipment of every Montenegrin. The campaign baggage consists of a coverlet of very thick woolen which serves as a bed, tent, etc.; add a pipe and

umbrella, five or six little bags for powder, balls, oil, etc., and you have a Montenegrin complete. The dress of the women is very simple—an embroidered chemise, a colored petticoat, a robe of blue cloth for working-days, white for holidays, covered with patterns made of a great number of little bits of cloth of various colors. They wear a very broad leather belt, as thick as your hand, covered with medals, coral, etc., and consequently very heavy. They wear the same cap as the men, and their long tresses hang down on their shoulders, braided with strings of coins. In a country which has been constantly at war for centuries, as the men have to busy themselves with the defence of the territory, the women have had a large share of labor imposed on them. Their rough occupations have injured their graceful forms which they inherit from a noble race. One of our engravings presents us with the figure of an Uscoque chief. The Uscoques live in the wildest part of the mountains—and the name they bear signifies "refugee." Whoever has burned powder against the Turkish authority, or simply against a tyrannical bey, the oppressor of his village, whosoever prefers liberty in the mountain to rest and abundance in the valley, becomes an Uscoque of the frontier. A type of these wild people is the brave Novitza Tzerovich, who a few years ago sacked Kolaschin without permission of Prince Danilo. His father, his grandfather, his greatgrandfather and all his uncles had been beheaded by the Turks. Novitza had to balance this account of heads. There was a rivalry between him and a bey of Herzegovina, named Ismael, a terror to the frontier. The game between Ismael and Novitza was finally lost by the former in 1841, in an engagement which turned out most disastrously for the Mussulmans. An enormous load of heads was sent to Cettingne, and the "Tower of the Turks" received the most *capital* decoration it had seen since the defeat of Kara Mahmoud. Novitza won the title of senator. This anecdote will show how little hope there is of a permanent pacification of Montenegro. These men, fierce as the ancient Highlanders of Scotland, live with their arms in their



AN USCOQUE CHIEF.

hands, and the warlike career which was a necessity, has become a habit, and unfitted them for the occupations of peace. They remind us, in many characteristics, of our own North American Indians—leaving labor to the women, and believing that war and hunting only are worthy of men. The specimens given on these pages are faithful representations of these remarkable people, and exhibit their characteristics very accurately and in striking style.



A MONTENEGRIN CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

There is a circumstance in the history of this people which has made Montenegro famous all over the world. It may be remembered that on the 4th of May, 1858, a Turkish army of 7000 men, well provided with artillery and well organized, though badly commanded, invaded the contested territory of Grabovo. Nine days afterwards they stupidly descended into a gorge of the mountains, where a large portion of them perished, the general in-chief galloping off at the first volley, followed by six men. The victorious Montenegrins might have seized upon Herzegovina as a pledge. The Turkish army were so

demoralized as to be incapable of any resistance. Strong inducements were made to advance, and even the Montenegrin general, Mirko, had received instructions to that effect; but in the interval, Prince Danilo, yielding to the counsels of the French consul, recalled his troops, and sacrificed his victory to European diplomacy. In return, the great powers, at the treaty of Paris, compelled the Porte to a definition of boundaries as to those portions of his dominions in dispute between Turkey and Montenegro, under European arbitration. Montenegro gained a great moral victory in this official recognition.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MOUNTAINEER.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

Stately and tall was the mountaineer,  
Like the pine in his native wood;  
And the wild rocks echoed his footfall back,  
Where none other had ever stood.

High up mid the Alpine summits,  
Where the eagle had built her nest,  
And the hunted chamois vainly hoped  
His tired limbs might rest.

But hard on his track was the mountaineer,  
Far up in the world of snow,  
Where the ice that crackled beneath his feet  
Was red with the sunset's glow.

But fear never entered the hunter's heart,  
As he turned on his homeward way;  
For he saw, through the gloom of the coming eve,  
The vale where his cottage lay.

And he thought of the young wife waiting  
His coming with anxious eyes,  
Who'd chide his daring with loving words,  
When she gazed on his hard-won prize.

But the way is long, and the path is steep,  
For the weary mountaineer;  
And his bride awaits from night till dawn  
His coming with many a tear.

But when the beautiful morning  
Is hiding the night from view,  
And gilding the far-off glaciers  
With many a rose-tipped hue,

She hears his step in the valley,  
And her tears no longer flow,  
But the smiles on her lip are brighter  
Than sunbeams on the snow.

With words of love she greets him,  
But her cheek grows pale with fear,  
As she gazes on the trophy  
Of the gallant mountaineer.

Then his brave heart gently whispers,  
While her lip regains its hue,  
That the loving are the daring,  
And the brave are ever true.

Gossiping.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing.

[ORIGINAL.]

PARLOR, CAMP AND HOSPITAL.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

AFTER dinner in the dining-room of John Alwyn's mansion. Lucretia Alwyn, eldest daughter, belle and heiress, beautiful, blonde, and a promised bride. Nellie Alwyn, youngest daughter, plain, patient, poetical, and promised nothing or to nobody. Grace Sample, mutual friend, musical, mawkish and motherless.

"This horrid, horrid war," says Miss Grace, continuing a conversation begun in the hall.

"It is very dreadful, indeed," replied Nellie, in a quiet, low tone, so natural to her. "But there are questions you know which can never be settled save by the sword. There are principles to be maintained even through bloodshed, and woe, and suffering."

"O, yes, Nell," chimes in Lucretia, rather sharply, for so sweet a faced girl. "You are always full of cant about principles and rights—you have no one who loves you going to fight—"

"Yes, that's the worst," remarked Miss Sample, quickly, and with more feeling than usual in her even tones. "What will we do for beaux next winter? No parties, no academy, nothing!" she added, bitterly.

"You forget that we women who remain at home can be acceptably employed in knitting socks and mittens for the soldiers in the field," said Nellie.

"Socks!"

"Mittens!"

And the dainty ladies exclaimed in as much indignation as though they had been asked to wash, or cook, or do aught else than play on the piano and harp, make calls, receive visitors, study the *modes*, or attend the play and be worshipped at the opera.

"Do you not think it a duty, Grace and Lu, that we all owe to the country, to aid the soldiers who are fighting for us?" asked Nell.

The question was passed by in contemptuous silence, and Nellie, going to the piano commenced playing, almost involuntarily, a few pieces in her favorite A flat major key, through which some of the sweetest thoughts in music have been expressed by immortal composers, and Lucretia and Grace lingered near the costly *dagère*.

"I saw Nelson Burt and Harry Trent going into the club-house on Beacon Street, as I came here," said Grace to Lucretia.

There was a moment's silence, and then, as if

the latter had determined to confide in her friend, she said :

"Will you keep a secret, Grace?"

"What a question, Lu! Of course you know me too well to suspect that I would not."

Of course Lu did, for she had never known her to keep inviolate one promise in her life. But with charming readiness she replied :

"Certainly, dear, I can trust you. Well, then, Nelson Burt proposed to me last night."

"Proposed! my darling friend!" exclaimed Miss Sample, interrupting her with well-feigned glad surprise—although she had heard the news from Nelson's sister that very morning—"Well I *am* glad. Why, Lu, he is the most splendid fellow in town, and so rich."

Lucretia replied with dignity :

"On the score of wealth I hope I am not inferior to Mr. Burt's family."

"O, no, dear, certainly not! But then you know they are such an old family, the Burts, and have always kept up a grand establishment, footmen, and butlers, and any number of servants out of livery, and you know none of them ever followed any business, and I heard Clara Beebe, the ill-natured creature, say she questioned Nelson Burt's taste in paying such particular attention to the fishmonger's daughter," said the volatile Grace, glad to place this thorn in her friend's side.

Lu changed color with mortification and anger.

"Fishmonger, indeed! My father buys ships and trades with ports to which hers could not pay his passage."

"Of course! of course! But about Nelson?"

And the friends walked the room, the arm of one entwined about the other's waist, and spoke of holy love with the calmness of veterans, discussed the *trousseau* and the wedding, which was to be. Lucretia, proud to become the wife of Nelson Burt, simply because he was *distingue*, rich, and could secure for her a position in which she could gratify her vanity and love of show—and not at all considering the prize of a noble heart, or understanding the value of its offering of love.

But as the two girls talked, the playing stopped, and Nellie sat mute and quiet. Her head sunk upon her breast, from which escaped a deep-drawn sigh. Her face was very pale, and soon she left the room and sought the solitude of her own chamber, and as she sat there looking out upon the sky, she only said :

"Ah, me! ah, me!"

After dinner at the club-house in Beacon Street. Two gentlemen smoking their cigars and glanc-

ing over the daily papers. Nelson Burt, very tall and finely made; an extremely handsome, manly face, set off by whiskers at the sides. A countenance, which, if physiognomy does not lie, shows honor, humor, firmness, gentleness and truth in its fine lineaments. Harry Trent, an effeminate looking man, exquisitely dressed, with immaculate shirt collar, wonderful diamonds for shirt studs, impossible neck-tie, trousers the triumph of the tailor's art, polished leather boots, *ne plus ultra* Jouvin gloves; delicate, but very expensive seals dangling from a delicate but very expensive chain, which was fastened to a tiny but very expensive watch—in fact, a dapper, exquisite, but very expensive little man.

"This will be a doosed expensive thing," lisped this wealthy citizen of —; well, no matter, I have not mentioned the city, you shall guess it. Nelson Burt looked up over his paper and sent cloud after cloud of smoke rolling upward in heavy wreaths.

"What have you been buying now?" asked he. "Been importing another fur coat from Russia, eh?"

Ah, that was a good voice to come after Trent's. It was round and smooth, firm and manly, a ring in its tones which made you have a certain contempt for the owner of that other voice.

"No, no! I mean the war. I tell you, Burt, the country will be ruined. The banks will be drained and without a specie reserve to keep their bills at par, everything must tremble. I shall sell out my Wilmington at the Board tomorrow, and go over to Europe."

"You wont go into the army, then?" asked Burt, taking his Havana from his lips and laying his paper down.

"Army! me go into the army! Ha, ha! the rebels may go to the — before—"

"Before you'll go, eh?" interrupted Burt, slyly.

"Well, but see here, you don't think of going to the war, eh? They said so at the Board today, and I, as your friend, took the liberty of saying it was a misrepresentation."

"Then let me tell you, Harry Trent, you took a very great liberty, for I am not only going, but have my commission in my pocket now, as captain."

"Captain! Captain! why, you are mad! The most splendid fellow in town, rich and just going to get married to my cousin Lu Alwyn—going to the war! to lose a leg or an arm! what the deuce will you do for billiards? or get along as major of the Horse Guards?"

"I have a large portion of the Horse Guards

recruited in my company for the war, and as for billiards, if I am so unfortunate as to lose an arm, I must abandon the cue, and Lucretia—ah, Lucretia would love me, my dear fellow, as well as ever."

"Not she, I tell you. I know her, I think. She is proud of you as the handsomest fellow in town; but she is ambitious, and would not care a sou for one hand if you had not another to help her into her carriage. Ah, I know her!"

"Faugh! she's rejected you, perhaps," said Burt, good-humoredly, and by the color of the face of Trent it was very probable the random shot reached the mark.

Trent lit another cigar, and soon after strolled from the room, his last words warning. But to do no such foolish thing as to go to the war.

"There is plenty of froth, Nelson, plenty of froth, which if skimmed will never be missed; but my dear fellow, consider, *consider* the cwmme of the cwmme. Ah, it's too doosed expensive for me!"

And the little man strolled out into Beacon Street with his unexceptionable toilet, and his little mind running on ten per cent. Burt sat long alone. He smoked many cigars, until the twilight made the objects outside grow dim and hazy, and he looked up into the quiet sky and murmured:

"Have I chosen aright? Ah, me! ah, me!"

Two watchers—to be in the time to come two mourners. Ah, me!

"O, Nelson, how splendidly you look!" And as the beautiful Lucretia Alwyn uttered the remark, it might have been tenderness, but it seemed more like sadness in the tones of the handsome soldier's voice, as he said:

"Can you think of splendor and beauty at such an hour as this, Lucretia, and—I am going away to-morrow?"

The girl's face flushed, but she quickly said:

"O, do not think it was all pride, Nelson."

Soon she was folded to his beating heart.

"Come to the corridor, Lucretia. To-night is the last I will spend with you for a long time—may be forever. Let us look out on the moon together. Is it too damp for you here upon the piazza? No? Well, then, let me recall the scene—so dear to us both—upon the beach at Nahant. It was just such a night as this—the moon rode through the heavens a luminous queen, the brightest train of stars seeming as but pallid lovers who fainted at the smiles and kisses which she gave to the crystal waters. The dusky outline of Egg Rock which rose grotesquely in the distance—the long black promontory branching from Lynn beach crowned with the mon-

strous hotel which flashed with lights, and from whose halls the music floated to us on the evening zephyrs, yet not conveying sounds one half so tender as the harmony of a voice which spelled me. Ah, how well I remember each emotion then, Lucretia. I had just awakened from a dream—"

He stopped abruptly, and seemed buried in sad thought.

"Yes," replied Lucretia; "and I, too, was happy that night. Long, long before, dear Nelson, when everybody thought my sister Nell was your choice, had my heart coveted you—"

"O, fool, fool! to think she ever loved me!"

"You seem even now, to regret the change, Nelson?"

"No, no, dear—dearest Lu. But had she never proved so false, I should have been your brother and not your husband."

And he held her more closely, fondly; but he was cheating himself when he hoped to love the reality more than the—memory.

"Yes, it was that glorious night, darling, when you taught me to banish regret, that there was yet hope and love for me. 'Tis strange, too, that Nellie, who never was handsome, held me in such close captivity."

"She is my sister, Nelson, and she was your love, so we must not speak harshly of poor Nell—but—but—even in our own family she was never trusted."

"Good God! what was that?"

A low cry, more piercing in its anguish than the loudest shriek, just beneath the piazza, in the garden, occasioned the exclamation, and when the lovers went down, they found at their feet, by a rustic shaded seat, the body of a woman lying in the gravelled path, the white face turned upward to the pallid moon.

"O, Nellie!"

And Nelson Burt lifted her up in his strong arms and carried her tenderly as a babe into the house. Lucretia did not speak, but the fair features grew dark, the soft, tiny hands were clenched, and the thin lips were white and closely shut. Where was her womanly anxiety or sisterly love? Ah, where? She followed closely, and when the swooning girl was recovering, and the servants attended her, Nelson and Lucretia were once more alone; the fair face all bright again, the soft tongue as winning.

"Eaves-dropping," said Lucretia.

"Suffering," whispered Burt.

But ere they parted the glamour of Lucretia's eyes had won his trust again.

"Never do you deceive me, Lucretia, or I shall lose all faith in woman. You are sure you love



me through all misfortune, for *myself*—love me as I love all woman-kind because of you—as I love all right and truth and honor for their sakes alone?”

“For yourself, dear Nelson, and when you return from the war—”

“Ah, then! if sick or wounded?”

“Then doubly loved and cared for.”

And through her tears she said “farewell.”

And when he parted from her he pressed her to his bosom, and in his manly though shaken voice bade God bless her. And then he strode down the street, the moonlight coquetting with his bullioned shoulder-straps and flashing on his bright gleaming buttons, while Lucretia, standing in the arched doorway of the marble hall, did not, as she watched him, bless him with a prayer, but only whispered in triumph:

“He is so rich and handsome, and—he is mine at last.”

But even then over her head, lay stricken Nellie Alwyn, the gas turned down so low it seemed like a sickly taper-light, which made strange shadows on the golden-papered wall. She passed her thin hands to her burning head and sobbed out such grief laden words as these:

“He’s gone to the war cursing me in his heart. O, sister! O, sister! O God, let me—die!”

Out on a scout. What a troop starts out from camp across the Potomac this pitchy night. A solid mass of men whose horses move as regularly as though each one is set in systematic motion by a mechanical spring. A beautiful sight, indeed. It is true you cannot see much of it except you are one of those riders and glance along the line at the flash of the burnished sabres. The independent company of Horse Guards hold the advance here under Captain Burt, and they have volunteered this night to advance ahead of our outermost pickets, and after placing their horses in a sheltered wood, to advance on foot and seek the information of the rebel lines which may save the right wing of the army from surprise. A dangerous business, ’tis true, but full of that kind of reckless adventure our brave soldiers delight in.

“HALT!”

How that word ever possessed such a thrilling significance it is impossible to tell, but as one man, the column halted before the imperious command of that voice of an unseen man.

“Who goes there?”

“Friends with the countersign!”

“Advance one, and give the countersign!”

The captain rides slowly toward the voice, the clank—clank of his scabbard sounding grim ma-

sic as he rides. He sees through the darkness the point of a bayonet before his eyes—one of the outermost pickets. He whispers in his ear.

“Advance! Countersign is correct.”

And the column comes on to the pickets’ neighborhood—the very horses seeming to travel with velvet-clad hoofs, and only the clank, clank of the steel scabbards against the horses’ trappings.

“Picket,” says the captain, in a whisper—“how soon are you relieved from this post?”

With arms at “present” the soldier replies:

“In about an hour, I think, captain.”

“Where is the wood toward the Martinsburg road where our men conceal horses while scouting?”

“To the left. The road is good, about a mile forward. But be careful, captain, they shot two of our boys on picket to-night, and I hear the drums beating quite plain with the south wind to-night—Who goes there?”

His sharp ears detected an arrival at a distance, even while he was whispering his cautions. Ah, it brightens the sense of hearing when men are listening each second for death in the rustling leaves, the breaking twigs, the click of a rifle trigger, or the whistle of a *Minnie* ball! But the comer answers:

“Sergeant of the guard!”

“Advance, sergeant of the guard, and give the countersign.”

And one more is added to the party to reiterate the cautions given by the faithful picket. Past frowning copses which might have concealed the enemy, past gloomy buildings now deserted and wrecked, which had not long before sheltered proud and happy families; through level fields where all landmarks were destroyed, as fences have been burned for soldiers’ fuel, and where rank weeds now spring in full luxuriance, in place of tobacco and waving wheat; over running streams, the horses stumbling over rocky beds, now fording, now swimming them. At last the shelter obtained in the heavy wood which their guides had described to them, and each horse securely tethered, the soldiers, with sword in hand, and revolver in belt, formed to follow their brave captain on foot in their perilous scout near the enemy’s outposts.

Creeping like snakes in the grass, warily through the underbrush, or carefully along the road, learning as they thus travelled the strange fact, that no matter how black and dark the night is, by creeping on the ground, men can, by looking upward towards the heavens, distinguish all moving objects advancing or retreating near them. Now being halted by command of the

captain, or anon a squad ordered fifty paces to the front, or platoons deployed right or left, in this way advancing, still advancing nearer towards the enemy and danger. At last, ere they knew their situation, the sharp "Halt!" of the enemy's picket-guard rang out on the still night air, followed by the "Who goes there?"

Now the hearts of many beat loudly in their breasts, and their hands grasped more firmly the sword, but with their breath almost suspended, their ears were alive to the slightest rustle of a leaf; and the picket deceived, muttering, paces his post. Still a few picked men creep up to the spot with the stealth of Indians. (And yet these men a few months ago measured broadcloth, or lived by their knowledge of single and double entry.) Still the picket with his musket shouldered moves slowly along, perhaps thinking of some one at home, home beloved, perhaps in ruins, when—a quick blow from behind—musket snatched from his grasp—rude hands closed over his mouth to stifle the groan or alarm, and the voice in his ear:

"You're our prisoner. Silence, or you are a dead man!" while the scouts behind advance to find a captive and the coast clear.

Who could tell how all the rest happened? could you, or you? How the brave scouts advancing saw the enemy's camp-fires, and the dusky figures advancing to and fro amongst the trees. How they heard the "relieve" ordered, and the corporals forming the men to march to their posts, and the tap, tap of the drum, mingled with the voices of men singing or playing at cards. All this seemed to occur in but a few seconds, and the absence of their brave captain with his aids in advance, to complete the object of the scout, seemed but a few seconds more, when flash! flash! whiz! whiz! bang! bang! bang! and their band was surrounded as by magic, by thrice their number, and the shouts of command were mingled with the clash of arms, the rattle of musketry, and the loud drum beating to quarters along the whole line.

At such a time there are deeds of bravery done as minstrels of old loved to sing about in ancient hall, when the revels ran high, and the past was crowned by tales of personal valor. And that night Burt's Horse Guards, hemmed in by superior numbers, fought each one like a chevalier who thought first of his country and his honor, and lastly of his life; each man animated with the spirit of his leader, and seeming to imbibe from mere contact and association his high, chivalrous bravery. High above all rose his towering form; unharmed he dealt the heaviest blows in the thickest of the fight, his voice like a clar-

on rising above the crack of the rifles and the loud groans of dying men, till a marksman more unerring than the rest, directed a bullet's course which crashed clean through his shoulder, and his sword brandished aloft even glistening in that lurid Bengola light, fell to the ground, and as their brave captain fell, the retreat was ordered.

There was a dash made for Captain Burt's body by the enemy, but a score rushed forward to protect it, and although a few laid down their lives beside it, his brave comrades bore him to the rear, and fighting hand to hand back to their horses, a struggling, wounded mass, made their way back to camp that night—Heaven and their desperate energy alone knew how. The next day's papers recorded the act thus:

"A special but most dangerous reconnaissance was made by Captain Burt's Horse Guards of C—'s Brigade last night, to ascertain the exact position and strength of the enemy at —. After capturing one of the enemy's pickets, they fell into an ambuscade. The Horse Guards, led by their brave captain, fought with the greatest valor, till Captain Burt received a severe wound, when they retreated, with a loss of seven killed and three missing. The purposes of the scout were entirely successful."

A telegraphic message also was sent next day to Lucretia Alwyn.

"I shall lose my right arm, the doctors say. I have my heart still whole, and for thee.

"NELSON."

Who shall read a maiden's heart? But when that message came, Lucretia was in the drawing-room receiving a morning call from Harry Trent. She was dressed in the most exquisite of French wrappers, and her white throat which rose so grandly from the base of Valenciennes lace that formed the collar of her dress, had just been exercised in song. She had poured forth the lines of Tasso's Armida ending

"*Dolcisimi d'amor senti e sospiri,*"

with ravishing sweetness, and the delicate Mr. Trent paid her some nice little compliments on her voice, although he did not affect to understand the words, and she sat down by his side with cousinly freedom, while he patted the little white hand which he held in his own soft palm.

"Ah, Coz Lu, you know I am going to Europe in a week, and I have come to say good-by, and you don't cry nor faint, nor say you're sorry."

"You know you wanted me to join you once, Harry." And she looked one of her sweetest looks in Mr. Harry Trent's eyes.

Could this be the woman who stood with Captain Burt upon the piazza, looking from that very

window on a certain night, her soft eyes suffused with tears, and the languor of love's sensibility pervading her whole being? Ere Harry Trent could analyze the words of his cousin, a servant rapped at the door for admission, and handing her a message in the printed envelope which smacks before it is opened of importance and rapid transition of thought from afar, he retired from the room. And Lucretia read that telegraphic message, conveying so much and yet so little, and though her face paled she did not speak, but she crushed the slip tightly in her hand.

"Anybody dead?" were the first delicate words of delicate Mr. Trent.

"Yes, to me," was the reply, in a brooding and bitter tone. And there was silence between the two for some moments. This pair knew each other well enough to be unfashionably natural. Lucretia broke the silence.

"Harry, you offered to take me to Europe once—and I refused the offer."

"Yes, and had the doosed bad taste to refuse me along with it."

"Can the error I then committed be repaired?"

"What? How? The doose! Why, Cox Lu, you are asking me to marry you!"

"And do you refuse now?"

"Refuse! No! no! no!"

And the neat Mr. Harry threw his coat sleeves (his arms in there perhaps) about the neck of his handsome cousin, and gave her several hearty kisses before she could release herself. So handsome Captain Burt was to lose his wife as well as his arm. What a prophet his friend Trent was!

Night in the military hospital. The lamps burned low in the long chambers, so still, save from the occasional groans of a sufferer, or the incoherent mutterings of delirious patients. The long rows of cots ranged in an unbroken straight line, beneath whose white coverings there lay a sick or dying soldier, looked solemn in the night time, and as patients tossed their feverish heads, or raised up an emaciated arm, it threw a weird shadow upon the white-washed wall, which made one start in quiet hours and look for phantoms in the dusky corners. Flitting about amongst the cots were those angels, the female nurses, in their quiet habits, and with softest of hands, and most soothing of voices, ministering to the wants of the soldiers. O, if there be holy offices on this earth, and blessings of God rest upon those who fill them, these gentle nurses occupy the one and must receive the other. Chaplains there are here, too, who sit by the bedside of these unfor-

tunates, and read the good Word, cheering the heart, and relieving the dying man of half his care. But the steady tramp, tramp, of the guard without never ceases, and the sound of the drum comes up muffled to the sufferers, reminding them of the dangers passed, and shared with the comrade who now lies in his little pine case below.

Beside a cot in the upper part of the chamber, and separated from the other beds by a screen, lay Captain Burt. His arm was in a sling. It had not been amputated, but a severe operation was performed to relieve the arm of the splintered bone. Soon after this a violent fever set in, and he had been delirious since his removal to the military hospital. He looked gaunt and pale, and his beard had grown luxuriantly long, covering his breast. He was now sleeping a more quiet slumber than usual, and his hand was held by a nurse who seemed to count his pulses eagerly, and every now and then moistened his brow with cool water from a sponge. He murmured some incoherent words in his sleep, and soon after awoke. The lights were burning dimly, and the nurse retired to a corner where the shadows were deeper, and placed upon her head the peculiar hood worn by the nurses which nearly conceals their faces.

"Where am I?" he asked, glancing around wearily.

"In the military hospital at —," she answered, softly.

He crossed his uninjured arm over his brow for a few seconds and then seemed to recollect everything. He was evidently conscious.

"Who are you?" he again asked, with the abruptness of a sick man.

"One of the nurses."

"Ah! I recollect now, as in a dream, a soft hand touching mine, a kind form administering to my wants. It is you."

"Me—yes."

And the woman's voice was low and sweet, just such a voice as lulls us when wearied, and soothes us when miserable.

"Thank you! thank you!"

"There, do not speak, or excite yourself. I have only done my duty."

"Ah, ah! Lucretia I thought once would be here. Tell me, my kind nurse, are all women false?"

"Do not speak so—look so. You will be sick again."

"No, I shall not. I feel clearly this moment, that I shall get well, and speedily. Come into the light more, will you not? I wish to talk with you."

But the nurse was trembling violently, and shrunk closer into the shadows as if she were a sensitive plant, and feared the touch of mortal.

"I feel like talking to you, my kind nurse, because there is something in your voice which thrills me. I once loved a lady—O, it seems a long while ago—and I know now she is the only one who ever held my heart. I wrote her letters full of passion then, for I thought she had a poetic soul. She had a homely face, but I thought her heart the richer for that. (Is it not strange a woman now should be listening to this confession from a wounded man in a military hospital? but you must submit to a caprice and let me talk.) Well, she took my letters, and upon their backs she parodied my vows and tossed them to a handsome sister to cut her patterns from—"

"O, this is impossible! impossible!" And the nurse came out from her corner, her hands clasped together, and the utmost anguish depicted upon her pale face; but seeming to recollect how foolish it was to betray such interest in a foolish tale, she sunk down again into her chair.

"O, it is all true—every word," said the captain, turning quickly towards the nurse, and surprised at her words and actions. "This handsome sister showed me my letters, and partly from pique, partly from wounded pride, but more from the spell of her beauty, and I think now, her arts, I declared myself her lover; yet at times the remembrance of her—of Nellie—almost drove me mad. When I joined the army and left my native city, I fancied I was followed by the prayers of Lucretia. When I was wounded I telegraphed to her, and this was her answer. '*Our engagement must end. Ere you return I shall be the wife of Harry Trent!*' Now tell me, good nurse, if there be truth in woman?"

"O, Nelson! Nelson!"

And the nurse came sobbing to the side of the cot and knelt before him, her hood thrown back, and the waning light just disclosing the pale features of Nellie Alwyn. The words—the tone made the sick man start up, and from that tone, and the reproach the words conveyed, his heart leaped to the truth, and he could see at a glance the conspiracy to ensnare him by Lucretia, and by the devotion of Nellie as his nurse, her ever-reigning love.

Let that moment of joy be passed over, for feeble pens like mine could never portray the ecstasy of such a re-union. Suffice it to say, that Lucretia had obtained possession of Nellie's letters and used them for her base purposes, and that Nellie saw Nelson Burt grow colder each day, and felt hope grow faint when she found he

loved Lucretia, and that his protestations to her were insincere. When she heard of Nelson's wound, no considerations were sufficient to prevent her hastening to nurse him, so to prove that

—"*For years she never nursed a thought  
That was not his; that on his wandering way,  
Dally and nightly, poured a mourner's prayer,  
To tell him even now she'd rather share  
His lowliest lot—walk by his side an outcast—  
Work for him, beg with him—live upon the light  
Of one kind smile from him, than wear a crown.*"

And these events transpired but a few months ago, and since then the simple order was published as military news, "Captain Nelson Burt, of —, brevetted colonel, for gallantry and meritorious conduct at —."

And two more newspaper clippings must end our story

"Sailed this day in steamer 'City of Washington,' Captain Brooks, Harry Trent, Esq., of Boston, and his bride, the daughter of John Alwyn." And in a Boston paper of last week, we read, "The gallant colonel of the — goes South to-day. His wife accompanies him." And who but sterling Nellie Alwyn is the wife of Colonel Burt? Have these pictures been less interesting because more truth than fiction has been blended with the scenes?

#### VEGETABLE LIFE.

A plant or a tree never forgets itself. Cheat it of its root, and the stem remains faithful. The minutest twig, put out to nurse upon the arm of a foreign mother, feels the thrill of the great primal law in its filmiest fibre, and breathes in every expression of its life its fidelity. If you will walk with me into the garden, I will show you a mountain ash in full bloom; but on the top of it you will see a strange little cluster of pear blossoms. A twig from a Seckel pear tree was, two or three years since, engrafted there. It had a hard time in uniting its being to that of the alien ash, but it loved life, and so, at length, it consented to join itself to the transplanted forest tree. It was weak and alone, but it kept its law. Spring bathed the ash with its own peculiar bloom, and autumn hung with its clusters of scarlet berries, and it was hidden from sight by the redundant foliage, but it kept its law. The roots of the mountain ash, blindly reaching in the ground and imbibing its juices, knew nothing of the little orphaned twig above, that waited for its food; but they could not cheat it of its law. Up to a certain point of a certain bough the rising fluids came under the law of the mountain ash, and there they found a gateway, guarded by an angel that gave them a new commandment. "Thus far—mountain ash; beyond—Seckel pear;" and if, in October, you will walk in the garden again with me, I will show you among the scarlet berries, bending heavily toward you, the clustered succulence of the Seckel.—*Examiner.*

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOST AT SEA.

BY MRS. R. E. EDSON.

All night the pitiless wind  
 Has fretted the surging sea,  
 And the stormy waves, in their wrath,  
 Are as cruel as they can be.

A vessel slipped from the offing.  
 In the dawning of yesterday;  
 A score of lips were kissed in the morn,  
 Who will never be kissed for aye.

For to-night her masts lie broken,  
 And the white sails shred away;  
 And the angry sea, and the sky,  
 And the waves, are wild for their prey.

And to-night another is anchored  
 In the port of charnel ships;  
 And to-night a score of frenzied prayers  
 Are frozen on pallid lips.

And many a wife is a widow,  
 With orphans about her knee,  
 Who thinks herself as happy a wife  
 As ever there can be.

And many a red-lipped maiden  
 Says, with a smile and a sigh,  
 "Never was sweetheart braver than mine,  
 Or maid as happy as I!"

But bright eyes will look with longing,  
 And lips will whiten with fears,  
 And cheeks that were redder than roses,  
 Will fade in a rain of tears.

For never again shall maiden,  
 Or wives, or children, lay  
 Their lips to the faithful ones they kissed  
 In the dawn of yesterday.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ADDIE TURNER'S CONQUEST.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

It was a rainy day. Addie Turner, Lizzie Moore, Maggie Berne and Daffy Lovering, who were my guests, sat in a group before the parlor fire, while I lounged on a sofa with a book. My book was not very interesting, and I was half-asleep, when the girls, who had been chatting merrily together for the last hour, suddenly made an assault upon me.

"Come Et!" cried Lizzie Moore, coming over to the sofa and pulling the book away. "Do wake up and entertain us! It's very improper

for a hostess to leave her guests to suffer from ennui in this way."

"Are you suffering from ennui? I thought you were busy talking."

"About ourselves—there's no fun in that."

"Give us something better to talk about," said little Daffy Lovering, who sat on an ottoman with her head in Maggie Berne's lap.

"Discuss Holmes's last book."

"Haven't read it."—"Don't know enough!" they replied.

"Tell stories."

"We have. I've related every shadow of a conquest I ever made," said Addie Turner.

"The girls must have been entertained."

"They were."

"Read aloud to each other."

"We don't want to."

"Well, I don't know what to do for you."

"Tell us some news," said Maggie Berne.

"Charley and Vet Sutherland are coming here to-morrow."

"Who are they?" in a chorus.

"Relatives of mine. Would have been my cousins, only they were not born until my father's brother's wife married the second time."

"So on."

"Charley is engaged—you must let him alone; but any of you who can may make a conquest of Vet. He is a fine fellow, wealthy, handsome, intellectual and well connected."

"His age?"

"Twenty-four."

"He's too young to be interesting, Et," said Daffy Lovering, laughing.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Addie Turner. "Daffy's heroes are always forty years old—bald and blasé—the Rochester order."

"Because if men are ever going to be sensible and lovable, they usually are by that time," replied Daffy, quickly.

"Rochester wasn't bald," said Maggie Berne.

"Daffy, you must remember that this is a more precocious age than was the one in which Rochester lived," said Addie.

"Be still, all of you! I want Et to tell us about her cousins," cried Lizzie Moore.

"They are not my cousins, I told you. I haven't any more to tell."

"Describe Vet Sutherland—by the way, what is his proper name?" asked Addie Turner.

"He is about the medium size, well made. Has an exquisitely fair face, with light-brown hair, and a silky beard with a tinge of yellow, dark blue eyes, with heavy brown eye-lashes, Grecian nose, well made mouth with white teeth—don't chew tobacco—pink cheeks, and a good forehead."

"Rather of the doll order," observed Addie Turner.

"The description gives that impression, but you will find him anything but a doll. I will answer no more questions now. I've given you material enough to entertain yourselves with."

They fell to chatting again, and I watched them silently. I was anticipating and speculating upon the little romance which I knew would be enacted beneath my father's roof the coming summer; for my girl friends all had their charms of face and manner, and Vet Sutherland, without being romantic or sentimental, was susceptible. He had had very few love experiences in his life, but I was sure he would have a serious one to remember when his visit in the summer was ended. In truth I half feared for him as I watched the pretty group of girls. My glance lingered longest on Addie Turner. She had the most beauty and the least heart, but she had the capability of concealing her deficiencies. I thought it would be a sad fate for Vet, if he fell in love with her. (His proper name was Sylvester.)

The gentlemen arrived the next day, and the house was livelier than ever. Vet's handsome eyes sparkled at sight of the pretty group of girls, and he thanked me for the pleasant surprise of their visit. I told him to be sure that he had preserved the pleasure after the surprise had passed. He laughed a little, assured me that his heart was still whole, though he had enjoyed their company a whole day. I asked him which was the prettiest.

"Addie Turner," he replied.

"Which do you like best?"

"All of them."

But he could not make that careless answer in sincerity a great while, I knew.

During that summer we lived fast, in a literal sense. Besides the guests who slept beneath my father's roof, we had a daily influx of visitors from the city, who drove out in carriages, and spent a day or two with us. There was a great deal of riding, and driving, and walking; a great many morning rambles and evening dances; several noisy frolics in the woods, and more than one quiet flirtation. We had strawberry feasts and cherry pickings, picnics and boat rides. And every day of this merry, social intercourse brought a great deal of life to all of us. Every hour had its marked passages for many.

Not until a sick headache separated me for a day from the animated throng, did I have a chance to think calmly, and see how we stood. The principal changes were that Vet Sutherland was in love with Addie Turner, and little Daffy Lovering in love with him.

The child kept her secret well. No one but myself, who had known her long and understood her perfectly, suspected it. She was quiet and gentle as usual in his society, commanding even her natural changes of color, but I could see her shrink from him sometimes when he suddenly approached her. Once I chanced to touch her hand when he sat alone with her and me during a quiet hour, and it was cold as ice, though the July sunlight was falling warmly upon her. The little hand had grown thinner gradually, I noticed, and her face lost some of its childish plumpness and bloom. But all the time Daffy was serene and quiet, for with her gentleness she had a powerful pride. I knew that though she had gathered up all the riches of her nature in a love, she would never fling it, a free gift, at Vet Sutherland's feet. He would be obliged to ask for it first.

Addie Turner gloried in her conquest—more, she boasted of it.

"Pooh! he likes to flirt with you, Ad!" said Lizzie Moore; "but he'll never ask you to marry him!"

"True for you, Lib!" cried Maggie Berne.

Addie's eyes flashed. As she stood leaning against the window-casing, the snowy drapery falling around her, making a sort of background for her beautiful figure, it struck me that her pride would have a fall. There was an insolence in her exquisitely lovely face that spoiled all womanliness. Daffy Lovering, who stood by my seat, bent forward and whispered:

"How can he love her?"

"I do not know, sweet," I said.

"Then you doubt my power?" said Addie Turner. "You think he is not in love with me?"

"He is a fool, if he is!" said Lizzie Moore, more aptly than elegantly.

"What will you stake that I cannot make him propose before the week is out?" asked Addie, with a quick glance about the room. Daffy was leaning across my lap as she sat at my feet, and I could feel her heart beat quickly against my arm. She was a little pale, but very quiet.

"I will stake my faith in the sense of men in general," said Lizzie Moore, with a laugh.

"And I my faith in heart before face," echoed Maggie Berne.

Addie bowed thanks for the compliments implied.

"What will you stake, baby?" she asked, turning to meet the gaze of the soft brown eyes I had been watching. She looked more insolent than ever, with her red lips curved in a smile, and the inquiring expression in her bright eyes. A flush rose slowly to Daffy's cheeks.



"My love for Vet Sutherland," she said, clearly.

There was an instantaneous hush. Every eye was fixed on Daffy's sweet face, which paled as soon as her words were uttered. Her glance still sought Addie's.

"Do you accept the stake?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," said Addie, briefly, but the flash and glow had faded from her face. Whether it was the surprise, or the voice of her conscience, that affected her, I cannot say; but her manner was changed as she said:

"What will you stake, Et?"

"My chance for matrimony," I replied. "If Vet Sutherland asks you to marry him, I will take a vow of celibacy."

"At the expense of his brother," said Lizzie Moore.

"A valuable lot of bets I have, truly," laughed Addie. "All of them to your loss, not one to my gain. Well, but I will accept them."

"Supposing you win and we lose our faiths, and loves, and hopes, you must ask us to the wedding, Ad," said Maggie Berne.

"There will be no wedding," replied Addie, quickly.

"Why?"

"Because I shall refuse him, of course. I am engaged to Henry Bertram!"

Another *denouement*!—another silence!

"O Addie!" said Daffy Lovering.

The instant her last words were uttered, I knew Addie Turner regretted them. She had not meant to expose her perfidy—for it was nothing less. Harry Bertram was a man of principle and honor, who would have died sooner than marry a woman whom he knew to be guilty of such dishonor. He was Lizzie Moore's old and true love. How could she hope that he would remain in ignorance of her acts? Lizzie was a good, true-hearted girl, but not the most delicate one; and she would not scruple to inform Harry of the unworthiness of the woman he had preferred to her.

"I have told you this in confidence, girls," Addie said, suddenly. "You must promise to keep it secret."

"I will not!" said Lizzie Moore, with flashing eyes.

Addie looked at her earnestly. She was seriously alarmed. For a moment she struggled with herself.

"I will not ask it, then. I am not afraid to abide by the results," she replied, after a pause.

"Neither am I," whispered Daffy Lovering to me. I followed her glance, and saw a shadow paling upon the piazza before the window. It

was the figure of a man, and the outlines of a tasseled smoking-cap were very apparent. No one about the house wore a tasseled smoking-cap but Vet Sutherland.

"How long had it been there?" I asked, in a low voice.

"I do not know. I am afraid it was there when I said—"

"Never mind, Daffy."

The shadow disappeared in a few moments, for the dinner-bell rung. I was sure I knew what Addie Turner's plans were. Vet Sutherland was as wealthy and well connected as Harry Bertram. Her chance to become Mrs. Bertram was rather small under the circumstances, so she would make a serious matter of her flirtation with Vet, and marry him.

We all watched the course of the matter through the week, each with her own notions of the result. Daffy was a little more reserved than usual towards Vet, but he appeared so indifferent to her, that I doubted if he had heard her confession. If he had, it apparently did not affect him. No one but Daffy and myself knew that he had heard the important conversation.

The week drew towards its close. I could see that Addie was growing anxious for the results of her bold ventures. Vet sat by her as usual in the evenings, walked with her, drove with her, sung with her, but he did not ask her to marry him. The week was gone at last.

As Addie passed through the parlor after leaving the breakfast-room on the following Monday, Maggie Berne called to her:

"Come here, Ad, and be triumphed over! Mr. Sutherland hasn't proposed, after all, has he?"

Addie flashed, but noticed the words by no other sign. She commenced to speak to me, but Lizzie broke in:

"And what is more, he never will," she said.

"He will have no opportunity, for I am going home," replied Addie, speaking calmly, though very angry.

"Why are you going so soon, Addie?" I asked.

"It is not any sooner than I intended going when I came. I am to be married the last of this month," she answered.

I knew this to be a falsehood. She had promised me on her arrival to remain until the last of October. It was then only the tenth of September.

"I wouldn't hurry, Ad! You may find reason to alter your matrimonial plans," said Lizzie.

Addie flashed a searching glance at her.

"Have you written to Harry Bertram?" she asked, turning suddenly pale.

"I have," said Lizzie. "Here is his answer." And she drew a letter from her pocket. We all knew Harry's penmanship, which traced the following lines:

"FRIEND LIZZIE:—Your note of the sixth gave me great pain, but I thank you for it. I have investigated the matter you wrote of, through the aid of a friend at Harford, and I find your report correct. I shall never marry Addie Turner; she is unworthy any honest man's love. Thank Heaven that I did not find it out too late! I am very unhappy, for I have loved her, believing her to be an honorable woman. The proof that she is not brings me a severe sorrow, but it will not be lasting. I can soon forget one so unworthy. Your friend, HENRY BERTRAM."

Lizzie read the letter aloud, but she regretted the reading as soon as performed. Every tinge of color left Addie's face, but she turned and walked steadily out of the room, disproving my conviction that she was going to faint. Daffy's eyes were full of tears.

"I pity her, girls," she said, softly.

"But we have not lost our wagers, Daffy, my pet!" said Maggie, kissing her—Daffy, being the youngest, was the pet of the flock.

"No," said a voice behind us. "You haven't lost your faith in heart before face, Miss Maggie." And Vet Sutherland came forward, smiling.

"Nor you yours in the sense of men, Miss Lizzie," he continued.

The girls sprang up, and ran laughing from the room.

"You won't be obliged to take your vow of celibacy, Esther," turning to me.

I laughed. "The effect is quite lost upon me," I said. "I have anticipated just such a remark. Shadows betray listeners sometimes."

He ignored my remark with a wave of his hand, and turned towards Daffy, who was trying to get away, but I held her.

"And your love isn't lost, little Daffy. I accept it gratefully, and give you the best I ever knew in return."

It was very awkward to be in at a love-making, dear reader, but what could I do? Daffy clung to me, frightened half out of her senses; so I had to stay and hear Vet tell her how sweet, and dear, and good, and beautiful she was—all of which assurances I had perhaps heard made before by somebody else to somebody else. But I got away at last. I was very sure Vet was glad to have me go—and between you and me, I shouldn't wonder if Daffy was, in her heart.

Well, Vet and Daffy were married the next November, and Vet's brother was married at the same time to another girl. A year afterwards I read the marriage of Lizzie Moore and Harry Bertram. Addie isn't married yet.

#### PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional perverseness offend you to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellect the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience; and it ill becomes you to fret at a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise and call you blessed. Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the rising spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long instructive reply to every casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy, thou, if, in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pendant into the world. Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength, and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make the little ones curse the day they were born; but corrected kindly and patiently, they become elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires, that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth. Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.—*Michigan Journal of Education.*

#### COLOR OF THE EYES.

That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case needs not at this time of the day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark-colored, should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.—*Scientific American.*

The laws of nature are just but terrible. Causes and consequences are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature, were man as unerring in his judgment as nature.—*Longfellow.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## VAGARIES OF THE NIGHT.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

When the hours of night come stealing,  
 With a muffled footstep slow,  
 Like the bells of memory pealing,  
 In the distance, soft and low.

With the shades of evening falling,  
 In their dim and misty light,  
 Ghostly forms the soul appalling,  
 Break upon the starless sight.

Then I meet with silent greeting  
 Forms that once have walked in pain;  
 While my heart with rapture beating,  
 Thrills my soul with joy again.

One among the passing number,  
 Dearer far than all the rest,  
 Wakes my soul from out its slumber,  
 Moves it to the land of rest.

In her mild and angel beauty,  
 Slow she faded from my sight,  
 Moving up the path of duty,  
 Left this world of gloom and night.

O, how lonely, sad and lonely,  
 Seems this darkened vale of tears,  
 As I live, but living only  
 In the light of buried years!

In its pale, unearthly gleaming  
 Comes a form to me divine,  
 With a smile seraphic beaming,  
 Lights this dreary path of mine.

Thus, when weary and faint-hearted,  
 With the still and solemn night,  
 Comes the form of the departed,  
 Fills my soul with calm delight;

Fills it with a softened glory,  
 Like some old familiar strain;  
 Like some long-remembered story,  
 That brings back my youth again.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MASKED ROBBERS.

## A LEAF FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY PERCY GARNETT.

SOME six or eight years ago I received a requisition from the mayor of a small town in the interior of the State of New York, to visit that place for the purpose of discovering the perpetrators of various highway robberies which had been committed in the neighborhood. I soon

reached my destination, and found Elliottville, the name of the town in question, consisted but of one long, straggling street, containing the usual number of stores, taverns, etc., which are to be found in all country places. The neighborhood, however, was very pretty, and I was not surprised to learn that in summer time it was the favorite place of resort for the dwellers of cities.

My first duty was to call on the mayor, and receive from him the particulars of the crimes he had referred to in his letter to me. I found "his honor" to be a smart, active little man, who in a few minutes put me in possession of all the facts he knew, which amounted to simply that for two or three weeks before my arrival, scarcely a person left the village at nightfall that was not dispossessed of all his money and valuables. All the robberies had been committed by two men who wore crape masks. No violence had been done to any person who made no resistance; but one or two individuals, who had disputed the robbers' right to their property, had been dreadfully beaten. It appeared that every effort had been made to discover the offenders, but every scheme had proved in vain, and even a detective officer from a neighboring city, who had been engaged to ferret out the criminals, had returned home, giving it up in despair.

An hour after my interview with the mayor (whom I desired to keep my visit a profound secret), I was seated in the bar-room of the Congress House, the chief hotel in the town. It was the middle of the month of December, and intensely cold, so that I was very glad to draw my chair close to a large stove used for heating the apartment. A considerable number of townspeople were assembled there, discussing the events of the day. It was really very amusing to hear their conversation, embracing as it did a hundred different subjects. Politics, religion, Farmer Jones's pigs, were all touched upon; but at last it came to the grand topic, the recent robberies. On this exciting theme every one had something to say, but I gained no further information than what I had already obtained from the mayor.

By special invitation I went to spend the evening at his honor's house, it being specially understood that I was to be introduced as a Mr. Clark, a New York merchant—that being the name I had thought fit to assume for the occasion.

I found Mr. Dobell the mayor surrounded by his family. The worthy official was disposed to be very hospitable, and soon made me feel perfectly at home. At the tea-table I was introduced to his family, consisting of his wife, two

grown-up daughters, and a confidential clerk of his, named Jasper Barton, a young man about thirty years of age. The latter I found to be very intelligent. He was from the New England States, and could converse on almost every subject. At the tea-table the subject of the recent robberies was started; Mr. Jasper Barton was very indignant that such outrages should be perpetrated in the midst of a civilized community, and offered to make one of a vigilance committee to put a stop to them. I was half inclined at first to impress him into my service; but after conning the matter over in my own mind, I determined to keep my own counsel, and trust to my own unaided efforts to discover the robbers.

I passed a very pleasant evening at the mayor's house. After tea we had music, and I soon saw that Jasper was paying his addresses to the eldest daughter of my host, and that they were favorably received by the young lady and her parents.

"Do you play chess, Mr. Clark?" suddenly said Mr. Dobell, after a pause in the conversation.

"I play a little," I replied.

"Suppose that we adjourn into the dining-room, and leave these young people to amuse themselves as they please," said the mayor.

"With all my heart," I replied, rising from my chair and following Mr. Dobell into an adjoining apartment, where a splendid hickory fire was burning on the hearth. The table was drawn near the fire, the men were placed, and we commenced the game. I soon found that my opponent was not very strong, and that I could easily beat him, so that I was able to think of other things besides the game.

"That Mr. Barton appears to be a very fine young man," said I, while waiting for my adversary to move.

"He is indeed," replied Mr. Dobell. "I may say he is quite a treasure to me."

"Has he lived with you long?"

"He has not been with me more than six weeks, but he has proved more attentive to business than any clerk I have ever had. He is a great favorite with all my customers."

"And a favorite with others besides," said I.

"Yes, he is very attentive to Emily—and he is such a worthy young man that I do not know that she could do much better. It is true he is poor, but I am pretty well to do, and in case my daughter should decide to accept him as a husband, why, I can take him into partnership. Riches do not make happiness, you know."

"That is a truism that cannot be disputed," I replied. "He appears to be a remarkably intelligent young man."

"Yes, our parson says he has few equals. Would you believe it, he can speak French and German like natives of those countries!"

"Indeed!" I returned, continuing my game.

We played two or three games, two of which I allowed my adversary to win; for I have long since discovered that nothing sets a man more against you than beating him half a dozen successive games at chess. Mr. Dobell, whom I have before said was a short fat man, decidedly apoplectically inclined, began to grow sleepy, so that his attention was no longer fixed on the chess-board. He proposed that we should discontinue playing, and smoke a social cigar together. I seconded the proposition, and some exquisite Havanas and a decanter of brandy were placed on the table. We made ourselves a tumbler of punch each, and were soon enveloped in the blue wreaths of smoke from our cigars.

We conversed on several subjects, but by degrees our conversation grew more and more interrupted, until at last Mr. Dobell replied only by monosyllables to my remarks, and at last made no reply at all—for he was fast asleep.

I sat for some time gazing on the burning logs, smoking my cigar, and thinking of nothing in particular. At last I began to feel tired, and rose up for the purpose of taking my departure, when I was attracted by a lot of gaudily-bound books placed on a table at the other end of the apartment.

Now, if do I have any one weakness more than another, it is the fondness of turning over new books and reading their title-pages. I could not resist the temptation before me, and going to the table, I sat down beside it and began to examine the books on it. This table was placed near the folding-doors, which separated the dining from the sitting-room. When I first sat down I heard a confused murmur of voices, which, however, grew more distinct, and without listening I was enabled to hear the conversation going on in the next apartment. Perhaps I was in honor bound to move away, but my profession as a detective officer had in a measure blunted these nice punctilios of honor, and I always made it a rule to know everything I possibly could—for I frequently found information, apparently the most unimportant, bore upon the particular case I might be investigating at the time. The speakers in the next room were evidently Jasper Barton and Miss Emily Dobell.

"I have the greatest respect for your father," I heard Jasper say, "but forgive me, dear Emily, if I say that I have more ambition than to become a partner in a grocery business, respectable though it be. When you are my wife, I want

you to shine in the world as a lady of fashion, and not bury yourself in this little town—"

"But Jasper—"

"I know what you would say, dear," interrupted the young man. "I am fully aware that my present position makes my ambition appear very foolish, but you do not know all. I have already considerable means saved, and have good expectations of being rich very soon."

"I thought your parents were dead," said Emily.

"So they are, but I have other relatives living, and rich ones, too. I hope—"

Here his words grew so indistinct that I lost them. For some few moments a confused murmur of voices followed. Then their voices grew distinct again.

"Dear Jasper," I heard Emily say, "you never told me how you lost the middle finger of your left hand."

I had noticed at the tea-table that the young man's hand was minus this finger.

"Did I not?" replied Jasper. "I thought I had told you. When I was a boy—"

I could not hear his explanation, for the reason that he suddenly sunk his voice, and the worthy mayor at that moment waking up, I heard no more of the conversation going on in the adjoining room, which, to tell the truth, did not interest me at all. Rising from my seat, I shook Mr. Dobell cordially by the hand, and returned to my inn.

I immediately went to bed, and, as is my usual custom on retiring for the night, I began to turn over in my own mind the best course for me to pursue. I recapitulated in my own mind all that had been told me concerning the robberies, and the first conclusion I arrived at was, that the perpetrators of them resided in Elliottsville; for it appears that the persons who had been robbed were always addressed by their real names. After a few minutes' thought on the matter, I made up my mind as to the best course of action for me to pursue, and that was to allow myself to be robbed!

The next day I went through the town and stated to everybody I met, that it was my intention to leave for Albany that night. When the landlord of the Congress House heard my determination, he earnestly advised me not to go, stating that he was certain I should be robbed if I did so. This only made me the more determined, for it was the very thing I wanted. I was inflexible in my resolution, stating to him that, whether I was robbed or not, I must go, as my business was imperative. Among other persons I called on Mr. Dobell, and told him of my determination. I found him alone in his store.

"My dear sir," said he to me, when I told him what I intended to do, "let me persuade you to give up the idea. You will never detect the criminals that way, and you may be seriously maltreated."

"I have thought the matter over, Mr. Dobell," I replied, "and have concluded that it is the best course for me to pursue; and when once I have made up my mind, nothing can turn me."

"Well, you know best. I must leave the matter entirely to yourself."

"Where is Mr. Barton this morning?" said I. "I do not see him here."

"He has just gone down to the bank."

"You have said nothing to him as to my real character?"

"No, indeed—not a soul in this place knows who you are excepting myself."

"That's right! Be good enough to keep my secret until you see me again."

So saying, I bade him good-by, and left the store. I had not gone a dozen yards down the street, before I met his confidential clerk, Mr. Jasper Barton.

"Good morning, Mr. Clark!" said he, shaking my hand.

"Good morning!" I returned, "or rather I should say, good-by!"

"What, are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, I leave for Albany to-night."

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?"

"The robbers."

"I had forgotten all about them—no, I am not afraid of them, though perhaps I ought to be, for I often carry considerable funds with me. By the by, can you tell me where the bank is? I wish to change some money."

"The bank?—O, yes! Take the first turn to the left, and you will see a brown stone building—that is the bank."

I thanked him, and hurried on. I soon transacted my business at the bank and then returned to the inn. When it was quite dark I ordered my horse, and putting two ten dollar bills in my purse, both of which I carefully marked with red ink in one corner, I started on my journey. As I intended to make no resistance, I had provided myself with no weapons of defence.

It was a bitter cold night, and intensely dark. The sky overhead was covered with thick, murky clouds, through which not a single star penetrated; the wind, which was from the northeast, blew a cutting blast in my face, but I pushed on, animated by the hope that I should discover some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies. I soon left the lights of the town behind, and en-



tered upon an open country road. For two or three miles nothing occurred to arouse my suspicions, and I began to fear I had made my journey for nothing. But suddenly I felt my horse's rein seized, and saw the bright barrel of a pistol gleam before my eyes.

"I want your money, Mr. Clark," said a rough voice.

"Ah, you know me, then!" said I.

"Yes, you are the stranger who has been staying at the Congress House."

"I am," I returned, scrutinizing the robbers closely, for I now discovered there were two of them.

"Come, hand over your money!" said one of the men, touching me on the arm.

"Certainly," I replied; "it is no use resisting, for I am unarmed. I have not much money with me, but what I have you are welcome to."

So saying, I handed to one of the robbers the purse containing the two marked ten dollar bills. He opened it, and appeared very much disappointed.

"You have more money than that about you," said he.

"No indeed, that is all I have."

"You were seen to go into the bank at Ellitsville this morning."

"True, but that was to send money away, not to receive it."

"Well, we must search you."

"Very well; as I said before, I cannot resist."

The robbers searched me very expeditiously, turning my pockets inside out. At last they were compelled to come to the conclusion that I had spoken the truth.

"I suppose you expected that you would be stopped, and that is the reason you did not bring your money with you," said one of the men.

"That is exactly the truth," I replied. "I was told that I should be certain to be robbed; and although I thought that perhaps I might escape, I thought it better to be on the safe side."

"Well, we can't get blood out of a post, so I suppose we must be satisfied. Good night!"

"Good night! You have spoiled my journey, though. It is of no use to go on to Albany without any money. I shall have to return to Ellitsville."

"We are sorry to have inconvenienced you. Good night!"

"Good night!" I repeated, and turning my horse round, started back for the town I had so lately quitted.

While I was conversing with the highwaymen, I had done my best to endeavor to penetrate their disguise, but all my efforts had been entire-

ly unavailing. The masks they wore had entirely concealed their faces, and their voices were quite strange to me. In fact, owing to the darkness of the night, I had not been able to catch the slightest glimpse of the form of one of the men, and the other I felt certain was an entire stranger to me. I began to be afraid that my plan would fail, but still I did not wholly despair.

I soon formed my plan of action. I felt assured that the robbers must be inhabitants of the town, and I made up my mind that I would go to the entrance of the town and watch for their return, and then follow them home. I soon reached the first house, and concealed my horse in a neighboring thicket, and then returned to the cottage of which I have just spoken.

It was evidently an old building, and its dilapidated condition informed me that it was unoccupied. The upper windows were all boarded up, the chimney was in ruins, and the yard attached to it looked the picture of desolation. I walked round the house, but not the slightest sound greeted my ears. The thought then struck me that it would be an excellent place to watch from, and I determined to enter it. I tried the door, and to my joy I found it unfastened. I entered, and found myself in a moderately-sized apartment, with a low ceiling, and entirely destitute of furniture. My first proceeding was to examine the room minutely. I found in a recess a large cupboard, but nothing else in the apartment merited any notice.

I now approached the window, and opening the shutter, found to my joy that no one could pass along the road without my being cognizant of the fact. I threw up the window, and determined to await there the issue of events.

Perhaps an hour elapsed, and I began to grow very tired and sleepy. The wind blew very keenly through the open window, and pierced my very bones. As time passed I had serious thoughts of giving up my expedition as a failure; and yet the knowledge that there was no other entrance into Ellitsville, and the firm conviction that the robbers must be inhabitants of that town, made me hold on a little longer. At last I heard the sound of footsteps on the hard ground. Every minute they grew more and more distinct, and I felt certain that the robbers were approaching. In a moment or two I saw their dusky forms in the distance—but to my extreme surprise and consternation, I saw them crossing the road and making directly for the door of the uninhabited house in which I was watching. It did not take me a moment to creep away from the window; in less than a minute I was safely concealed in the cupboard which

I have before mentioned. I had scarcely entered it before the front door opened, and the two robbers advanced into the room.

"Not much luck to-night," said one of them.

"We can't expect it to rain gold every night," said the other. "Taking all things into consideration, we have done remarkably well during the last week."

"Not so bad, that's a fact! You must own there is a good deal of credit due to me for planning our expeditions. There is not the slightest suspicion attached to us."

"Yes, I must say you have managed things well. People little think when they are talking to me of the robberies, that I am the man who relieved them of their superfluous cash."

"How miserably cold it is here!" said the other, changing the conversation. "Where are the matches?"

"They are on the shelf in the cupboard," replied his companion.

This was by no means pleasing information to me; to tell the truth, I really felt afraid. In spite of the cold weather, my body was bathed in perspiration, when I heard one of the robbers approaching my place of concealment. I drew myself into the smallest possible space, and could actually hear my own heart beat. The robber opened the cupboard, and I held my breath. My good fortune, which has so often befriended me, did not forsake me this time; for the first thing he put his hand on was the box of matches, and I was, comparatively speaking, safe. In another moment or two I saw a light gleaming through the chinks of the cupboard door.

"What, in the name of fortune, did you leave the window open for?" said one of the men.

"I didn't leave it open," replied the other.

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't!"

"What is the reason it is open now, then?"

"How should I know? You left it open yourself, I suppose."

"Well, it's no use arguing about it—it's open now," said the first speaker, shutting it down.

I was very glad to find that they did not suspect any one of having entered during their absence, and I began to hope that I might get out of my difficulty scot free. I did not forget the end I had in view, and bringing my eye in close proximity to the key-hole of the door, I distinctly saw the two men. One of them was tall and powerfully built, the other was much shorter. I confidently expected that they would remove their masks, but I was disappointed, for they kept them on, and I was no nearer recognizing them than when they were in the dark.

"Now, then, let us proceed to business," said one of the men. "What is our booty to-night?"

"Well, there's that twenty dollars we took from that Mr. Clark, the New York merchant; a gold watch we took from Farmer Johnson, and the two rings we took from his wife."

"We will pursue our usual custom," said the taller of the two robbers; "conceal the watch and rings, and divide the money."

"That's soon done; there's one of the ten dollar bills, and now to conceal the other things."

The robber handed his companion one of the ten dollar bills, which I noticed he placed in the side-pocket of his vest; and then going to a particular plank in the floor, he raised it up, and I saw a deep hole, which appeared to be filled with valuables. He concealed the watch and rings in this hiding-place, and then replaced the plank.

"We have got a pretty good haul in there," said he, as soon as he left the place. "When are we to divide?"

"I think it will be safe to continue this game a week or two longer, and then we shall have to vamose."

"But before we do that, we ought to try some of the houses in the town; there's old Dobell, for instance—he keeps lots of money always at his house."

"Yes, that's easy enough got at; but that must be the last thing done."

"I agree with you—but where's the brandy? I am as thirsty as a dog—let us have a drink."

"The brandy's in the cupboard on the top shelf. I'll get it," returned the robber's companion.

I now thought it was all up with me. The robber approached the cupboard with the lamp. A sudden idea entered my head—it was the only thing left for me to do; it might, or it might not, prove successful. The moment the cupboard door opened, quick as thought, I blew out the light before the man had time to look in.

"Confound the draught!" said the man, stamping his foot angrily on the ground.

Again I held my breath. Without waiting to re-light the lamp, the man groped about on the shelf, and to my joy found the bottle he was seeking. He closed the door again, and again the lamp was lighted.

I now hoped that they would remove their masks for the purpose of drinking, but again I was disappointed; they merely lifted them up, and I did not catch the slightest glimpse of their features. But when the tallest robber took the bottle in his hand, I saw something that set the blood dancing through my veins.

After drinking a considerable quantity they

took up their hats and left the house. When they had been gone half an hour, I also left; and finding my horse in the same place that I had left it, I proceeded at once to my inn, and entered as if nothing had happened.

In reply to the interrogations of my landlord, I merely informed him that when I had got some distance on the road, I had changed my mind, and determined to put off my journey to Albany for the present.

I went to bed and slept soundly that night. The next morning I sauntered down to Mr. Dobell's store. I found the owner and Mr. Jasper Barton there; they both appeared to be extremely surprised to see me.

"Why, Mr. Clark," said Mr. Dobell, "you back again! I thought you were at Albany."

"I might have been," I replied, "but I had the misfortune to be robbed just outside of the town."

"How shameful!" said Mr. Barton. "Can nothing be done to stop these outrages?"

"I think there can," said I; "and my business here this morning is for that special purpose." And then advancing to Mr. Barton, I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Barton, you are my prisoner! I accuse you of having robbed me last night!"

"You are mad, sir!" said Barton, turning as pale as death.

"Not quite," I returned; and before he was aware of it, I dived my fingers into the side-pocket of his vest, and drew from it the bank-note for ten dollars with my private mark in red ink in the corner. I had seen him place it there himself, so I knew where to find it. Mr. Barton had revealed himself to me when he raised the bottle to his mouth to drink. I then detected the absence of the middle finger of the left hand, and was sure of my man. The accused at first stoutly denied my accusation; but when he learned that I had been concealed in the cupboard in the room where he had concealed his dishonest gains, he confessed all, revealing the name of his accomplice, who was an ostler employed at one of the inns of the town.

Mr. Jasper Barton and his companion are now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in the State prison. Most of the property that had been taken was discovered in their secret hiding-place, and returned to their rightful owners.

The fact of the other day receiving wedding-cards from Miss Emily Dobell, who has lately married a Mr. Theodore Johnson, the son of a wealthy farmer, recalled the circumstances of this affair to my mind, and I determined to make it public.

#### THE COUNTRY OUR HOME.

In reading lately that charming little book, "The Attic Philosopher," translated from the French of "Emile Souvestre," we were struck by a passage so applicable to the present moment, to this sudden awakening of the sentiment of patriotism in the nation, when we begin to feel the meaning of the words "our country," that we transcribe it for the benefit of our readers. It is part of a conversation between a veteran of the French army, disabled from further service by many wounds, and his nephew, a boy of fifteen:

"Jerome," said he, "do you know what is going on on the frontier.

"No, lieutenant," replied I.

"Well," resumed he, "our country is in danger!"

I did not well understand him, and yet it seemed something to me.

"Perhaps you have never thought what your country means," continued he, placing his hand upon my shoulder; "it is all that surrounds you, all that has brought you up and fed you, all that you have loved! This country that you see, these houses, these trees, those girls who go along there laughing—this is your country! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrances she has left you, the earth where she rests—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it everywhere! Think to yourself, my son, of your rights and your duties, your affections, and your wants, your past and your present blessings; write them all under a single name, and that name will be your country!"

I was trembling with emotion, and great tears were in my eyes.

"Ah, I understand!" cried I; "it is our home in large; it is that part of the world where God has placed our body and soul."

#### NATIONAL DEBTS.

The foundation of the immense debt of England was laid in the reign of Charles II., two hundred years ago. In 1763, it had risen to £129,000,000. At the close of the French Revolution in 1802, it was £571,000,000. In the twelve years of the wars of Napoleon it increased to £865,000,000, having been reduced in 1845 to £768,739,241. At the close of the Russian war in 1856, it had increased to £800,000,000; and in consequence of the Indian mutiny, the Chinese war, and the distrust of France, can hardly have diminished since. The interest on the present debt, at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent., is £134,300,000 per year, or \$368,000 a day, \$15,333 an hour, \$255 a minute, or \$4 24 cents a second. The present debt of England is about *four thousand millions of dollars*. The United States may be one thousand millions of dollars next year, and the country is far better able to bear it, than Great Britain is to bear a burden four times as large.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Dear friend, whatever path  
 Thy feet may tread below,  
 Keep thy young heart still pure;  
 May God his mercy show,  
 And shield thee from all harm—  
 From sorrow, grief and pain;  
 And if thy sky be clouded,  
 May sunshine come again.

May dark temptation never  
 Lead thee from truth and right;  
 May Heaven ever guide thee  
 With pure and holy light.  
 And when this life is over,  
 May'st thou find rest above,  
 Where sorrow cometh never,  
 Where all is peace and love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HEIRESS OF LOMBARDY.

BY SARAH P. BRADNOR.

THE three sons of Stephano Visconti, the "Lords of Milan," received their power and wealth from their Uncle Giovanni in dying. Matteo was the eldest, a licentious effeminate, who cared more for sensual indulgence than kingly power; Bernabos the second, a brutal, cruel tyrant; Galeazzo, a wily politician.

Like the Borgias, this family of Sforzia (called Visconti from their hereditary office of vicar to the emperor) combined within it the most atrocious and horrible traits of character with the most refined taste and the highest culture. Matteo died first—poisoned by his two brothers. His death-day was one of rejoicing to the Milanese burghers, whose handsome wives he unscrupulously claimed. Galeazzo died naturally, but he left a son who dared to do what his father could not compass—to assume the control of his cruel Uncle Bernabos. Him he imprisoned for months and then poisoned; after which event he obtained the dukedom of Milan of the Emperor Wenceslaus for one hundred thousand florins, and became sole master of Lombardy.

Amidst the scenes of such a court as that of Milan, composed of such materials as we may imagine from the foregone vices of its founders, one bright star arose. The descendant of tyrants and murderers, the child of him whose ambition had led him to destroy his father's brother, Valentina Visconti shines among her relatives

like a diamond in the black earth. All that is beautiful in mind and person, all that is amiable, intellectual, refined, all that is pure and innocent in heart, or lovely and graceful in manner, belonged to this scion of the Sforzia. Alas! that we cannot add to this long array of advantages that of *happiness*.

The court of France was all astir with the pleased bustle of bridal preparations. Charles VI., the then reigning monarch, had invented the most magnificent entertainments for the marriage of his beloved brother Louis, Duke of Orleans, with the heiress of Lombardy, Valentina Visconti. It were idle to speak of jousts and tournaments to the people of these days—but think of fountains playing milk and wine! The people of any nation could appreciate that luxury, it may be supposed, even in modern times, as did the amazed burghers of France at that period. The bride, escorted by the flower of Lombard knights, was met by the French at their own frontier, and brought to ornament the gayest court in Christendom; to be the first Duchess of Orleans; to wed their own beloved Louis, the pride and darling of the French people—almost dearer than their king.

Would that the husband had been worthy of the priceless wife! But from the moment she was married, Valentina began to learn, through tears and bitter regrets, the weary path she was thenceforth to lead. Louis was a profligate—a neglectful husband, and he made no secret of his indifference towards her. She brought him a rich inheritance—the town of Asti and a large portion in money; but had he but known the richer dower which she brought in herself, he had not been the stolid creature which she found him. To her he was but a cypher. She lived on *alone*. No sympathy cheered or consoled her, for to no one did she tell the tale of a husband's indifference—not even to her own children, as they grew up and might have comforted her, did she impart the story of her wrongs.

One solace indeed she had found in a being whom most women would have scorned as an associate for their children, or a protegee for themselves. This was the young Dunois, the natural son of Louis, who, for her gentle kindness and tender care, so fully and freely bestowed upon the deserted boy, clung with a loving heart to his protectress. To Dunois she imparted a portion of her sad story; and he, stung with passionate sorrow at his own mother's wrongs, wept bitter tears over those of the unhappy lady who had unwittingly displaced his mother from the heart she had once occupied.

It was morning at the castle of the Sforzia, and the household was early astir, for a grand hunting party was to be assembled, and Louis was too vain of his horses not to feel some little pride in showing them off to the flower of Lombard chivalry that would be present that day. He had determined also that the duchess should mount a favorite charger, although he knew the animal was hard to be governed.

Valentina showed some repugnance to obeying his wishes. She knew there would be more skill and more display required in managing the horse than she liked to exhibit; and she entreated him to spare her the trial. It gave the duke a new sensation to be opposed. She had never done it before, and the very novelty of her attempt to dissuade him was a spur to him to force her to obedience.

She yielded at length to the imperious command, and arrayed herself for the chase. Never had she looked more transcendently beautiful. Her habit of dark green became her complexion, which was usually of a clear whiteness, but was now tinged with a faint color, the effect of nervousness at the prospect of danger from the excitable steed. A hat of the same hue as her habit was relieved by a long white plume, and the slender waist was encircled by a rich scarf, the ends of which floated carelessly over the horse, whose color was a deep gray.

The young Dunois rode after as her page. The forest was alive with the mirth and shouts of the cavaliers and the silvery laughter of the ladies. She who, more than all others, deserved to be made happy, rode on without a word of cheer from those whom her husband had called together. Her countenance, although tinged with sadness, was inexpressibly sweet, and nearly always serene; but a few chance words that reached her ear shot daggers to her sensitive heart.

"Duke Louis is proud of his pretty wife, is he not?" asked a youthful voice.

The words were addressed to a rough old courtier, who had marked the utter indifference which had been Valentina's bitter portion.

"Proud? Yes, just as he is of the animal she rides—because she is *his*, and does his taste credit!"

"Does he not love her?"

An indescribable look passed over the face of the old courtier.

"The love of Duke Louis!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Such love as he has often felt before—love of *self*. It was the same love that he felt for the poor girl whom he sacrificed—the mother of yonder boy who is riding after the

duchess. Ay, but that was a cool and villainous act!—and she the daughter of a man who had befriended Louis of Orleans when the world shook him off for his profligacy!"

"And what became of her?" asked the other, in a tone of interest.

"She was crucified," returned the courtier. "Not upon a cross of wood, it is true; but her heart, her affections, her womanly faith and love, were all trampled upon, and she died."

"God rest her soul!" said the other, solemnly.

"Amen, and punish her destroyer!" ejaculated his companion.

All this passed at a moment when Valentina's horse had turned toward a deep thicket, from which there was no egress, save by the path she had entered. The speakers were at the entrance, and the words came distinctly to her ear and to that of Dunois. A single glance at the boy showed him flushed with shame and anger; yet mingled with these was the same loving reverence toward herself. At that moment she pitied him infinitely more than herself, and she spoke to him so kindly, that the boy's feelings vented themselves in a passionate flood of tears.

"My poor child," she said, "it is harder for you than for me to bear, but be as brave as you can under it all! God does not bring any one of us through such hard pathways without shedding his light upon them."

"But my mother, lady!—to hear her spoken of thus!"

"Your mother was far more sinned against than sinning. Let that content you. And remember, in your prayers, to ask God to keep you from your father's sins."

"And this man is your husband, lady!" answered the boy, clenching his small hand, as if in a paroxysm of rage and grief, which he could not control.

"Alas, that it is so!" murmured the unhappy lady. Then, as if she had been guilty of a crime in uttering such indiscreet words, she covered her face with her hands and gave way to tears.

In this state, with cheeks stained with weeping and head bowed low upon her horse's neck, she was found by Louis. He did not utter a word of question or reproach, but the mocking, contemptuous smile, and the cool indifference of his manner, were far more bitter than the loudest expression of displeasure.

"Take your mistress home, Dunois!" he said, as he turned upon his heel and walked rapidly in the direction of the voices she had heard. "This is no place for hysterical ladies or tragedy-queens."

It was a welcome sentence to Valentina, yet



one not likely to be carried into effect; for Louis, happening to glance around as she was lifting her tear-bedewed face, suddenly altered his mind, exclaiming:

"*Ciel!* but you are handsome, Val! Down, Dunois! I will take your charger, and ride around with your lady. It will be odd to see us together, but the world knows what an attached pair we are."

The boy bit his lips with unavailing rage and vexation. To him the man before him was meaner than the poorest hind that unkennelled the hounds that day—he was the destroyer of his mother, the profligate and neglectful spouse of the loveliest lady that breathed. It was no comfort to poor Dunois, as it was to Don John of Austria, that his veins ran royal blood, tainted though it might be with illegitimacy. His own innate perceptions, joined to the memory of his mother's wrongs, told him that it would have been far better that a Lombard peasant should have been his father, than the successor of the kingly Charles.

He looked after the retiring pair—saw them encounter the two men whose words had proclaimed his own shame and the unhappy situation of his neglected mistress. He saw, too, with exultation that the honest old courtier, while he spoke and looked with reverential interest for the lady, paid but scant ceremony to the duke.

So, too, in the ride around the forest, men looked with eager compassion upon her, while they scorned the indifferent possessor of so much loveliness. They saw, too, how the poor head was bowed, and the sweet, serene eyes were cast down until the long lashes touched the cheeks—and, as if by one consent, they rode away to relieve her of their presence.

Tired of the part he was enacting, Louis soon gave place to Dunois, who gladly accompanied his mistress home. It was the last time that she ever appeared in public. From that day the unhappy duchess began to feel the approaches of death. Hectic and fever were rapidly doing their work. One wish was hers—to re-visit once more the Cathedral of Milan, the only redeeming work which her family had ever accomplished to offset their numerous misdeeds.

Louis was absent, and she took the opportunity thus offered of accomplishing her wishes. She took with her her youngest child and the faithful Dunois. The vigils she imposed on herself while she had access to the cathedral were too severe for her delicate frame, and she went home to die. Home!—as if that could be home where the light of affection was shut out!—where the

broken heart had "brokenly lived on" for years!

The August days were setting in with unusual heat and languor. The duchess fainted fast beneath their influence. A sultry day had given place to a serene twilight, and its coolness was a balm to the sick one, who lay untended, save by the page and one faithful woman. The soft wind was like the touch of cool fingers upon her burning forehead. Where, in that dread hour, when flesh and heart fainted, was he to whom her young heart had been given? At the revel, with profligate companions, the wine-cup at his lips and the actress of the season at his side!

The waning light of day was succeeded by that of the fair round moon, whose rays shone lovingly upon the dying woman. One moment she had wandered in her mind, and was living over in imagination the scene of the marriage day.

"Louis!" she shrieked, "give me water from the fountain yonder!"

The attendant poured out some liquid from a bottle, and signed to Dunois to raise her head, while she wetted the feverish lips.

"Away!" she cried; "the wine is poisoned! My husband has poisoned me!"

It was but for an instant; the clear eyes shone again, and Valentina was once more serene and calm.

"My poor Dunois!" she murmured, "I leave you! How vain looks the world and its distinctions now! My dear boy, promise me that you will watch over my children when I am gone. Be a pattern to them—a guide, if they need one. Forget that they have not loved me as you have loved me, and remember only that they were *mine!*"

Dunois wept passionately, but promised all that she asked.

"One thing more—forgive *him!*"

It was a hard request, but the boy could refuse her nothing in this hour of life's last agony.

One brief struggle agitated her, and then the calm, beautiful face lay in the stillness of that mysterious shadow which we call death. The martyr-wife had ascended to that heaven she had so longed for, where injury and neglect could never again sting her pure soul.

"O, never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
He giveth his beloved sleep!"

"For a homely, even an ugly man," says Dr. Holland, "I have no pity to spare. I never saw one so ugly yet, that, if he had brains and a heart, he could not find a beautiful woman sensible enough to marry him. But for the hopelessly plain and homely sisters—'these tears!'"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

The Christian's hope is an open door  
In the prisoner's gloomy cell;  
And bright the prospect he sees beyond,  
Where sunshine and freedom dwell.

The Christian's hope is an anchor strong,  
Thrown out mid the dashing tide;  
And the trusting soul, though tempest-tost,  
Will the wildest storm outride.

The Christian's hope is a beaming light  
Across a rayless gloom—  
A light, whose effulgence shines afar,  
And gilds the shadowy tomb.

The Christian's hope is a fadeless flower  
On the cold, still bosom of death;  
And sweetly it blooms 'neath the coffin lid,  
Untouched by the grave's chill breath.

The Christian's hope is a burning star  
On the gloomy brow of night;  
And though suns go down, and moons wax old,  
It shines with unwavering light.

The Christian's hope, like the beacon light,  
Grows brighter at life's decay;  
While the worldling's hope, and the sinner's trust,  
Like the meteor, fade away.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

BY AMY E. TITCOMB.

YEARS ago, when I was a wee girl, scarcely in my teens, I read these lines from some book where they had been chosen as the motto for a chapter:

"It is good to be merry and wise;  
It is good to be honest and true;  
It is good to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new."

I remember that the book itself was one of the intense, hot-pressed specimens of the day, and that I thought the lines were far too homely and commonplace to find a place among the refined and heart-stirring words of romantic love that nestled in its pages. We grow wiser, we women, as we grow older. Men, of course, are *all* wisdom when they are born; but women have to grow into wisdom, I suppose, just by observing what men do. The author of "Adam Bede" is of another opinion, I imagine; for she puts these words into the mouth of one of her characters—"I'm no' for denyin' that the women are foolish.

God Almighty made 'em so to match the men."

And growing wiser, as I have said, the words of this old song have lost their homeliness, and acquired a smack of truth, honesty and good sense, that makes them sound absolutely sparkling. More than once have the lines occurred to me with all the force of truth; and never more forcibly, than when reminded of them by the strange conduct of a very dear friend of my own. People called Della Carisbrooke a coquette. I was unwilling to think her so, although I knew she played with hearts as my kitten, Fauchette, plays with my ball of silk.

When I first knew her, the reigning king was Albert Blake—a fine young man of far more than average talents, a lawyer and a scholar. He idolized the wayward girl; yielded to her in everything, and played even the part of the spaniel, to humor her whims. She loved such servile devotion; it was as incense to her. She could not give up the delightful idea of being first in every heart; yet for all this pure, genuine gold, she was willing to give only base coin. Her love would not bear testing. There was no ring of the true metal in it. But Blake did not suspect it, and he staked all his happiness upon Della Carisbrooke's love, and—lost!

It was near the close of the Blake dynasty, that Sidney Mowbray, a cousin of Albert, came home from sea. He had gone out captain of a passenger ship bound to Liverpool. Della had never seen him until now that he had returned; and his handsome face and frank, easy manners were irresistible. She flirted terribly with the noble captain; and he, not dreaming that his cousin Albert was entangled, carried on the game with a courage and earnestness that charmed Della.

Meanwhile Albert Blake was far too mortified at the result of his love-passage, to enlighten Sidney upon the lady's course—and lo! at the end of a few weeks she was again spreading her wiles around Albert once more. I remonstrated with Della. She replied playfully, if moths *would* burn their wings, it was no affair of hers. I was provoked at her coolness, and retorted stingingly, for which I only received a laughing rebuke.

Many smaller lights appeared on Della's field all this time, but none that bore comparison to the two cousins. To the former she held out just encouragement enough to have them swallow the bait; to the latter she gave larger hopes. Never was she unattended by one or the other of her satellites. She would have been excessively mortified ever to have appeared in public without that full measure of attention and admiration

which seemed so necessary to her existence. Albert Blake was clinging to the last hope that she threw to him, and Sidney Mowbray was in a state of wild excitement at her manifest preference of himself.

I was with her at an early hour one evening at this stage of events, when we were both preparing to go to an assembly. I had never seen Della so radiant. She was in the very highest spirits—almost wild; and she had been dressed two hours and ready to go down stairs, but would not go, because it would tease Sidney, who was waiting for her.

She went at last, because I *would* go down; and Della was the last person in the world who relished being entirely alone, so she followed me. Sidney fairly started with surprise when she entered the room. She was dressed in pale blue silk, in which she looked absolutely splendid. It well became her beautifully white and fair complexion, just then heightened to a faint rose-tint. Her beautiful hair hung in the loveliest curls, long and golden, needing no ornament. A fall of rich lace, and a single superb camellia, finished the decoration at the neck; and a pearl bracelet upon the right arm was in good keeping with the simplicity with which she was otherwise attired.

An ordinary girl would have been barely passable in such a dress; but Della was the queen of beauty for that night. She was perfectly at her ease under the admiring gaze that Sidney cast upon her. I began to think she was fooling him instead of his cousin; for she had just told me that she should go with Albert that night. She teased Sidney after we went down on the same account, at which he seemed troubled and uneasy. Yet when Albert came, she told him that she was engaged to his cousin for the evening, and immediately threw on her cloak and hood to depart. She would accept of no assistance in putting them on, and her graceful attitudes and careless, saucy self-reliance almost maddened them.

She seemed that evening to be possessed with an evil spirit. Regardless of her promises made to both the cousins, she flirted violently with some strange gentlemen from a neighboring town, who seemed to admire her exceedingly.

I came back to Mr. Carisbrooke's quite early. I did not greatly enjoy the party, and Della's conduct provoked me. I resolved to tell her parents how she went on, and beg them to talk with her. Their love had blinded them, and they were simply wondering which of her lovers she would eventually choose. They were vexed with me for representing her as not wholly free

from blame; and had I not promised Della, I should not have remained that night.

She came home at a late hour, triumphant with the success of the evening. The strangers had been captivated—that was evident from her light, joyous manner. She jested with Sidney, and laughed at Albert's grave face. The latter had a look which I certainly did not like; it was as if despair had concentrated itself there. I heard him ask her if she would see him next day, and heard her excuse herself on the plea that she had engaged to ride.

"With whom?" he asked.

"With Sidney." He was going to N——, the town from whence the strangers had come.

"When can I see you alone?"

"In the evening after we return."

And Albert departed, satisfied that she was willing to come to the decision which she had long promised. Curious to see the end of this, I suffered myself to be persuaded in remaining. Della had made my peace with her parents, owning, with a gracious candor that charmed us all, that she had done wrong, but was going to reform. They had thanked me for my friendly purpose, and urged me to stay a week, and give their daughter an example of steadiness. Of course this was said and taken in jest.

The next evening I remained in Della's chamber after tea. She wished me to go down, but I pleaded her engagement to Albert, saying that I preferred remaining there to read. She was positive, and I, thinking that I could escape when he appeared, went down to please her. When I entered the parlor he was there already. I turned away after the compliments of the evening, but Albert seized my arm, imploring me to stay. He wished me to hear what passed between Della and himself. I declined, but Della herself wished it, so I stayed unwillingly. He upbraided her for her falsehood towards him, and reminded her that she had drawn him on, time after time, with words which no woman should speak to a man, unless she intended to be his wife. He said that, even on his way thither, he had seen his cousin, and that he boasted that he had an appointment there that evening at eight, when he was sure of being accepted.

Albert spoke very wildly, and seemed quite excited. Della heard him with a serene smile, and even tried to answer him playfully, and with her old winning, coaxing way. It would not do. He subsided from his excitement, but it was into a moody, sullen manner, that was much harder to work upon, and which made her look embarrassed. In the midst of this the clock struck eight, and punctual to the moment, Sidney Mow-

bray appeared, looking like a confident, happy lover, whose success was certain. Albert looked at Della. Her fair face was white and crimson by turns, yet she turned a witching glance upon the new comer that maddened Albert. He rose, went to the door and stood, surveying the group with a strange, peculiar gaze. His right hand was pressed tightly to his breast, and he seemed absolutely gasping for breath. I think no one but myself noticed his appearance. Della was leaning her head upon her hand, and Sidney was murmuring sweet, soothing words, such as one speaks to a child. They did not lift their heads until Albert had stolen softly back to the sofa, where they were sitting together, and where Sidney's arm was now around her.

A moment's pause, and then a loud report like a pistol, and Albert fell heavily, with his head in Della's lap, and his blood flowing over her skirts. Horror kept us all speechless, but Della was the first to recover her faculties. She thrust away the arm that supported her, and leaned down to kiss the white cheek that rested on her knees, tore open his vest, and held great fragments of muslin, which she tore from her dress, to the bleeding breast.

Sidney and I, seeing what she was doing, roused ourselves and began to assist her. I think Albert saw and felt what she was doing, and I believe that it soothed the pangs of dying; but in a moment more he was beyond its reach. I flew to Mr. Carisbrooke's room, and knocked wildly. He had not yet retired, but his wife was sleeping soundly. I besought him to go down, and as we went, I told him briefly what had taken place. He was overcome, and only whispered, "O Kate, your fears were not in vain! This is Della's work, is it not?"

I pass over the week that followed. Every one seemed paralyzed with horror. I had pitied Albert: Blake for having no near relatives. How thankful I was now, that no mother nor sister had known this terrible stroke! Della kept her room constantly, and would see no one but myself. She lay on the couch all day, passively allowing me to dress and undress her, when she changed to the bed and back again to the couch. Her beautiful hair was neglected, and her eyes had dark, heavy circles around them, although she shed no tears. In vain her parents desired to come in; she refused constantly. Sidney Mowbray came every day, begging hour after hour to be admitted; but she turned her head wearily away from every message, and would not read the letters which he sent.

I watched her and waited upon her day by day, for the rest of the winter; but it was now

spring, and I determined to indulge her no longer. I had acquired a certain power over her, from her dependence upon me to shield her from others. It was a fair day of sunshine, and already the scent of the spring-blossoms was abroad. I had opened the windows contrary to her wishes, and had put out the close, suffocating fire, near which she was shivering on her couch.

"Come to the window," I said. "It will do you good to look out upon the birds and the apple-blossoms."

She shook her head mournfully. "I shall never go out again, Kate."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "And pray, why not?" I was purposely rough with her, for I knew that tenderness would not answer.

She murmured that it was not for her, who had done society so much evil, to mingle with it again.

"So much more reason you should go out and try to repair the wrongs you have committed against it. You owe it a large debt, Della; and surely your parents require something at your hands, after all the pain and heart-ache you have given them."

She did not reply, but I was thankful to see her weep. It was the first tear I had seen her shed. At length she spoke again:

"Kate, I wish I could go into a nunnery. I should be so glad to retire to one. If I were only a nun!"

"A nun!" I exclaimed. "Della, you are not half as good as a nun. She performs her duty, as she sees it—you do nothing. Nuns are industrious, religious, charitable, and kind to the sick; you are neither of these. The world goes on in its sorrow and misery, death or sickness, and you lie there unmoved, brooding perhaps over the consequence of your besetting sin, but making no effort to render a single person happy or comfortable. I, for my part, cannot help feeling ashamed for one so thoroughly selfish as you are."

"You are unkind, Kate," she said, with a great sob, that seemed to come from the heart. "I did not think you could blame me so much. O, I wish I were dead! If I had only died when I was an innocent child!"

"But you did not; you lived to be a grown woman, and you played with hearts as if they were dice. What wonder, that at last you ruined the hopes and blasted the life of one of your victims?"

"Hush, I implore you!" she said. "I will do all you wish, but do not talk so harshly."

I put my arm around her. "It is not to hurt your feelings, Della, but to show your duty, that I speak thus. Heaven knows I would save you

every pang, save these which will work out good for you at last!"

She rose and came to the window, shrinking a little at first; but soon yielding to the influence of the perfume and the sunshine, she leaned her arms upon the sill and looked abroad. A bird flew upon a branch near the window, and poured forth a whole volume of song.

I knew she would not go back to her couch in the darkened corner. She looked out musingly. I threw a veil over her head, and drew her out into the garden. Her father was looking out from the parlor window in blank amazement; and behind his arm I saw a face which I knew would not remain there much longer. I was right. Della had scarcely sat down in the little arbor and pulled a spray of blossoms from the tree above, when Sidney Mowbray, crushing aside the grass, with rapid steps came and knelt before her. How white she was!—not a trace of crimson to be seen. But she was very firm and very quiet. She only pressed her hand to her heart.

"I have come for my answer, Della. Will you speak it now?"

"Try me for one year, Sidney; then if I bear the test, I will be your wife."

My heart leaped at these words. I felt that Della Carisbrooke was to be ours once more, and perhaps freed from her besetting sin.

And so she became. I rejoice to say that she has been the constant and loving wife of Sidney Mowbray for six years. She had a terrible lesson, but it has worked for her good. She has two little girls, to whom she declares she will tell her sad story before they are old enough to coquette.

She gives me far more credit than I deserve, for my share in arousing her to a sense of her duty—harshly and roughly as I did it. Alas, that she did not heed me when I warned her at first! And, after hours of musing, I fall back upon the words of the old song:

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;  
'Tis good to be honest and true;  
'Tis good to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new."

#### PARTED LOVERS.

My heart is weary gazing o'er the sea—  
O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky;  
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,  
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee;  
Hearing the sullen waves for evermore  
Dashing around me on the lonely shore.  
But tides creep lazily about the sands,  
Washing frail landmarks, Lethe-like, away;  
And though their records perish day by day,  
Still stand I ever with close-clasped hands,  
Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea,  
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

W. A. CASSELL.

#### EDUCATED FEET.

Who can tell to what uses the feet and toes could be put, if the necessity arose for a full development of their powers? There is a way of educating the foot as well as the hand or the eye; and it is astonishing what an educated foot can be made to do. We know that in the time of Alexander the Indians were taught to draw their bows with their feet as well as with their hands, and Sir J. E. Tennent tells us that this is done up to the present time by the Rock Veddahs of the Ceylon. And nearly all savage tribes can turn their toes not only to good but to bad account; like the aborigines of Australia, who, while they are cunningly diverting your attention with their hands, are busily engaged in committing robberies with their toes, with which they pick up articles as an elephant would with his trunk. So also the Hindoo makes his toes work at the loom, and weaves with them with almost as much dexterity as with his fingers. The Chinese carpenter will hold the bit of wood he is planing, by his foot like a parrot, and will work a grindstone with his feet. The Banaka tribe, who are the most famous canoe men on the West African coast, will impel their light canoes (weighing only from eight to ten pounds) with great velocity over the waves, and at the same time will use one foot to bail out the water; and when they would rest their arms, one leg is thrown out on either side of the canoe, and it is propelled with the feet almost as fast as with a paddle. There was also Monsieur Ducorent, who died only four years ago, who, although he was born without hands, was brought up an artist, and who annually exhibited at the Louvre, pictures painted by his feet. Then there was Thomas Roberts, the armless huntsman to Sir George Barlow, whose feet were made to perform the duties of his hands. And there was William Kingston, who with his toes wrote out his accounts, shaved and dressed himself, saddled and bridled his horse, threw sledge hammers, and fought a stout battle, in which he came off victorious.—*Cuthbert Bede.*

#### EACH STAR A TEACHER.

Treating of the distinct and special uses for which every object in creation had birth, Emerson makes use of the following emphatic expressions:—"Every star in heaven is disconcerted and insatiable; gravitation and chemistry cannot content them; ever they woo and court the eye of every beholder; every man that comes into the world they seek to fascinate and possess, to pass into his mind, for they desire to republish themselves in a more delicate world than that they occupy. It is not enough that they are Jove, Mars, Orion and the North Star, in the gravitating firmament; they would have such poets as Newton, Herschell and LaPlace, that they may re-exist in the finer world of rational souls, and fill that realm with their fame. These beautiful basilisks set their brute, glorious eyes on the eye of every child, and, if they can, cause their natures to pass through his wondering eyes into him, and so all things are mixed." Could any passage be more fearfully eloquent, touching the vast and varied mysteries of nature and of man?

We can only know ourselves through the constant study how to govern ourselves.



(ORIGINAL.)

## AT THE THRESHOLD.

*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

As he who turneth gladly from the past,  
The cold, gray, beach of life, with life-wrecks  
scattered,  
Turns from the heavens with stormy clouds o'ercast,  
Which close around the hearts by tempest shattered,

And looketh bravely to the coming time,  
With feet firm planted on life's doubts and errors,  
Resolved to hear the music of its rhyme,  
To hear no boding echo of its terrors;

As he who flies swift-footed from the glooms  
Which wrap the churchyard in their spectral  
draping,  
Sick with the lonely horror of the tombs,  
Toward the faint load-star light of home escaping;

Or, furthermore, as one whose weary feet  
Have wandered long, in pilgrim paths sojourning,  
Walks with a chastened joy the quiet street  
Where neighbors throng to welcome him return-  
ing;

Thus has my saddened spirit often turned  
From shadows of the night-time's desolation,  
And eastward looked with eager eyes where burned  
The blessed rubric of a new creation!

Ah, numberless the times that fainting hearts  
Have yielded them to midnight's sad carresses,  
And found unsought the peace that rest imparts,  
The vigorous life wherewith the morning blesses.

I find no pause in nature's onward march,  
No backward steps in the fair hosts of heaven;  
New splendors nightly fill God's brightening arch,  
Fresh constellations to those skies are given.

O cherished friends, who walk with me these ways,  
Life's weary treadmill round in pain pursuing,  
Look with me forward unto fairer days,  
Unscathed by care, unwearied in well doing!

Learn from the night that shades must wrap the  
earth;  
Learn from your hearts that care must have its  
measure,  
From morning, that each day's celestial birth  
Dispers the clouds, fills every heart with pleasure.

I seem to feel the grasp of friendly hands,  
The thrilling tones of voices sympathetic,  
Guiding me from the dimly-lying lands  
Where sways grim Yesterday his wand ascetic—

And join the noble army of the brave,  
The true of heart upon life's threshold standing,

With hands compassionate, outstretched to save  
The helmless hulk upon the cold beach strand-  
ing—

And raise with them the sweetly rapturous song,  
The holy chant of love and peace enduring,  
Which still through all hereafter shall prolong,  
The brightsome trust in better things assuring.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE SPANISH CAPTIVE.

## A TALE OF THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

ROMANOS never pictured a more attractive hero than the brave Hernando de Soto—the Boy of Barcarola—the brave companion of Pizarro—the successful invader of Florida—the worthy path-finder after Columbus. Leaving his wife, after a brief year of marriage, he had proceeded with a fleet of his own providing and nearly a thousand men, to take possession of the island of Cuba, of which Charles V. had created him captain-general.

His beautiful wife, Isabella, accompanied him to the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, upon the sixth of April, 1538, and saw him embark with troops of young men, the very flower of Spanish chivalry.

De Soto and his followers soon possessed themselves of a village upon Tampa Bay, then called Espirita Santo, where were the headquarters of the cacique, Hiriga or Ucita. This old chief had become so utterly embittered by the outrageous conduct of Pamphile de Narvaez, ten years before, that no conciliation on the part of De Soto could restore his confidence and good will.

One of De Soto's scouting parties had one day attacked a troop of Indians and put them to flight. One of the horsemen in a charge at one of the number with a lance, was startled to hear a voice speaking the Spanish language, and saying:

"Good sir, I am a Christian man. Save my life and those of these poor men."

The lance was dropped into its rest, and the horseman eagerly inquired the man's name.

"It is Juan Ortiz," he answered; "and I have abode with these people ten years. I was with Narvaez in his expedition, and came near being sacrificed with my companions; but, thank Heaven, I was spared."

The wanderer and exile, for such was Juan Ortiz, was welcomed to the camp of De Soto, and recounted his adventures in words that

brought tears to the eyes of his listeners. Not the celebrated Captain Smith ever passed through more thrilling or romantic scenes.

The name of Narvaes was terrible among the Indians, from the cruelties he had practised. Ucita, especially, had imbibed a deep and unconquerable hatred against him and his followers; and when a little band sent out by the leader, fell into the hands of the savages, and were brought to the chief to be disposed of as he pleased, it was not wonderful that the long cherished feelings of hate and revenge should find vent in cruel deaths.

Of the number which had fallen into their hands, all save one were despatched instantly. Juan Ortiz was this man; and it seemed that he was kept for more refined barbarities which could not be so quickly decided upon.

He watched the terrible preparations that seemed to herald his death, with a heart that almost ceased to beat. Even his firm Spanish bravery quailed before them; and their mocking tones and gestures struck even greater terror into his soul than any physical demonstration of cruelty could have done.

At last, when they had ceased to be amused with torturing or terrifying him, the chief gave orders that he should be bound to a stake and the fire kindled beneath him. The soul of Ortiz was shaken within him. His courage and prowess in war had been indisputable; but this cold-blooded and deliberate butchery was more than he could face. Thoughts of dear ones at home, of father and mother, brother and sisters—the feeling that he should never again behold the flow of his own beloved Guadalquivir, on whose banks he had sported as a child—the terrible faces and figures of his executioners, as they paced, with stolid indifference, before the funeral pile—all served to overcome the brave warrior's heart. The heat of the blaze was already reaching his limbs. He closed his eyes, and prayed for immediate death rather than prolonged agonies.

A woman's cry startled him just as he seemed to be parting with all earthly things, and he opened his eyes once more. A moment before, he had seen the old chief, Ucita, with hate and revenge pictured upon his countenance, apparently enjoying the commencement of his victim's agonies. Now, the fierce look was partially melted, and another expression was coming over the face. On the ground, before the chief, knelt a slight Indian girl, whose dress and adornments seemed to distinguish her as his child. Her face, though dark, was very beautiful, and the grace of her kneeling figure,

as she wound her arms passionately about the old chief, as he sat upon the ground, had rarely been surpassed by that of the haughty dames of Spain. Evidently she was pleading for the prisoner; for she cast rapid and pitying glances at him, and then turned with a wilder earnestness, to the chief.

A little shame mingled with Ucita's softer mood, as he glanced up to see what his braves were thinking of this scene; and during this mute council, the slow flames were eating the poor captive's limbs! One look at him seemed to give the maiden strength and courage. She snatched the hatchet from the hesitating hand of the chief; and, with a single bound, she cleared the intermediate space between him and the captive, and cut the thongs that bound him to the stake.

Half stupefied by the heat and smoke, Juan Ortiz scarcely comprehended what she had done, until the brave girl took his passive hand and led him from the spot. The warriors seemed to approve her proceedings, or, at least, to take them quietly, for they drew off from the scene, with only an expressive grunt. As they fled away, the maiden eagerly caught the arm of the oldest-looking, and by her rapid gestures and earnest pointing to the now half fainting captive, seemed to ask his assistance. She drew him hastily toward him as he lay upon the ground. From a pouch which hung from his belt, the Indian produced something which he rubbed gently upon the bare and scorched limbs. Whatever it was, it gave singular relief, and Ortiz was enabled to take a clearer view of his protectress.

Her dress seemed a succession of fringes from top to bottom, alternate red and yellow; while her moccasins were beautifully embroidered, and her head-dress and the ornaments for her neck and arms were formed of gay colored beads, tastefully arranged. A pair of speaking eyes seemed to betray every emotion that she felt; but their prevailing expression, whenever she turned her eyes upon Ortiz, was that of the deepest pity and commiseration.

As soon as the sufferer seemed relieved, she beckoned to four of the Indians, and appeared to be directing them to make a litter of some of the branches which had been intended for his funeral pyre. Upon this litter, three stout savages, at a nod from her, lifted the poor bruised frame, and carried it away to the hut of an old squaw who spread upon her floor a number of buffalo skins, on which they laid him—the girl leading and directing all their movements.

It was many weeks before the captive's wounds

were all healed. During that time, the maiden came every day to watch his progress to health ; and an animated, but to him unintelligible conversation took place between the old squaw and his young protectress, which seemed to result in unmistakable satisfaction on the part of the latter.

Gradually, Ortez learned enough of the language of the tribe, to understand them ; and, after a fashion, he could express his gratitude to the maiden, Monica, for her interposition in his favor. After awhile, she supplied him with the Indian costume, and bade him paint himself in imitation of the tribe.

His burns were now healed, and he found himself appointed to a station of trust which, however, involved a certain amount of danger. This was to watch by the dead at the place where the Indian custom is to deposit them. Some of the tribes west of the Mississippi, place their dead upon a sort of scaffold, after binding them in buffalo skins. These scaffolds are placed in the open air, and from their height from the ground are perfectly safe from wolves or other animals. But the Florida Indians build a sort of rude temple for a mausoleum, which does not, however, bar the approaches and sometimes the devastations of the monsters of the forest. Their only resource, therefore, is to give the sacred edifice in charge of some one of approved valor ; and to this charge Ortez was deputed.

One terrible night, he distinctly heard a sound that seemed different to those which had often appalled him before. There was no mistaking the mighty roar of the forest-monarch. He knew all the danger that beset him now ; but his duty was to maintain his post. He bravely crowded down the emotions that shook his frame. He remembered the awful scene in which his life had been so nearly sacrificed by those to whose barbarities the tearing of wild beasts seems almost like tender mercies. But now—now to undergo a violent death, with no human aid to interpose—never again to feel the free air, to see the green fields—or, dearer far, to behold the face of her who had once saved him—O, it was a fearful thing to imagine !

And still, while his flesh quivered on his bones with excitement, the lion's roar came nearer. On this night it so happened that the only dead from within the temple was that of a child—a beautiful little girl, the daughter of one of the chiefs. From time to time, during the night, Ortez had withdrawn the curtain of soft dressed skin which hung before the body, and watched it with feelings of interest and grief.

The child had often played around him before

he was appointed to this dangerous post, and a sort of friendly intimacy had been established between them. Besides, she was the frequent companion of her whom of all women he loved and honored—Monica. Now she lay here in her childish beauty, perhaps to be a prey to a monster, which even his strong arm might not be able to repel or vanquish. Nearer—nearer came those terrible sounds—rendered still more awful by the perfect stillness of the night.

A bound through the forest—a sharp, quick rush—a hasty convulsive snuffing of the air, and Ortez was sure that the lion had already scented his prey. Through the darkness, he could not detect his approach. Only his ear and that exquisite sense of which not all men are possessed when danger is near, confirmed him. He drew aside the curtain that hid the beautiful little form, which, at his previous look, had lain so straight and still upon its leafy couch. O, horror ! the lion had already forced its way where the branches were less impervious, and had seized the child between his teeth, attempting to drag it to the ground.

A moment, and he might have left the dead for a living prey. There were but two ways—one, to flee instantly to some tall tree, or to try the effect of his arrow. Bravely, he chose the latter. It entered between the eyes of the animal, and the form of the child fell from the now quivering mouth. A moment of blind rage—a swift spring which Ortez, who had caught up the child, was fortunate enough to avoid, and the animal stumbled forward and fell. Laying the child upon its couch, gently and reverently, as one of keen sensibility ever touches the dead, he drew his bow again and the mighty monster breathed his last.

The morning light showed the savages how trusty and brave was their guest—not now their captive, for he was in freedom to go or stay. How could he but choose the latter, when Monica's presence was as the sunlight to his soul ?

But when nine years had glided by after this, and Monica had been given by her father to a warrior of her own tribe, the desolate Spaniard began to yearn after that far land which he still called home. There was as yet no opportunity for him to embark ; and while waiting for one, he was suddenly called into action. Another expedition had been fitted out against the people who had adopted him. He was one of them still—wearing their costume—yielding to their habits. There was no alternative, and, uncertain as to what nation the invaders belonged, he joined a small body of warriors, and met, in the enemy, his own countrymen. Attaching him-

self to the expedition under De Soto, he performed numerous deeds of courage and bravery, enduring hardships and fatigues which his Indian life had made more endurable for him than for others.

On the borders of the Mississippi, on a bright July day in 1542, he stood, with the few who were left of that gallant band, around the body of their beloved leader, the brave and noble Hernando de Soto. There, a mighty oak had been cut down, and within the hollow which they hewed out in its massive trunk, lay that glorious form. Far away in the western wilds—far from the presence of the wife he had loved—the bride of a single year—that brave heart had stopped its beatings.

"The seal is set on his majestic fame—  
Fate hath no power to dim his stainless name."

#### PRINCE ALBERT'S COURTSHIP.

The London papers have begun their reminiscences of Prince Albert, and some pretty stories are told of the royal courtship, one of which states that he played the part of a royal lover with all the grace peculiar to his house. He never willingly absented himself from the queen's society and presence, and her every wish was anticipated with the alacrity of an unfeigned attachment. At length, her majesty having wholly made up her mind, found herself in some measure embarrassed as to fit and proper means of indicating her preference to the prince, but acquitting herself with delicacy and tact. At one of the palace balls she took occasion to present her bouquet to the prince at the conclusion of a dance, and the hint was not lost upon the polite and gallant German. His close uniform buttoning up to the throat, did not admit of his placing the Persian-like gift where it would be most honored; so he immediately drew his penknife, and cut a slit in his dress in the neighborhood of his heart, where he deposited the happy omen.—*Home Journal*.

#### A SPUNKY WIFE.

A middle-aged farmer and his wife were enjoying a winter evening cosily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, etc., as is here represented."

"Indeed!" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make, truly; you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure you would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!"

The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.—*Western Herald*.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances. Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

#### THE SICK IN BED.

With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. People don't catch cold in bed. With proper bed-clothes, and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him in bed. Never to allow a patient to be waked intentionally or accidentally, is a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep, he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious but quite intelligible fact that, if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep, he is much more inclined to sleep again; because pain, like irritability of brain, perpetuates and intensifies itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep, you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished, whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why a patient waked in the early part of his sleep, loses not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. The more the sick sleep, the better will they be able to sleep. A good nurse will always make sure that no door or window in her patient's room shall rattle or creak; that no blind or curtain shall, by any change of wind through the open window be made to flap; especially will she be careful of all this before she leaves him for the night. If you wait till your patient tells you or reminds you of these things, where is the use of his having a nurse?—*Florence Nightingale*.

#### IN SOCIETY.

In London drawing-rooms, no man standing solely on personal merits was better known or more welcome than he. Of medium height, beautiful proportions, composed, quiet, graceful; brown hair, small gray eyes, face longish, with forehead high and narrow; the nose rather large and bold, bearing slight marks of the kick of a horse got in the Tenth Hussars; the face on the whole good-looking, but not remarkably handsome. But the figure! the best figure in London, with the best dress on it; distinguished by extreme care and neatness, without marked peculiarity in parts, but in the whole remarkable for an elegant harmony which was inimitable. The tie of his neckcloth (always white), which he perfected by untiring perseverance and patience, remained always the same; for the foolish love of change, which leads often from good to bad, dwelt not with him. His dress was indeed a study; and George, Prince of Wales, asked advice on this important matter of George, Prince of Beaux; and often he would spend a morning in Chesterfield Street, taking lessons at the toilet of his friend. Sometime, after a protracted sitting, the Prince (of Wales) would send away his horses and stay dinner; and then the empty bottles were many. Thomas Moore (who will be of use to us more than once) says that his royal highness once shed tears ("blubbered," says Moore) when told that Brummell disapproved of the cut of a new coat which covered the royal back; which is probably an exaggeration of the real fact.—*Biography of Brummell*.

[ORIGINAL.]

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

A broken pledge, and a broken ring,  
And a faith that is broke in twain—  
O thou Past, could I only bring  
Thy innocence back again!

My cage is bright as the azure stars  
Yet I pine for the open air;  
Beat with my fetters the golden bars  
In agony and despair!

And never, ah, never until I die  
(Forgive me, O God, the sin!)  
Can I hush in my bosom the bitter cry,  
"It otherwise might have been!"

[ORIGINAL.]

UMBRELLA-PHOBIA.

BY GEORGE S. PRENTISS.

DURING a residence of some years in Paris, I made the acquaintance of some excellent young fellows whom I was glad to consider my friends. Among them was Leon R——, and it is of him I am about to write. Every one who has visited Paris is aware that the autumn months are exceedingly rainy. The sky at that period of the year resembles a vast sheet of zinc. It does nothing but rain, rain, rain. The gutters are turned into miniature waterfalls, and umbrellas become a necessary part of ourselves.

One dark day in November I visited the studio of my friend Leon R——, whose specialty is the painting of battle-pieces. We amused ourselves smoking and conversing in the midst of a sort of museum of helmets, cuirasses, muskets, lances, sabres, huge military boots and brass mounted harness, when I suddenly discovered that our conversation had made me forget the time.

"Well, I must bid you good morning," said I, rising.

"Wait a moment," he replied; "I will go with you."

At that moment, as if the last words had acted as a signal, commenced one of those showers when the clouds seem to pour out their contents in one continuous stream.

"You do not take your umbrella," said I, seeing him ready to go.

His only reply was a grimace. He then wrapped himself up in one of those water-proof overcoats, which, if useful, are certainly very unbe-

coming. We left the house. He refused my arm and half my umbrella. He preferred to walk by my side and receive all the drippings from it. I was astonished, and insisted that he should come under it.

"No, no," said he, with a sigh; "an umbrella has already played a fatal part in my existence."

I burst into a violent peal of laughter, at this extraordinary speech.

"You laugh!" said he, almost angrily.

"Yes, I laugh at the idea that a thing composed of wood, steel, whalebone and silk, and which shelters one from a shower, can play any fatal part."

"Such is the fact, however; listen to my history, and judge for yourself."

"Come closer to me, or I shall not be able to hear half you say."

Influenced by this consideration, he took my arm, and casting at the umbrella a look of hatred, he spoke as follows:

"Some months ago, I had for a neighbor a young girl, who lived with her parents in a house opposite mine. She was a charming girl. She was neither a Venus, nor a tenth muse; but she possessed an animated manner, an agreeable person full of youth and health—one of those women who make good wives, good mothers, and who render a fireside happy. By a sort of magnetism one of us looking out of the window was sure to attract the other. We exchanged secret glances, but nothing more."

"Then you fell in love with her?"

"I did; but we had never spoken to each other, when one evening, about two months since, it rained as usual, when I was walking the streets armed with that vile instrument, an umbrella. Soon it began to pour down as it does now, and I sought for refuge in a gateway. Who do you think I met there? No other than my neighbor, who was waiting until the rain had passed. You can judge of my surprise and happiness. At last the rain decreased in violence. I begged that she would accept of my arm and umbrella, proposing to see her home. On our road she explained to me how it was that she was alone at such an hour (it was late in the evening). It appeared her father had accompanied her to an aunt who was sick, promising to call for her in the evening. But when the hour for returning home had arrived, some unavoidable business had detained her parent, and she determined to venture alone. I blessed my destiny. The obscurity and solitude of the streets dissipated my bashfulness, and I confessed to her that I loved her, and would like to marry her. By one of



those answers, not less chaste than precise, and which some women know the secret of so well, she made me understand that her heart accorded with mine. While we were thus conversing I could but admire the young girl's frankness and purity. At last we reached her house. I left her, bewildered by my happiness, and perceived only when too late, that I had forgotten a very important matter, namely, to arrange some convenient method to present myself to her parents. I had, however, learned that her name was Jenny.

"The next day when we saw each other again at the window, our glances spoke a great deal more than they had done before, but we were not a bit more advanced. I sought amongst my acquaintances for some one who might know her parents and give me an honest and natural introduction. I found no one. I was obliged to wait. Some time passed in this manner.

"One day, as usual, I was under that machine which covers the face, but which wets the back and legs, when I perceived trotting a few steps before me a little woman dressed coquettishly, and who appeared to be in great consternation at the idea of having her clothes spoiled by the rain. Humanity, gallantry, politeness or whatever you will, made me advance and offer the umbrella I carried. She accepted it with a polite bow. After some minutes' conversation, I a second time returned thanks to—"

"To the umbrella?"

"To Providence," returned Leon; "this little woman was—guess."

"Your neighbor's mother?"

"Precisely. Her first impression was favorable to me. I spoke with animation. She had remarked me—she had conceived the best opinion of me; she had observed me at the window. She then turned the conversation on her daughter. In short she was about to accept me as her future son-in-law, when we heard a voice not two steps from us, exclaim in a formidable tone:

"You appear to be taking it easy."

"I raised the umbrella and saw standing before us, barring up the passage, a man six feet high, with a military bearing.

"My husband!" said the little woman.

"Sir," said this Colossus to me—"it is an old colonel of the cuirassiers who demands satisfaction, and in spite of the rain, we can find some corner where we can cross sabres together."

"Very well, colonel," I replied. "If my desire to protect your wife from the shower is an offence to be wiped out with my blood—I am ready!"

"Good!" said the old warrior, taking my

hand, and almost crushing it into a jelly in his grasp.

"Stop!" said my lady friend—"do you know what he wants?"

"I neither know nor care," returned the offended husband.

"Well," she continued, "this gentleman met me, offered me a share of his umbrella, and at the same time demanded the hand of our Jenny in marriage."

"On your word of honor is this true?"

"I swear it, colonel," said I, eagerly, "it is the exact truth."

"It appears that I also found favor in the father's eyes, for continuing to break my fingers he replied:

"I believe you—you are brave, and I believe a man of honor. Who are you? what occupation do you follow?"

"Colonel," said I, enchanted at the turn the conversation had taken, "we are only two steps from my dwelling. If you will take the trouble to ascend a few stairs we will visit my studio."

"A studio of what?"

"Painting."

"Ah! you are a painter?"

"Yes, a painter of battle-pieces."

"Of battle-pieces! my young friend," said he. "I am enchanted to make your acquaintance."

"We ascended to my rooms. At the sight of all the apparatus and models he stopped short, taking in the contents of the chamber at a glance. He drew himself up to his full height, and a tear rolled down his cheek. Suddenly he stepped forward, attracted by the picture on which I am now engaged. You know it is the battle of Moscow. He examined it earnestly for the space of a minute, and then cried:

"Bravo! There it is! The Russians are forming in squares. The light cavalry attacks the flank. Yes, all correct. I was there myself. See! there are the cuirassiers—forward, boys! attack the Russian squares! Pulverize them! Annihilate them!"

"And he moved his arm in such a manner that had he been three inches nearer, he would have knocked my picture all to pieces. He remained a moment motionless before the painting, and then turned to me.

"You have given me more pleasure than I have experienced for a long time," said he—"you are the man for me, my daughter is yours."

"And this time he took me in his arms, and had I not called out, he would certainly have suffocated me in his embrace.

"Now let us talk of business," he resumed. "I give you Jenny, and forty thousand francs as

a marriage portion, and by-and-by you shall have double that amount. Is that satisfactory ?

"O, colonel," said I, transported—"but in my turn let me tell you—"

"Your position—I suppose you just make a living ?"

"About six thousand francs a year."

"*Dame!* you are richer than we are. Six and two make eight. You will have eight thousand francs income. We," he added, addressing his wife, "have seven. That is more than we want—is it not, little one ? We shall be as happy as turtles."

"He again extended his arms to embrace me, but I avoided him by seizing his two hands. Animated as he was at that moment, I should certainly have been crushed."

"It is all settled," said he, shaking me by the hands. "With respect to your picture," he continued, turning again towards the canvass, "it is a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, only—"

"What ?"

"You have not made the Russians ugly enough !"

"From that moment I had free access into the house, the doors of which had been heretofore closed against me. Every day I appreciated my neighbor more and more. The old colonel was really an excellent man. His wife was an agreeable person. Jenny was an angel. The colonel often visited my studio. At every visit he was enthusiastic about my painting, always repeating to me :

"Perfect ! a living picture ! superb ! only one fault to find—you do not make the Russians ugly enough !"

"As it did not cost me much to please him, how I sacrificed the Russians ! The handsome ones I made ugly, the ugly frightful, the frightful horrible. At last they became perfect caricatures, and of course my picture was spoiled. No matter ! I was in the third heaven, and every day I approached nearer the promised land."

"Why, my dear Leon," I exclaimed—"this history appears to me to be by no means a sad one, and as for the umbrella, it seems to me to have been a presiding genius."

"That is your opinion now," continued my friend. "But it is the termination which crowns the work, and you are about to hear how the work was crowned. It was Thursday, and we were to be married the following Saturday. It rained in torrents, and with that cursed instrument in my hand, I went out to make some purchases. It was damp without, but within I was all of a glow, for my thoughts dwelt on my approaching marriage. At that moment a clear

voice resounded in my ears, saying : 'Sir, sir, I beg of you—'

"I turned round, and behind me was a ravishing little grisette, daintily dressed, and with the prettiest little foot and ankle in the world. She gently passed her arm through mine, and pressed close to me."

"It is easily to be seen that you are a gallant man," said she. "I know you will give part of your umbrella to a poor little girl who is afraid of spoiling her clothes. It is so nice to walk with you."

"I could not decently repulse this girl, and leave her exposed to the wind and rain. We continued our way very cosily, she laughing, chatting and joking, while for the life of me I could not help smiling at her prattle. But, alas ! as we turned a corner, guess whom I saw coming right in front of me, not ten paces off—guess, I say."

"Your future father-in-law ?"

"Not only him, but the whole family—the colonel, his wife and Jenny. I gave my companion a push, as a hint that she should let go my arm, but she only crept closer to me. In the meantime they approached. They all recognized me, made a slight pause as if about to stop, and then continued their way. When they passed me the colonel surveyed me from head to foot, his little wife made a grimace and tossed her head disdainfully, and Jenny blushed, and approached close to her mother as if for protection. They all three hurried on without looking back. I was petrified ; in a moment I saw how the matter stood."

"Do you know what you have done ?" said I to the girl.

"I have done something—have I ?"

"You have ruined my marriage prospect."

"Ungrateful man ! do you complain of that ?"

"I tried to disengage myself."

"No," said she, keeping firm hold of me—"you are now my umbrella forever."

"I closed the cursed utensil with violence, and breaking it across my knee, threw it into the middle of the street. It continued to rain in torrents."

"I have saved you from a horrible fate, and you reward me by drowning me !" cried the little demon, leaving me, at the same time indulging in a peal of laughter.

"I ran to the colonel's house—door closed ! I shut myself up in my own studio, feeling certain that he would come and demand an explanation. With this hope I lengthened by two good lines the mouths and noses of my Cossacks—no one ! I have never seen them since. They

have removed from the house they formerly occupied, without leaving any address. It is certain that they thought the little grisette and myself old friends—and how could I prove the contrary? Now do you understand?" said Leon, as he concluded, at the same time withdrawing himself from under my umbrella, and receiving with better joy the pouring rain on his person.

After he had finished we proceeded some time in silence, when we met an old gentleman, accompanied by a young girl. I immediately recognized in the gentleman an old friend.

"Jenny!" gasped my companion.

"What! that your Jenny?" I cried. "I know her well, her father is one of my most intimate friends."

A few words from me set all matters right, and that day week I had the honor of dancing at my friend's wedding. I may add in conclusion, that since his marriage he has got over his hatred for umbrellas.

#### A GENTLE VOICE.

There is one part of a woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. I speak not of singing hymns now, and the culture of harmony and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement; but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connections, in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us, then, be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different to a family for friends and neighbors, are the kind and gentle persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and sin), the husband and children.—*R. A. Slaney.*

#### A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT.

But within some days after, the marriage between Argaius and the fair Parthenia being to be celebrated, Diaphantus and Palladius selling some of their jewels, furnished themselves of very fair apparel, meaning to do their loving host: who, as much for their sakes, as for their marriage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautify, nor all the daintie devices so much delight, as the fairness of Parthenia, the pearl of all the maids of Maritime, who, as she went to the temple, wherein love and beauty were married; her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kinde of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them, her cheeks blushing, and withal, when shee was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.—*Sydney's Arcadia.*

#### GARIBALDI AS CANDLE-MAKER.

It is well known that the Italian hero has never been willing to lead a life of idleness. He has never felt it beneath his dignity to earn his daily bread, however humble the vocation into which the emergency of the moment forced him. A correspondent of the New York Independent, writing from Europe, gives an incident, illustrating his true manliness: "While on the steamer from Naples to Alexandria, I had frequent conversations with a very intelligent Italian gentleman, who is honored in possessing the respect and esteem of Garibaldi. He stated that on going to Caprera to visit Garibaldi, after a separation of seven years, the general instantly recognized him as one of the friends who had shared his exile in America. He soon inquired, 'How is Muccei, my old employer on Staten Island?' Receiving a favorable answer to this question, Garibaldi next asked, 'Is his business prosperous?' On being answered that the manufacture of the new diaphanous candles was beginning to prove profitable, Garibaldi quickly responded, 'I am glad of it; for when we used to make candles together we had to pay eleven cents a pound for tallow, and sold the candles for twelve cents a pound. Of course we could not make money under those circumstances.' Garibaldi then produced a candle, which he stated to be one of a box of diaphanous candles which his old friend Muccei had presented to him. This scene occurred in the presence of the French Consul, the governor of the neighboring island, and one of his associates. Not many eminent public men would have referred to their former humble labors in such a frank and unaffected manner. Indeed, after seeing thousands of Garibaldians, and conversing with many of the Italian, English, and Hungarian volunteers, I can truly state, that all unite in testifying that the simplicity of Garibaldi's character is equalled only by its purity."

#### MANNERS.

The great charm about well-mannered people is, that they insensibly make us pleased with ourselves. The courteous spirit is always a ruling one. Some inherit politeness, some acquire it, and some have it thrust upon them. Society does the latter. Those to whom it is unnatural—whether men, women or children—find that unless a certain courteousness is maintained, their selfish purposes cannot be served; hence, to gain their own ends, they will put on the semblance of politeness—a semblance which will be shattered the moment they have no further need. It is essentially this class who are the disagreeable people. Etiquette with them usurps the place of a higher constituent; hence formal people never assimilate with those whose politeness springs from the heart. Etiquette is undoubtedly necessary to be observed in form, but not formality; though no fixed rules of conduct can be laid down for the familiar intercourse of individuals beyond the Scriptural one—"In honor preferring one another"—this advice may be followed all the world over, however variable the code of etiquette may be for each country.

Be in peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LAMENT.—TO LOUISA.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Again affection's tie is riven,  
 And cherished hopes are fled;  
 Thy heart is crushed by sorrow  
 And wailing for the dead.

Thy golden dreams of youth have fled,  
 They charm thy heart no more;  
 The brightness of once happy days  
 Lives but in memory's store.

'Twas love! and hope with gilded ray,  
 Once shed its brightest halo o'er thee,  
 And joy its sunlight o'er thee shed,  
 And in its silken fetters bound thee.

That star hath set, whose steady ray  
 Awoke fond dreams of earthly bliss;  
 But cruel fate's insatiate sway  
 Forbid its lingering gleams in this.

Now thou art lone, on Percy's grave  
 Thou'lt drink the cup of deepest sorrow;  
 O, Lethe's wave can ne'er consume  
 The darkness of each coming morrow!

'Tis sad upon thy youthful brow  
 A cloud of grief to see;  
 Upon thy pleasant lovelit eye  
 The tear of agony.

And O, upon thy stricken heart,  
 To trace the sadness there;  
 The loneliness and sorrow,  
 Which ne'er had known despair.

The gentle dew of heaven descends  
 Upon the drooping flower,  
 And the fragrant breath of earth is wont  
 To heal with magic power.

E'en thus upon thy sorrowing heart  
 May heavenly dews descend;  
 The healing balm of piety  
 Sustain thee till life's end.

Trust thou in faith and Christian hope,  
 To meet him on that shore,  
 Where grief and sorrow are unknown,  
 And partings are no more.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GERALD MALVERN'S WIFE.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

SQUIRE MALVERN walked his cabinet in perturbation, and every now and then he slapped the back of one hand into the palm of another, his most emphatic way of expressing confusion of mind. On a table at hand lay an open letter,

and each time he passed thereby, he threw it a defiant glance, and went on. From the window, far and wide stretched below, lay the rich, warm fields of an estate that had scarcely an equal in the country, and every time he passed *that*, he threw it a glance full of sorrow. Indeed, the squire loved these lands of his as he did his own soul; almost as soon would he have parted with his wife—who was, you may be sure, inexpressibly dear to him—as with an acre of them; and it was with profound pity that, looking at them, he felt that they were now one day likely to become the property of a foreign-born child, unless he refused to entail them; and how could he do that, when it would be the ultimate means of losing for the name of Malvern that honorable consideration which it had sustained for ages? And yet refuse he must, for the squire had as much antipathy to foreign blood as a Chinese, and had learned too well some important points of his family history—where a French woman had wrought ruin and disgrace to a great-uncle of his own—not to feel himself maintained by all right and reason, in his opinion. But, as we shall see, the squire was borrowing trouble very extensively, and of a worse nature than the Jews. There is in the generic English breast, a hearty hatred of all things alien, should they once entrench upon English ground, and when Geoffrey Malvern heard, through this anonymous communication that his only child, his dearly-loved boy, was about to effect a marriage with an intriguing Italian contessina, he felt the British constitution to be but a rotten parchment, and the whole country tottering on the brink of ruin. Hereat, the door opened gently, and Mrs. Malvern entered. She glanced first at the letter, and then at her husband.

"Read it, my dear, read it!" said the latter, waving his hand with the air of a man who points at his own death-warrant, and she accordingly read it.

The letter once perused, fluttered to the floor, and poor Mrs. Malvern stood still for a moment regarding it. It could not be denied that here was a great blow to the mother—her son Gerald, her pride and her joy, entering into a clandestine connection; but yet in the mother's eyes there might be extenuations.

"It is an anonymous letter, my love," she said, "and for that reason alone deserves no consideration."

"Deserves no consideration! Mrs. Malvern, you astonish me!"

"But she may be a desirable person."

"A desirable foreigner? A desirable daughter of Lucifer! Wife, wife, of what are you

thinking? How can she be desirable, if she were Venus herself, and yet were tempting our son into a secret alliance? Of this she may rest assured—may—rest—assured,” said the squire, deliberately, “that not an inch of all these acres shall she ever be one farthing the better for!” And therewith, anger flashing from his broad, gray eyes, and over his ruddy, handsome face, Mr. Malvern stalked from the room.

“Ah,” sighed Mrs. Malvern to herself, “why could not Gerald have done as his father wished he should, and have loved Sir Lucius’s little Fanny? Poor child, little motherless Fanny Huntingdean! She must be a great girl now. It is at least a dozen years since we saw her. I declare—why haven’t we ever done it before?—I’ll have her here, and summon that boy home, and see if nothing can yet be done!”

And full of the new thought, Mrs. Malvern drew pen and paper towards herself, and became absorbed in the arrangement of an epistle whose subject matter was to effect great changes in the government, and restore, in Mr. Malvern’s eyes, stability to the British throne. But alas for the best-laid schemes of mice and men! Sir Lucius and his daughter had not resided at the Park for many years, the housekeeper there sent word by the fifty mile messenger, but as they were now expected home in the autumn, the housekeeper would then deliver Mrs. Malvern’s invitation to the Meadows, which she had no doubt would be accepted. So there was nothing for Mrs. Malvern to do but to fold her hands and wait; nothing for Mr. Malvern to do but to write Gerald a counterblast of an inexplicable document ordering the youth’s return to the paternal domicile straightway.

About six weeks before the arrival of this anonymous letter at the Meadows, Captain Gerald Malvern obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and instead of spending that vacation under the parental eye, chose to go with an acquaintance, an artist, on a sketching tour along the coast of Devonshire. The artist, one Alonzo Da Vidi, was too much lost in the objects of beauty around him, to pay much attention to humanity, and thus Gerald, left to his own devices, sought rest and refreshment in whatever manner pleased him best. It was then, one clear evening before the day had quite burned out, that he lay a lazy length along the shore, and let the waves slide in almost to his very feet, in an indolent enjoyment of the scene. Looking up, he saw the reddening sky, and above it, the little thin sickle of a new moon, and then looking down, as his eye swept the space between, some

object on a point of rock arrested it. It was a girl, bareheaded, and her hat in her hand, her white gown almost melting into the tint of the sky behind her, so that her face seemed that of some spirit of the evening star, looking from the clouds—a face of the purest olive, whose carmine just impinged upon the cheek; lips cut in lines of perfection, and ripely crimson; eyes that were shining under long lashes, steady, and large, and dark, with all the fire of an Italian heaven, and round the beautiful temples clustered ringlets, each soft and ebon as if they were threaded out of some midnight cloud. As Gerald gazed, he feared lest so lovely a vision was but the fumes of his brain, or lest she should vanish with the shifting clouds. But all this was dispelled, when in an instant he heard a sharp cry, and started to his feet almost in time to overturn a lady’s maid who was running along the beach with the most rapid locomotion attainable by her, and screaming as she ran:

“O, my mistress, my mistress!”

“What’s the matter with your mistress?” asked Gerald.

But racing on, she gave him no answer, and he deemed it his duty to stride after and renew the inquiry.

“That is she, that is she!” cried the maid, at length. “There she is, star-gazing, moon-gazing what not, and here’s the tide making in and cutting her off from shore, and she’s as ignorant of danger as the babe in arms. O, my mistress! And what’ll ever the master say? Can you help us, sir?”

“Yes. Who is your mistress?”

“She is called the Contessina Francesca; but her father—”

“Never mind—tell me that another time—at present we will see what is to be done.”

A boat swimming on the waves near the sands, but whose anchor had been thrown at a distance, had already caught Captain Malvern’s eye; wading out, he succeeded in detaching it from the painter. There was but one oar in it; but he thought that, though slender, it could be made to answer, the distance being so short, and seating the maid in the boat, he himself entered, and proceeded to scull across and bring off the young mistress from her position that, it was evident, was every minute becoming more perilous. Just then the contessina turned, and for the first time saw the wide, deep gulf of water that already flowed between the point of rock and the beach. The instinctive cry that rose to her lips died out in a kind of still horror, and she looked about her for relief.

“Fear nothing,” cried Gerald, waving his



hand, "you are safe." And in another moment the boat grazed the rock.

The contessina looked down into it. "O, Martha," she cried, in sharp relief, "is it you?"

"Yes, my lady, it's me. But how much better off you are now than you were before, I can't see! How ever can you step down a matter of ten feet?"

"O, I'll find a way," she cried, joyously.

"Here, Martha," said Gerald, "you see that jag of the reef? Catch hold of it with one hand—so—that will steady the boat in place." And he planted his foot upon another, and climbed to a point where he could reach the girl.

"O, you're not going to leave me, sir?" cried Martha. "And I not knowing the least that ever was, about a boat!"

"For a moment; remain as you are. Now, if the contessina will permit?" As he spoke, he wound his arm about the lovely girl's waist, who five minutes before had been as unapproachable as the clouds themselves.

Hesitating one second, then she clung to his shoulders with both hands, and he gently lowered her to Martha's side, and followed himself, while Martha gave the boat a great shove with the oar that she seized, sending them far out on a great wave that melted there in a perfect eddy. Gerald then raised his cap, bowing to her whom he had rescued, and introduced himself with graceful ease.

"Captain Malvern, of the Guards, at your ladyship's service."

Bowing in return, she simply answered, "My maid has told you my name. But I thank you, Captain Malvern; I cannot say how much I thank you. My father must say for me."

"I need small thanks for having allowed myself a pleasure," he replied, taking up the oar.

But in an instant his keen eye, the eye of a college boat-race, saw the mischief of Martha's thrust; the slender oar had snapped as that zealous functionary pushed them from the threatening reef, and the blade, hanging by a splinter, dropped into the sea before he could draw it in. A moment he tried to scull with the broken stem, but it was in vain, wave after wave of the big surf took the boat as they willed, and it was all he could do to keep it from dashing against the sides of the reef. For a time he hoped that the surf that ever sought the shore would bear them in like any bubble on its flashing caps, but hoped idly, for some capricious fate seemed to spell them, tossing them a furlong out from land. The moon slipped down behind the horizon, the evening star followed, the night airs came sighing in, the heavens grew dark and deep as the

waters beneath them, the tide filled, turned and fell, and bore them steadily out to sea.

"Small thanks indeed," said Gerald, with the boyish frankness of his young nature. "I have placed you in more peril than I found you."

"Not so," replied the sweet, calm voice. "I should have drowned there. I can but drown here. Yet I regret that I have been thus the means of endangering you."

"There's no danger," said Gerald, "not the least. We shall be picked up by some packet, probably; or if we drift over to France, the way home is then easy."

"Is it possible?"

"That we touch France? Nothing more probable. The wind is fair, and the current, to land us, by to-morrow, on some cape of Brittany."

"But we shall be so hungry," complained Martha.

They both laughed, but the prospect had already opened its dreary side to Martha, and she began loudly to bewail her fate.

"My poor Martha," said the contessina, "did you not hear Captain Malvern assure us there was no danger?"

"O, yes, it's very easy to talk," whimpered Martha. "But how does he know? And why are you so sure that it is Captain Malvern? He may be a wretch having to do with the smugglers, and so deliver us up. O, lackaday!"

"If that were so, we're neither lace nor claret," said her mistress, laughingly, "so they would not be likely to smuggle us far. But they may find you useful, and take your tears to salt the sea. Besides, Martha, I have heard of Captain Malvern, and I have seen his picture before, and I know it is he."

"Ah," asked the captain, "how is that, may I ask?"

And therewith followed a necessary statement of pedigree and place, by which the captain learned the exact social latitude and longitude of the lovely contessina. Gradually the conversation slipped to other things, and Gerald, weary of the talk of dissipated London salons and ladies, found a strange charm in the clear current of thought issuing from the pure lips of his new friend. The night grew chilly as they talked, although it was so calm. Gerald threw off his cloak, and begged the contessina to wind it about herself, an offer which of course she declined, until with some little authority he stepped forward and himself wrapt it about her shoulders. She thanked him with a look, and then as he suffered the silence to grow, slowly her head sank upon Martha's arm, who, already recum-

bent, loudly proclaimed her slumber; the long lashes fell upon the cheek, and she was lost in dreams. Not so was Gerald. Inwardly too anxious for rest, he sat upright, and watched first the night, and then the sleepers before him. The ruddy bloom of the maidservant contrasted with the slender beauty of her mistress, pallid now in the starlight, yet ineffably lovely, as she lay there smiling across her sleep. Suddenly, as he watched, a sloop, with furled sails, dreaming on the waters like a sleeping seabird with folded wings, caught his eye. He wondered that he had not seen it before, but standing up and waving his handkerchief, he was just about to halloo, when a boat was lowered from its sides, that put off in his direction. As it came alongside, Gerald found that the watch on board had been observing his skiff for some half hour or so, and being unable to make her out, the mate had at last despatched a couple of hands to pick up the estray whatever it was. He also learned that he had as yet drifted but three or four miles from shore, and noiselessly effecting the purchase of their extra pair of oars, he dropped them into the rowlocks, and proceeded in the direction that the sailors indicated. He was surprised that neither of his companions was wakened by the motion or the sound; but fatigued with their exertions, and with their alarm, they still slept a long, deep sleep, and it was not till the keel slid up along the shore, and fastened itself into the sand, that either of them woke. It was the contessina who first started up, and springing to her feet, while the cloak fell about her, she cried:

"We are at home? Is it possible? How did it happen? Are you sure it is not the coast of France? Captain Malvern, you are a wizard! O, I feel as if I had been so very rude in sleeping!"

Gerald laughed, as he handed her to the shore, and awoke Martha, and together the three resumed their way.

"We stay here," said Francesca. "The Bell Tavern. It is a quiet little place, but half an inn, and there are but two other guests, I hear. We shall see you to-morrow?"

"It is my own place of abode," said Gerald. "I shall be most happy, I thank you, to inquire if to-morrow find you as well as now." And as they parted, the dawn was reddening behind them. "An adventure indeed," said Gerald to himself, as he sought repose. "How pleased my father would be!" But what this contingency was at which the squire would be pleased, he did not further mention.

"What will your master say, Martha?" asked Francesca, looking from the window. "See, it

is sunrise! I am not going to bed by daylight. I shall write and tell papa all about it, in the morning mail."

"He'll very surely disapprove, my lady. And he'll be sending for you back into Italy, and that'll please you true enough, you've been so longing to go!"

"Yes, it would. Yet, I didn't know anybody here then, Martha, and papa's only been gone a fortnight, and he'll be back in a month; and now, why it's different, and I think I can endure to stay."

"Yes, my lady," replied Martha, demurely.

"Six years in Italy ought to content me, I should think," resumed her mistress. "And I've no kind grandpapa there now, you know, to make it heaven for me while he lived."

"And leave you a brave title and a brave fortune when he died. Ah, it's good to have been your sweet mother, and to be you, my young lady. Still, Pietro lives in Italy, and I'd have no objections to going back for one."

"Ah, my good Martha, Pietro shall live in England, in a little cottage I'll have built just outside the Park gates, and he shall have roses in all the windows, and you'll have no need to go back to Italy, for he'll want you to tend them."

"O, my lady, don't be joking a poor silly girl," said the blushing maid.

"Well, we shall see who comes with papa," answered her mistress.

At noon that day a step sounded outside the contessina's drawing-room, and Martha ushered in Captain Malvern. Francesca, freshly attired, and rosy as the blossoms at the casement, came forward to receive him with a half-bashful grace, but his air of boyish good-fellowship put her immediately at ease, while he proceeded coolly to gaze about the room, and gather the evidences of an exquisite taste that had everywhere garnished it. There was something so utterly refined and simple, and yet so girlish, in the whole air of the place, that the young soldier, accustomed to the glare and reek of city life, felt as one might feel coming from a crowded, lamp-lighted, dancing-hall, into a moonlit bower. All was so pure, so fresh, so fair, so sweet, that it seemed to him like the outskirts of heaven, and he sat leaning his head on his hand, suffering her voice to warble on in his ear, yet uttering hardly a word in response. Left for a few weeks in the inn's best room, by her parent, she had succeeded in throwing about herself all the charm of a home. At length Gerald rose to accompany her in the noontide stroll, and when they re-entered, engagements and plans for every day had been formed

a week ahead, and that very evening they were to begin the reading of Dante together.

That very evening the lamp poured its soft round of lustre over two heads bowed above the enchanted book. One so soft and dark, the other bright as sunshine; for Gerald's beauty—an article in which he abounded—was the very reverse of the contessina's, and well befitted the more northern stars under which he was born. There was something most alluring in his very frankness. Those who had once enraged him, seldom cared to meet him again; yet no one gave to friends such devotion. When he frowned, he had a singular way of carrying his point; but when he smiled, you gave him your heart at once. It was but a stupid scholar in her sweet tongue that here Francesca found, for Gerald had not been in college so thoroughly proficient among his books as among all athletic sports and exercises. But now he was learning the alphabet of a more profound study than all, and the little white finger that traced for him the line he read, daily drew him deeper into the flood of dangerous knowledge. A fortnight slipped by on feet so shod with silence that they did not perceive it, till the shadow it cast behind taught each of them that it left them either infinitely poorer or infinitely richer than it found them, and in Francesca's eyes there dawned a deeper, tenderer light, as if it were the reflection of some inmost joy in her soul. But neither of them was more than partly conscious of this new influence in their lives; and there was something very delightful to see in the blind approach of these two young spirits drawn thus to each other.

"Francesca," said Gerald, just tapping on the door, and then looking in. "Where's the little hat? There's a regatta up the beach, who wants to see it, do you suppose?"

"Who but I?" said Francesca, and in a moment she was hanging on his arm.

Or at another time it was, "What do you suppose I saw from the hill ten minutes ago, and raced down to tell you? What but the queen's fleet, my lady fair, coming round from Cowes, all sail set, and pennants flying, and floating on like so many white swans? Will you come? The phaeton's at the door."

"Gerald," cried Francesca, from the window, on some third occasion, "here's the new song from Leipzig. If anybody wanted to practise it—" And directly afterwards, the two voices rose, blended in one, on some rich strain of music above the accordant keys.

"Little contessina," Gerald would say, "who went down the green and dew-glittering swamps at sunrise to pick the first fringed gentians—"

"Blue as his own eyes, and all for me!"

And thus it became a finished fact that no day should pass in which they were not side by side. It was Gerald's hand and strong, nervous arm that protected the venturesome Francesca on the brow of the cliffs; it was he that galloped by her side in morning canters; it was he that rowed her out on the calm afternoon tides; it was he that sat beside her long through the summer evenings, till the moon that was but a slender waxing crescent when first he saw her, now rose again late over the darkness, a slender crescent once more, but this time waning and tipped the adverse way. And if Gerald were weary when he came in, and threw himself with permitted freedom among the sofa-cushions, who but Francesca soothed him to sleep with song or book? And if he were ill, who drenched his head in powerful essences, and half trembled to smooth it with a little hand as soft and suave and sweet in touch as the essences were in odor?

"Well, and what have you got to show for yourself in these three weeks?" asked Da Vidi, one day, coming into Gerald's room, and throwing down a crammed portfolio of sketches.

"Not much," answered Gerald, carelessly, fearful lest his voice should betray that he had a great deal.

"But how, then, have you passed the time?"

"O, pleasantly. I have friends here, you know. But little enough have I seen of you."

"Indeed—no, to answer you categorically, I don't know. Which disposes of two points in your remark. For the third—'Seen of me?'—one can't serve God and mammon, you may have heard. And if you are so very good as to pay all the bills, for my company's sake, my dear fellow, you must take a camp stool and an umbrella, and come into the fields where that company is. Heigho!" And with that grateful speech, Da Vidi proceeded to light a manilla. "Jove, look at that handsome girl!" he exclaimed. "What an eye! what a face!" And he thrust his head through the open casement to watch her more distinctly. "Did you observe her? That in-step's arch would make her fortune on the boards!"

Gerald's eyes flashed. "That is not the way," he cried, abruptly, "to speak of the Contessina Fran—"

"Contessina Fran—well, I must finish it on guess—cesca, I suppose. Contessina Francesca—what?"

"She is my friend," replied Gerald, haughtily.

"Oho, I thought as much. And can you make her mine, as well?"

"Hardly."

"For shame, Malvern! A complete dog in the manger!"

"Her father is away, and you must confess, Da Vidi, you're not exactly the person to be introduced to a young girl in her guardian's absence."

"My powers of fascination, etc., I suppose. As you please. I shall then make her acquaintance myself. This is her inn? And no other guests but ourselves? A capital chance, and fortune favors the brave! How came she here, by-the-way?"

"Pardon me. You must make your own discoveries."

"That way the land lies! Never fear but I will. Come, put up a fifty and wager that in a week I am on as good terms as your sovereign self with this dark-eyed damsel!"

"Her ladyship is not a subject for bets," said Gerald, with proud coldness, and stalking from the room.

Da Vidi looked after him, a sarcastic smile, that had in it something malignant, curling his thin lips; and then rummaging among his materials, he worked for some five minutes with the crayons, put the new sheet into his portfolio, and himself went out.

He had watched the direction taken by the young contessina, and knew of a short cut by which he could intercept her; and accordingly, when Francesca reached the stile, there sat Da Vidi, absorbed, to all appearance, in his work, and with countless scraps of oil paper scattered about him. His back was towards her, and it was impossible for her to cross without disturbing him; she was about to retreat, when Martha cried out:

"Sir, sir, let my young lady pass, if you please, I say!"

The artist rose, and clutched at a handful of the sheets to clear the way, bowing so low as he did so, that she caught but a ray of the sinister glance over the eyebrow, for her own eyes naturally and timidly fell, and falling, lay for a moment on the uppermost sketch of those which Da Vidi had apparently so hastily clutched. It was the face of Gerald, to the life, the work of a dozen bold strokes, and for an instant it arrested her. The artist gazed at her unshrinkingly.

"It is a friend of the signorina's?" he inquired.

"It is very like," she half said to herself, before she remembered that she was speaking before a stranger. She started, and would have gone.

"If the signorina values it, it is hers," said the stranger, most courteously.

Of course it was not possible for her thus to

receive a gift, and she was about to decline it, when a second glance filled her with a wild desire, and she incautiously and without a thought partly extended her hand—the temptation was too great. In an instant she would have retracted it, but the picture lay in her hand, and the stranger was half the length of the field away. So she took it home, and set it up where the last thing ere slumber and the first thing at dawn she might behold it. And of course the same emotion that made it precious to her, made it impossible that she should mention the encounter to Gerald.

The next day, as Francesca walked home, radiant and rosy from her bath in the sea waters, again Da Vidi crossed her path. She was so much refreshed with the recent plunge in the cool, salt waves, in so congenial a mood, and in such harmony with all nature—moreover, she was hastening to meet Gerald, and try a canter with him over the downs—that when the painter half paused, half glanced, she could not in gratitude do less than recognise him with a gracious inclination. And after half a dozen such encounters, when he held up a second sketch, but this time a water-scape, addressing her by name, and begging her criticism in a part that did not please himself, "It is his friend," said Francesca to herself, accustomed to be addressed abroad full as unceremoniously, "there can be no harm in staying;" and one picture led to another, and she soon found herself making acquaintance with the whole portfolio, and rapturously exclaiming, as this and that familiar spot in the surrounding *località* became recognized by her.

"Ah, sir," said she, sincerely, laying down the last one, "how can I repay your kindness?"

"Very easily," said he, rising and accompanying her. "I have seen, as I passed your window—pardon, it was unavoidable—a little antique standing in one corner of the drawing-room. It is impossible to obtain it here, and it must have come from the land—that dear father-and-mother land of mine—where alone are such to be found. If I might have permission to copy it—" And the painter paused.

"Willingly, gladly!" exclaimed Francesca, and he left her.

That same afternoon an easel was spread before the little marble antique, and when Gerald entered for the reading in Dante, he found, with an amazed face, Da Vidi making slow strokes at his work, and already engaged in warm conversation with the contessina. Francesca sprang to welcome Gerald, and saying only, "Mr. Da Vidi will excuse us, we shall not interrupt him," she drew out the little table, and in a few mo-

ments the two were lost to Da Vidi, and to all the world—lost in the charm of the book, and in the charm of each other.

Thus, day by day, found Da Vidi now before the antique, and established apparently as securely in Francesca's drawing-room as Gerald's self—for he suffered his pencil to make but slow progress. But though he succeeded so well in his first design, he found that beyond a certain point it was impossible to extend his acquaintance with the young girl; she surrounded herself from him in an atmosphere of cold, snowy unapproachableness. He could not but see that all this melted before a glance of Gerald's, and as he saw, his heart became filled with unspeakable jealousy.

On the other hand, it was with no keen relish that Captain Malvern beheld the painter's freedom of manner and frequent presence in this place. He wondered that Francesca could endure him, not knowing that she was of too gentle a disposition to repulse him; and if one thing were wanted more particularly than another to aggravate him, it was effected when the artist addressed Francesca in Italian, his native tongue, and in which she would sometimes reply before she thought, it being so familiar a speech with her; and, although Gerald read Italian, it was impossible with him orally, and Da Vidi having discovered that, took the most malicious pleasure in often endeavoring to produce his discomfiture. His annoyance came at last to such a pitch that he ceased to visit at Da Vidi's hours; and, although he felt that the latter was a dangerous companion for a young and unprotected girl, his fear lest this might be a selfish feeling, made him regard it as a point of honor not to warn her thereof; he merely contented himself with putting extra guineas into Martha's hand, and bidding her to have an eye on his honor the knight of the canvass.

Meanwhile, he went about in a forlorn manner, totally ignorant of what he should do with himself between the intervals of seeing the happy and unconscious little Francesca. For unconscious of all the turmoil she was exciting in these two breasts, the Contessina certainly was.

One morning as Gerald's tap heralded him in the drawing-room, Francesca ran forward with a shining face: "O, he is coming!" she cried.

"Who is coming?" asked Gerald, with cheeks suddenly pale.

"Papa! He will be here in three days. It is the first time I was ever separated from him and had the chance of welcoming him home. Wish me joy, Gerald!"

"Joy, indeed!" said Gerald, grasping her hand, and looking into her eyes; but in an in-

stant he dropped them, for all at once he remembered that this father would take her away from him, and then he felt what a great gap would be left in his life. The day grew suddenly dark to him, the sky was no longer blue in his eyes, and he cared not whether it stormed or calmed. Everything assumed an uncertain basis; the very continuance of the world itself depended, it seemed to him, on Francesca's fiat. He could not summon the courage to banish this train of thought, but went all the long hours momentarily growing more silent and sad, and when he sat with her or when he walked it was still the same. If he could but discover from her sweet girlish ways whether he were simply the pleasant companion, or whether he were in any way as priceless and precious to her as she to him—but she kept her heart veiled from him after all, in folds of the chariest reserve.

But this new manner, worn by Gerald all day long in her society, was not unperceived by Francesca. At first, she could not repress the pain it gave her, then she endeavored to feel indifferently, and finally tore herself away from his presence, rushing out into the open air, and down where among the rocks she could, unperceived, relieve her breaking heart. But once established there, and the tears refused to come. Francesca was too proud to weep at the fancied slights of a lover; she sat looking out sadly over the shore, for the tide was at ebb, and there was no object of beauty to gladden her eye. Suddenly, a voice at her side startled her. It was the painter Da Vidi, who, whether he had been there before and had escaped her observation, or whether he had noiselessly joined her since, now sat beside and regarded her with unabashed eyes.

"Contessina, you are sad," he said.

"Ah, Mr. Da Vidi," she replied as lightly as she could, not choosing to make him her confidant, "everybody has their dull moments."

"But not you! You on whom the heavens beam."

"Do the heavens," she asked with half a smile, "beam more on me than on others?"

"More than on all others!"

"Why so, Mr. Da Vidi?" she asked, laughing now quite gaily, her quick eye for the ludicrous being touched by the man's admiration.

"Because," answered the fervid Italian, strung almost to madness by her laughter and by her beauty, "because you are a part of them! Because you are beautiful, perfect, divine!"

Francesca rose, her laughter all dissipated; there was no mistaking the artist's manner, and she was ill pleased to be thus addressed.

"No, no," he said, "do not leave me. Suffer

me to speak. Listen but one moment to me!"

"You can have nothing to say to me, Mr. Da Vidi," was her cold reply.

"I cannot? But I have! And you must hear it. By heaven, I say, you shall!" he cried, as she would have escaped. "O forgive me!" then he exclaimed, his voice half stifled with passion. "But I love you! Francesca, I love you!"

Until a moment ago, the possibility of this had never occurred to her, and now it gave her an exquisite pain to inflict what she was already suffering. "I am sorry, Mr. Da Vidi," she began. "I never thought—indeed—"

"Be quick! Be brief! Say it all! Say that you spurn this love of mine!"

"O, no," she answered, her eyes upon her feet, "all love is sweet. But, Mr. Da Vidi, here I have no love to give in return."

"It is then because you have given it all to him! To him, to Gerald Malvern! May the curses of God wither him! Tell me, is it he that stands between us?"

But Francesca's face flushed itself in shame; for a moment she bent and veiled it with her hands, and then had recourse to her sole expedient—flight. As she at length reached and entered her drawing room, in her hurried agitation she observed no one there, and flinging herself on her face, the pent tears burst forth. A heart-beat's space she wept unrestrainedly, and then strong, tender arms surrounded and gently lifted her till her head lay upon a breast, broad to support, and beating to soothe.

"Francesca! Francesca!" murmured Gerald. "Darling! you are weeping?" And still he held her firmly, and her arms crept up and clasped him, and Gerald bent his head that he might gaze into the fresh-washed eyes, and pressed the first love-kiss of his lips, deep, full and warm, on those waiting lips.

An hour later, and they sat in each other's arms at the open window. They had been speaking of their new joy, for the first time clothing it in words. Do not mention it till papa comes home," she whispered in his ear. "He will be here the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow," echoed Gerald, aloud.

"Let us keep it as secretly as possible," she whispered again.

"As secretly as possible, it shall be, dearest love," once more replied Gerald, in a more audible key. And as he spoke, a dark figure crossed the green before the window, threw them a vindictive glance and disappeared. But they in their innocent happiness saw or felt nothing of

this. And that night an anonymous letter was directed post-haste to Geoffrey Malvern, Esquire, at the Meadows. It was little, but it was all Da Vidi could do, as yet; for the rest he must trust to his usual better luck and to his future opportunities; his heart, but not his daring, was ready for pistols and daggers; yet they were such dangerous affairs, that surer and safer, if slower, means were preferable.

How a word can change the aspect of all creation! For two days the whole world was bias to Gerald. With a kiss, he would hold Francesca away from him that he might assure himself that it was she, and that she was his, ere blushing and laughing she nestled back again. But the sweetest season has its close, and on the evening of the second day, she looked up from his arms into the eyes of a tall stranger, who had joined them unperceived, and crying: "Papa! papa!" sprang to her father's side.

"But how is this?" asked the father, almost before he accorded to her his fervent paternal salutation.

"I am Gerald Malvern, sir," said Gerald, rising and approaching the two. "And your daughter has promised me her hand."

"But rather precipitately, without her father's consent."

"O, but he's going to give it," said Francesca; putting up a coaxing little hand to stroke her father's face.

"Ah, sir," said Gerald, "we rely upon that."

"And you shall have it, you shall have it. I have desired no better husband for my daughter, than the son of my old friend, since it is to be supposed she must marry some one. And yet—her mother was Italian. It was from an Italian grandfather that she derived her title and present property. And you remember your father's prejudices. Is it possible that such a marriage will please him?"

"Please him? He will be delighted! How often have I heard him wish for it!"

But at this point the smiling Martha, her face like a full-blown rose, and with the dark, sallow countenance of Pietro looking over her shoulder, entered to deliver the afternoon's mail. "For the captain!" she said. "Lord, Sir Lucius! Is it you? I heard your worship'd come. Well, and glad am I that your honor's here just in time to take a deal of responsibility off my hands. With two young sparks half crazed about my lady, I haven't had even time to do my clearing!" Here an exclamation from Gerald caused them all to turn. He stood pale as death and stony as a statue, reeled forward, and sunk upon a seat. Francesca flew to his side, and the



letter fluttered out of his hand and into that of Sir Lucius.

"MY SON:—I have heard of your proposed marriage, and have this to say. I utterly forbid it. My curse shall follow it. You need not ask my reasons, you know them already; and if you do not, a father's command should surely be sufficient. Otherwise I disinherit you, and there is nothing but starvation after that. And if you care for this person you could not subject her to that. I hereby order you also to return home. And if you are an obedient son, your mother and I will soon provide you with as sweet a little wife as one could find hunting all England through in a summer's day!

"YOUR AFF. FATHER."

"That settles the case, my poor boy," said Sir Lucius, after a struggle. "I can allow my daughter to enter no family under such circumstances." And with a few words of advice, of hope, of consolation, he left the lovers alone. A moment since in Eden, now in misery. They clung to each other as if the moments were gathering force to tear them away, and gladly would they there have died. Anything clandestine was not to be dreamed of in Gerald's lofty code of honor, and Francesca knew her father to be inflexible. That parting was an agonized hour, and most tender and most sincere were its vows.

"I shall go and soften my father's heart, dear love," he said; "for what joy could we have, followed by his curse? He is dear to me, and however roughly he writes, I am the same to him. I cannot then, ruthlessly break my father's heart. But if he remain obdurate—O, Francesca! Land nor sea shall part us! I will return and make you my wife, though all the fathoms in Christendom forbade!"

With the morning, Sir Lucius and his weeping daughter were far upon their road; Da Vidi had packed up his easels and betaken himself to fairer sketching-grounds, in the hollows round Huntingdean Park, determined yet to win her heart, and wed an heiress; and Gerald lay forsaken, and raving in a fever.

Sir Lucius had been some six or eight weeks at the park, and the fall and hunting season were just opening, but he had scarcely succeeded in making himself comfortable—for somehow he could not see his duty plainly in the case—and had vainly endeavored to make his daughter likewise, to whom all things now seemed alike wretched and dreary, when one morning, a letter of formidable dimensions arrived, from which we make the following extracts:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am right glad to learn that you are at home once more after your long cruises abroad—though what a sensible man like yourself wants to leave England for, is more

than I can discover. But, however, I need your assistance; I want your help in a very sad dilemma. You know, my dear Sir Lucius, we have always hinted, always wished, that one day it should be a match in our families—a match between that scapegrace of mine, and that little Fanny of yours, who, I have heard, is a very sweet girl indeed. Well, what should my boy do but go and fall in love with some foreign minx or other; and when I order him home to go and fall into a fever, from which he has just recovered sufficiently to be removed to the Meads, *ow*s. Strike while the iron is hot, is my motto; there never will be a better time for persuading him to settle down into a sober, sensible man, and the husband of little Fanny Huntingdean."

"Aha, my friend," said Sir Lucius to himself, then. "There has been a little misunderstanding, I think. You do not see the Galignani, or any books of Florentine nobility, or you would have learned that little Fanny Huntingdean was long ago merged into the Contessina Francesca di Ricasoli. Well, well. I, for one, have no objection to making the two children happy, and, Francesca, *mia*, you shall dine to-morrow at the Malvern Meadows."

On the morrow then—as bright and blue-skied a morrow as ever dawned—Francesca, not knowing what the change meant, yet half hopeful, and wholly happy at the prospect of seeing Gerald, passed between the wide hall doors of Squire Malvern's dwelling. Scarcely, though, had she set her foot on the threshold, when that worthy, the master and tyrant of the house, met her, and seizing both hands in one, with the other he threw back the hood, and gazed at the lovely, blushing face beneath.

"It's not an English face," said he, then, "but for all that, it's the prettiest from Tweed to Severn!" and he took what he called an old man's privilege, and led her into the drawing-room. "Mrs. Malvern, my dear," said he, "here's a little lady that must be treated like a queen whenever she lightens our doors. Do you hear?"

Mrs. Malvern sat on one side of the great fireplace, with her netting fallen in her lap, and her glance mournfully bent on her son; Gerald, pale and sad, gazed into the embers on the other.

"Gerald!" cried a voice. He looked up. Was it his dream, or was it his darling, standing there before him?"

"Francesca!" and in an instant they were in each other's arms.

"What's this?" cried the squire, light breaking in on his obtuse perception. "What's this? Well, well, well—if I'd have known! You blockhead! why couldn't you have said? Instead of sitting there as dumb as Zacharias! Do you suppose," said the squire, storming about

the room, "that I'd have written you that cruel letter, and driven you into a fever, and broken your mother's heart, and my own, too, if I'd have known that your foreign-born sweetheart was our pretty little Fanny? And to think of my threatening her with starvation! I beg your pardon, my dear, I beg your pardon!"

"Well he may," muttered Martha, in the background, "when my lady's got a fortune of her own, more than all his put together, as you know, Pietro!"

"There, there, there!" resumed the squire, wiping his forehead, and shaking Sir Lucius's hand till the wrist was surely lame, "Sir Lucius, we'll talk about the settlements another time. It's got to be just as I say—no words about it! But to-day we'll have a betrothal, just to gather the tenantry, and dance at a bonfire, and drink the health of Gerald Malvern and his Contessina!"

And they did it.

#### PRODUCTIVENESS OF CALIFORNIA.

California is a wonderfully productive State. Cattle have got to be so numerous as to be almost worthless, and every kind of fruit and farm produce is abundant and cheap. During the autumn full grown fat cattle have been sold for \$3 to \$5 per cwt.; horses from \$10 to \$50; hogs at all prices; sheep from 75 cents to \$1.50. Contracts for good fat beef, with the necks and legs cut off, have been made for the army at \$1.50 per one hundred pounds; and still, such are the facilities for raising stock in that climate, money can be made at the above prices. Good, clean barley, in one hundred pound sacks, is selling at \$15 per ton. Wheat, at \$30 to \$35 per ton. Excellent grapes, at \$20 to \$30 per ton. Potatoes this year are unusually high, there having been but a short supply planted; they sell at 2½ cents per pound—twice as high as grapes.—*New York Express*.

#### LIFE EVERYWHERE.

It has been found that the air on the summit of Etna, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, abounds with *Diatomaceae*. By the recent survey of the North Atlantic, in a large mass of coarse muddy matter brought up by the sounding apparatus from a depth of over seven thousand feet, the remarkable discovery was made that ninety-five per cent. of it consisted of the shelly remains of *Glogbigernia*, showing that there must be millions of these animals at the bottom of the ocean. Beautiful star-fish in full activity were also brought up, which probably enjoyed life, though subjected to the enormous weight of a ton and a half on the square inch, showing that no limit of life can be found either in the upper air or in the depths of the sea.—*Newburyport Herald*.

If you do not lay out your plans of life before, you will probably be laid out before they are.

#### BLACK DIAMONDS.

The diamonds from Golconda, in the East Indies, or from Mandargá, in the Brazils, which shine in the monarch's crown or glisten on the neck of beauty, are closely related to the black British diamonds of Gloucestershire or Monmouthshire. The diamond is pure carbon, and plumbago and coal are carbon, with some slight accidental impurities; the best anthracite coal of South Wales containing less than five per cent. of these adventitious matters. The prophet-philosopher Newton said, ere yet the diamonds had been assayed by the chemist, "that it must be a combustible body, because it refracted light so powerfully." Eventually this statement was confirmed. By the advance of science man learnt to produce heat of sufficient intensity to burn the diamond; and the product of its combustion was found to be, like that of charcoal, carbonic acid and nothing else. By carefully coking coal, we produce a substance so hard that it has been used in the place of the diamond for cutting glass; and by placing this gem in the centre of the voltaic arc of light, it is presently converted into a lump of coke. The manufacture of coke from diamonds is a very easy, though by no means an economical process; but we have not yet succeeded in actually converting coke into diamond, although we have advanced a little way on the road to this desideratum. The Koh-i-Noor, or Mountain of Light, has a value represented by a few thousand pounds sterling; and our annual importation of diamonds does not exceed £1,000,000. But in our mountains of darkness we have a hoard of black diamonds, from which we draw annually the vast sum of eighteen millions of pounds sterling.—*St. James's Magazine*.

#### MOUNT CARMEL.

For quiet tranquil beauty "the excellency of Carmel" is very charming, and among the many changes in the sacred sites it is pleasant to find this mountain still worthy of its name—a full orchard, a fruitful field, is the meaning of the word. Having crossed the town, we were soon upon the mountain, winding up its steep sides among thick, low woods of prickly oak, *laurostinus*, and other shrubs, with quantities of honeysuckle, and the ground variegated with all the hues of the rainbow from the innumerable varieties of wild flowers which grew everywhere. We still looked back over the plain and the blue sea, until, reaching the brow of the mountain, we lost it on this side to find it again on the other to the south, beyond the ranges of Judean hills. Now came about twelve miles of undulating ground, like park land at home, bright, grassy, flowery lawns, studded with oaks of various kinds, plane, terebinth and caroub, with thick brushwood of lovely storax, and sometimes a wild olive grove. Then as we neared the southeastern end of this long ridge, the plain of Esdraelon opened out before us, with Tabor, and Gilboa, and little Hermon, and the Bashan mountains beyond Jordan, while, behind the hills to the north, beautiful Hermon appeared, looking so close to Tabor as to realize one of the Psalmist's expressions, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."—*Beaufort's Eastern Shrines*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AT MEMORY'S SHRINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Now memory with magic art

Weaves pictures with such subtle power,  
They waken from within the heart  
A vision for each passing hour.

Each passing hour?—each moment brings  
Its legacy of other years,  
That comes on thought's most rapid wings,  
And in a moment disappears.

Those sweet hopes cherished long ago,  
That never their fruition reached,  
Like bubbles on the waves that flow  
Seaward, yet never leave the beach.

A touch, and lo! from rack and rust  
Some faded flower, some withered leaf,  
Recalls the dwellers in the dust  
To people memory's hall of grief.

Some brow of power, some eye of love,  
Some cheek of beauty, lip of bloom,  
Some spirit gentle as the dove,  
At memory's call dispel life's gloom.

In solitude time's sway is lost;  
The mind the ruler is, and lo!  
The beacons upon memory's coast  
Shine out with glory in their glow.

O, what of time, or its decrees?  
Or what of future hopes and fears?  
The pearls we prize are not of these:  
We dig them from the buried years.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PASTOR'S BRIDE.

BY W. W. MORTON.

THE bachelor establishment of the minister of Grantville was full of comforts, and even luxuries. Rich young ladies had sent costly presents of chairs, tables and sofas enough to furnish a hotel, and poor ones had supplied large quantities of slippers, tidies and cushions wrought by their own fair hands. His library, originally the gift of his father, who had also been a minister, was swelled to a size that demanded a larger room than his little study, and was accordingly transferred to the sitting-room, where it occupied three sides of the wall, to the exclusion of a favorite couch, which, however, he contrived to place between the doors on the remaining side.

No mother or sister had John Cowper to sit at

the head of the solitary table. An old lady, too old to be suspected of designs matrimonial, presided over the establishment and performed the honors of his meals; and for the rest, he had but a single servant. The minister was neither showy nor expensive in his household arrangements, save for the aforesaid gifts.

There were a variety of delicate viands, too, made ostensibly by the hands of the same young ladies, or probably by those of their mothers. Old Mrs. Rogers had little to do in the way of cooking his meals; for such quantities of pies and puddings, custards and tarts, delicate cakes and home-made wines were never seen as were daily conveyed into his dwelling. Fortunately for the sick and poor of his parish, the supplies were greater than the demand, and found their way to locations never intended by the fair manufacturers to receive them. And indeed they might have saved all their labor, for the minister had not a thought of any of them. They were too dressy, too showy and superficial to excite a single emotion in his heart.

John Cowper had not a single relative living, so that no man seemed more completely isolated. But he was a Christian man; and in that point of view, all mankind were his brethren—all womankind his sisters. Yet annoyances came thickly upon the pastor from these adopted relatives, and one serious one came in the shape of a young and delicate woman.

Hellen Miller was the daughter of a rich widower—in fact, his only child. Her father idolized her, and from the moment of her mother's death, which happened when Helen was barely two years old, he had been never known to deny her anything. The consequence, of course, was to make her grow up a self-willed, spoiled being, unfit to meet disappointment in any shape. Handsome as a picture, with soft blue eyes that did not betray the latent fire beneath, Helen Miller had been admired and carressed, courted and envied, to her heart's content. But, like a spoiled child as she was, she would not accept the good that lay at her feet, and sighed for that which was unattainable.

John Cowper was the hero of her imagination. He had never noticed her, save by the merest conventional forms of speech, or the words of religious teaching which he addressed to all his flock. It is barely possible that her beauty might have attracted him, as that of a bird or a flower might have done; but beyond this there was nothing—absolutely nothing upon which the poor girl could hang a single thread of hope. Looking at the beautiful and intellectual head which rose each successive Sabbath above the

pulpit of Grantville church, Helen felt that there would be a pride in being distinguished by its owner. She had become possessed with the idea, and nothing short of its accomplishment could still the beatings of her ambitious heart. But *how* to accomplish it?

Mr. Cowper was surprised one morning by a visit from one of his parishioners whom he had seldom seen at his house. Mr. Miller was a worldly man, intent on gain, and with little interest in anything beyond, except in his daughter. It was his pride to make her happy in her own way; and that involved a great outlay of money, which could only be gathered by nightly calculation and daily toil, and these left little opportunity to cultivate the higher graces of mind.

His visit now was to entreat Mr. Cowper to call on Helen, who he said was very ill. No one could tell what was her disease, but she had lost strength and energy, and was exceedingly low-spirited. She would allow neither doctor nor nurse in her sick chamber, but had consented to see the minister. Open as the day, and unsuspecting of others, John Cowper eagerly obeyed the wish. If any human soul needed help or comfort from him, he was the last man to refuse it; and the thought of the pretty young girl lying like a broken flower was absolutely distressing to his generous mind.

He wondered now that he had not thought more of her. Had he done his duty by her? If so, why did she need him now? And for a brief time, the conscientious minister blamed himself that he had not oftener fed this lamb of his flock.

When he entered the room, Helen was lying upon a couch, dressed in a blue silk wrapper. She seemed weak and languid, and was utterly indisposed to talk upon subjects which he considered of the highest importance. He could make, as he thought, no favorable impression upon her mind, and left her with a sad feeling of dissatisfaction with himself.

Helen, too, was vexed. She had laid her project with every hope of success, and now to see it foiled was really too provoking. But doubtless he would call again, and another opportunity would offer of attracting him. And he did call—poor, unsuspecting man!—perfectly unconscious that any trap had been laid for him, and only intent upon calling away that immortal soul from the vanities of the world, and fixing it upon the things of the future.

Providence sometimes apportioned our punishments in a strange way, and so it was in this case. Helen Miller had tempted it by feigning sickness, and her reward was, that she became

so in reality. A woman who had been employed in sewing for her, came one day to receive her pay and fetch the clothes she had been making. Helen examined them, suggested improvements, found fault, and finally ordered them to be unpicked and sewed again.

The woman burst into tears, and said she was too ill to undertake it. She had suffered several days, and had just crawled out to obtain money for medicine. She even fainted in Helen's room; and when the servant had brought her to life and administered a glass of wine, by Helen's orders, the girl discovered several spots upon the woman's forehead that, to her practised eye, was unmistakable small pox. She had no fear for herself, but a great deal for her young mistress, and she lost no time in getting her away from the house. But it was too late! Helen had caught the dreaded disorder, and in two weeks her own mother, had she been living, would not have recognized her.

She might have died, had it not been for that faithful servant and a certain cousin Caroline, who lived in another town, but who hastened to her bedside upon the first tidings of her illness, although aware of the danger. Helen's mother had been the young girl's aunt; and although she did not remember her, yet her own mother in dying had charged her to be a friend to her cousin.

As much as Helen Miller's habits and pursuits allowed her to be, she was mindful of the charge; and she now felt that no power should prevent her from doing her duty in a case where others shrank from the poor girl. To the sick chamber she went, bringing all the aid and comfort of which she was capable, and shutting out every other save the faithful Nancy, not excepting even Helen's father. For him she constructed a set of signals from Helen's window, which should enable him to keep perfectly informed of the progress of her disease.

The danger was soon over, and Helen's life was saved; but alas! for the fair face—its beauty was gone forever. It was long before she would see any one, even Mr. Cowper, but at last she allowed him to come in at twilight. When he became acquainted with Caroline Ray, and saw her as she really was—the kind, devoted nurse; the gentle, sympathizing friend; the true and sincere Christian.

He never thought of her in any other way for months. But when she was actually gone, and Helen had returned to the rapid pleasures which not even her sickness had taught her to despise, he felt that the house of Mr. Miller was a lonely, dreary place, and not at all what it was when

Caroline Ray had brought her sunshine into it. He thought this one night when he had come home to his bright, pleasant study, after a weary call there; and he said to himself, that his home only needed the presence of one like Miss Ray, to make it as nearly like a paradise as human beings had a right to expect. The thought proved suggestive, and he found himself saying, Why cannot it be so? Why should I live alone more than other man? There is not one of my parishioners that is not bound by the sweet ties of relationship to mothers or sisters, or both—and yet they all marry. I am alone, yet I have never sought to be less so."

He thought over all his acquaintances. There were none in his parish, certainly, whom he wished to make his wife; and still the image of that gentle girl whom he had seen gliding around Helen Miller's sick couch so quietly and silently, and with such a serene look upon her face, came back to the minister's heart with strange power.

That night John Cowper sat up long, communing with the new thought that had taken possession of him; and the result was a letter to Miss Ray. It was a noble, manly letter, in which he offered her his hand and heart. He did not sue for her love in sentimental nonsense; but he told her how sweet it would be to him to have such a companion as herself in his journey toward heaven. And soon the timid, modest answer came—the answer that he wished.

"What has the minister gone out of town for?" asked many an anxious tongue. "I must go up there and carry this cake, and try to find out by Mrs. Rogers." But fortunately for the minister's secret, Mrs. Rogers was not in possession of it. She did not know—the minister had said something about more books; and he had told her if she wanted to do her spring cleaning, she had better take the opportunity, for he should be gone two weeks.

And on the second Saturday night quite late he came home. Mrs. Rogers had taken him at his word, for the house literally shone with the polish she had bestowed. It was very pleasant to him to find it thus, especially on this night of all others, for he had brought home one whose presence was thenceforth to be light and sunshine to that home.

The church was close to the parsonage, and the minister was always there early, passing through his little garden to the side door. And on this morning as usual he was there before any one of his flock—only that Caroline Ray sat in the pew appropriated by common usage to the pastor. How strange it seemed!—and how Helen Miller started and flushed scarlet beneath her

thick veil! Why was her cousin Caroline in his pew, dressed so delicately in the prettiest gray silk, and straw bonnet with such fresh white ribbons? I am afraid that few people heard the whole of the sermon, or recognized it as one the minister had preached before. He had been too busy the last fortnight in settling his life-happiness, to be able to compose a sermon.

Helen was to be pitied. She had really loved John Cowper with all the fervor of which she was capable, and he had given the only blow which her vanity and self-love had ever received. It was a long time before she could bring herself to call at the parsonage—a still longer, before she could relish Mr. Cowper's genial "Cousin Helen." She was vexed with him, with Caroline, with herself. Had he ever suspected her designs? No, his calm, unconscious manner forbade her thinking so; and there was so much comfort in the thought, that she almost forgave him for her disappointment.

Surely, if ever life "passed on in gentle flow," it was that at the parsonage. Some trials there were; but in the clear light of home, they were but as motes in the sunshine. Since there had ceased to be any rivalry for the minister's heart, there had been more heed to his words. Disappointment led some of his flock to the fountain of a higher love; and it was his privilege to heal many wounds which he had all unconsciously and innocently inflicted. Helen Miller was one of these. Her beauty departed, her flatterers gone, she learned the secret of being happy without them, and was never so truly lovely and beautiful as now that she relinquished all claims to admiration. That which her beauty had failed to procure for her, her altered character gained—the love of a good and noble man, in whose affection she forgot that her cousin Caroline had robbed her of her first love. When the minister joined their hands in Grantville church, he little thought how wildly and passionately the bride had thought of him; and only the increased paleness of Helen's cheek betrayed to her father's anxious gaze that she remembered it herself.

#### BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

Well has a writer said:—"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them everywhere; not one unfinished; not one bearing the marks of a brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, gracing the pulseless beat of the gray old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes, Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds:—"Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and the gay, for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."

[ORIGINAL.]

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

O, the visions of my childhood.  
 Fraught with loveliness and light,  
 Gilding every future landscape  
 With rare beauties ever bright!  
 How they come to me in manhood,  
 Visions fair of youthful mirth,  
 Wreathing sunny smiles of pleasure  
 Round the fireside and the hearth.

O, the merry winter evenings,  
 When around the hearthstone sat  
 Father, mother, sister, brother,  
 All engaged in pleasant chat;  
 While the crackling of the pine-knot  
 Spoke of warmth and comfort there,  
 Though without the storm was raging,  
 And cold snowflakes filled the air!

O, the schoolhouse in the distance,  
 Where I've passed bright, happy hours,  
 When life seemed but a garden filled  
 With rare and beautiful flowers!  
 How I loved the hour of noontide,  
 The merry laugh and shout  
 Of girls and boys that rang so clear—  
 It never left a doubt

But what their hearts were happy,  
 Filled with joyous mirth and glee,  
 Innocent in youthful pleasures,  
 Light and happy as could be.  
 O, I'll ne'er forget my childhood,  
 'Tis the garden of my life;  
 Filled with flowers rich and lovely,  
 And with fairest fragrance rife!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY DR. C. C. FELTON.

I HAD had enough of leisure—enough of absolute idling—to last a man his life-time. A very passable student in my younger days, I had early left Oxford with all the honors I had coveted. Too rich to need a profession, I had dallied away the time since then, without a single desire to distinguish myself in any laudable pursuit or enterprise, and was fast merging into an idle, careless bachelor; when my good or evil genius led me one night, to comply with the wishes of a friend, and accompany him to a ball given in honor of the birthday of his sister.

It was quite an effort for such a lazy fellow as myself, but Fred Vere was importunate and

carried his point, as he usually did. Somehow, in the midst of his many duties that evening, I missed the important introduction to Dora Vere, and labored, for several hours, under the impression that she was represented in the person of a very homely, though sensible girl, whose resemblance to Fred misled me into thinking she was his sister. I afterwards found that she was his cousin. My eyes had been attracted, however, by a very beautiful girl who lingered quite near her all the evening. She was handsome enough to make me notice her, with all my boasted indifference to women; and, having caught my fancy, her arch, cunning manners, and the witchery of her smile riveted my attention. This beautiful being proved to be the Miss Vere. Her cousin bore the same name, even to the "Dora," both having been named after a relative.

When, at length, Fred came toward me, I was surprised and delighted at the discovery. It was a new sensation that was given me by this charming girl, and one that I had never experienced before. I do not think it was love then; but it grew into that at last. Fred was my chosen friend—all that remained to me from the band of young collegians. Some had gone to seek fortunes in foreign lands, some had settled down quietly as village pastors, surgeons and pettifoggers. A few had mounted the ladder of fame, and others had sunk to the obscurity they merited. Not a few had obeyed the call of their country and had joined the Crimean army. I had neither lot nor part in these things, and rarely sympathized with those who in by-gone times had been my associates and brothers. Indolence had hung its miserable chill over every youthful or ingenuous feeling, and indifference froze the current of early friendships.

But the grace and beauty of Dora Vere would have inspired an anchorite. That witching, sparkling spirit that pervaded all she said and did, like a subtle essence, brought back all my early dreams of perfection, which, until now, I had never believed would be realized—certainly, I had not faith in it since the season of verdant youth.

So it was that Dora Vere and myself became acquainted; and, through that bewitching manner, she became to me the type of all that was fair and good. My life seemed so different since I knew her! The pure, unadulterated chrisom of life seemed poured out to me now, through this enchanting girl's ministry.

She loved me! That was happiness enough. Fred, too, was the prince of happy fellows. It was what he always desired, he said, to bring us two together; but my supreme indifference, and



Dora's aversion to increasing her acquaintance, had prevented it until now. I was the attentive lover, of course. I gave my whole time to her and was never happy out of her presence. Have I described her to you? Perhaps I cannot—for I know no words that could justly paint her. You may imagine lustrous eyes, and the prettiest tinge of brown hair, and a complexion soft and clear, yet healthful as if it had been nurtured in the sweet air of the country. This much I can tell you—but the wondrous grace, the rich, rare spirit that lighted up that face, and gave lightness to the figure, is beyond my showing. There, the painter's skill is ineffective.

We were betrothed—Dora and I—with the full and free consent of parents and brother. Yet there was a saving clause demanded by Dora that created a lingering uneasiness in my mind. The engagement was to be kept secret. Why, I did not know, and was too proud to ask or to refuse it. But my love was so fond, so full, that I marvelled how any one who loved as I hoped she loved, could wish to involve it in any cloud or mystery. I could have proclaimed mine upon the mountains.

It was at the breaking out of the Crimean war, that I first allowed any other sentiment than this engrossing love to pervade my mind. A voice seemed ever sounding in my ears, "England expects every man to do his duty," the echo of the words spoken in the hour of death by the hero who had so bravely lived out the sentiment. Dora heard my resolve and commended it. If a little mortification was mingled with the pleasure I felt at her decision, I was not the man to show it; and I accepted it as a new proof of her love; or at least I *feigned* to accept it as such.

"You are a brave girl, Dora," I said, swallowing down any little feeling of mortified self-love. "I will return to you with honor, or not at all."

It was strange how the first sound of the bugle infused into my soul an enthusiasm which had hitherto seemed so foreign to my indolent temperament. Thrice in my life, then, I had overcome this nature of mine; and my better self had thrice responded to calls that had power to stir its depths. Knowledge, love, war! I was no laggard in either.

I cannot live over again those dreadful nights and days. I cannot recall the terrible scenes we passed through, without shuddering to the inmost depths of my being. The untold and indescribable sufferings we endured—the misery of seeing our poor fellows dropping in the march,

of leaving them behind, not dead but dying—the cold, the hunger, the disease, the deaths of eighteen thousand out of twenty-five thousand in a single year—was not all this enough to sicken one of the horrors of war? Even to this day, the choking and stifling sensation I experience while recalling those scenes, is positively unendurable. Yet I—the softly bred, delicately nurtured, lived through it all, while hundreds of strong, hardy, roughly-trained men died.

Never did I omit an opportunity of writing to Dora, and never did she fail of answering. Her beautiful Italian writing always came in little sheets without date or signature. Had they been lost, no stranger could ever have guessed from whom they came, so carefully did she conceal everything that would lead to a recognition of the writer. Precious notes they were, and I bore them ever in my bosom, with the beloved picture she had given me of herself. Often, when resting a moment in the weary march, I have taken out these memorials, and a sight of the dear face and the written expression of affection would cheer me anew for suffering and hardship.

There was one friend—a well-beloved brother-in-arms—who marched beside me in all our wanderings. The best, the truest of human beings was this man. I loved him so dearly that I would have laid down my life for him. "Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his friend," and truly I would have done this for Clarence Stanley. He was so good, so sweet, so almost womanly in his gentleness, that I could but feel an elder brother's watchful care over him. A misgiving—a foreboding or presentiment—call it what you will—that he should die on the field, occupied his mind almost perpetually. There was no fear in his composition. He did not dread death for himself, but the news would kill his mother, his sister, and that one so much dearer than a sister, to whom his thoughts and heart were given.

He had often talked with me upon this point, and, although I represented his feeling as being absurd to the last degree, still I could not help being affected by his melancholy forebodings. How many hours when upon guard, we have interchanged words whose deep meaning could not have been taken in by one not in our confidence. We never spoke of our beloved ones by name. There was no need of that; but each knew that the other was loved, and, if we could trust each other's panegyrics, we knew that each was betrothed to the purest, truest, most heavenly being in the wide world. Still, neither had breathed to the other the name of the fair being

that had enslaved him ; nor had the pictures that slumbered on both our hearts been shown to either.

I loved Clarence Stanley with a love passing the love of woman. I felt that he united the noblest nature with the gentlest ; and I could not but admire the way in which he drew all hearts toward him. Every officer in our division honored him who could so well control himself, and therefore entitled himself to control others ; while the soldiers perfectly worshipped him.

Yet, as I said, Clarence had unfortunately imbibed the superstition of a coming fate. So perfectly had it taken possession of his mind, that he arranged all his affairs with reference to the event.

"Should I fall, dear Philip," he would say, "bury me with the picture I wear on my heart, and take back the letters you will find there, to England."

"Clarence ! this is unworthy your strong mind—this giving way to a weak superstition. After the battle, we shall smile together at your presentiment."

"Hush, Philip!" he answered solemnly. "This is no idle, womanish fear, but a conviction, founded upon what you cannot understand, and which is needless for me to attempt to explain to you. I ask you but one thing, and that is, to fulfil a soldier's last request."

The tears gathered in my eyes. His manner was so earnest and solemn that I could not resist him longer, and indeed it would have been useless to do battle against his firm conviction of the coming death.

His conduct toward me after I had promised, was full of an inexpressible sweetness and tenderness, which endeared him to me, if possible, more than ever. I looked upon him as one doomed, although I tried hard to hope for a different result.

No one, surely, has forgotten the closing scenes of the Crimean war. Clarence was full in the belief that it would be the last battle. We prepared everything together, for I had begun to be almost infected with the sentiment that pervaded his mind, and had given him directions what to do in case he survived me.

The battle was fought—and won ; and forgetting poor Clarence's prophecy, I eagerly looked everywhere for the white plume that had waved before me so often in the fight. It was nowhere to be seen ; and, struck with another feeling, I turned with a foreboding heart to search the battle-field. O, God ! Clarence was there—his beautiful face upturned to the sky, and his golden curls dabbled in blood. One hand was

upon his heart. I moved it gently away and felt for the packet I was sure to find there.

The letters and picture were folded together. Surely, now that death had set its seal, I was not unworthy to look upon the features that Clarence had loved, and to be a brother to the bereaved lady as long as I should live.

I unfolded the picture from its wrappings of silver paper. What was it that made me sink down beside my dead friend, and hold my breath gaspingly, and wish that I had met the same fate ? As sure as there is a heaven above us, that face was Dora Vere's ! I snatched the other from my own breast. They were painted alike, even to the blue dress and turquoise necklace. The sight of that fair, false face maddened me. I threw them down upon the red ground, and stamped upon them with a fury that had never filled my soul before. Never should that picture, despite my promise, dishonor the remains of my noble-hearted friend. It were worse than sacrilege to place it above that true and unstained heart.

I wrapped it, stained and in fragments as it was, with its counterpart, in the same covering, and the accompanying letters. I buried Clarence in a grave dug by my own hands, while the bones of others as brave and faithful as himself, were left to bleach upon the vast battle-field. With his own sword I carved a cross to place at his head, and when the troops were sent to England, I went with them.

My first call was at Mr. Vere's. The servant knew me, and respectfully greeted me. The very house dog showed signs of gladness, and Dora, who had heard my voice in the hall, speaking to Brutus, sprang down the wide stairs, almost into my arms. I drew back and, opening the door of a little side room in which we had had many tender confidences, I motioned her to enter. She did not notice my looks, I am certain, for she did not grow pale, as she *ought* to have done, but seemed ready to twine her arms about my neck.

"Are you glad to see me, Dora ?" I asked, indifferently, while searching for the packet I had brought. "If so, perhaps you will wish to see the present I bring ?"

I unwrapped the stained paper, and showed her the letters—her own letters to Clarence—then I placed the bloody and severed pictures in her hand. She did not shrink, but she dropped them as if they scorched her.

She sank into a chair.

"It is a present from a dead friend—one who loved you better than you deserved, Miss Vere. Better is it to die than to find wrong and false-

hood in those we love. He is happy to have died without the bitter knowledge."

She groaned aloud, "O, Clarence, Clarence!"

"Hush! take not his name upon lips so stained with falseness. And now that I have done my painful errand, I bid you good morning." I could use no other word of farewell, and I left the house. On my way out, I met Fred Vere, and, in a few words, told him all. His indignation at Dora told me that he had no part in her duplicity. He wept and stormed by turns; and, to this day, he is my faithful and attached friend. Dora, I have never looked upon.

#### LAW OF COMPENSATIONS.

Human lot is, on the whole, well averaged. A man does not possess great gifts of person and of mind without drawbacks somewhere. Either great duties are imposed upon him, or great temptations assail and harass him. Something in his life, at some time in his life, takes it upon itself to reduce his advantages to the average standard. Nature gave Byron clubbed feet, but with those feet she gave him a genius whose numbers charmed the world—a genius which multitudes of common place or weak men would have been glad to purchase at the price of almost any humiliating eccentricity of person. But they were obliged to content themselves with excellent feet, and brains of the common kind and calibre. Providence had withered the little boy's leg, but the loudest song I have heard from a boy in a twelvemonth came from his lips, as he limped along alone in the open street. The cheerful heart in his bosom was a great compensation for his withered leg; and beyond this, the boy had reason for singing over the fact that he was forever released from military duty and firemen's duty, and all racing about in the service of other people. There are individual cases of misfortune in which it is hard to detect the compensating good, but these we must call the "exceptions" which "prove the rule."—*Timothy Titcomb's "Lessons in Life."*

#### LUCIFER MATCHES.

The manufacture of these trifling articles is now carried on in England to an enormous extent. At one large sawmill in London may frequently be seen six or eight piles of yellow pine, each as large as a six-roomed house, and all intended to be cut into lucifer splits. The deals are cut by circular saws, revolving with great velocity, into pieces three or four inches long; and these pieces, or blocks, are cut into lucifer splits by a machine in which there are about fifty sharp knives or cutters, fixed in a row. Five blocks are cut at once; and the action is so inconceivably rapid, that there are one hundred and twenty movements of the cutter in a minute, and two hundred and fifty splits severed and shaped at each cut, so that there are 30,000 cut in a minute, or 1,800,000 in an hour. Three of these machines, working ten hours a day each, would, therefore, produce 54,000,000 per day. The lucifers cut and shaped weekly at this one establishment, if placed end to end, would reach from England to Australia.—*Scientific American.*

#### THE BLACKBIRD.

When a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it nor any part of it. I once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, went to the piano and struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's new master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before; so, after listening awhile, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above-mentioned gentleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe" (the blackbird's name) attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over his cage, and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters; and every night, at seven o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day he never gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven he tuned up, and went straight through it with the gravity of a parish clerk.—*Beeton's Home Pets.*

#### SLEEP.

Observations and scientific experiments constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep. If then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac! By all means, sleep enough, give all who are under your care sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never wake up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is when waked up before his nap is out. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and works most clearly. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, rickety theology, and all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation which abrogate Bible teachings.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HALL OF MEMORY.

BY EMMA P. CLARKE.

Far down in my heart is a vine-clad hall,  
Where beautiful forms are floating,  
All clad in mantles of spotless white,  
Their purity denoting.

There are strains of music from harp and guitar,  
Swept gently by dainty fingers,  
So thrilling, soft, and sweetly sad,  
That the cadence longer lingers.

There are words of tenderness and love,  
That long ago were spoken;  
Sweet words that breathe of friendship dear,  
From loving hearts now broken.

There were glittering crowns of gold and pearls  
To be won from the temple of fame;  
But buried deep in memory's hall,  
They will ever remain the same.

'Tis pleasant to me at the twilight hour,  
When the busy world is sleeping:  
When angels are gliding gently around,  
Their faithful watches keeping—

To turn back to the scenes from memory's walls,  
Of childhood's gayest hours;  
To unlock the gates of my musing heart,  
And wander through memory's bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOST IN THE WOODS:

—OR,—

## THE MAD HERMIT.

BY MRS. O. F. GERRY.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while,  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was room and to spare for the frank, young mouth,  
And the red, young lips, and the hair's young gold.  
ROBERT BROWNING.

"God guard you, my child, you will have a lonesome and dangerous ride through the roads! Old Rachel, the witch, or the mad hermit of Mt. Katadhin, may cross your path, and then there are the prowling Indians, and the hungry wolf!" And Dame Fairfax shuddered, as she spoke.

"Fear not," replied a low, earnest voice, that sounded like the murmur of the summer wind among the pine boughs, and yet had a vein of pathos trembling through its rich music. "If Miles Churchill should die before I could reach him, I should never, never forgive myself. You have taught me to be brave since we lived here in the wilderness; you must not make a coward of me now!"

They stood on the rude doorstep of a log cabin, which had been built on the very verge of a grand, old forest in the heart of the Pine-Tree State—Dame Fairfax and her only child. Beautiful, bewildering Barbara Fairfax! Fair-browed, brown-eyed, scarlet-lipped, with a cheek which had caught, under our cold skies, the bloom burning on tropic roses, and hair the color of a ripe hazel nut in the shadow, but with dashes and glances of ruddy gold when touched by the sunshine—arch and piquant enough to provoke a smile from the gravest, with a light step, and a laugh like the bubbling of a rock spring—she had turned the heads of half the woodsmen and farmers in the neighborhood. Barbara Fairfax had been the gayest of the gay at huskings, apple-bees, and quilting frolics; indeed, she was just the one to make crooked rows and long stitches in the chintz patchwork, wave apple peelings round and round her pretty head that they might drop into the initial of a lover, and be chased through the great barn, to pay the forfeit of the red ear she had chanced to find. But now her brown eyes looked troubled, a deep shadow had settled on the face usually so bright, and there was an uneasy tremor about the sweet mouth. And why? The conquest of Barbara's heart had been reserved for a stranger, a young Boston man, who had come to hunt in the wilds of Maine the previous autumn. Miles Churchill had been injured in a *rencontre* with an angry moose, but had managed to drag himself to the humble cabin of Hugh Fairfax, and found a home in the family till he was able to return to Boston. To Barbara, Churchill seemed like the knights of whom she had read in history, and a few romances—as brave, as chivalrous, as handsome, and as fascinating as any of those who buckled on their armor and went forth, with some "fair ladye's" colors, to mingle in the stirring scenes of the crusades. When he who had been proof to the charms and wiles of the fair ones of Massachusetts, bowed in homage to this young girl in her loveliness and purity, when at parting he declared his love, and left on her finger a ruby ring, which was the seal of their betrothal, and talked of the day when he should come and claim her, his "wood rose," his "wild bird," Barbara Fairfax thought no happier maiden trod the earth. He went back to Boston to resume his law studies, and she spun and wove, and assisted her mother in various ways, the music of some old psalm, or love song rising above the hum of the wheel and the steady beating of the loom. But though she was still the life of all the rustic merry-makings, no crusader's lady love ever kept her faith more loyally than

she, and occasionally a letter from Churchill told her she was not forgotten, and sketched in brilliant colors the home they were to share. On that summer day, however, the first surges of grief had surged in upon her heart—a woodsman had brought her the following note, traced with an unsteady hand :

"DEAREST BARBARA :—I was on my way to your cabin, when I was attacked by a wandering Indian, and—and—how shall I tell you?—fatally wounded. Dr. Griswold, who attended me when I lay ill at your house, chanced to pass, and is yet with me. He declares I cannot live till morning, and I cannot die without seeing you once more. I am at the hut on Norton's Clearing. Come, O come! 'Tis the last, last prayer of your own  
MILES."

Terrible as were the tidings, Barbara did not sink down in a deathlike swoon, or burst into a passion of tears, but the note, which had been written on a fly-leaf of a pocket Bible, dropped from her nerveless hands, and she sat at her wheel like one turned into stone. For a few moments she remained thus, and then all that was brave and heroic in her nature came to her aid, and she resolved to fly to her lover. Dame Fairfax, fearing to trust her daughter amid the perils of the wilderness, endeavored to persuade her to wait till her father or his hired men should return from their work, but to no purpose. With her own hands Barbara saddled and bridled Floss, the pony, which was almost the sole luxury Mr. Fairfax had reserved, when, failing in business, he buried his chagrin in the wilds of the Pine-Tree State, and now stood on the doorstep, clad in a long green riding-skirt, a scarlet habit, glittering with bright buttons, and a straw hat, tied with broad, red ribbons beneath her chin. For an instant she lingered beside her mother, and then glided to the pony, and stroking his mottled neck, sprang into the saddle.

"O, Barbara," cried the dame, "I just saw old Rachel's scarlet shawl, and I certainly do hear a wolf howl!"

The girl bent her head, and listened, and every nerve of her frame thrilled, as that terrible howl broke upon her ears.

"You heard it, child," exclaimed the anxious mother.

"Yes, yes, but I must go; 'tis my duty, my solemn duty, and you and I must trust in God! Good-by!" And with these words she dashed away.

On, on she rode, through long, dim vistas, with the summer sunshine mottling the wood paths, and the summer wind's busy murmur in the air, up green hills, through valleys where a perpetual twilight brooded, and here and there passing the

trunks of lightning-scathed trees, which, in their gray drapery of moss and lichens, looked like some grim ghost. At length the dainty feet of Floss began to trample the deep blue dracorne berries, and the "arum's gorgeous seeds," rank white asters, in the splendor of their bloom, tall golden-rod, and the creeping vines and wax-like clusters of the snow-berry. Shy deer gazed at the pony and her beautiful rider; the rabbit went leaping away, and the partridge whirled up from the hollow tree where she had been drumming. A dusky Indian maid and a plumed and painted warrior crossed Barbara's path, but they only looked with respectful admiration on the fair-browed girl. Rachel, the witch, peered at her as she rode by the low hut of the weird woman, but she did not follow, or speak to her, and Barbara's dread was diminishing when a sound sent the blood from her cheek, and almost paralyzed her.

"God help me!" she muttered, "that was a wolf's howl! Hist, there it is again, and again! Can it be a pack of wolves are on my track?"

Once more she stilled her very pulses to hearken, once more she howl, which rung like a death-knell through the wilderness, startled the girl, and sent a quiver through the pony's delicate frame.

"Come, come," she cried, caressing the neck of Floss, "we must make haste, or we shall not reach our journey's end by night-fall!"

The pony trembled, her eyes dilated with fear, but she seemed riveted to the spot.

"On, on, Floss! Courage, courage, we shall soon leave the wolves behind!"

And grasping her whip, she gave the pony a sharp cut. Floss bounded off like an arrow; but the sun set, the twilight deepened into night, and still there was no trace of the by-road, that led to Norton's Clearing. Suddenly the truth flashed upon Barbara—she had missed the way. Absorbed in her sad thoughts of her dying lover, and the dangers which begirt her, she had struck into the wrong path.

"Lost, lost in the woods!" she moaned. "O, what will become of me? If it was in the day time, perhaps I could find my way to the Clearing, but now—now—"

The ominous howl of the dreaded wolves broke in upon her soliloquy, and she gathered up the reins she had dropped, and urged the pony forward. Away, away, away they sped, and on, on, on came the savage beasts, which had scented blood afar off, and started in pursuit of some victim.

"Great heavens!" gasped the girl, as their yells grew more and more distinct, "'tis as I

feared. The wolves, the wolves are on my track!"

Floss, too, heard the sound, gave a wild leap, and dashed through the deepening gloom, her arched nostrils distended, her glossy mane streaming in the wind, and her coat flecked with foam. Meanwhile, nearer, nearer, nearer swept the pursuers. Barbara could now hear the frightful yells with appalling distinctness, and at length their hoarse pant mingled with their fierce howls, and she fancied she could feel their hot breath. For the first time in a half hour she glanced back—O, horrors!—the whole pack were within a few paces of her! Like a horde of demons they bounded on, their wild eyes burning like live coals, their "red mouths open, their white tusks gleaming," their tongues protruded as if eager for their prey.

"To thee, O Father in heaven," ejaculated the girl, "I now commend myself!"

She paused an instant, for the light of the rising moon had shot across a narrow mountain stream. A sudden thought flashed through the girl's brain—on the opposite bank stood a cottage, its windows ruddy with firelight—if she could but gain it, she could find help and shelter. Floss had been trained to leaping gates and fences, but jaded as she now was, Barbara feared she would not be equal to the task. Still, it was her only hope, and she cried:

"One bound, one bound, Floss, and we shall be safe! On, on! Do your best, your bravest, Floss!"

As she spoke, she again plied her whip, and the pony cleared the narrow chasm with a flying leap. No sooner had Floss gained the goal, than she sunk down trembling like an aspen, and Barbara was obliged to dismount. For an instant the wolves had appeared baffled by this sudden movement, but the foremost and fiercest plunged into the waters, and the others followed. The leader had well-nigh reached the shore, when the sharp report of a musket was heard, and his wild chase was ended. A succession of shots sent the rest of the pack floating down with the current—their struggles tossed the water into foam, their blood crimsoned it, and their dying yells rang through the mid-summer night like the wail of foiled demons.

"Lady, you are safe; I have shot your pursuers," exclaimed a stranger, clad in a gray hunting suit, and with a brace of hounds at his heels.

"Thank God!" murmured the girl, and fell senseless to the earth.

The young man raised her in his arms, and bore her from the spot. When she awoke to

consciousness, she lay in a large and comfortable room, with various kinds of weapons, graceful antlers and other trophies of the chase hanging on the walls, gay clusters of wood-berries, rare mosses, and quartz crystals glittering like uncut diamonds, heaped on a table formed of pine boughs. Here and there might be seen a pile of lynx, otter, or panther skins, which served as cushions, and the girl was reclining on a fur couch a monarch might have coveted.

"Where am I?" asked Barbara.

"In the hut occupied by the hermit of Mount Katahdin."

Barbara gave a sudden start, and her companion resumed:

"Why do you tremble, lady?"

"I am scarcely less afraid of him than the wolves."

"And why do you fear him, pray?"

"Because he is insane, and might harm me."

A peculiar smile curled the stranger's lip, as he replied:

"I assure you his lunacy is quite harmless, and when I am in the neighborhood I like to stay with him; but knowing the dread he has inspired, I have resolved to bear you to a cottage at a little distance."

"Whose sir?"

"John Wilde's. He is a wood-cutter, and his wife as pleasant a little body as one would wish to see. She will do all in her power to make you comfortable. Come!"

And he would have lifted her again, but she drew back, murmuring:

"I will walk on by your side."

"I fear the exertion is too much for you."

"No; O no!"

But Barbara soon found that she needed support, and arm-in-arm they moved toward the cottage. It was a cheery scene which met Barbara's view as they entered—the kitchen, like those usually found in woodmen's cabins, so far as size was concerned, but with spotless dimity curtains at the windows, the brightest of pewter on the shelves, the sand on the floor elaborately waved, and other evidences of neatness and thrift. Goodwife Wilde, a slender, keen-eyed woman, advanced to meet the visitors. A significant glance was interchanged by her and the hunter, and then he said:

"This young lady got lost in the woods, and was chased by the wolves till I had the good fortune to rescue her. I trust you will not refuse her a lodging, and such care as only a woman can give."

"No, she's quite welcome. You look pale and weary, miss."



Tears gushed into Barbara's brown eyes, and sinking upon the rude settle, she sobbed like a grieved child. Both the hunter and her hostess tried to soothe her, but in vain; at the thought of Miles Churchill her tears fell thick and fast. When the tall, dark, handsome stranger, who had rescued her from the wolves, had left the room, Goodwife Wilde seated herself at the girl's side, and said:

"'Twas very, very rash for you to set out alone; I don't hardly dare to ride through these woods with my husband in broad daylight."

"I know it may seem rash," replied the girl, "but—but—" And a warm blush surged over her pallid face, and strong emotion choked her utterance.

"Ah, I understand," exclaimed the woman, with a quick nod, "you have a lover your parents don't approve, and started on some pretence that satisfied your mother, but in reality for a stolen meeting with him."

"No, no; you are mistaken," said Barbara, sadly. "It was past noon when I received a note from—from—one who is dearer to me than I can tell. My parents sanctioned our love, and he was on his way to our cabin, when he was attacked by a wandering Indian, and left almost dead."

Again her voice grew faint and hoarse, but she continued her story, and ended with a fresh rain of tears.

"Poor fellow," ejaculated Goodwife Wilde, "if he could only have known you had perilled your own life to grant his dying request, it wouldn't have been so hard to die!"

"I—I cannot rest till I hear all about his last hours," gasped Barbara. "To-morrow, at day-break, I must start once more for Norton's Clearing."

"Well, if I were in your place, I should feel as you do. But you must not go alone; my husband will bear you company. There, you had better have a cup of warm tea, and retire."

She bustled about, took a dainty cup and saucer, cream jug and sugar bowl from the dressers, poured out the fragrant Hyson, and carried it to the girl. Barbara drank the tea, but declined the other refreshments Goodwife Wilde proffered, and followed her hostess into a little bedroom, where the same exquisite neatness reigned. With a devout thanksgiving for her deliverance from the blood-thirsty wolves, and an earnest prayer that Churchill's life might be prolonged till she could reach him, Barbara Fairfax laid her head on the white pillows, and drew the blue coverlet over her weary frame, and soon fell into a gentle slumber.

The next day, as the east grew roseate with the flush of dawn, Barbara stood in the low doorway of John Wilde's cottage, her torn riding skirt gathered in one hand, and the other, which held her whip, nervously beating the morning-glory vines, trained over the cabin walls. The sound of horses' feet aroused her from a sad reverie, and as she looked about, she saw Goodwife Wilde and the gentleman to whom she owed her deliverance. He rode one horse, and was leading a second, a beautiful creature, and they soon stopped before the maiden.

"Miss Barbara," he said, for he had learned her name from Mrs. Wilde, "your host is so busy that he cannot leave his work, or spare one of his men, and I therefore propose myself as a substitute. My Selim is perfectly gentle, and besides, you will have Goodwife Wilde on the pillion with you."

"I—I—am sorry to put you to so much trouble," replied the girl; but Gervase Marchmont declared he should be only too happy to serve her, and they started.

I have before alluded to Marchmont as a dark, handsome man, and now his fine, athletic figure was set off to advantage by a hunting-suit of Lincoln green, and a jaunty hat, with long, gold tassels. He rode a powerful black steed, but he reined in the impetuous animal to the gentle pace of Selim, and paid the most chivalric attentions to Barbara. When they reached Norton's Clearing, they paused in front of the only hut in the vicinage, and pale as if she had been chiselled from marble, Barbara Fairfax glided in. She inquired of the dame whether Mr. Churchill were still living, and to her utter astonishment learned that no such person had been there.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed the girl, as she emerged from the cabin; "he is not here—he hasn't been here! I—I—don't understand it, I am sure, but if I could see Dr. Griswold, he could tell me something."

At that moment Dr. Griswold appeared on the forest road, mounted on his old roan, and with his voluminous saddle-bags. Barbara and Goodwife Wilde beckoned to him, and he was soon in the midst of the group. To him the girl related the circumstances which had brought her leagues and leagues through the wilderness to meet her dying lover. The physician listened in the utmost surprise, for this was the first he had heard of the strange affair. It would be impossible to depict Barbara's grief and indignation when she became aware that she had been made the subject of a cruel hoax. Of course the question arose, Who could have been the author of the note? Who could have been so base as

to lure Barbara Fairfax from her home, and not only overwhelm her with sorrow, but expose her to the perils of the forest? At length, after pondering the mystery, Dr. Griswold declared it his opinion that some discarded suitor had taken this method for gaining his revenge, and with a significant glance, the good physician added:

"If Barbara will be so charming as to make all the young men in the neighborhood fall in love with her, she must expect to reap the consequences. Bethink yourself, child. Have none of your rejected lovers been known to swear they would be avenged on you?"

The girl colored, and at that moment there flashed across her brain, like a gleam of lightning, the thought of Jem Baine's scarcely suppressed rage when she told him she could not return his love, and the recollection of his having sworn among the wood-cutters, in his swaggering way, that he would "pay the proud jilt before he was a year older!" She spoke of this to Dr. Griswold and her new friends, and they all came to the decision that it was his work.

They lingered awhile discussing Baine's plot, and then the worthy doctor jogged on to visit his patients. Goodwife Wilde walked back to her cottage, and Gervaise Marchmont accompanied Barbara to her forest home. The girl was still perplexed and troubled, with regard to the mysterious note, but her companion exerted himself to the utmost to entertain her, and Barbara could not help acknowledging that, next to Churchill, he was the most agreeable man she had ever met. He had travelled much, and when he had described the splendors of tropic bloom, the rank growth of Isthmian forests, the clear, cold glacier and the white avalanche, the vineyards of France, the dim passes of the Pyrenees, the sacred ibis of Egypt, and the stately and solemn flow of the Nile, Barbara began to look upon him with interest and wonder. It was high noon when they stopped in front of Hugh Fairfax's dwelling, and saw the dame standing, pale and tearful, on the threshold. The next instant mother and child were clasped in a convulsive embrace.

"Thank God, thank God," sobbed the dame, "I see you once more, my daughter!" Then after a brief pause, she added, "O, Barbara, is he dead? Did he die before you could get to him?"

"Mother, mother, how can I tell you all?" cried the girl, trembling in every limb at the thought of the trials through which she had passed since she left her father's door.

"You are too weary, too excited to attempt it," said Marchmont. "Let me speak for

you." And he proceeded to recount what our readers know of Barbara's adventures.

"Poor girl, poor girl," moaned the dame, "I feared she would be chased by the wolves, but I didn't think the note could be a hoax, a cruel hoax."

"It was a shameless piece of imposition," resumed Marchmont, "and if its author can be discovered, Mr. Churchill will probably make him suffer for it. I hope and trust he may be brought to justice."

"Thank you for your good wishes," rejoined Barbara, while her lip quivered, and her eyes grew moist.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed her mother, "I thank you a thousand times for your kindness. If it had not been for you, I should have no child to-day!"

"I did my duty, madam; no more. I do not deserve your thanks."

He was about to go, when the girl invited him to stop, and take some refreshments; he complied with graceful ease, and when he again rose to leave, murmured:

"I have travelled in almost every habitable portion of the globe, and have seen the piquant French girl, the dark-eyed, dark-browed daughters of Spain and Italy, the Circassian women, and many of the fairest of our own land; but my heart has never been touched till now. I had heard much of the beautiful, bewildering Barbara Fairfax, but I can assert with Sheba's queen, that the half was not told me. I shall wish to know how you are after your journey. If I call shall I be welcome?"

"O, yes," replied the girl.

And, bowing over her fair hand, and bidding her mother adieu, he rode away, looking in his suit of Lincoln green like one of Robin Hood's merry foresters.

The next day Barbara received from an unknown source the following letter:

"MISS FAIRFAX:—Jem Baine is not the person who wrote the note which sent you forth alone and unattended to meet, as you supposed, your dying lover. It can be proved that he had been absent more than a fortnight, and is still in Bangor, where he was attacked with the small pox, and now lies at death's door. Besides, being an illiterate man, and more accustomed to wielding the axe than the pen, he could not have produced such a perfect forgery of Miles Churchill's handwriting. I assure you, on good authority, that Mr. Churchill was the author of the note. He is, I regret to say it, utterly heartless—he wins love but to make it the plaything of an idle hour, or trample it under his feet, when it stands between him and his ambitious projects. When rallied in Boston about the rustic belle, to whom he had been acting the de-

voted, he declares he only wooed you to pass away the time, which would otherwise have hung heavily on his hands. A few days ago, being at a public house not a thousand miles from here, he boasted over a glass of wine that the bewildering Barbara Fairfax had been added to his list of conquests. His companions denied it, and he laid a wager of fifty dollars, that should he send you a message that he was dying, you would encounter every danger or hardship to reach him. The result of his cool but base purpose, you know, so far as you are concerned; but you were not aware that he had an emissary at Norton's Clearing, who could testify to the success of the scheme. Meanwhile, Churchill is at Portland, making love to Madam Trevor, a young, rich and beautiful widow. The bridal is soon to take place, and the writer of this letter sincerely hopes that, however great your disappointment may be, Miles Churchill may not know how keen a pang it costs you to give him up.

A FRIEND."

We will not dwell on Barbara's emotion, as she perused the above; grief and rage struggled for the mastery, and ere long rage was regnant in the young girl's soul. She tossed his hoarded letters, a curl of his chestnut hair, and the ring he had given her, into the flames, and when one of her father's wood-cutters brought her a letter, post-marked Portland, burned it unopened. In this state of mind, she plunged more recklessly than ever into the rural festivities; no step was so light as hers, no voice so gay, no laugh so frequent.

The gallant Marchmont often met her in her walks, or visited her at the cabin, and nothing could be more gentlemanly than his manner. Now and then John Wilde, or his wife, or a sturdy lad, brought her presents purporting to be from the mad hermit—a necklace of scarlet berries, with a cornelian cross pendant, a basket of silver filagree crowded with crystals, shining bits of spar, seaweed, and shells tinted as richly as her own cheek; an illustrated copy of Shakespeare, and bracelets formed of foreign medallions, and clasped with gold. Such were the gifts which the recluse offered. Christmas eve came, and as Barbara Fairfax stood making her toilet for a rustic *fete*, she heard the trampling of horses' hoofs. She flew to the door, and saw Wilde leading a beautiful white palfrey, with housings of scarlet and gold. He thrust the bridle into her hand, and dashed off at a gallop. While Barbara was admiring the animal, Marchmont rode up, and asked:

"Well, how do you like your horse?"

"My horse?" echoed the maiden.

"Yes; the mad hermit sends it in place of poor Floes, and hopes you will accept it, with his compliments."

"Ah," responded Barbara, with a blush, "I

see, now, you are the real giver of all these things that have come in his name!"

"I do not deny your charge in this case. O, Barbara, dearest and fairest, take them as a lover's gift—I adore you!"

Eloquently he pressed his suit, and when she entered the ballroom she was leaning upon Gervayse Marchmont's arm; when they parted, solemn betrothal vows had been exchanged, and even the wedding day fixed. A fortnight later Barbara Fairfax was in Portland for the purpose of purchasing a part of her *trousseau*, and one night an irresistible impulse drew her to the mansion which had been pointed out to her as the home of the charming widow, destined for Churchill's bride. Stealing into a balcony on which the drawing-room windows opened, she stealthily raised one, and watched and listened. A lady soon swept in—tall, graceful, and beautiful as an houri. Dark-browed and dusky-haired, with great, black, lustrous eyes, and a wealth of ebon hair—how unlike Barbara she was! Her robe of purple brocade, her bracelet and earrings, set with pearl and jet, the ermine-lined drapery about her became her well, and as Barbara gazed, she could hardly wonder that Churchill had been captivated by this superb creature. She was awaiting him with ill-concealed impatience, for her foot beat the rich carpet, her eye often wandered to the clock on the mantel. At length Churchill was ushered in, and she sprang to meet him with eagerness.

"Is everything arranged?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, the settlement is drawn up."

"To-morrow, then, I shall be the happiest woman in Maine. Long and faithfully I have loved, and now I shall have my reward."

Barbara Fairfax lingered to hear no more; assured of his fickleness, she crept to the inn, laid aside her disguise, and the next day was journeying back to the wilderness.

Months rolled by, and various circumstances combined to delay her marriage, but her *trousseau*, even to the white satin robe, and bridal pearls, was in readiness, and a splendid mansion in the tri-mountain city had been furnished by Gervayse Marchmont for his young wife's reception. It was on a bright September day that Barbara was straying in the forest; the season had been very dry, the earth was parched, and the trees looked as if a fire had run over them. On, on, on wandered the girl, till clouds of smoke, rolling up from the forest, startled her from her dreamy mood. Then she heard a crackling among the underbrush, the roar and hiss of flames, and saw lurid tongues of fire darting through the crisp shrubbery.

"Good Heavens!" she cried, "the woods are on fire! There is a high wind, and the flames will sweep everything before them. O, if I could but find my way back to the cabin!" And she turned to retrace her steps.

For a half hour the girl pressed onward with the speed of wings, and more fierce, more terrible than the hungry wolves, seemed the flames that swept on in pursuit. Wherever her glance roved, she saw either billows of smoke, scorched and blackened trees, or red fires burning, burning, as if to light the orgies of pandemonium. Terrified beasts shrieked and howled with rage and fear, birds soared from their wild-wood nests, and serpents slid hissing from the path of the devouring element. Barbara at length came in sight of her home; there it stood, quiet and peaceful amid the roar of the flames. The ground in the rear was not yet on fire, but it raged along the brink of the narrow trench which somebody had been digging in front. Barbara paused irresolute; but the hot breath of the flames was on her cheek, and had singed her bright hair, and she sprang forward.

"Saved, saved, Barbara!" And Miles Churchill clasped her in his arms, and cleared the trench at a bound.

Thanks to the trenches which had been dug by the woodmen, the building of back fires, and the wind's sudden change, the flames were stayed, and Hugh Fairfax's house spared. That night John Wilde, whose conscience had been aroused by the ruin the fire had wrought, came to Barbara, and told her that Gervaise Marchmont had been burned to death in the forest, and that he was now going to reveal the particulars of a base plot. Marchmont, the mad hermit, and Wilde had been pirates on the high seas, and being suspected in New York, had fled to Maine, one professing to be insane, and living a secluded life, another laboring as a wood-cutter, and the third dividing his time between his two accomplices. Falling in love with Barbara, at first sight, Marchmont had finally plotted to lure her into the forest, knowing that amid the dangers of the wilderness, he should have a chance to act a chivalrous part. The note purporting to be from her lover, was concocted by him, a letter post-marked Boston, having been intercepted to assist in the forgery; he had also written the anonymous missive which charged Churchill with dishonorable conduct. When, after imploring her pardon, Wilde left Barbara, she hurried to Churchill, who had been endeavoring to restore her confidence in him, and cried:

"O, Miles, I have been deceived! Forgive me! I believe now the charming widow was a

client, and not a lady-love, and that the joy I witnessed was at the prospect of a union with one she had loved before her first marriage with a retired sea captain. I was blind, weak, foolish!"

Miles Churchill folded Barbara to his heart, long explanations ensued, and when the moon rose, her light fell on two happy lovers. The next day a warrant was issued for the arrest of the two remaining pirates, but they had escaped, and were never again seen in the Pine-Tree State.

Soon after the terrible fire, Miles Churchill led his young bride to the altar of a rural church near; and when children and children's children gathered about them, and asked for some tale of the by-gone, Barbara would tell, far more eloquently than I have, how she was lost in the woods at the base of Mount Katahdin.

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#### DOG AND LOGIC.

A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of a justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on trial by the wag:

"1. By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf.

"2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite.

"3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.

"4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth.

"5. My dog died six weeks ago.

"6. I never had a dog!"—*N. Y. Atlas.*

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#### HOT AIR FURNACES.

During a few past weeks, several fires have originated in New York from imperfectly constructed hot air furnaces. The attention of Fire Marshal Baker having been directed to fires thus caused, and applications having been made for information, he has furnished the following suggestions: "It does not follow, as erroneously supposed, that after a furnace has been used for several years, it cannot fire a house. Two fires of recent date originated from furnaces in use for over ten years. Some people believe that the furnace, after long and successful use, has proved its safety beyond question. This is not so. In most cases scorching or charring of the wood around furnaces is distinguishable for several hours, and often for a day or two previous to ignition. The moment this smell of scorching is discovered, the fire should be extinguished, and a thorough examination made."

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As art sank at Rome, comforts increased. Witness the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LOVES OF THE POETS.\*

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

They have thrall'd and enchain'd us with sweet-  
flowing numbers,

These children of rapture, these spirits of song,  
Till we fancy their harp-strings are mourning the  
slumbers

Wherewith death has bound them, to do us a  
wrong.

Yet wither'd their laurels, forgotten their glory,  
Unstrung every lyre, and discordant their tone,  
If love cannot fondly re-echo the story,  
And one kindred spirit be wholly their own!

Life, labor and death—and their memory lingers,  
As lingers the light of a slow-dying day,  
While the chords of their hearts, as with magical  
fingers,

Are tunelessly swept in the passions' wild play.  
But useless the harp, if the key-note be broken;  
Unlovely the hermit-heart sighing alone;  
And naught were their lives, if they bore not the  
token

Of love for the hearts which were wholly their  
own!

O, brilliant the glories which round them still cluster,

And pierce through the ages' invidious glooms,  
And sweetly forever that heavenly lustre  
Shall linger and play round each desolate tomb;  
But sweeter, and better, and living immortal,  
Unscathed when the world is in ruin o'erthrown,  
And living anew past the grave's gloomy portal,  
The beautiful love that was wholly their own!

\* Suggested by Mrs. Jameson's work, thus entitled,  
and respectfully inscribed to the lady loaning it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HALL OF BITTER-SWEET.

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY W. C. HURD.

THAT Christmas morning—the last that greet-  
ed our eyes—was as bright and beautiful as  
might have been the one in which the morning  
stars sang together. A light snow had fallen the  
day before, and now lay, pure and crisp, with  
bright, transparent edges that shone in the sun's  
light like diamonds. It had been a pleasant  
autumn, calm and windless, and therefore the  
still green leaves hung here and there moist and  
unfaded, with their thin veil of snowflakes, giving  
a more delicate beauty than their summer splen-  
dor had worn. Under the trees the brown tas-

sels of the larch had fallen, and now lay like a  
rich, soft carpet of brown, to which the snow had  
just added a tender frosting.

In the town a path had been already worn by  
the footsteps of little children, anxiously looking  
for the coming of those who were to dispense the  
gifts of the venerable Santa Claus. From every  
cottage home, and each higher and more ambi-  
tious dwelling, curled the blue smoke that told  
of Christmas fires already kindled. But from  
one, an old house, which had once been the  
architectural pride of the village, the smoke was  
faint and weak. Once the house had boasted an  
ornamented front and roof; but this was of the  
past. Other Christmases had shone upon its  
brightness; but that was in the long-ago. And  
now decay and desolation were rife everywhere.  
The mould was upon the walls, the worms had  
eaten the floors, and the windows were dropping  
from their casings.

So with the inmates. There were but two—  
an old grayheaded man and woman. They had  
been happy in their day—not rich in this world's  
goods, but comfortable. Time was when Rich-  
ard Waldron and his wife were among the first  
in the village. Time was when two curly heads  
were lying upon their bosoms—fair, lovely chil-  
dren as the one you hold to your heart, young  
mother! They did not die. God had not taken  
the fair heads to heaven; but as years passed on,  
they were lost to their parents far more effectually  
than if they were lying in the gray old burying-  
place.

Stephen Waldron the boy grew up, the pride  
of his father, the joy of his mother—a bright, ac-  
tive, handsome lad, with talents above the aver-  
age, and advantages of person beyond the boasted  
claims of the young cavaliers of old, whose gold-  
en locks and piercing eyes formed the staple of  
the poets' verses of their time.

Melanie Waldron the daughter was the coun-  
terpart of her brother in beauty, but softened to  
the extreme delicacy. The shelter of her home  
was very dear to her, her parents and brother  
sufficing to her for all society. Indeed she had  
no experience in world knowledge, as may be  
inferred; so that when Herbert Austin came  
from the far-off city to rusticate in the little vil-  
lage, it was not wonderful that at first she turned  
bashfully away, nor that afterwards she ignorant-  
ly put her trust and faith in him, believing him  
to be an angel of light.

Herbert Austin was, alas! no angel, or, if he  
was one, it was as fallen and evil. The innocent  
soul of Stephen Waldron was the first which he  
essay'd to corrupt. He taught him step by step  
to drink, to become a gamester, and gradually to

commit every fashionable excess in which he had himself become so great an adept.

Richard Waldron and his wife looked on with a troubled fear; but soon all anxiety for Stephen gave way before that of terror for Melanie. That the child was learning to love the dissipated collegian, was no longer matter for conjecture. The strangely-excited manner of her who had been so quiet and gentle, the glittering eyes that greeted his approach, all betrayed that she, too, had been won by the fascinations of the destroyer.

The savings of Richard Waldron had been deposited for many years in a bank. They were intended as a resource for old age; or if he and his wife should not need them, to be left as a legacy to their children. This, too, was known to the deceiver, and Stephen Waldron, in accordance with his suggestions, was induced to forge a check for nearly the whole amount upon Austin's assurance of replacing it.

One crime leads to another, and the step was short to a forgery committed upon an old and respected citizen, a friend of Waldron; and in this he was detected and arrested. Through the cunning of Austin he found means to escape, and at the dead of night he appeared before his parents to take a last farewell. Stern as Brutus, the heart-broken old man, in his devotion to justice, gave him up afresh to the authorities, and his sentence was ten years in prison—lengthened to that term by his attempt to evade the law.

In denouncing the vile man who had corrupted his son, the words of Richard Waldron amounted to curses. Hearing them, Melanie fainted, and the suspicions of the father were roused anew. That night the poor old man and woman were left desolate. Melanie Waldron and her lover were far from her native home.

A son in prison, a daughter absent, perhaps disgraced, age and poverty approaching—nay, already at hand—what wonder, as year went on after year, that the old couple settled down into complete and voluntary seclusion from the world? What wonder that the pleasant house and its once cheerful surroundings became neglected and desolated, and that a shadow, dark and gloomy, rested upon it?

It was a few days before Christmas, ten years ago, that Richard Waldron lost his children. During that time the two old people had often dreamed of the past, and brought up the happy images of childhood that had once brightened their home. But latterly no word had been spoken between them to remind them of by-past time. It was as if each heart had said to itself:

"I may not muse—I must not dream;  
Too beautiful these visions seem."

For earth and mortal man—for when  
Can by-past time come back again?"

So gradually it became as if those visions had never been. Inwardly, however, the conviction of each was that they should never behold them—that Stephen's pride would never permit him to re-visit a place so fraught with memories of his disgrace, and that Melanie, believing that she had forfeited their affection, would die sooner than return.

In view of these things, we may believe that the morning of Christmas Day, 1860, brought no comfort to the desolate old people in the decayed house. Yet God can in his own good time lift up the heads that hang down. Lift up your heads, then, ye who have been so long hopeless! The good God liveth for you as for others, and He wills not any shall despair who will turn to Him. Nearer, nearer come the footsteps of those who will bring a ray of comfort to your hearts—and, first of all, even as the overpowering joy of the first Christmas was brought to the world by a little child, so shall it be brought to you.

Sadly indeed sat the two old people by their scanty fire on that morning. Upon the table before them was spread the poor fare which was all they could now afford. A look, interchanged now and then, told each of what the other was mournfully thinking—and sometimes a tear would fall upon the food now literally salted with tears.

"Did you hear a knock, Martha?" asked the old man, whose sense of hearing was growing dull.

His wife, whom he always addressed by her Christian name, had already risen, obeying her quicker sense, and a little child warmly clad in furs came up to the door she had opened, and pressed in beside her to the room. The child had a face almost too grave and earnest for one so young; yet there was also a something in it inexpressibly sweet and tender. There was wonder, and even awe, in the countenances that looked upon her. The sweet face was partially shaded by golden locks such as their Melanie had worn when a child; and to their newly-awakened perceptions, the tide of Time seemed rolling back, and giving them their own beloved girl, as she stood before them twenty Christmases ago. The child's first words dispelled that impression, but brought another.

"Grandfather, grandmother, will you love me? I am little Martha—your own name, grand-mama!"

The grandmother looked at her husband, as if to ask what she should say or do; but even as she looked, one withered hand found its way round the little girl's slender waist.



"Whose child are you?" asked she, her lips quivering with emotion.

"I am my dear mother's child."

The old lady could ask no more, but her husband took up the catechizing.

"Who is your mother, dear?"

"Mrs. Austin. My papa is dead, and my mother sent me here."

"And where is she?" asked he, pressing the child to his breast.

All this time a pale face, shaded by the deepest widow's weeds, was looking in at the dim and cracked window; and when the child received its first caress from the old people, it disappeared. A step was at the door, and then they knew no more. It was like those bright and mocking visions that had so long baffled them. Would it disappear like them?

"Father, mother, I am your own Melanie!—guilty of but one crime, that of forsaking you."

"Our child was lost," murmured the old man, absently. "She died ten years ago. Your face is not like hers, bright and rosy."

"But it is hers," she answered, impatiently. "O my God, they have forgotten me! Father, dear father, look at my arm—surely you know this." And she turned back her sleeve, and showed a bright crimson stain around her wrist.

The old man took up the hand eagerly, and imprinted a kiss there, as he had often done in her childish days. Gradually they both came to the full sense of what had happened, and then a flood of tears came to their relief.

Melanie Austin was indeed innocent of all but of desertion of her parents. Her husband, repentant of the part he had acted, but ashamed to make reparation, had first induced her to go away with him under pretence of seeing her brother at the prison, and then taking her to a distant town. Here they were married, and for a while he quieted her scruples by promising that she should soon go back to her parents. It was not long before she discovered that he intended no such return. From one place to another they removed, until Austin's health made it impossible to go further. She wrote frequently to her parents, but it was probable that he allowed none of her letters to reach them.

He kept up a correspondence with his father, and when the latter died, three years before, he became the sole heir to a large property. Often Melanie wept at the thought that her father and mother were in poverty, while she was living in affluence; but he would not allow her to visit them or to send them anything. He had never forgiven Mr. Waldron's conviction of his unworthiness. It was but too just.

He had died three weeks before. Melanie had heard by accident that a beautiful estate near her father's old house was for sale, and she sent an agent secretly to purchase it. No one dreamed that the "Mrs. Austin, a rich widow," was Melanie Waldron; and she effected her purchase without a question or remark, fitted up her house without making her appearance in the village, and on Christmas morning she sent her little daughter to pave the way for her reception at home. An hour afterward the old couple alighted at her door, and were ushered into a luxurious suite of rooms which they were told were to be their own. A gentleman with gray hair and beard was standing at a distant window. At their approach he came forward.

"Father, mother!"—"Stephen!" was all that was uttered for many minutes. They knew him instantly, altered as he was.

He had left the prison a few days before, when he accidentally met his sister as he was returning, penitent and changed in heart and mind and body as he was. She begged him to wait until they could take their parents to a home, and he consented to her wishes.

Thus had they met. There was no question of avoiding their old home. They had erred, and had come home to repair the wrong they had done, as far as possible. The years of grief which the old father and mother had endured could not be recalled. The memory of that was the bitterest punishment to their children. It would not lessen that punishment, if they should go far away where it was not known; so they had decided to come home. If any of their former friends could not accept their penitence, they must neglect them, if they chose. Good and Christian people would not cast them off.

And so the year has passed, and peace and tranquillity reign in that home. Stephen Waldron is loved and trusted; and there is not a man or woman in the village who would reproach the meek and gentle being with the fault of his youthful days. And for Melanie, the blessings of the poor, and sick, and aged, are breathed nightly for her who comes into their dwellings as a ministering saint, and returns to her own "Hall of Bitter-Sweet," to cheer and comfort her own beloved ones there.

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**PRAYING SOLDIERS.**—Gen. Havelock was a man of prayer. He always had with his camp equipage a large tent for his soldiers in which he read the Bible to them and exhorted them. He always arose on marches two hours before his men to pray. The reputation of being a good man is synonymous with that of a brave one, for a sincere trust in God strengthens the arm and clears the judgment.

## FALCONRY.

Falconry or Hawking as it is sometimes termed, was before the invention of gunpowder and the introduction of guns, the favorite sport of Great Britain, and according to some travellers, still flourishes in the East. We lately read a spirited Falcon adventure in a work by Mr. F. W. Atkinson, published in London, entitled—"Oriental and Western Siberia." The author it appears was invited by the Sultan of Turkey to join his party on a falconry expedition; and accordingly he rode one of the sultan's best steeds; but for fear of damaging so spirited a picture—we prefer giving Mr. Atkinson's own words: "The sultan and his two sons rode beautiful animals. The eldest boy carried the falcon, which was to fly at the feathered game. A well-mounted kirghis held the bearcoote, chained to perch, which was secured into a socket on his saddle. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was perfectly quiet; he was under the charge of two men. Near the sultan were his three hunters, or guards, with their rifles; and around us were a band of about twenty kirghis, in their bright-colored kalatz; and more than half the number were armed with battle-axes. Taking us all together, we were a wild looking group, whom most people would rather behold at a distance than come in contact with. We began our march, going nearly due east; the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by his highness and myself, his two sons and the eagle bearers immediately behind us, were two of my men in close attendance. A ride of two hours brought us to the bank of a stagnant river, fringed with reeds and bushes, where the sultan expected we should find game. We had not ridden far, when we discovered traces of the wild boar; large plots having been recently ploughed up. This gave us hopes of sport. Our rifles were unsling, and we spread out our party to beat the ground.

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain, about three hundred yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded, and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch, and soared up into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout, and away went his keepers at full gallop, followed by many others. I gave my horse his head, and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck-and-neck with one of the keepers. When we were about two hundred yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The kirghis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for

another flight. No dogs are taken out when hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed the kirghis assert that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat and the lesser kinds of deer are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far, before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles as before—this time I thought to a greater elevation; and again he made a fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox does sometimes, death is his certain doom."—*Spirit of the Times.*

## THE STARS.

It has long been concluded among astronomers that the stars, though they only appear to our eyes as brilliant points, are all to be considered as suns, representing solar systems, each bearing a general resemblance to our own. The stars have a brilliancy and apparent magnitude which we may safely presume to be in proportion to their actual size and the distance at which they are placed from us. Attempts have been made to ascertain the distance of some of the stars by calculations founded on a parallax, it being understood that if a parallax of so much as one second, or the 3600th part of a degree, could be ascertained in any one instance, the distance might be assumed in that instance as not less than 19,200,000 millions of miles! In the case of the most brilliant star, Sirius, even this most minute parallax could not be found; from which, of course, it was to be inferred that the distance of that star was something beyond the vast distance that has been stated. In some others on which the experiment has been tried, no sensible parallax could be obtained, from which the same inference was to be made in their case. But a sensible parallax of about one second has been ascertained in the case of the double star  $\alpha$ ,  $\alpha$ , of the constellation of the Centaur, and one of the third of that amount for the double star 61 Cygni, which gave reason to presume that the distance of the former might be about 20,000,000 millions of miles, and the latter of much greater amount. If we suppose that similar intervals exist between all the stars, we shall readily see that the space occupied by even the comparatively small number visible to the naked eye must be vast beyond all powers of conception. The number visible to the naked eye is about three thousand; but the number is ever increased in proportion to the increased power of the telescope. In one place, where they are more thickly sown than elsewhere, Sir William Herschel reckoned that fifty thousand passed over a field of view two degrees in breadth in a single hour. The sky has been "gauged" in all directions by the telescope, so as to ascertain the conditions of different parts with respect to the frequency of the stars. The result has been a conviction that, as the planets are parts of solar systems, so are solar systems parts of what may be called astral systems.—*Vestiges of Creation.*

Skeptics have cut but a small figure in the world. The great doers in history have been men of faith.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PIRATE'S DEATH.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Within the dark and tangled grass  
The dreaded pirate lay;  
His ship had sunk beneath the waves  
Within an orient bay.

His heart, late full of haughtiness,  
Was crushed unto the ground;  
He sighed and looked—a desert waste  
Was spread for miles around;

Whilst here and there, in clustering spots,  
The tropic's verdure sprang;  
But hark! what dreadful cry is that  
Which through the palm-tree rang?

It is the cry for blood and life  
That smote upon his ear;  
It is the shout of those who seek  
To deck his funeral bier.

He starts, he shudders and turns pale,  
"O God!" he cried, "the sea!  
Place me upon my good ship's deck,  
To roam the ocean free!"

But heaven then was made of brass,  
And arched with hidden stone;  
And there upon the tangled grass  
The pirate died alone!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MARGARET ROCHFORD'S COMPENSATION.

BY CARL WOLFFE.

In this strange world of unequal compensations, we often find that the doctrine of "who wills it, can be great" is a self-evident falsehood. There are brave souls who have plenty of stamina, plenty of inborn and inly nourished—ay, and outcoming strength; but alas! it is exhausted in bearing, enduring. The young hero who marches to the battle-field, strong in valor and noble in purpose to meet the foe, may yet be shot down in the conflict; and it is even so with those who go forth to win the harder and sterner battle of life. Wounds, from which we never recover—cruel, deep, ever-gaping wounds—are ours; sometimes visible to the world—sometimes hidden, as the dove hides her own heart-wound beneath the closely pressed wing.

A great soul and a pure heart were Margaret Rochford's. No one who looked at her could doubt it. A clear, pale face, framed in a wealth

of dark hair put away smoothly from the low, wide brow—a trace of half sad—half joyous feeling in the large, lustrous eyes—a smile breaking over the full red lips—a figure tall even to nobleness, yet graceful in every bend of its willowy lightness—fancy these, and you have the picture of Margaret Rochford.

The eldest of three sisters, Margaret early wore something almost matronly in her expression. The others were two shy, shrinking girls, unequal to the conflict of sterner spirits; and the eldest sister was, of course, the prop on which they leaned. Sweet Mary and Anna Rochford—born painter and poet! the germs of purest art-worship lay in ye both, but chilled and driven back to its inner world by inappreciation. Perhaps, nay, we *know* that it was well that ye were so early called home.

Short time had these two, to endure the grinding poverty, the bitterness, the disappointed hopes, the cold, gloomy realities of sorrow that came, one by one, upon the family of the Rochfords. The sisters pined and faded; and, when the autumnal leaves were taken up by the winds, they lay in brighter colors on the two low graves than had ever been scattered upon their living hours.

Mr. Rochford had been a man of wealth. He was a man of enterprise, too. Out of that very enterprise came his death wound, although he bore on for years, without the power to draw thence the arrow. He had speculated largely, made an immense fortune; larger, perhaps, than a man *can* make honestly; and then, by the gross dishonesty of a partner, the whole was wrested from his grasp. What made the retribution more bitter was, that the partner was one whom he had raised from insignificance and poverty—trusted him as he would a brother—formed for him high connexions—and all to be requited with the meanest, the basest ingratitude.

Poor Rochford stumbled by the wayside one day—it was on a bright Sabbath morning, when his wife had begged him with tears not to forsake the house of God in his misfortunes—and when he stumbled in his weakness brought on by distress of mind, the author of his misery was driving a magnificent equipage close to the spot where he fell.

He was raised by some persons who marked the supercilious smile of the successful swindler; and the same persons afterwards heard him boast that he had twice upset old Rochford; once literally and once allegorically. His victim did not die of those heartless words, but he did of the ingratitude which prompted them. He was carried back to his house and laid on his bed;

and, for two years, his wife tended that feeble frame in which dwelt so broken a spirit, and Margaret coined her young strength into dollars, in a common district school, coming home to her dinner of cold brown bread without butter, and her coffee without milk or sugar, to save the better food for the poor father. When at the end of the two years, Mr. Rochford slept beside the young daughters who had gone before him to the gray old churchyard, the two worn and weary women, pale and haggard with toil and privations, seemed quite likely to share his resting-place in a short time.

But the widow did not die—and Margaret, re-invigorated by the stimulus of food of a better quality than she had allowed herself, became stronger. True, it was a sad reflection to her that she had now no protector—no one to stand between her and the cold world; but Margaret had a large portion of heavenly trust, and she determined to be very brave.

False friends and feeble-minded friends shunned the poor and mean apartments in which the desolate women lived—apartments by no means equalling those formerly devoted to their servants; but they passed this over quite serenely. They had rung this metal and found that it would not stand the test of affliction's fire. Such worthless dross could not be lamented for its loss, and they put it aside, forgetting that they had ever named it as gold among their treasures.

After her father's death, Margaret had time to reflect that she ought to turn some of her higher acquirements to account, and she earnestly set to work to obtain some pupils in music and dancing. She was surprised to find her efforts discouraged; as she had had expensive and thorough training. She had some slight glimmering of the truth, when she found that the same people employed very inefficient teachers at very low prices. The real truth lay as much perhaps in the fact that, as the former acquaintances of the family did not now wish to recognize her, they felt rather cheap to employ her services. They needed not to have cared. Margaret's iemper was too far up in the serene heights, to cast a thought upon the depths where they grovelled. She threw no backward glance of regret upon the time when her dead father had lived, in the full assurance that whatever might come to him, he had hosts of friends who would stand in the gap, with outstretched hands and hearts all brimming over with generous, brotherly kindness. He found out the stuff of which these hearts were made, even before his false partner's carriage-wheels were crushing the ground too near his feeble form.

So Margaret, unwilling to tax her mother by removing to another town where she might have found more lucrative employment, returned to her old school and gave her whole heart to the performance of her duty. Many a high-minded and strong-purposed woman remembers that she owes what is most valuable in her character, to the pale, gentle, but resolute teacher, who had such power over her, for the right and the good.

In the midst of her usefulness, Mrs. Rochford was taken ill. Unwilling to trust her mother with a hireling, Margaret found a substitute for her school for a week or two. As the disease, however, assumed a chronic form, and many expenses attended it, she found that she must resume her employment in order to meet them. Every hour was now burdened with anxiety lest she would not be tenderly cared for, as a patient should be. They who saw the teacher's hurrying tread as she went to and came from her daily task, were struck by the expression of the eyes that seemed to have no outward look, but to be turned backward to the restless brain within.

And after months and months of this looking, hoping and watching, there came a time when another freshly sodden grave in the old churchyard told that Margaret Rochford was *alone*. Alone! that would be a word of sad and dark meaning indeed, if there were no God upon whose altar stairs the soul might grope its way up to light—no Elder Brother to whose hand it might reach.

To such a life as Margaret now led, there was but one consolation; and that was the thought that she was doing good to the young creatures in her care. She aspired to do more. Gladly would she have found some larger, wider sphere. Soon she found herself longing for an opportunity to try her talents in another direction. She wrote books—books out of her own heart, with that subtle element of power that grows out of a person's own experience.

But she was nameless, unfriended, and the effort came back upon her heart with a vain feeling of mingled pride and disappointment, as bitter as it was unavailing. Ah, if they could have been written in her palmy days; have been heralded as the productions of Mr. Rochford's daughter! Not that she could have written them *then*; for sorrow and grief are the best brain-sharpeners, and that seed grows best which is moistened by the rain of tears.

Margaret, in one of her weary journeys to school, upon a wet, icy day, received a fall. It disabled her from walking; and now she was obliged to receive pupils in private instruction

at her own apartments. She deplored the want of exercise, but the change, in other respects, was pleasant. She was now mistress of her own time; and could receive some who were anxious to attend only to one study. She became happier, because she was not obliged to face the bustling world in the street. Yet when the girls were gone, and the early winter dusk fell down upon the earth, and Margaret felt that she was deserted by all earthly beings—when father, mother and sisters passed in review before her mind, but all unseen to her mortal eyes—there was a terrible void in her heart. They only, who have felt this, can truly understand it.

Where now was the compensation for her years of labor, of sacrifice, of change, decay and loss? Margaret's beauty had faded, her once brilliant eyes had grown dim with many tears; the hair that once was as a crown to her loveliness, was now as if two snow hands had pressed its shining masses, and her beautifully rounded form had fallen away from its fine proportions. Compared with her former self, she was but a wreck. Only the beauty of intellect, strong and grand—the beauty of a temper that time nor sorrow could destroy, was left her.

A vague restlessness had been haunting her all day; and in one of those wintry twilights, she passed into her little parlor, from the school-room, sat down by the fire and began that most useless of all occupations to her, that of tracing her past life. She was full of melancholy and soul-trying memories, when a letter was brought her. A letter for her? It must be a mistake. Since her father's death, no single epistle had found its way to their dwelling. Piles upon piles—Pelion upon Ossa—she had received formerly, but none since. She bent to the glowing grate and read the superscription. It was all right—a plain, large hand, with Miss Margaret Rochford, Harper's Court, and then, wonderingly, she lighted her lamp and sat down to read it.

Margaret was not hasty nor impulsive; so she sat long, studying the writing and wondering where it came from; a strange way that women have to attempt gratifying curiosity, when they might so much more easily do it by opening the letter at once. She was sure that she had letters in her desk in the same hand-writing. She even stayed to open her desk, and compare it with a huge pile of epistles that had not been opened for years upon years. O, those were welcome letters once! but afterwards, there came a chill upon the affection that prompted them,

and then the writer went away, no one seemed to know whither.

Yes—this one was in the old handwriting; and then she had to pause again, because now there were tears to wipe away. Margaret would never leave off that womanly weakness of crying. Let us look over her shoulder and read the missive with her. I like to read for myself, do not you? There is expression in the turn of a letter—even in a comma sometimes.

"There was a time when we two were more to each than common friends. Over that time, there drooped the darkest cloud of my life. I became poor—and the rich Mr. Rochford's daughter was far above me. I would not have married her then, if my heart had broken. It did not break, for a manly spirit was in me still. I said 'I will retrieve my fortune, and if no other man has won the prize, I will try for it again. I went away, Margaret, because I would not leave it in your power to tempt me from my proud resolution. I knew your generous spirit, and that you would have bestowed fortune and every blessing upon me so much the more for my poverty; but I would not let that be said of me—a man. To-day, I am rich—I offer all to you. Think of the long, long years of anxiety and suspense, and speak to me words of hope.

"CLARENCE LEIGH."

Margaret looked at the envelope again. It was directed originally to her former residence, and had been re-directed at the post-office. The writer did not know then, all that had passed since he went away.

She seized a pen and wrote. These words, too, were out of her heart. All was reversed with her, she wrote. Wealth had fled, youth faded; she was friendless and alone. Could he expect her to receive a benefit which once he would have scorned? No—she was only the teacher, Margaret Rochford now—a pale, lame girl—growing old, and already gray and withered. She would not accept his offer for the Indies. He did not know what he did. It was quite a different affair to the one he meant when he wrote. He had her heartfelt good wishes.

She closed her letter, setting down her seal hard, as if she were shutting a coffin which she must never open again. A boy who sometimes waited to do her errands, was still lingering in the kitchen, and she sent it off that night.

Two more twilights passed in trying to make out whether she felt more or less lonely, now that she knew Clarence Leigh was alive. She could not decide, and she took up a book and sat down to read until the fading light was entirely gone.

"No errands to-night, John," she called, when the door opened as she thought to admit the

little servant's head. "No errands to-night," she repeated softly and kindly, as she spoke to every human being.

A shadow was thrown upon the wall by the firelight. A voice thrilled through her heart, that had been all unheard for years.

"Old, gray and faded, and alas! worse than all! *poor*," it said, in cheerful tones. "I am come to brighten it all up, Margaret. Give me a welcome?" And this was MARGARET ROCHFORD'S COMPENSATION.

#### TURKISH BATH.

The Orientals enjoy the vapor and hot baths to such an extent, that in almost all their towns and villages they are to be found; but I had no idea of finding such perfection here, and must, for the novelty of the thing, describe it. After passing two chambers, one hotter than the other, we arrived at the third, where the heat and vapor were almost suffocating, and there found half a dozen naked Arabs waiting for their three customers; when such a scene of confusion commenced as I cannot describe, to decide who should have the "white skins." After they had fought it out, and our servants had settled it by agreeing to divide the backsheesh, or gift, they commenced with burning musk and perfume. While the perspiration rolled out from every pore, I was rubbed from head to foot with a camel's hair glove, and then laid on the hot marble floor, while my arms were crossed upon my back and breast, and almost the weight of the Arab's body thrown upon me. All my joints were drawn and cracked, while showers of hot water were thrown upon me; and almost in an exhausted state, myself and my two companions were led into an adjoining room, with white turbans on our heads, wrapped in sheets, where we reposed upon divans for an hour, partaking of coffee, lemonade and pipes. After this fatiguing but refreshing bath, one feels like a new man, particularly when the heat of the day is intense.—*Around the World.*

#### OUR BED ROOMS.

Our bed rooms are too often fit only to die in. The best are those of the intelligent and affluent, which are carefully ventilated; next to these come those of the cabins and ruder farm-houses, with an inch or two of vacancy between the chimney and the roof, and with cracks on every side, through which the stars may be seen. The ceiled and plastered bed rooms, wherein too many of the middle classes are lodged, with no apertures for the ingress or egress of air but the door and windows, are horrible. Nine-tenths of their occupants rarely open a window, unless compelled by excessive heat, and very few are careful to leave the door ajar. To sleep in a tight 6-by-10 bed room, with no aperture admitting air, is to court the ravages of pestilence, and invoke the speedy advent of death.—*Medical Journal.*

We sever what God has joined, and so destroy beauty, and lose hold of truth.

#### GIVE THE BOYS TOOLS.

Yes, give them tools—not merely the needful implements for cultivating the garden, but give them a few good carpenter's tools, with a bench on which to use them. Let their first attempt be upon a chest in which to keep the saw, hammer, bit stock and bits, planes, squares, rule, chisels, gimlets, awls, screw driver, etc., with a separate hand box to set in, containing apartments for screws and different sized nails, brads, etc. Let the middle partition of the box be a high board, having a convenient handle cut out of the top to carry it by. The next attempt may be on a house or clothes chest, regularly dovetailed together, and provided with a "till" in one or both ends. Our "blue chest," made while a small boy, will ever remain one of the "household treasures." A hand-sled, set of trucks, or wheel-barrow will soon follow, after which some of the more useful farm implements, such as axe, hoe or fork handles may readily be made, or sundry carpenter jobs attended to, such as putting new siding or shingles on the house, setting glass, making and attaching water gutters to the eaves, etc. We could mention several instances where persons without serving an apprenticeship, but with a fondness for and readiness in handling tools which frequent use begets, have constructed most of the implements upon the farm, not excepting the ox-cart and hay wagon. Others have built a barn, finished off rooms in the house, painted the buildings outside and inside, doing the work at a leisure time when there was little else requiring attention. Therefore, we say, give the boys a set of tools to amuse themselves with, and the money will be well invested.—*Agriculturist.*

#### ANIMAL CONTENT.

I have been watching a family of kittens, engaged in their exquisitely graceful play. Near them lay their mother, stretched at her length upon the flagging, taking her morning nap, and warming herself in the sun. She had eaten her breakfast (provided by no care of her own, but at my expense), had seen her little family fed, and having nothing further to attend to, had gone off into a doze. What a blessed freedom from care! Think of a family of four children, with no frocks to be made for them, no hair to brush, no shoes to provide, no socks to knit and mend, no school-books to buy, and no nurse! Think of a living being with the love of offspring in her bosom, and a multitude of marvellous instincts in her nature, yet knowing nothing of God, thinking not of the future, without a hope or an expectation, or a doubt or a fear, passing straight on to annihilation! At the threshold of this destiny the little kittens were carelessly playing; and they are doubtless still playing, while I write. They have no lessons to learn, they do not have to go to Sunday-school, they entertain no prejudices except against dogs which occasionally dodge into the yard; and I judge, by the familiar way in which they play with their mother's ears, and pounce upon her tail, that they are not in any degree oppressed by a sense of the respect due to a parent. Cat and kittens will eat, and frolic, and sleep, through their brief life, and then they will curl up in some dark corner and die.—*Lessons in Life.*



## The Florist.

Beside a fading bank of snow,  
A lovely anemone blew,  
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow  
Its leaves of heaven's sereneest hue.  
"Tis spring, I cried—pale winter's fled,  
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown;  
The blossoms, withered long and dead,  
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown."

PERCIVAL.

### Tiger Flower.

The Mexican tiger flower, or *Ferraria pavonia* and *F. conchiflora*, are flowers of exquisite beauty. The bulbs are tunicated, producing from one to four stems each, from eighteen inches to two feet high; the flowers are of short duration. The shape of the flower is singularly curious, and the coloring of each variety gorgeous. The flowers of the first-named variety are of the richest scarlet imaginable, variegated with a bright golden yellow. The groundwork of *F. conchiflora* is of the richest orange, variegated with light yellow, and spotted with black. No flower can exceed it in beauty; but nature does not lavish all her sweets upon one flower—in this there is no scent. The flowers are large, and produced in July and August. It is properly a greenhouse plant, but is easily cultivated in the open air. The bulbs should be planted about the middle of May, about two inches deep, in any rich garden soil, and require no particular care. The bulbs and offsets should be taken up in October and dried; but be particular not to expose them to frost while drying, or at any other time, as that would destroy them. They may be kept in dry sand, sawdust or moss, until the time of planting in the spring. The mice are very fond of the roots, and if they find them, but few will be left to plant.

### The Dahlia.

The dahlia is a native of Mexico, found on the table lands of that country. It was first introduced into England in the year 1789, was but little noticed, and soon lost. It was re-introduced in 1804, then a single purple flower of not much interest. It is only within the last thirty years that it has received the attention of the florist. From the single purple and scarlet variety all the numerous family of florists' flowers have been produced; a striking example of what may be done by patience and perseverance in the skilful cultivation of a simple flower. The root is tuberous and tender. Freezing destroys it at once; it can therefore be planted only in the spring. It is propagated by seeds, divisions of the root, and by cuttings. If the seed is sown in a hotbed, in April, and the plants set out in the open ground in June, most of them flower the same season, and though not one in a hundred or thousand may come up to the standard of a perfect flower, yet it is very interesting to mark the curious sports which are often made in these seedlings. Many of them will make a greater show in the shrubbery than the more perfect sorts. What is lacking in shape and size, is made up in the profusion of bloom.

### Anemone.

The *Anemone hortensis*, or garden anemone, is the species from which all the fine varieties of the florist's flowers originated. More than one hundred and fifty choice varieties are enumerated in some of the Dutch catalogues of the present day, classed as follows:—red or blood color; rosy and white, flamed with purple; sky blue; purple or ash color; rosy, with green, and white, and agate. The situation should be open, but not exposed to currents of air. The bed should be dug eighteen inches deep, and filled with rich compost, a little above the level of the walk; then lay a stratum of good rich mould, two inches deep, over the compost, on which to plant the roots, as the dung or very rich compost in contact with the roots would prove injurious rather than beneficial. The roots should be planted in rows six inches apart, and the same distance from each other in the rows. A little care is necessary in planting to place the roots right side up. By close examination the eyes, from which the stems and flowers are to proceed, can be distinguished, which, of course, must be planted uppermost. After the roots are placed on the bed, they must be carefully covered two inches deep with good sound garden mould. This is the proper depth. When the bed is all completed, the surface should be three or four inches above the walk. They will be in flower in June, and, if shaded from the sun, will continue to display their beauties a long time.

### Amaryllis.

*Amaryllis formosissima*, or Jacobean Lily, is a flower of great beauty. It is a tender bulb, but succeeds well when planted in May, in the open border, in a rich, sandy soil. The top of the bulb should hardly be covered with earth. The flowers are large and of a very deep red. The under petals hang down, the upper curl up, and the whole flower stands nodding on one side of the stock, making a fine appearance. The bulb rarely produces more than two flowers, and more frequently but one, about one foot high, flowering in June or July. Upon the approach of freezing weather the bulbs must be taken up, dried, and put away in dry sawdust, where they will be secure from frost.

### Crocus.

The spring crocus is a very common bulbous-rooted plant. The most prominent sorts are the great yellow, deep blue, light blue, white with blue stripes, blue with white stripes, white with a purple base, pure white, cloth of gold, etc. It flowers in April, and in warm seasons, in sheltered places, frequently in March. The bulbs are small, solid and flat. They should be planted, in September or October, about one inch or one and a half inch deep, in any good garden soil.

### Pretty Idea.

Large pine burs, sprinkled with grass-seed and soaked in water, may be made pretty ornaments for the parlor mantel. The seed germinates in the cones, and covers them with its little green spires.

## Curious Matters.

### Very Curious.

A contemporary states that it has recently received, through the kindness of a friend at Arica, Peru, a quantity of petrified Indian eyes, taken from the Indian burying-grounds in that vicinity, which are probably as great a curiosity in their way as ever came to light. The ball of the eye is exceedingly perfect, displaying the pupil and other parts very distinctly. It is apparently of a hard, horny substance, and peels off in thin transparent flakes. The face of the eye presents a reddish hue with yellow circles, and when reflected in the light, it becomes brilliantly illuminated. The back part is of a bright, glossy, yellow tinge, looking much like damaged pearl; but when the outer flakes are taken off, the eye becomes the color of bright amber, which it is easily mistaken for. These eyes are found at times loose inside the skulls, and at other times on the ground of the cave or grave, having fallen out after becoming dried up.

### Singular.

Eight years ago the wife of John Lawbough, of Pink Prairie, died and was buried in that place. A short time since it became desirable to take up and remove the remains of Mrs. L. The grave was opened, and the coffin, which was in a state of perfect preservation, was removed; but before depositing it in the new place, it was concluded to open it, especially as it appeared uncommonly heavy. It was therefore opened, and the body of Mrs. L. was found to be perfectly petrified—every part being as full and fair as on the day of her burial, eight years ago, except the lower part of the face and the hands, which were partially decayed. Her limbs, breast, and every part, with the above exceptions, were solid stone, and as fair and perfect as when she died. The soil of the grave was clay, and possessed no peculiarities that were discernible. This is an uncommon case, and withal a curious one.

### Sound.

Herschel gives 245 miles as the greatest known distance to which sound has been carried in the air. This was when the awful explosion of the volcano at St. Vincent's was heard at Demerara. The cannonading of the battle of Jena was just heard in the open fields near Dresden, a distance of ninety-two miles, and in the casemates of the fortress it was very distinct. The bombardment of Antwerp, in 1812, is said to have been heard in the mines of Saxony, three hundred and seventy miles distant.

### An African Rat.

Everything is large in Africa. A rat, or bandicoot, was recently caught in Katagoom, measuring two feet seven inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. It was of a light gray color, with black tail and round head, covered over with long hairs.

### Singing Fish.

M. de Thoron has addressed a curious communication to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, on the subject of certain singing fish that inhabit the seas as well as rivers of South America. He specially mentions the Bay of Pallon, situated north of the provinces of Esmeraldas, in the republic of Ecuador, where, being in a boat, he was suddenly started by a deep humming noise, which he attributed to some large insect, but which upon inquiry turned out to be a kind of fish called "Musicos" by the people of the country. On proceeding further the sounds became so strong as to remind him of the strains of a church organ. These fish live both in salt and fresh water, since they are also met with in the river Marañon. They are not more than ten inches long; their color is white sprinkled with blue spots, and they will continue their music for hours without minding any interruption.

### A useful Dog.

Mr. Schenck, at the Farms, says the Cape Ann Advertiser, has a dog which goes out near the railroad track every night, a few moments before it is time for the cars, and waits until they pass, then picks up the paper which is thrown off by the expressman, and carries it to his master. He is always on hand at the regular time, and never fails to bring the paper when it is there. Monday night he came back without it, and so confident was Mr. Schenck that it had not been thrown off, that he walked to Rockport, and there learned that another person had been on the route that day, instead of the regular expressman, and had forgotten to throw it off. This same dog used to get the paper by the stage-coach, ere the cars commenced running, and never missed being at his post when the stage came along.

### Heavy Men.

The weightiest man in the Maine House of Representatives is Captain D. Randall, of Island Falls; his age is 42, height 6 feet and 4 inches, and his weight 295 pounds. The tallest man is Thomas J. Demeritt, of Peru, age 54, height 6 feet 5½ inches, weight 236 pounds. There are ten members whose average weight is 212 pounds.

### Patriotic old Lady.

Mrs. Sarah Larrabee, of Rockville, Mass., has now four sons, seventeen grandsons, and one great-grandson in the army. The old lady of eighty-five years walked to Salem, recently, to see the last of them depart for the battle-field, and then walked back, about six miles.

### Quite Likely.

There is a woman in Glen Falls, N. Y., who has lived three years without eating, and has fattened on it. "She lies quiet," the Messenger at that place says, and people of a credulous turn think the editor does likewise.

**Great Mental Feat.**

A great literary curiosity, fully worthy the notice of a future d'Israeli, says the Cincinnati Telegraph, is a book which has been printed without having been written. The author is professionally a mechanical typo, who set up the "matter" from "copy" in his mind. We state a literal fact. He wrote with a pen merely the headings of the topics and subjects—the sentences he wrote in types. The book is entitled "The Printer's Manual, a Practical Guide for Compositors and Pressmen, by Thomas Lynch." It consists of 262 pages, 12mo., (brevier) in classical English! Fancy a man treating his mental or inner self objectively, standing back and looking at it.

**Taming Snow-Birds.**

A pretty sight may be witnessed in the village at Bethel Hill, Maine. An aged couple, who are quietly spending the evening of their days by themselves, are daily visited by a flock of snow-birds. Several years since, the kind lady seeing some of these wanderers from the north perched on the window stool of her sitting-room, placed some food there for them. They came regularly every day during the winter for their food, and the next winter repeated their visits, which they have kept up till the present winter, so that now they form quite a large flock.

**A Needle's Travel.**

About one year ago a little child of Mr. Charles Towne, of Greenwich, Mass., while creeping on the floor, ran a sharp needle into its foot, a piece of which was broken off, and the remainder stayed in the child's flesh, causing temporary suffering. A few days ago the missing needle-point came out from a small sore near the child's elbow, having traversed the whole distance from the foot to the arm in less than a year.

**A Dwarf.**

Commodore Nutt, of Manchester, N. H., now 18 years of age, is said to be the smallest dwarf in the world. He is thirteen inches shorter than General Tom Thumb. He is bright, graceful, gentlemanly, well educated, fond of farming and sporting. His sponsorial name is George Washington Nutt, and he is the son of Major Rodnia Nutt, a thrifty and respectful farmer of Manchester. He declines to be made a "show" of, notwithstanding very liberal overtures.

**An Item for the Curious.**

As Captain Z. H. Small, of Harwich, was splitting the butt of a white oak tree of about one foot in diameter, which grew on his own land, he discovered about three inches within the surface a white pine plug, and at the end of the plug a lock of human hair. The hair was of dark brown color, and very bright and glossy, although it must have been embedded many years, as the three inches of wood over the plug was entirely perfect, and had no appearance of ever having been bored through.

**Remarkable Tenacity of Life.**

A Columbus (Ohio) correspondent of the Journal and Messenger writes that there is now in the State Lunatic Asylum, in Columbus, a man who has been there seven years, and imagines himself the Son of God. He has lately fasted for twenty-one days, and at the end seemed not the worse for it, only a little more excitable. This statement is confirmed by nurses and doctors. He resisted any temptation presented to him to eat and drink till the expiration of the twenty-one days.

**A Lilliputian.**

Mrs. Frederick Mabie, of Bergen county, N. J., died recently. This lady, who had reached the advanced age of seventy-seven years, was no taller than ordinary girls of four or five summers, and, although a Lilliputian in size, her intellect was unimpaired to the time of her death, and until a short time past she was as sprightly as any other person of her age. She had a brother who was but a few inches taller than herself. He had his third wife when he died.

**The Number Nine.**

Take any number whatever and multiply it by 9, or any multiple of 9, and the sum will consist of figures which, added together, continually number 9. As 17 by 19=306, 6 and 3 are 9; 117 by 27=3159, the figures sum up 18, 8 and 1 are 9; 4501 by 72=324072, the figures sum up 18, 8 and 1 are 9. Again, 87,363 by 54=4,717,422; added together, the product is 27, or 2 and 7 are 9, and so always.

**A great Clock.**

The clock on St. Paul's, London, is a "big thing." The pendulum is forty-four feet long, and the weight at the end of it is one hundred pounds; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dial is eight feet, and, the weight, seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figure is two feet two and a half inches.

**Replacing a Nose.**

A few days since a gentleman of Cleveland, Ohio, had his nose so nearly cut off by a fall from a carriage, that it hung only by a bit of skin and cartilage. It was, however, speedily replaced in its original position, bound firmly on, and was healing so neatly that only a slight scar will exist to mark the accident.

**Curious.**

A very singular scene was presented to many eyes a few days since in Hellam township, York county, Pennsylvania. One morning the fallen snow was literally covered with small black ants, crawling and kicking with as much animation as do insects in midsummer.

## The Housewife.

### To make Stair Carpets last.

Slips of paper should always be placed over the edges of the stairs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards underneath it. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth, as convenient. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.

### Plain Custard.

Boil together a quart of cream or new milk, a stick of cinnamon and some mace; then take twelve eggs, beat them up well; sweeten them; put them into a pan, and bake or boil them, stirring them all one way till they are of a proper thickness; boil the spice first, and when the milk is cold, mix the eggs, and boil it. The spice may be left out, and in lieu of that, four or five bitter almonds, to the taste.

### Lemon Custard.

Take the yolks of ten eggs, beaten; strain them, and whip them with a pint of cream; boil the juice of two lemons, sweetened, with the rind of one; when cold, strain it to the cream and eggs; when it almost boils, put it in a dish; grate over the rind of a lemon, and brown it with a salamander.

### Boiled Custards.

Scald a quart of milk; when cool, pour it into a mixture of nine beaten eggs, nine tablespoonsful of sugar, and rosewater to your taste; strain this through a sieve into your custard cups; set the cups into a deep iron pan; fill it half full of water, and boil them hard.

### Furniture Polish.

Beeswax half a pound, and a quarter of an ounce of alkanet root; melt together in a pipkin, until the former is well colored. Then add linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, of each half a gill; strain through a piece of coarse muslin.

### Baked Indian Pudding.

Seven tablespoonsful of meal, one of flour; wet with a quart of milk. Thicken it over the fire like mush. Take it from the fire, and add a teacup of molasses, a little salt, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

### To prevent Tea-Kettles coating with Lime.

Put the shell of an oyster in the tea-kettle, and the lime will adhere to it, instead of coating the sides.

### To prevent Ink from freezing.

Instead of water use brandy, and it will never freeze.

### A good Lotion.

A refreshing lotion, possessing cleansing and clearing qualities, may be made thus:—Take a pint of orange-flower water and a pint of rain water, with a sprig of rosemary; add to this four ounces of Castile soap, scraped finely; boil it all together, and bottle for use. This is called pearl water; it is easily prepared, and is at the same time innocent and efficacious.

### Economical Pudding.

Keep your pieces of bread, and dry them nicely; when enough are collected, soak them in milk over night; in the morning drain out all the milk you can through a cullender; add to the bread some sugar and a little salt, with some scalded raisins; tie it in a bag, and boil five or six hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

### Plain Baked Bread Pudding.

Pound rusked bread fine; to five heaping table-spoonsful of it put a quart of milk, three beaten eggs, three tablespoonsful of rolled sugar, a tea-spoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, and three table-spoonsful of melted butter. Bake it about an hour. It does not need any sauce.

### Codfish Balls.

Soak the codfish and boil it; then chop it fine, add equal quantity of potatoes, mashed; moisten with beaten eggs or milk and a bit of butter; pepper it, and make it into round flat balls; roll in flour slightly, and fry in hot lard or beef drippings until of a nice brown; fry gently, and turn over. Serve for breakfast.

### Biscuit Puddings.

Mix together a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, with the same quantity of brown sugar and butter; five eggs, leaving out two whites, and then a quarter of a pint of milk; bake twenty minutes in cups.

### Oyster Pancakes.

Mix equal quantities of milk and oyster juice together. To a pint of the liquor, when mixed, put a pint of wheat flour, a few oysters, a couple of eggs, and a little salt. Drop by the large spoonful into hot lard.

### Plain Boiled Indian Pudding.

Pour three pints of boiling milk to a large quart of Indian meal; stir it well; add a teacup of molasses, a little salt, and two tablespoonsful of flour. Boil four hours.

### To make a Lemon Pie out of Turnips.

Pare and boil the turnip, add a teaspoonful of tartaric acid and a cup of sugar; season and bake as an apple-pie.

### For a Sprain.

Extract of arnica, applied to a sprain, will remove the pain in a short time.

**Roast Leg of Mutton boned and stuffed.**

The principal skill required in accomplishing this dish is the boning; this must be done with a very sharp knife; commence on the under side of the joint, passing the knife under the skin until exactly over the bone; then cut down to it; pass the knife round close to the bone, right up to the socket; then remove the large bone of the thickest end of the leg, seeing the meat is clear of the bone; you may then draw out the remaining bones easily. Put in the orifice a highly seasoned force meat; fasten the knuckle end tightly over; replace the bone at the base of the joint, and sew it in. It must be well basted, and should be sent to table with a good gravy.

**To roast Ducks.**

Ducks should be well plucked, without tearing the skin, all the plugs being removed. Some cooks go so far as to skin the duck, holding it a minute by the feet in scalding water, that the skin may peel easier; clean the insides thoroughly with a little warm water, and stuff them with the same stuffing as for goose, using perhaps a little more bread, for the sake of mildness; roast them before a brisk fire, but not too close; baste very frequently; they will take from half an hour to an hour; much depends on the age and size; when the breast plumps they will be just done; serve them with a rich brown gravy.

**Broiled fresh Cod.**

Split the fish by the backbone; cut each side into pieces three inches wide; roll in flour and broil it over a clear, brisk fire of coals; lay the inside to the fire first. Have ready a dish, with a quarter of a pound of butter, in which is worked of salt and pepper each a teaspoonful; lay the pieces of fish on as they are done; turn them in the butter and serve. Or let the fish be cut across in steaks, of an inch in thickness, and finish in the same manner.

**Saddle of Mutton.**

This joint, like the haunch, gains much of its flavor from hanging for some time; the skin should be taken off, but skewered on again, until within rather more than a quarter of an hour of its being done; then let it be taken off; dredge the saddle with flour; baste well. The kidneys may be removed or remain at pleasure; but the fat which is found within the saddle should be removed previous to cooking.

**Stewed Salt Cod.**

Scald some soaked cod in boiling water for ten minutes; scrape it, pick in flakes, and put it in a stewpan, with a tablespoonful of butter worked into the same of flour, moisten it with milk; stew gently for ten minutes; add pepper to taste, and serve hot; put it in a deep dish, slice hard-boiled eggs over, and sprigs of parsley around the edge. Serve for breakfast, with coffee and tea, and rolls or toast.

**Codfish Toast.**

Pick the fish in pieces, and soak it in cold water until sufficiently fresh, then drain it well, and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, half a teacupful of sweet cream, and two-thirds of a teacup of milk, and one egg. Season it well with pepper, and let it scald slow, stirring it well. Make a nice moist toast, well seasoned, and lay it on the platter, with the fish over it, and it is ready for the table, and is a fine dish. Made as above, without toast, is also good; with vegetables, butter may be used instead of cream.

**Broiled Mutton Kidneys.**

Skin and split without parting asunder; skewer them through the outer edge, and keep them flat; lay the open sides first to the fire, which should be clear and brisk; in four minutes turn them; sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and when done, which will be in three minutes afterward, take them from the fire; put a piece of butter inside them; squeeze some lemon-juice over them, and serve as hot as possible.

**Venison Steaks.**

Cut them moderately thick, and place on a grid-iron over a slow fire. When done on both sides, remove them to the plate, and on both sides of each sprinkle salt, pepper, powdered cloves, butter and currant jelly, and pile them as compactly as possible. This keeps them warm, and furnishes a rich gravy.

**Stewed Oysters.**

They should be only boiled a few minutes. Add to them a little water, salt, a sufficient quantity of butter, and pepper; roll crackers fine and stir in. Some prefer toast of bread, laid in the bottom of the dish, with less cracker. They should be served hot.

**To roast Lobsters.**

Take live lobster; half boil it; remove it from the kettle in which it is boiling; dry it with a cloth; while hot, rub it over with butter; set it before a good fire; baste it with butter; when it produces a fine froth, it is done; serve with melted butter.

**Meat Patties.**

The patty pans should not be too large; make a puff paste, put a layer at the bottom of the tins; put in forcemeat, and cover with puff paste; bake them a light brown; turn them out. If for a small dinner, five patties; or seven for a large dinner will suffice for a side-dish.

**Marrow Patties.**

Shred a few apples with some marrow; add a little sugar; make them up in puff paste; fry them in clarified butter, and when done, sprinkle some sugar over them and serve.

**Mutton Hams.**

These are cut, corned, smoked and eaten the same as smoked beef or venison hams.



## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### ANCIENT LETTER CARRIERS.

The institution of the post-office, as we understand it in our day, does not seem to have been known to the ancients, who employed birds and dogs as messengers. Bergier, in his history of the great roads of the Roman empire, says that Cyrus introduced the use of four-wheeled carts, drawn by four horses, to transport the government despatches, and that "from the Egean Sea to the city of Suza, the capital of the Persian kingdom, there were one hundred and eleven huts or houses, from one to the other of which was a day's journey." Under the Romans, in the days of Augustus, Suetonius tells us that relays were employed, for rapid communications. To send their letters, "the emperors," says Bergier, "employed posts stationed on the military roads, so well regulated and governed that there was no need for the sovereign prince to travel through his kingdom, for without leaving the city of Rome, he could govern the earth by letters, missives, orders and mandates, which were no sooner written, than, by means of the posts, they were carried as promptly as if birds had been the messengers." Little did Augustus deem that the lightning would one day be the letter carrier of mankind, and speed the winged thought from one hemisphere to the other literally in "less than no time."

**PIG TACTICS.**—Pigs, it is said, when attacked by an enemy, arrange themselves in a cone-shaped body, presenting the apex of the cone to the foe. The ancient Romans, in drawing up their armies for battle, adopted this form.

**AN EXCEPTION.**—It is said that, as a rule, favors ought to be returned. But to this rule clearly there are some exceptions. Who, for instance, ever dreams of returning wedding favors?

**CRITICISM.**—An exchange infers that Dryden wasn't opposed to mint juleps, from a remark he once made: "Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

**EDUCATION.**—Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and education must finish him.

### THE PAST.

There is much of the venerable and poetical, much of the romantic and picturesque in antiquity. A hoary ruin has its charms for the painter, the poet and the antiquarian; one loves to brush among the cobwebs of ages, to exhume from the ashes of volcanoes buried cities, to rebuild in imagination Babylon, Pompeii, Herculaneum, or the Roman forum, and to clothe with new life the shadows of the great, brave and good heroes of the past, and the glorious and noble women who have been the life and charm of bygone ages. The same feeling impels us to look back with a sort of tender regret on the days of our youth, and to cherish the memories of "auld lang syne." But this feeling, like many other emotions, may be carried to excess; we may cherish the memory of the dead at the expense of the living; we may dwell upon what we have lost, to the exclusion of a proper appreciation of what we retain. We should not forget that all which is old is not venerable; that the past has its errors to be deplored, as well as its glory to be regretted. The splendid ruins we rebuild and re-people in fancy, were scenes of great vices and errors, as well of great achievements. Better it is that the splendid ruins of the Coliseum should crumble in dust, than that its rebuilt walls should look down on the scenes of blood which disgraced its days of splendor, when the hapless gladiator, torn from his peaceful home, was "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and the friendless Christian, for asserting his right to worship God, was given to the wild beasts of the Flavian amphitheatre.

Those who live only in the past, to whose eyes every picture of antiquity is bright and golden-hued, are deeply to be pitied—their enthusiasm is morbid and unhealthy. A discriminating reverence for the past is laudable; the reverse indicates ill-balanced judgment.

**IMITATION.**—Imitation is the homage that dulness pays to genius. Such homage is paid constantly at the throne of the great.

**JUST SO.**—Poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF CLIMATE.

Profound philosophers have attributed to the changeable climate of the temperate regions of the earth the vast superiority which the inhabitants possess over those of the torrid or polar regions. Substantially all the intelligence and enterprise of the world is exhibited by the nations which dwell in these regions—as the people of the various countries of Europe, and of the United States and British Provinces in America. Their climate is a perpetual conflict of the cold winds from the polar regions and the hot winds from the equator. These winds are opposite in character and direction, and cause that changeableness, that extreme variety of temperature, of dryness and moisture, of fair weather and foul, which diversify the climate of the temperate zone. The cold winds from the north are dry, and lick up the moisture of the earth, while the warm winds from the south are laden with moisture, which are condensed upon the mountains and hilltops, and fall in showers of rain. Either alone would be a curse to the land; the former by making it dry and sterile, the latter by drenching it with water to the destruction of vegetation and the detriment of human health. Blended together, or acting alternately, they produce that wholesome and beneficial variety, which make for man seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, and through all, a healthy temperature. These changes from hot to cold, and moist to dry, are different in the same country in different years; and as a general thing it is remarked that when there is a dry summer or a cold winter in Europe, there is a wet summer or a mild winter in America, and the reverse. The same difference sometimes exists between the eastern and western portions of the same continent. Thus, in the years 1816-17, owing to the moist south-western winds which had prevailed over eastern Europe, the degree of moisture was such that the harvests failed entirely, and there was general famine and distress. But these wet winds did not extend to western Europe, and consequently the harvests of that portion of the continent were as abundant as usual, and served to supply the famishing people on the other side of the continent. It was then that the immense grain fields of southern Russia were first made known to the rest of the world, and their commercial importance established as the granaries of Europe. It is thus that the hand of an All-wise Providence so orders the winds of heaven, as to make his intelligent creatures mutually dependent upon each other for assistance and support, and establishes those bonds of fraternity between them which the mad ambition of wicked rulers seeks to sever.

## FULL AND EMPTY STOMACHS.

The business man who has been at work hard all day, will enter his house for dinner as crabbed as a hungry bear—crabbed because he is as hungry as a hungry bear. The wife understands the mood, and, while she says little to him, is careful not to have the dinner delayed. In the meantime, the children watch him cautiously, and do not tease him with questions. When the soup is gulped, and he leans back and wipes his mouth, there is an evident relaxation, and his wife ventures to ask for the news. When the roast beef is disposed of, she presumes upon gossip, and possibly upon a jest; and when, at last, the dessert is spread upon the table, all hands are merry, and the face of the husband and father, which entered the house so pinched, and savage, and sharp, becomes soft, and full, and beaming as the face of the round summer moon. Children are very sensitive to the influence of hunger; and often when we think that we are witnessing some fearful proof of the total depravity of human nature in a young child, we are only witnessing the natural expression of a desire for bread and milk.

**A RAG BRIGADE.**—A London rag brigade is about to be organized on the model of the shoeblacks. Homeless and neglected boys are to be provided with trucks and weights and scales, and are to go from door to door asking for rags, and giving a printed memorandum with the weight and price filled in. The boys will then take their rags to a store-room, where they will be sorted and prepared for the wholesale dealers. The rag brigade, like the shoeblack brigade, will be dressed in uniform, and will be under proper control and care, morally and pecuniarily.

**AN IDEA.**—A very obvious method of encouraging the light in the street lamps has been introduced in Brussels. It consists in a series of metallic mirrors in the upper part of the lamp, placed at such an angle as to reflect downwards upon the street the light which before went upward.

**AFFECTING ORATOR.**—A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard, for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

**CHILDREN.**—Children make men better citizens. When your own child has learned in the streets to swear, it makes you feel that you are a stock-holder in the public morality.

## GAMBLING.

The passion for gambling is one of the most ruinous and fatal that can affect an individual; and yet this vice yields perhaps to none in the number of its victims, and the universality of its location. In its madness it embraces civilized and barbarous existence; if the dandy stakes his gold on the green cloth of the club-rooms of St. James, or the *rouge et noir* tables of the Parisian pandemoniums, the wild Indian risks his blanket or his horse on the prairies of the far West. It is a vice and temptation which assumes a thousand forms—now smiling, by offering inducements as a lottery, now deceiving its votaries as a fashionable raffle, or “small coins” at whist.

In some countries legislation has dealt severely with this vice; in others, it has either regulated or countenanced it—and we are sorry to say, that even in this country lotteries are licensed by some of the State authorities. We are not, however, of that number who think human nature is best governed, or indeed governed at all, by coercion. The amelioration in morals, which has been rapidly going on in the world since the middle ages, has been the result of increased intelligence and education, and not of enhanced severity and penal enactments. In fact, human nature has progressed precisely in the ratio of the increase of mildness in the statute. Men are weaned from destructive vices by appeals to their reason, rather than by a resort to force.

Arithmetic applied to games of chance yields some startling results. In throwing dice, for instance, a person undertaking to name beforehand six throws of the dice, has one chance in 78,364,164,096 of guessing right, so various are the combinations probable!

“There is one principle in ambush for the gambler,” says a powerful writer, “the knowledge of which, could he only admit it, would curdle his blood and paralyze his hand, holding him back from the bottomless pit. It is the certainty—the positive, mathematically demonstrated certainty—that if you play with a limited capital an even game against an unlimited one, your limited capital will first or last be swallowed up. This is no paradox difficult of proof or comprehension; it is perfectly simple and clear.” The gambler, once entrapped, stands in this fatal position, when he is playing against a bank; he heeds, he sees not, the fatality which threatens him. Trifling games lead him on step by step, but he cannot escape. Dollar after dollar, hundreds after hundreds, flow from his hand into the grasp of the inexorable banker. A few evenings decide his fate, and the horror of his situation

breaks upon him—he is ruined, and the pistol of the suicide cuts off all hope.

Thus perished Colton, the author of *Lacon*, a man of extraordinary talent, and an English clergyman. He abandoned his books, his parish, his literary associates and his friends, and gave himself up in Paris to his mad passion for gambling. He passed through the usual vicissitudes of the gambler's career, now reduced to a few francs, now rejoicing in the possession of a handful of Napoleons. He haunted nightly the gaming tables of the Palais Royal, until at last he lost everything; and between starvation and suicide, he chose the latter, and a bullet closed his sad and infamous career.

When suicide is not the result of the ruin produced by gaming, the victim, morally destroyed, learns by the vilest arts to ruin others; false cards and loaded dice are often his instruments. The gamester who plays fairly, has not only against him the many fatal chances, which will sooner or later work his ruin, but the more rapid hostility of fraud, which is always more or less introduced into games of chance.

There is but one means of safety for a young man entering on the great highway of life, and that is to lay down a rule rigidly to be adhered to—never to approach a gaming-table, never to stake one penny upon a card, never to bet, never to purchase a ticket in a lottery. It is easier to abstain entirely from temptations of this kind, than to recede after having taken the first step—for that first step has been the irretrievable ruin of countless thousands.

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A CURIOSITY.—Every now and then the papers publish a batch of queer epitaphs—some genuine, a good many spurious, and most all hackneyed. Here is an old English epitaph that is funny:

“John Paffryman, who lieth here,  
Was aged twenty-four year;  
And near this place his mother lies,  
Also his father—when he dies.”

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A TIGHT PLACE.—A “gentleman of veracity” asserts that he saw a horse's nose frozen in, while drinking at a trough, at Portland, Maine, a few days ago.

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THINK OF IT.—The result of silk-worm culture in Algiers is said to prove that in a few years the French laborer can be clothed in silks as cheaply as in cotton.

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AN “OLD” WORLD.—According to Professor Agassiz and the Florida reefs, the world is certainly 24,000 years old and perhaps older.

## THE PEARL FISHERIES.

We are indebted mainly to the *Panama Herald* for the following interesting particulars, which we have gleaned especially for our readers, relative to this business of our Pacific coast. The principal pearl fisheries of the Pacific are those located about sixty or seventy miles from the city, in the bay or gulf of Panama. They were formerly the property of the Spanish crown, and were carried on under the direction of the Spanish government, being considered the same as the gold and silver mines. Fishermen were allowed the privilege of diving for pearls by paying to the government a duty called *quinto*, that is, five per cent. of their earnings. Soon after this country threw off her allegiance to Spain, and assumed independent powers as part of the republic, the duty on pearl fishing was abolished—pearls being considered as the natural products of the sea, and like all other fish, free to all. There is now no duty required; every man enjoys the same privilege in common with another, and is entitled to all the results of his labor. He can dive anywhere in the waters of the bay, and is protected in his possession of all he can acquire.

The most extensive and valuable fisheries are those of the Pearl Islands. These islands were formerly called *Llas del Rey*, or King's Islands, and are so laid down and denominated on the old maps. They are now called *Llas des Perlas*. The business is chiefly carried on in the Archipelago of these islands, which number from sixty to seventy. The principal island is called *San Miguel*. It has a town of the same name, containing a population of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. All of these islands are more or less inhabited, and most of them have become private property. *San Miguel* being the largest, is owned by a large number of persons. There are at this time from twelve to fifteen hundred persons engaged in the pearl fisheries of these islands. The value of the pearls taken varies from \$80,000 to \$150,000 per annum, seldom less than \$100,000, besides from nine hundred to one thousand tons of pearl shells, averaging in value \$40,000. These shells were formerly esteemed as worthless, but recently they have become the chief article of export from this country, being worth from thirty to forty dollars a ton. Diving for pearls is an interesting, and at the same time a dangerous pursuit. The divers generally dive in from three to seven fathoms of water, and bring up at each dive from six to twelve shells. They dive at low water always, as the diving-ground at high water has been cleared of the shells. They usually work from two hours and a half to three hours, during which

time they dive from twelve to fifteen times. The best divers remain under water from fifty-eight to sixty-one seconds; but the most of them can only remain under water from forty-five to fifty seconds. It is a mistaken idea that has gone abroad, and now currently believed, that pearl-divers can stay under water ten and fifteen minutes.

The pearl-oyster is used for food, and resembles the sand-clam of the Atlantic coast. The fishermen and the natives use it both fresh, when just taken, and when preserved by being parboiled and dried. It is exceedingly palatable, and is esteemed as very good, substantial food. The preparation of preserving the oyster in this manner is very simple, and the oyster, after being preserved, is strung on a string, and hung up in a cool, dry place. It keeps a long time, and can afterwards be cooked in a variety of ways, as fancy, or custom, or appetite may suggest. The pearl is considered to be a disease of the oyster. It is generally found in the flesh of the oyster, although sometimes it has been found adhering to the side of the shell. Upon opening the oyster, the diver uses great precaution to prevent the pearl from dropping out, should the oyster contain one. The prices of pearls vary according to their purity, shape and weight—say from ten dollars to five thousand per ounce. From five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars are very frequently paid here for single pearls not weighing more than three-sixteenths of an ounce. An English company, some years since, obtained a privilege to fish with diving-bells, but the enterprise proved a total failure, in consequence of the unevenness of the bottom. Since then no attempt of a similar character has been made, nor has any machinery or apparatus ever been used to bring up the shells.

No doubt whatever exists as to the great abundance of the pearl-oyster in the waters of the Archipelago, though at so great a depth as to defy the skill of the diver. By means of a submarine armor, or by the use of a proper machine constructed for the purpose, in connection with a submarine armor, doubtless a fortune could be realized in a very short time. The shells alone, which could be thus obtained, would defray any outlay for such apparatus and all the expenses attending its operations. And as it is the belief of many, sanctioned by the experience of old divers, that the best and largest pearls are found in deep water, it is but fair to presume that the yield would be highly profitable.

The Pearl Islands are considered remarkably healthy, quite fertile, producing all the ordinary vegetables and fruits of the country, and the inhabitants, who are mostly black, are inoffensive.

### EDUCATION.

The perpetuity of our institutions depends upon the intelligence of our people. In proportion to the degree of their intellectual culture, will be the moral force exerted by the forty millions of Americans, to which amount our population will before many years attain, within our own borders and upon the world without. Our existence as an independent nation is mainly attributable to the intellectual culture of the founders of the state. The seeds of knowledge and the seeds of liberty were planted together on the sterile soil of New England. Rough though the receptacle might be, the seeds lodged, and the sapling of two hundred years ago has become a giant oak, rock-rooted, and steadfast as its granite base, supplying scions for the tree of liberty and knowledge that extend their protecting arms over a whole continent.

The earliest care of the colonial settlers was to establish schools; and scarcely were their heads sheltered from the wintry blast, and a small territory of arable land redeemed from the primeval wilderness, than they laid the foundations of an university, that Alma Mater, the parent of so many similar institutions in all parts of the country.

The means of education among us are now ample. There are about eighty collegiate institutions in the States. "Besides the colleges," says a learned and eloquent writer, "there are schools for theological, medical and legal education, on the one hand, and on the other, innumerable institutions for preparatory or elementary instruction, from the infant schools, to which the fond and careful mother sends her darling lisper, not yet quite able to articulate, but with the laudable purpose of getting him out of the way, up to the high schools and endowed academies, which furnish a competent education for all the active duties of life. Besides these establishments for education of various character and name, societies for the promotion of useful knowledge, mechanics' institutes, lyceums, and voluntary courses of lectures, abound in many parts of the country, and perform a very important office in carrying on the great work of instruction. Lastly, the press, by the cheap multiplication of books, and especially by the circulation of periodical works of every form and description, has furnished an important auxiliary to every other instrument of education, and turned the whole community, so to say, into one great monitorial school. There is probably not a newspaper of any character published in the United States, which does not, in the course of the year, convey more useful information to its readers, than is to

be found in the twenty-one folios of *Albertus Magnus*, light as he was of the thirteenth century."

Such, then, are the means and appliances of the American citizen for acquiring knowledge. Foreigners are astonished at the intelligence and amount of information displayed by every American, whatever be his rank or lot in life, from the ambassador to the travelling clerk who visits England. The American has something to say on whatever subject happens to be the topic of discussion, and he always says it well. In Europe—even in countries where education is pretty thoroughly attended to, it fails of bringing out the full strength of individual minds, because despotic power has placed boundaries to knowledge, and forbidden the study of the great questions of the rights of man and the nature of government; and "since the proper study of mankind is man," it follows, that an intellect repelled in the pursuit of the most interesting kind of knowledge, becomes cramped, dwarfed, and crippled in its movements. The surprise at our intelligence ceases when the foreigner comes among us and sees the extent and cheapness of our means of culture. The outlay of the smallest coin known to our currency furnishes the laborer daily with a succinct account of all that is going on in the world around him, and with ample and able essays on questions of vital importance to all. The penny-press ranks among its conductors some of the soundest minds and ablest pens among us; and were all other sources of information closed to them, through this alone the masses would receive a very considerable amount of knowledge. It was well said by Hume, that "the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people must stand or fall together," and, with a free, unshackled press, we have no fear for the perpetuity of our institutions.

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**THE FANCY.**—Europe consumes annually thirty million dollars' worth of gold and silver for plate, jewelry and ornaments. Gold coin wastes half per cent. in sixteen years' wear, and silver from two to five per cent.

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**A WIDOW'S RIGHT.**—According to English law, a widow is permitted to remain forty days in the house of her late husband, provided she does not marry within that time.

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**WORD AND DEED.**—Words of sympathy lift not up the needy; only full sacks can stand on end.

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**JUST SO.**—Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

## THE CIRCASSIANS.

The beauty of the Circassian women has long been known to fame, and has attracted a romantic interest to the country of their birth. The harems of the East are supplied with their beautiful dolls from the region of country about the Circassian Mountains, occupying the space between the Black and Caspian Seas. Circassia, in a general sense, includes all this territory, though there are several distinct provinces, or states, occupied by seventeen different tribes, which are subdivided into many clans. The strongest and most prominent of these tribes are the *Tcherkess*, which occupy the northwestern portion of the Caucasian range. It is from the name of these tribes that the word Circassia is derived. The population of this region of country is estimated at about two millions of people. They are in nominal subjection to Russia, though in a state of constant warfare against the czar, and being a fierce and powerful race of hardy mountaineers, they oppose a formidable resistance to the Russian troops, often holding them at bay, and sometimes gaining complete victories over them. Even the all-conquering Timour the Tartar could not subdue them in other days. The province of Georgia, on the southern side of the mountain range, being further removed from the Russian frontier, enjoys a comparative exception from this perpetual strife. It is from this section that many of the female slaves are carried, who are purchased for the Turkish and Persian markets.

The Caucasian, with a complacent self-flattery, is adopted by European writers as the highest type of the human race. Physically it is so, and the experience of centuries has proved that it is full as well adapted for high moral and intellectual development, under favorable circumstances, as any other. In the home of its birth, however, among the mountains of the Caucasus, it does not present any very encouraging traits, either moral, social or intellectual. Its daughters are reared up for sale in foreign markets, and symmetry of form, fairness of complexion, and beauty of features, are encouraged simply as available qualities for commanding a price. Parental or fraternal affection has no part or lot in the matter, and the only parental aspiration which is indulged in, is, that the young female may please the eye of the Jew merchant, and bring a handsome price. As for life among the Circassians, "there is nothing in it," as the used-up man says in the play. They subsist chiefly by plundering their neighbors, do but little in cultivating the soil, and burrow in the most filthy, ill-constructed and contracted hovels. They live upon the coarsest and most unsavory food.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the females do not object to being sold, but rather anticipate the event with pleasure, as a certain prospect of improving their physical condition. They all have the hope of becoming the wives of pachas and grandes.

The price paid by the Turks for these females, varies according to their attractions, but usually ranges from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The personal attractions are all that are sought for, in this traffic; intellectual culture being a bore to the stolid Turk, even were it possible to find it in these puppets of the harem. The sole accomplishments of the Circassian females consist in embroidering, needle-work and weaving; reading and writing being mostly unknown among them. The religion of all the Circassian tribes is for the most part Mahometan, though some few are converts, under Russian influence, to the Greek Church. The Mahometan religion is an indispensable arrangement with the slave-raisers, because it places their daughters in free communion with their future Turkish masters.

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**THE SARDINIAN ARMY.**—Any one, says an English paper, who has ever seen the Sardinian army, "must personally entertain a favorable recollection of it. The men are singularly quiet and well-conducted. Drunkenness is almost unknown. Punishment, too, is rare, and the discipline, though strict, is considerate. Whatever may be the evils of the conscription, it has the merit of bringing an educated class of men into the ranks, and thus raising the *morale* of the whole army."

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**A GOOD HINT.**—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

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**"LET THE GIRLS ALONE."**—Among the rules for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household was the following: "That none toy with maidens on pain of four pence."

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**RUSSIAN OBSERVATORY.**—The astronomer, Otto Shrove, has received from the Emperor Alexander II., a sum of 125,000 fr. to establish a complete observatory on Ararat.

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**A SHARP.**—The name of the man in Vermont who feeds his hens on iron filings and gathers steel pens from their wings, is Sharp.

## Foreign Miscellany.

There are one hundred thousand laborers at Lyons, France, out of employment.

There are 31 Catholic Irish members in the British Parliament.

It is stated that the Grand Duke of Baden has determined to abolish the gaming tables in his dominions.

It is estimated that the late Queen of Madagascar, in the course of her reign, caused 100,000 men to be put to death.

Of 17,316 persons employed in the construction of the Roman railways, 6781 are women, who assist the masons.

A Paris tribunal has decided that photographs are not works of art, and consequently are not protected by law.

The Prince Imperial of France, though only five years and a half old, already speaks three foreign languages—English, German and Italian.

A relic of Franklin has lately been sold in London—a loadstone bearing his name, and the date 1779. It brought but one guinea.

Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent were, and Queen Victoria is, of the Swedenborgian persuasion.

Russia is drawing supplies of cotton from Khiva and Bokhare, where the cultivation of the staple has been very much extended.

In the first three days of the new year, two million visiting cards passed through the Paris post-office, besides the ordinary letters.

The celebrated piano-maker, Broadwood, who died recently in London, left a fortune amounting to £350,000, all from piano-making.

The news of the death of Dr. Holden, an African traveller connected with Livingstone's expedition, has been received in London.

Alexander Boucher, the patriarch of the violin, died recently, at the age of ninety-two years. His resemblance to Napoleon the First was remarkable.

Ten new craters have appeared on Mount Vesuvius during the present eruption. English photographers are at work taking photographs of the mountain in its excited state.

The Great Eastern—the grand mogul of sailing craft—is to be converted into a bath-house, or floating hospital. It has died of plethora, or what Carlyle styles a kind of "too-muchness."

The Emperor of Austria was so coldly received in Venice that on leaving the city he said to a friend, "These Venetian hogs will soon bitterly repent the disrespect they have shown toward me."

Jules Cohen, a Jewish composer, has, at the recommendation of Auber, been appointed honorary inspector of the music of the imperial chapel of the French court.

Persons are stated to be going through Ireland, swearing young men into a secret "brotherhood." The oaths are of a most treasonable character, in an English point of view, but national in the Irish sense.

Statues to Prince Albert will soon be erected in London, Manchester and Birmingham.

The late eruption of Vesuvius has deprived 24,000 people of bed, food and subsistence.

The hare has been introduced from England into Australia, has become acclimated, and now runs wild there.

Mr. Johnstone is erecting a large paper mill at Burnside farm, near Alva, England, for the manufacture of paper from wood ground to dust.

The orders given for colored glass windows for the new churches now being built in Paris amount to 600,000 francs.

A chestnut gelding, called Garibaldi, during a recent hunt in Yorkshire, jumped thirty-one feet clear, over high posts and rails.

Thirty robbers, disguised as carbineers and police guards, recently broke into a railway depot in Bologna, and carried off 80,000 francs.

Gin shops have been introduced from England into India, with tremendous success. The institution flourishes greatly, to the vast dismay of the more intelligent natives and foreign residents.

The papal government pays ten thousand soldiers, and its war budget estimates the expense of the army at ten million dollars, while its subjects number only a million of souls.

During the late eruption of Vesuvius the people for miles around had to use umbrellas to ward off the showers of dust which fell, reaching far beyond Capri and Salerno.

A mail cart passing through a London street a few weeks ago, became entangled in the crinoline of a young lady crossing the street, dragging her a considerable distance, and breaking her leg and wrist.

A monster bakery has been established at Cork, Ireland, with the view of selling bread to the poor at first cost during the expected hard times. Sir John Amott, the mayor of the city, has invested \$40,000 in the concern.

English laces, the general term for the various laces manufactured in the south of Ireland, are becoming quite the rage in France. The Irish poplins are also attaining a continental reputation fully equal to the English laces.

Spurgeon's metropolitan tabernacle at London is a model one in some respects. It contains an ingenious contrivance, consisting of India rubber bands under the seats, for the suspension of gentlemen's hats, to prevent them from being swept away by the crinoline of the ladies.

An exposition of the finances of Austria has just been published, showing its finances to be in a most hopelessly embarrassed and crippled condition—the deficit for the last and for the current year being estimated at about \$30,000,000 each, on a total income of only about five times the amount.

Malmaison, the residence purchased by Josephine in 1798, and the place to which she retired after her divorce, has been lately purchased by Napoleon III. In 1815 Napoleon I., after the battle of Waterloo, retired to Malmaison. In 1826 it was bought by a Swedish banker, and in 1843 by Queen Christina, of Spain. It now returns to the Napoleon family.



## Record of the Times.

Cast steel is now successfully manufactured in this country and to a very large extent.

Philadelphia city has twenty-seven steam fire-engines, and forty-six hand fire-engines.

Russia is the first of European powers in point of population. France comes next.

The amount of coal annually consumed in the city of Chicago is 140,000 tons. The expenditures for coal and wood in 1861 were \$925,000.

A Memphis paper says Alabama is a perfect mountain of mineral wealth. They have some sulphur works in Valledaga that turn out three or four hundred weight daily.

There are twenty-three newspapers now published in Kansas, of which two are daily and the remainder weekly and semi-weekly. Two of the number are printed in German.

The Scientific American says it anticipates for petroleum a more rapid extension to a great variety of applications, than marked even the introduction of India rubber.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer says his method of curing scratches in horses is to rub on West India molasses a few times. He has never known it to fail.

Baltimore oysters have been transported to Havre, and successfully acclimated there. Similar experiments will be made with the bivalve in other ports of France.

By a recent marriage in the town of Columbia, the mother became the sister, and the grandmother the mother of the bride, and the sister the mother of the bridegroom. How did this happen?

Thirteen years ago a milk dealer in Hartford sold his horse. A few days ago he re-purchased the animal, who, being put on his old route, stopped at every place he was wont to do thirteen years before. Horses have excellent memories.

The number of establishments in this State engaged in the manufacture of iron, brass and copper—including rolling mills, furnaces, foundries, machine shops, tool factories, etc., and not including nail and tack machines—is 617, and their appraised value is about \$6,000,000.

Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is, that if it is boiled for some time, all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will then not make tea of the best flavor. Clear, pure, soft water is best.

The brigandage which prevailed in parts of southern Italy, is now pretty well broken up. Borgese, a Spaniard, and a noted leader of a troop of bandits, has been captured with most of his associates. Documents have also been found proving that those troubles had their fountain-heads at Rome and Paris.

Cannel coal has been discovered at Crab Orchard, Ky., by the troops there, and the inhabitants are astonished at it. One man said that several years ago he had dug a well on an adjoining farm, through the "same sort of stuff," but it had never occurred to him that it was cannel coal.

There are a very large number of counterfeit bank bills in circulation. Look sharp!

Accounts from the peach-growing districts of New Jersey represent the prospect for a good crop next season as unusually flattering.

Manchester, N. H., has a free public library containing 8300 volumes. Thirty thousand volumes were circulated the past year among the reading portion of the citizens.

A man died recently at Falkirk, England, leaving behind him a fortune of £10,000, and who had such a reverence for the first sixpence that he earned that he kept it for sixty years.

"Rat hunts" are becoming an "institution" in some parts of Ohio. A grand hunt in Ross county, in the early part of January, resulted in the death of 5484 rats, whose rations for a year, it is estimated, would be worth over \$2000.

Mr. "P. Cock" communicates to the Fall River Journal that he would like to be the next mayor of that city, and says the reason he has never heretofore held office in Rhode Island is, that he has not had suitable clothes.

There are sun-worshippers now in England—at least a relic of the practice derived from the Phœnicians is still kept up at Penzance, where, on the eve of St. John, the people held a sort of fire-dance, wildly burning torches round their heads, and welcoming the solstice with fire and shouts of laughter.

A case in court in Rockingham county, N. H., shows a peculiar instance of filial affection. It is the case of Joseph Smith against his mother, Lucy Smith, for board. The action was referred to an auditor, who reported \$98 due the mother, but the dutiful son was not satisfied, and demanded a trial by jury.

The Egyptian obelisk of Alexandria, presented by Mehemet Ali to the English government, will probably be transferred to Hyde Park, London, and erected on the site of the Crystal Palace in 1851, as a testimonial to Prince Albert. The estimated cost of removing it is \$50,000. It is a solid block of granite, 63 feet long, and measures 27 feet at the base.

The only living male descendant of Benedict Arnold is a grandson, Rev. Edward Arnold, who is rector of an established church in Herefordshire, England, some twenty miles west of London. He is a man of great decision, and in his profession exhibits much ability and energy of character. To a recent visitor he voluntarily made known his relationship.

There is a family at the north part of Newburyport who have acquired quiet possession of a comfortable residence. During the entire twenty years of their occupancy they were never presented with a rent bill, or even knew the owner of the house. Since acquiring possession, steps have been taken by some of the heirs-at-law to eject the parties, but without success.

It is estimated upon good authority that the wells on Oil Creek, Pa., yield 75,000 barrels of crude oil per month. The outlay connected with this monthly product, before it is consumed in the lamp—in purchasing barrels, transporting it to market, refining it, and then sending it out again all over the country, is about ten dollars a barrel—equal to \$750,000.

## Merry-Making.

Why is Asia like a market shed in Christmas week? Because there is Turkey in it.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last," was a shoemaker.

"Wood is the thing, after all," as the man with a wooden leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

Why is the world like a piano? 'Cause it is full of sharps and flats.

On what grounds may confectioners be called very mercenary lovers? Because they sell their "kisses."

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock, like a venomous reptile? Because he is an adder.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good will, when all the world knows he hasn't any?

A woodsawyer who had mislaid his tool, asked a boy if he had seen his saw. "I saw no saw, sir," replied the urchin.

We always think of a very mean man that he was made by one of nature's cobblers, and like an unfinished boot, thrown off without being souled.

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride, and has not since been heard of.

A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on the twenty-ninth of September, saying he always had a goose at dinner on Michaelmas-day.

"Would you be popular?" says Voltaire, in one of his essays, "startle your public—whether for good or evil matters not, but be startling at any price."

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

A Hottentot got up a painting of heaven. It was inclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the counter was occupied with a fountain that sent forth pot-pie.

A wag once remarked with a very grave countenance, that, however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a widow-err."

Some bachelors go to war because they like fighting; and some married men go because they like peace.

The San Francisco Mirror, speaking of Dr. Windship, suggests that France and England should employ him to lift the blockade.

It is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, until he is attacked, and then, "dear fellow," he is the very best!

What bar is that which often opens, but never shuts? Crowbar.

"I'm transported to see you," as the thief said to the kangaroos.

"Father," said a little boy in a theatre, "aint that a handbox where the musicians are?"

Some one says "the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after its death."

Wanted, for the ornithological department of our museum, immediately, the beak and claws of a toma-hawk.

The youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from, is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

The Persians have a saying, that "Ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

A contemporary has been studying phonography. Here is a specimen—"Wat kant be qrd must b ndurd."

What is a "club?" It is a weapon of defence carried by male gorillas to keep away the white women.

Said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "If ever you have a dispute with any one, about money, just leave it to me."

A receipt is going the rounds of the press for tanning hides with salt and alum; but our schoolmaster taught us years ago that the oil of birch was better.

In these days, when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sack—and its contents.

There is a man living somewhere so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking glass. It is said anybody can see through him.

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots? Shoemaker says, "*Bute Imendu*," to which boots reply, "*Solus*."

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Japiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunder-bolt.

A man when asked what induced him to make a barrister of his son, replied, "O, he was a lying little fellow, and I thought I'd humor his leading propensity."

From the vigorous manner in which those present at a political meeting usually stamp their feet when a speaker exhorts them to do their duty, we presume they understand him to mean the "stamp duty."

A great fuss has been made about "Dollar Jewelry," but if you want to make a really cheap present to your sweetheart, give her a dime and pin. In whispering this joke to a friend, care must be taken to hold his hair on.

"The ugliest trades," said Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave digger or a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

# Mr. See-all's Pleasure Trip to Washington.



Mr. See-all decides to make a pleasure trip to Washington and see the "Grand Army."



He makes his preparations accordingly.



He obtains from a friend in a high State office a letter of introduction to General McClellan.



Being fond of comfort, he takes a ticket with a berth in a sleeping-car, but finds quite different accommodations.



He arrives in Washington, and is charged ten dollars by the hackman.



Hotels all full—pays a boy three dollars to watch his baggage while he seeks lodgings; being unsuccessful, he returns and finds neither baggage nor boy.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Attempts to present his credentials to General McClellan  
—And 1043 people awaiting audience before him.



Getting to be night, Mr. Secall searches for a place to sleep.



Tired out, he falls asleep on the sidewalk.



From which he is awakened, and charged \$5 for lodgings.



Gets home at first opportunity—his appearance on his return home.



His appearance on leaving home.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 5.

BOSTON, MAY, 1862.

WHOLE No. 89.

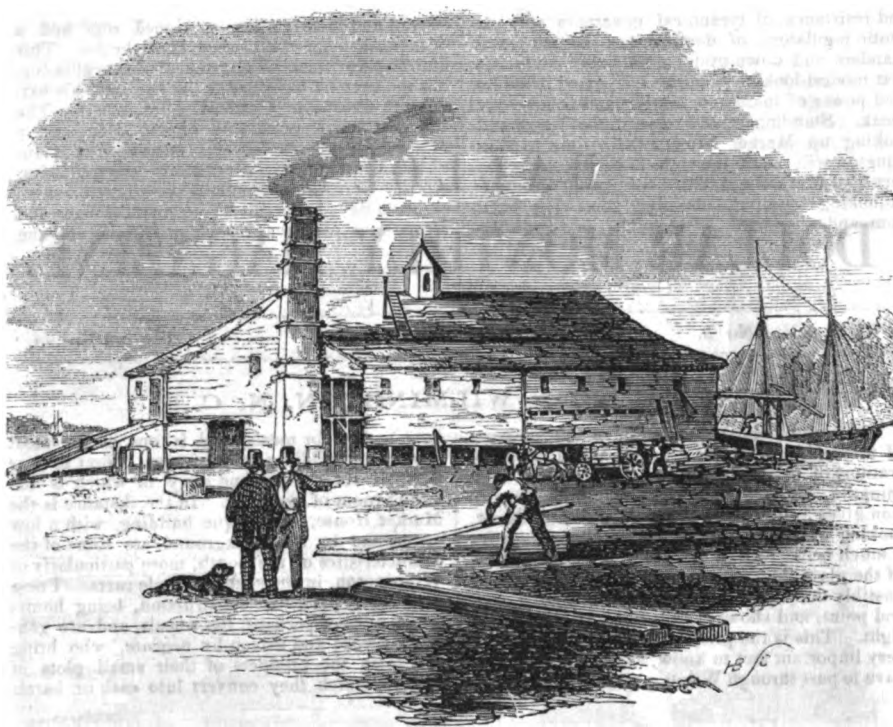
## SCENES IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

On the following pages we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a series of illustrations of objects of interest in and about Wilmington, North Carolina. The largest illustration gives a picturesque view of Market Street, looking westward, toward the river, and conveys a much better idea of the general characteristics of the place than volumes of letter-press could possibly do. The sketch was taken from a central point, and shows the Carolina Hotel on the right. This is the principal hotel in the place, a very important fact to know, as all travellers who have to pass through Wilmington, north or south,

have to stop for meals, and is one of the most prominent buildings on the street. Next to it is Masonic Hall, the second story of which is the dining-room of the hotel. In the distance is the Market House, an unique building, with a low tower, and in the background are some of the characteristics of the South, more particularly of Wilmington, in the shape of mule-carts. These carts are of primitive construction, being home-made, except, perhaps, the wheels, and are generally owned and driven by negroes, who bring into town the products of their small plots of ground, which they convert into cash or barter



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN WILMINGTON, N. C.



SAW-MILL ON POINT PETER, WILMINGTON, N. C.

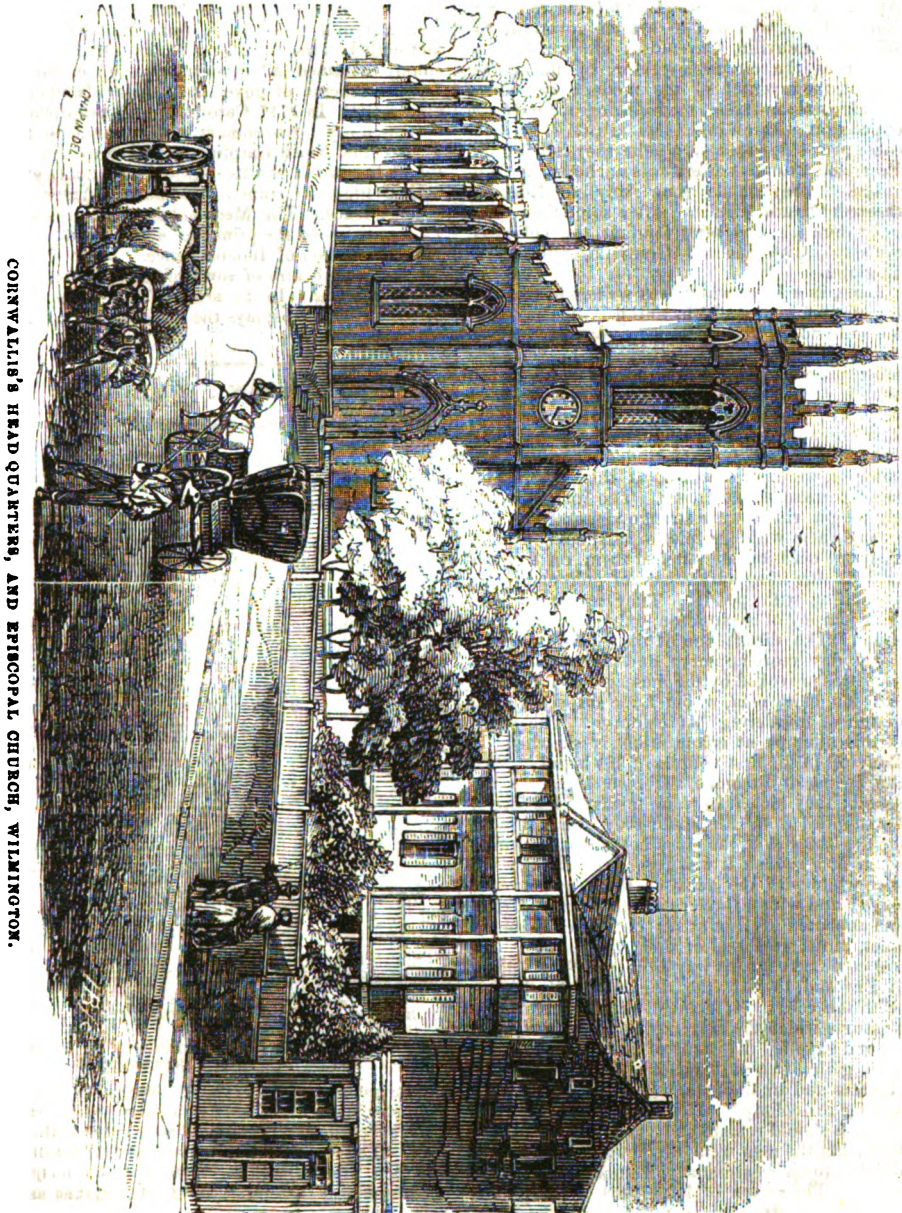
for various necessities. The shafts are attached to the collars on the mules, and the negro sits astride the animal or cuddled up under the low top among his pumpkins, cabbages, pie-plants, pea-nuts and other dry goods. Arrived in town, he unharnesses his team, throws down a little fodder, tips up (or down) his cart, and lies down in the sun, patiently awaiting his customers. On certain days of the week, twenty or more of these market-wagons may be counted from the steps of the hotel. Wilmington is a port of entry and capital of New Hanover County, on the east side of Cape Fear River, just below the confluence of the northeast and northwest branches, about thirty-five miles from the sea, and ninety miles southeast from Fayetteville, and one hundred and eighty miles south-southeast from Raleigh. The principal parts of all the exports for North Carolina are from Wilmington. Vessels of three hundred tons will float in the harbor, but its entrance is rendered difficult by a large shoal. Opposite the town are the islands which divide the river into three streams. These afford the best rice-fields in the State. Wilmington is finely situated for trade, being at the terminus of the great series of southern railroads, extending from New York, and branching in various directions from the main route. November 4th, 1819, this flourishing place received a severe check from a terrible conflagration, which consumed about two hundred buildings, and occasioned a loss of a million of dollars. Nearly opposite the foot of Market

Street, on Point Peter, is situated the picturesque object shown in our second illustration. The Point Peter sawmill presents no other claims for illustration but the fact of its being a prominent object to the eye of the traveller in arriving at or departing from the chief city of North Carolina. Situated at the confluence of the two main branches of Cape Fear River, it receives its supplies of timber from a great portion of the State, and, having a double water front, the timber is slid directly from behind the saws upon the decks of coasting vessels, which convey it to a market on the Atlantic seaboard. A vast amount is also sent to the West Indies. On the side street running from the Carolina Hotel, north, is situated the oldest house in the city, represented in the first engraving. When this humble edifice was erected, Brunswick, some fifteen miles below Wilmington, was the principal town on the Cape Fear, and was the entrepot of North Carolina. Within the space of a hundred years it has become the nucleus of a considerable city, while Brunswick has become a desolation. Thus it is throughout our land; so rapid has been our growth toward repletion, that he who chronicles the wealth, prosperity and magnitude of a large city, may have seen the first house erected within its precincts. Nay more, he may have shot the wild deer of the forest where now rolls the carriage of the wealthy millionaire, where the shrill whistle of the locomotive and the smoke of innumerable factories give token of "the busy haunts of men." What a story of oppression



and resistance, of tyrannical governors and patriotic regulators, of domineering British commanders and down-trodden patriots, could not that modest-looking building relate had it the fabled power of inanimate matter, and could only speak. Standing on the steps of the hotel and looking up Market Street, the visitor to Wilmington will see on the right hand side, on the corner of Market and Third Streets, an antiquated-looking building, standing somewhat back from and above the street, with piazzas on the

second and third stories, a hipped roof and a door-yard filled with trees and shrubs. This building was the head-quarters of Cornwallis during the time he remained in the city after his battle with Greene at Guilford Court-house. The city was taken possession of and occupied by Major Craig, in the fall of 1780, who held it until the arrival of his superior in the following April. Cornwallis remained in the city some eighteen days to recruit his scattered forces and arrange his plans, and took possession of the



CORNWALLIS'S HEAD QUARTERS, AND EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WILMINGTON.

house represented in the engraving as his headquarters, it being then the most considerable one in the place. The floors still bear the marks of the ruthless hand and axe of the British sculions, who chopped their meat thereon. These and other reminiscences of revolutionary times are sacredly preserved intact by the present occupant, Dr. T. H. Wright. The history of North Carolina is interesting to every American. Raleigh sent a colony here in 1585. They numbered one hundred and eight persons, and sailed from Plymouth in seven vessels, on the 9th of April. Among them was Ralph (afterwards Sir, Ralph) Lane, who was to act as governor, Sir Richard Grenville, Cavendish, afterwards celebrated as the circumnavigator of the globe, Hariot, the inventor of the modern system of the algebraic notation, the historiographer of the expedition, and an ingenious artist. The fleet came near shipwreck on a point they called Cape Fear, and two days afterwards anchored at Wocoken. They made their way to Roanoke through Ocracoke Inlet. After some time spent in exploration, and after landing the colonists, the ships, with Richard Grenville, returned to England.

Lane, in a letter which was written in September of that year, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the soil and climate of the new country. "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world; the continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, though savagely. The climate is so wholesome that we have not one sick since we touched land." The English, however, were not destined, at this time, to effect a permanent settlement. The Indians, wishing to get rid of their strange visitors, who had treated them with precipitate harshness on more than one occasion, despatched them on fruitless errands after imaginary mines of gold and rivers abounding with pearls. They returned from their journey of exploration, exhausted and desolate. The disaffection of the Indians became every day more apparent, and their deadly enmity was provoked by the massacre of their king and his chief men, whom Lane suspected of a design of murdering his colonists. The result of this attempt at colonization is sketched by Bancroft in the first volume of his history: "In the island of Roanoke, the men began to despond; they looked in vain towards the ocean for supplies from England; they were sighing for the luxuries of the cities in their native land; when of a sudden it was rumored that the sea was white with the sails of three and twenty ships; and within three days Sir Francis Drake had anchored his fleet at sea outside of Roanoke Inlet, in the wild road of their bad harbor. He had come here, on his way from the West Indies to England, to visit the domain of his friend. With the celerity of genius, he discovered the measures which the exigency of the case required, and supplied the wants of Lane to the uttermost, giving him a bark of seventy tons, with pinnaces and small boats, and all needed provisions for the colony." It was his wish that the colonists should remain and pursue their discoveries; but the men were discouraged, and Lane, yielding to their entreaties, all embarked for England. "The return of Lane was a precipitate desertion; a little delay would have furnished

the colony with ample supplies. A few days afterward, a ship arrived, laden with all the stores needed by the infant settlement." In another fortnight, Grenville made his appearance with three ships, and left fifteen men on the island of Roanoke, to maintain the English claim to the country. It was in 1650 that the first permanent settlement was made by white emigrants from Virginia. What is now called Carolina formed, according to the Spaniards, a part of Florida; it was called Carolina by the French, in honor of Charles IX., when they made their ill-starred attempt to colonize the North American coast. In 1661 a second colony came from Massachusetts, and settled on the Cape Fear River. In 1667 the colony obtained a representative government. Locke's scheme of government was abandoned after a trial. In 1717 Carolina from a proprietary became a royal government, and continued so till 1775. The North Carolinians rushed to arms at the first tocsin of the Revolution, and nobly embarked life and fortune in the cause of American independence. The Mecklenburg resolutions of 1775 anticipated the principle and language of the Declaration of Independence. North Carolina was the theatre of some of the severest battles of the war. In the arms of the State, the figure of liberty displays the scroll of the constitution.

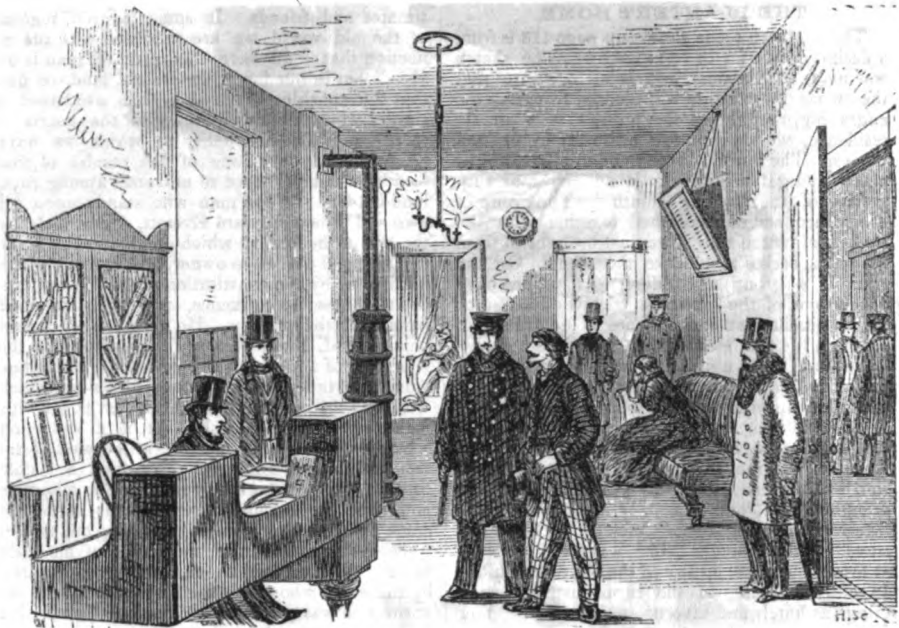
#### A SARDINIAN FARMHOUSE.

In this court are implements of husbandry, antique enough to tax the ingenuity of Jonathan Oldbuck himself as to their real origin; and in a snug corner are neat rows of corkpails, there placed in pleasing anticipation of the coming milking-time. There is a tremendous baying and rushing forth of enormous boar-hounds, silenced with difficulty by an equally tremendous "Ai, ha!" and "Zitto!" from the farmer—whereat the noble creatures wag their tails and crouch to their several resting places. And this farmer, with his short kilt of black homespun, wide white cotton drawers and sleeves—so snowy white, too—and loose black sheepskin, sleeveless coat, with the shaggy wool outside, neatly gartered legs, long black beard, and knife-garnished belt—certainly he does not look much like a peaceable tiller of land and tender of flocks; he (to my mind at least) much more resembles a "Capo banditti." Nevertheless, poor Renzo is peaceable and harmless enough, and we may as well follow him into his cheerful and hospitable "stazzu." The first room is, as usual, the general apartment. The huge smoking smouldering log occupies the centre; in one corner, neatly rolled up, are the sleeping mats, which at night will be unfurled and placed in a circle round the log, to serve as couches for the younger members of the family; the luxury of beds being reserved for married couples or occasional guests.—*National Magazine.*

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.







THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

## A BOSTON POLICE STATION.

Any one familiar with the minutiae of police arrangements in Boston, will recognize the scenes delineated in the engravings connected with this article. The illustrations represent the interior of the Fifth District Station House in East Dedham Street. The company attached to the station is composed of thirty-three police officers—a fine body of men, well officered. The district is very large in proportion to the strength of the company, as the number of stores is quite small in proportion to the number of houses to be guarded. The station-house we have selected for representation is considered a model one, in every respect. It was built expressly for the purpose, and is well arranged and convenient. The basement is devoted to the cells, of which there are twelve, distributed among four rooms, well warmed and ventilated, and with two berths, after the fashion of a ship's state-rooms, in each, provided with bedding. One of our engravings represents this department. The basement also contains a room where the men dry their clothes, and keep boots, overcoats, etc. The street entrance to the cells is in the basement. On the first story is the captain's private office, shown in our engraving. Attached to this is a bath-room. The guard-room, represented in our large engraving, is a spacious apartment where the roll is called, and where the men sit and pass the time while off duty. It is furnished with a range of wardrobes, one to two men, a rack to hang billies, handkerchiefs and rattles on, ranges of boxes, and a post-office in which the communications of the members of the force are placed. The roll is called at 8 o'clock, A. M., and 2 and 6, P. M., and at 1, A. M. In our illustration this ceremony is represented, the men standing in a circle,

the captain at his desk, supported by a lieutenant on each side, the officers being distinguished from the men by wearing hats instead of the regulation cap. The dog in the chair is "Tige," an animal of superior natural gifts developed by education, who dances on his hind legs, and performs various other feats almost entitling him to rank with "Sir Isaac," the canine wonder of Bulwer's last novel. The officers are very much attached to this animal, and he is as high in favor as if he were the "dog of the regiment." The second story contains the dormitories and sleeping apartments of the men and officers, while the third is devoted to poor lodgers, for whose use there are eleven beds on iron bedsteads, occupying four rooms, well-warmed and ventilated. This is a most humane arrangement, and worthy of imitation in all cities. Sometimes twenty-five houseless wanderers have slept in the house in one night. The whole building is a model of cleanliness, of military precision and order, and has been visited and examined by officials from all parts of the Union as the model police establishment. It was first opened December 25th, 1857, the occasion being celebrated by a collation, at which the city corporation and other distinguished guests were present. Boston has every reason to be proud of her police department. The vigilance, courage, good conduct and good manners of the officers, are proverbial, and they are certainly a fine-looking body of men. We cannot claim for our city an exemption from the universal rule that assigns crime to all large aggregations of humanity, but we do claim that every effort is made to check its progress, and to bring it to punishment, and no one can deny that our police system is effective, and it is one in which the community have great confidence.



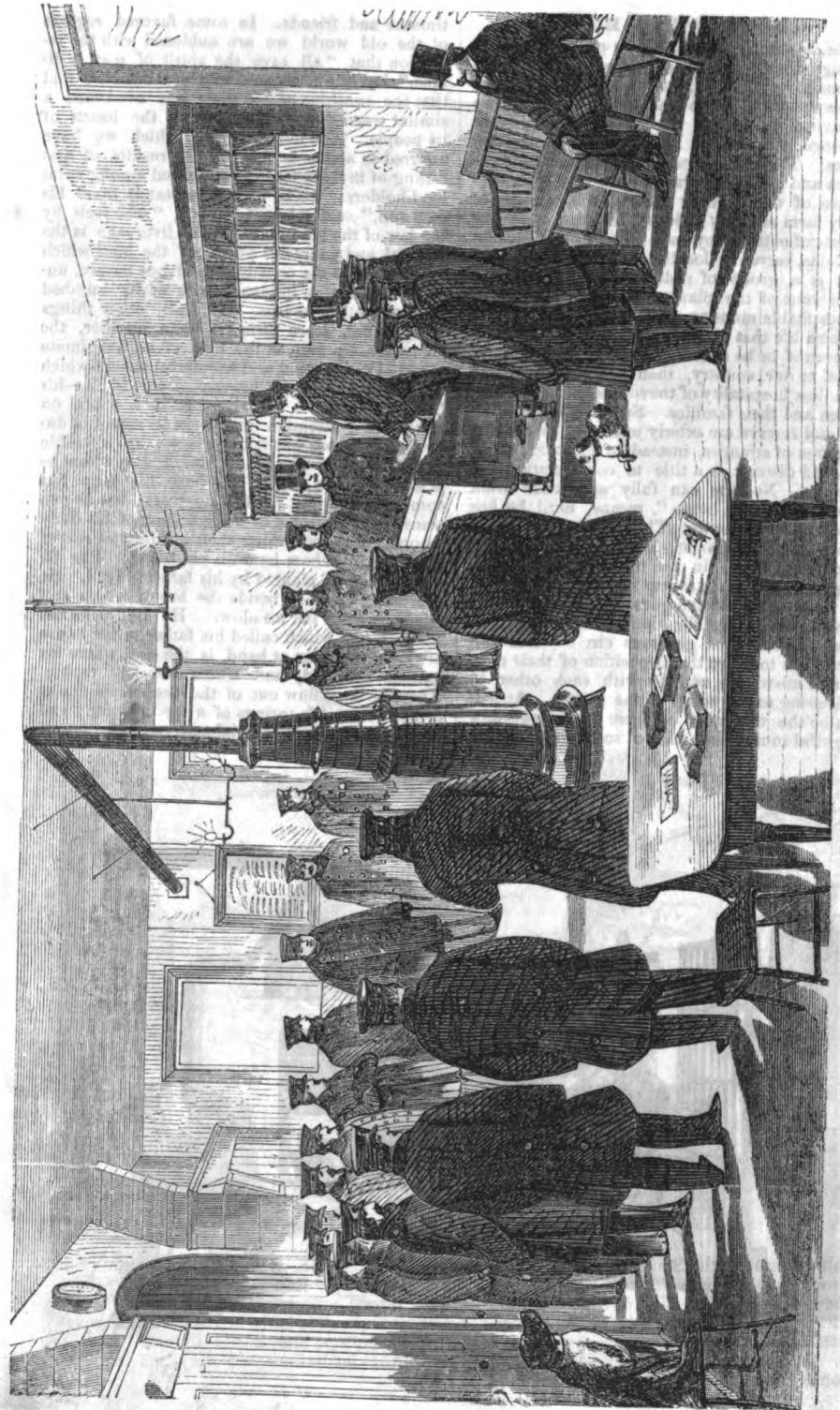
## THE PLANTER'S HOME.

The southern scene shown on page 413 is from a design drawn for us from nature. The sketch was made in Alabama, and is so accurate that the owner of the estate will readily recognize the engraving, though, as the subject is a private residence, we do not feel at liberty to mention names. The house is pretty and unpretending—piazza and galleries giving it an airy look suggestive of the "sunny South." The group of ebony farm-servants collected together with the baskets of cotton they have just brought in from the fields, serves to localize the scene. On the right is a group of saddle-horses which have borne some of the planter's friends on a visit to his hospitable mansion. There is no feature of southern life that more agreeably strikes a traveler, even if he be a foreigner and not particularly partial to our country, than the frankness and boundless hospitality of the southern country gentlemen and their families. Such things as coldness and reserve are utterly unknown there, and the name of stranger, instead of exciting suspicion and distrust, is a title to consideration and attention. No one can fully appreciate what "keeping an open house" means, until he has travelled in the South. The wayfarer is never at loss for a shelter in any of the Southern States. In many of them, in the rural districts, such things as hotels and taverns are unknown. You find yourself a welcome guest wherever you may chance to draw rein, for southern hospitality embraces all men in its generous circle. The servants seem to share the disposition of their masters and mistresses, and vie with each other in ministering to the wants of the guests. And if such be the treatment of mere strangers—how delightful must be the tone of society among in-

timates and friends. In some favored regions of the old world we are saddened with the reflection that "all save the spirit of man is divine," but in our favored southern land we find that the sunshine of the skies has awakened a similar warmth and brightness in the hearts of its people. The hospitality to which we have referred to above, is one of the results of that feeling of independence so universal among rural land-holders. "The man who stands upon his own soil," says Edward Everett, "who feels by the law of the land in which he lives—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—from the centre to the sky. It is a space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. He still hears the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid, and where he shall repose. These feelings flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous character." Alabama ranks the fourth

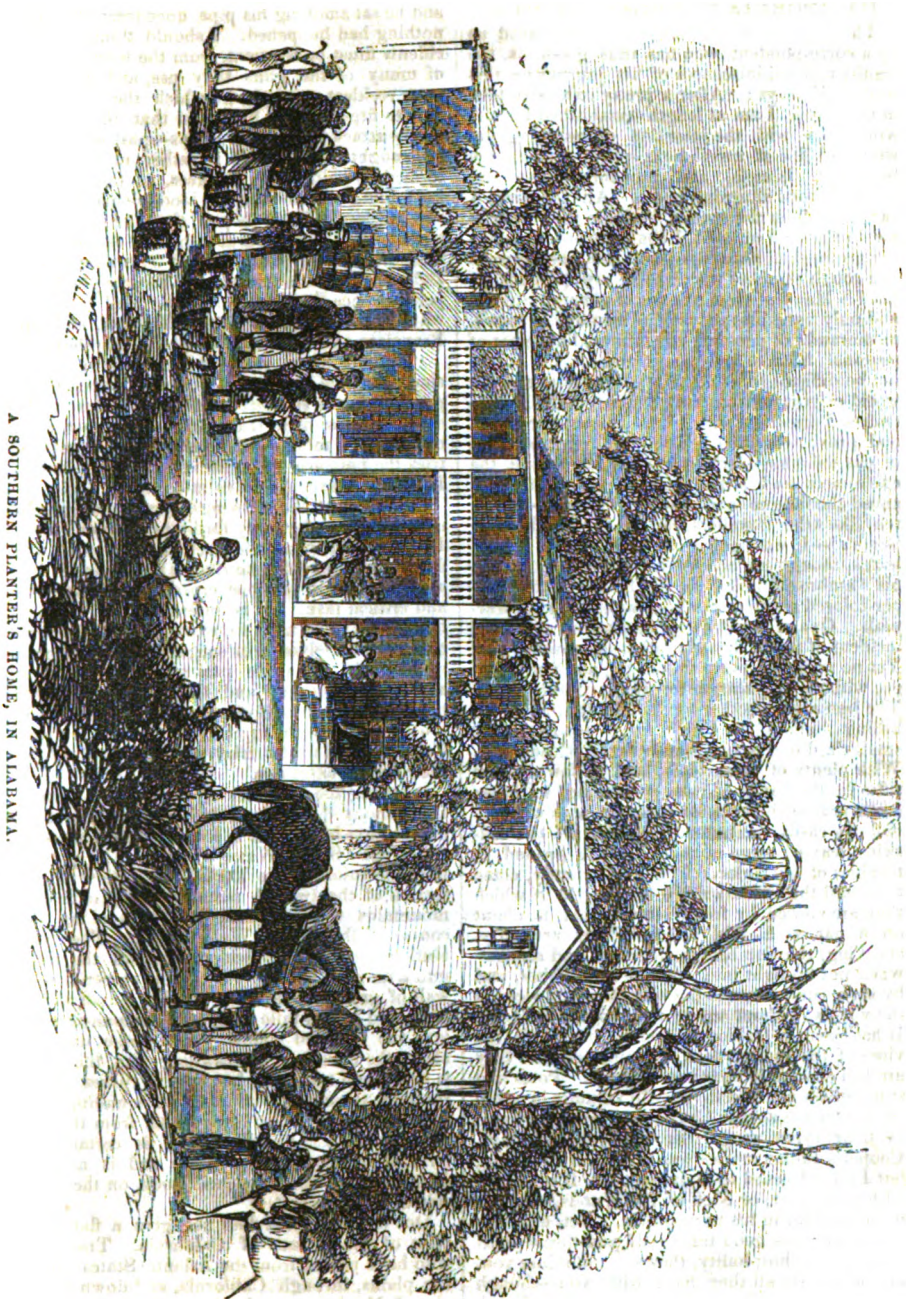


THE CELLS.



ROLL CALL IN THE GUARD-ROOM.





A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S HOME, IN ALABAMA.

in population among the Southern States, numbering some 900,000 inhabitants. Such homes as we have described are not unfrequent within its borders. The State is rich in mineral treasures, particularly in coal, iron, brimstone and marble. Its noble bays and rivers admirably fit it for commerce and trade. A great portion of

the soil is very rich, yielding more cotton than any other State. Education is well provided for. It has several colleges. The free school system went into operation early in 1854. It has several public, college, and school libraries, and its benevolent institutions are very efficient and useful.

## CALIFORNIA OVERLAND ROUTE.

The sketches which follow were furnished us by a correspondent, who has thus given us the results and reminiscences of his journey by this route. He says: "After a pretty extensive tour in California, I am at length established for the winter here, with the intention of resuming my westward line of travel next spring, visiting the Sandwich Islands, and probably Japan and China, before returning home. All the time I can spare from the special business that brought me to the land of gold, I shall devote to working up finished drawings from the photographs and rough sketches with which my portfolio is filled. Many of them are not of general interest, and only valuable to myself as memoirs of travel, memoranda of personal adventures, likenesses of personal friends and acquaintances, but it will not be difficult to select some which the great world of your patrons may find acceptable. The enclosed drawings will, I hope, meet your views, and prove available. They are reminiscences of our toilsome overland journey last spring, the excitement and strangeness of which overbalanced the fatigue and danger incurred—for I, too, like other travellers, can tell of 'hair-breadth escapes'—I was going to say of *hair-breadth scalps*, though no one in our party actually left his 'ambrosial locks' in the hands of the copper-colored gentlemen whom we met on the war-path. One of my drawings represents this little incident of travel, latterly rather an unusual one. Yet no emigrant party should go, and none does go, without preparation for such contingencies. The best arm, whether for Indian-fighting or for killing buffalo, is Colt's large revolver—the small-sized one is very handy for a close thing. With plenty of these tools, and a few western rifles in the hands of men accustomed to bring down prairie-chickens or squirrels with a single ball, we easily succeeded in beating off the redskins, leaving some of them on the ground as trophies of our valor. I have, reluctantly, come to regard the Indians much in the light in which they are viewed by frontiersmen—that is, about on a par with wild beasts. They are dirty, sneaking, thievish beings, degraded and sensual, when not brought into contact with whites, and by such contact acquiring only the worst vices of the whites, without any of their higher qualities. It has been the fashion to ascribe nearly all the vices of the Indians to white influence, but they are bad enough in their natural state. Poets and story-tellers henceforth may fill volumes in praise of the 'noble savage,' but I shall no more listen to their syren song. In my youthful days, Cooper's Indian stories was my favorite reading, but I have learned to know that Dr. Bird, in the 'Jibbenainosay, or Nick of the Woods,' was far more truthful in his portrayments. Yet, after all, they have some good traits. If you throw yourself on their hospitality, they will not injure you, and will share all they have with you—though probably they will not hesitate to rob you of such trinkets and knick-knacks as they covet, though you may sleep on the same blanket and beneath the same skin tent. Neither has their stoicism been exaggerated. Last spring, I came across an Indian brave whose left hand had just been shattered by the bursting of his gun. He uttered no complaint, not a muscle of his face quivered,

and he sat smoking his pipe unconcernedly, as if nothing had happened. I should think such accidents must be frequent, from the worthlessness of many of the guns they use, and from the utter reckless manner in which they load and handle fire-arms. I have said that the Indians rarely attack trains now-a-days—past experience has taught them that it is rather unwholesome to meddle with live Yankees, as their betters have found out in many a bloody encounter on sea and land. It is hoped that the increasing travel, and the posts established by the overland mail, will finally put a stop to encounters with Indians. What a triumph of Yankee pluck and perseverance that same overland mail is, by the way. Now give us a Pacific Railroad, and San Francisco and Boston will be near neighbors.

"Another of my sketches is of a more pacific character, and represents our party pursuing its peaceful but tired march across the plains. The slow progress of a train, and the monotonous character of much of the scenery on the route, tries the patience of a nervous man extremely. It is almost as bad as a calm on the Atlantic.

"Another of the drawings is an accurate representation of the party fording the river Platte. In the spring, when the melted snow swells the descending torrents, the river is not fordable, and at all seasons of the year crossing is an arduous and critical task. It is interesting to see how horses and oxen used to western travel accommodate themselves to its exigencies. With mud up to their necks, the patient animals wallow along, stopping now and then to rest and get breath, and then pushing on again, using their muscular strength to the very best advantage. Cattle unused to the trial would be ruined by their frantic exertions.

"Among the drawings I send you, is one of the famous 'Devil's Gate,' of which you of course have heard. It is a rocky chasm through which the 'Sweet Water' flows. The precipitous elevation on the left affords a view of the section of the twisted range of rocky cliffs and mountains which extend for miles along the course of the Sweet Water River. The bold bluff on the right, which compresses the river into a narrow channel, presents a perpendicular wall of granite from four to five hundred feet high, and half a mile long, and gradually slopes into the elevated plains. For some distance above the mouth of the yawning gap, the river is broad and tranquil; but here it rushes down through the canon, foaming and bounding over the huge boulders that have fallen from the cliff above. The 'Devil's Gate' is certainly a striking and noteworthy place, and is a short distance from Independence Rock, on the other side of the South Pass."

Our correspondent does not give a flattering view of the Indians of California. Travellers who have passed from the Atlantic States across the plains, through California, and down to the city of Mexico, state that a marked difference of natural characteristics exists between the Indians residing on the eastern and those inhabiting the western side of the Rocky Mountains. While the former are generally tall, powerful and bold, the latter are short, comparatively feeble and cowardly; while the former are active, the latter are uniformly lazy. The natives who live west



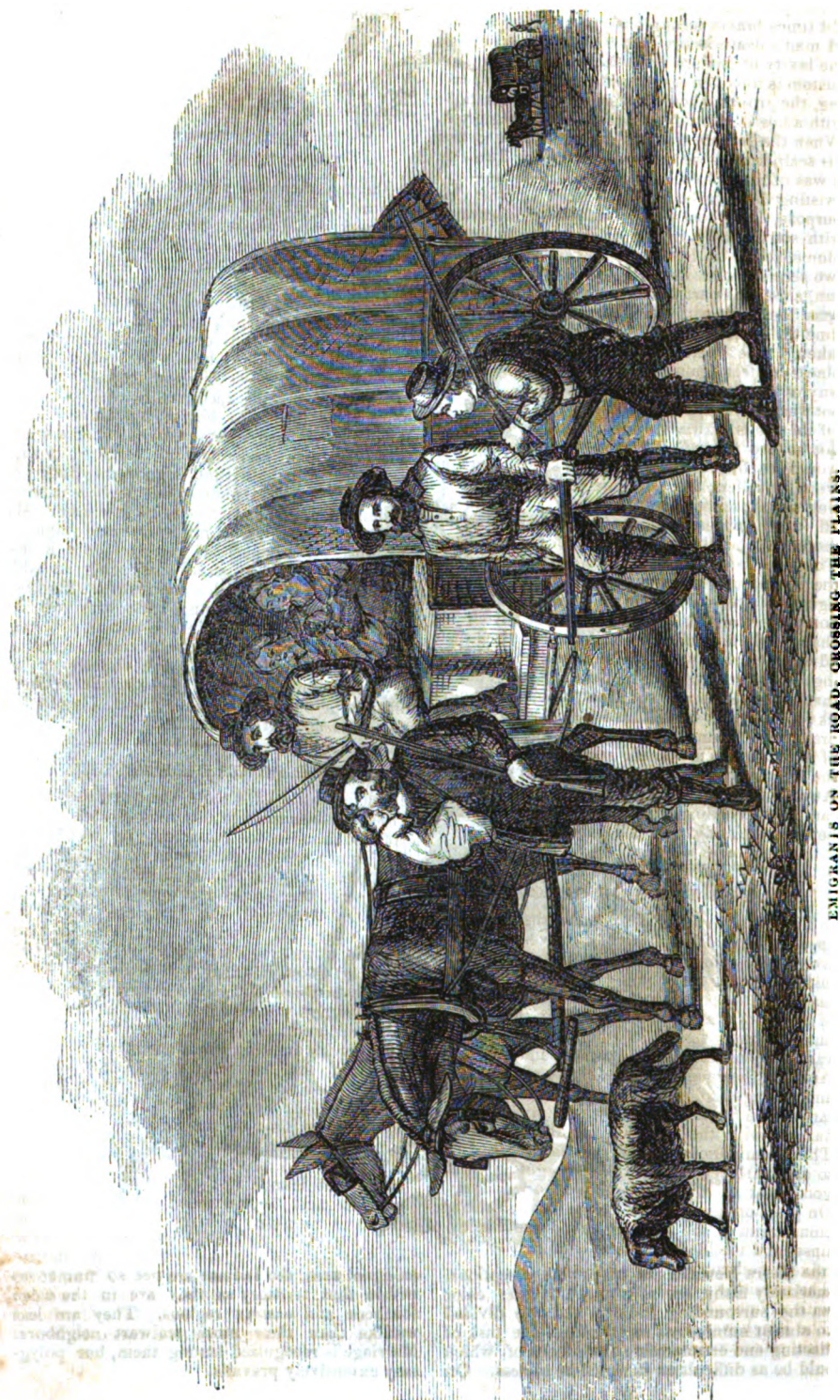


EMIGRANT TRAIN ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

of the Sierra Nevadas are, with some exceptions, remarkably filthy, are of a much darker color than the surrounding Indians, and are divided into almost numberless small tribes—the task of collecting and enumerating the names of which would be as difficult as it would be useless. On

an equal area, the Indians are not so numerous within that territory as they are in the more southern and eastern regions. They are less warlike than their more stalwart neighbors. Marriage is recognized among them, but polygamy extensively prevails.





EMIGRANTS ON THE ROAD, CROSSING THE PLAINS.

### THE SCALPING RITE.

Scalp-taking is a solemn rite. In the good old times braves scrupulously awaited the wounded man's death before they "raised the hair;" in the laxity of modern days, however this humane custom is too often disregarded. Properly speaking, the trophy should be taken after fair fight with a hostile warrior; this also is now neglected. When the Indian sees his enemy fall he draws his scalp-knife—the modern is of iron, formerly it was of flint, obsidian, or other hard stone—and twisting the scalp-lock, which is left long for that purpose, and boastfully braided or decorated with some gaudy ribbon or with a war eagle's plume, round his left hand, makes with the right two semi-circular incisions, with and against the sun, about the part to be removed. The skin is next loosened with the knife-point, if there be time to spare and if there be much scalp to be taken. The operator then sits on the ground, places his feet against the subject's shoulders, by way of leverage, and, holding the scalp-lock with both hands, he applies a strain which soon brings off the spoils with a sound which, I am told, is not unlike "flop." Without the long lock it would be difficult to remove the scalp; prudent white travellers, therefore, are careful, before setting out through an Indian country, to "shingle off" their hair as closely as possible; the Indian, moreover, hardly cares for a half-fledged scalp. To judge from the long love-locks affected by the hunter and mountaineer, he seems to think lightly of this precaution; to hold it, in fact, a point of honor that the savage should have a fair chance. A few cunning men have surprised their adversaries with wigs. The operation of scalp-ing must be exceedingly painful; the sufferer turns, wriggles, and "squirms" upon the ground like a scorched snake. It is supposed to induce brain fever; many instances, however, are known of men, and even women, recovering from it, as the former do from a more dreadful infliction in Abyssinia and Gallaland; cases are of course rare, as a disabling wound is generally inflicted before the bloody work is done.—*Captain Barton.*

### NAUTCH GIRLS OF CALCUTTA.

The other evening I attended the *nautches*, a species of ball or entertainment given by the native princes some three miles distant from the hotel; driving my buggy through immense masses of the populace, with the continual cries of my servant and footman to clear the track, I made my way slowly, coming in contact with a variety of vehicles in the darkness and confusion. At last I emerged from this chaos of equipages, and managed to get up to the extreme end of the lane to the *Sohba Bazaar*, where my vision was dazzled with the immense number of torches. The illuminations of the princes were intended to out rival each other, and were got up with a good deal of fanciful display in oriental style. On pressing among the crowd, through the spacious arena of the building, amid the display of tinsel and torchlight, I found a large assembly of mixed nations and great variety of costume. The interior was covered with matting and chairs, with divans around the wall for the multitude. The *Rajah* was very polite, offering his divan with refreshments, and ordered the *nautch* or

dancing girls before us to perform their different evolutions, which delight the natives, but to a European are anything but chaste or graceful. They were loaded with ornaments in their ears and noses, and on their necks, arms, wrists, and ankles; their voices were put upon a nasal half key, which enabled them to keep it up much longer.—*Around the World.*

### DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

Shortly after the arrival of Agassiz in this country, he delivered several lectures on Ichthyology in the old Crosby Street Medical College. Professor Redfield got up a dinner in honor of "the immortal Swiss," as some called the learned stranger. To this dinner were invited the different scientists of the city. In the meantime a fisherman had caught a rare fish and conveyed it to Agassiz. It was enough. Immured in a private room assigned him in the college, he set to work on the study of his new acquisition. An attempt to inject the specimen proved both difficult and tedious. At length the dinner hour, three o'clock, had nearly arrived, when a scientific gentleman, assisting him, ventured to suggest that it was high time to go to the dinner, to which the absorbed philosopher replied, in utter astonishment, "Leave this to go to dinner! My dear sir, these opportunities are rare; time is precious. This specimen can last only a few hours; and I find it already affording valuable proof of its alliance with a species of the Mediterranean Sea. Sir, I dare not trifle with such an opportunity. The fact I am in pursuit of I may never again have another so favorable an opportunity to determine." The fish philosopher resumed his study, and the Agassiz dinner went off like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.—*Scientific American.*

### THE PRICE OF BATTLE.

At the battle of Arcola, the Austrians lost, in killed and wounded, 18,000 men; French, 15,000. At Hohenlinden the Austrians loss was 14,000; the French, 9000. At Austerlitz the Allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed, wounded or prisoners; the French lost only (!) 12,000. At Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussians lost 30,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, making nearly 60,000 in all; and the French 14,000 in killed and wounded. At the terrific battle of Eylau, the Russians lost 25,000 in killed and wounded; and the French, 30,000. At Friedland, the Russian loss was 17,000 in killed and wounded; the French loss, 8000. At Wagram, the Austrians and French lost each 25,000 men, or 50,000 in all, in killed and wounded. At Smolensko, the French loss was 17,000 men; that of the Russians, 10,000. At Borodino, which is said to have been "the most murderous and obstinately fought battle on record," the French lost, in killed and wounded, and prisoners, 50,000 men; the Russians about the same number; making in all, 100,000 men in one battle! At Lutzen, the French loss was 18,000 men; the Allies, 15,000. At Bautzen, the French lost 25,000 men; the Allies, 15,000. At Dresden, where the battle lasted two days, the Allies lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, 25,000 men, and the French between 10,000 and





THE DEVIL'S GATE.

12,000. At Leipsic, which lasted three days, Napoleon lost two marshals, twenty generals, and about 60,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners; the Allies, 1790 officers, and about 40,000 men—upward of 100,000 men in all. Besides these were several others of minor im-

portance to the foregoing as to the loss of men, but large in the aggregate. There were those of the Bridge of Lodi, a most desperately contested fight; the famous battle of the Nile, a sea fight, in which Nelson lost 895 men in killed and wounded, and the French 5225 men in killed and



wounded, 3005 prisoners, and twelve out of seventeen ships engaged in the action.—*Boston Journal*.

### THEORY OF RESPIRATION.

A man's chest contains nearly two hundred cubic inches of air; but, in ordinary breathing, he takes in at one time and sends out again only about twenty cubic inches, the bulk of a full-sized orange; and he makes about fifteen inspirations in a minute. He vitiate, therefore, in a minute the sixth part of a cubic foot—but which, mixing as it escapes with many times as much of the air around, renders unfit for respiration three or four cubic feet. The removal of this impure air, and the supply in its stead of fresh air, is accomplished thus—the air which issues from the chest, being heated to near the temperature of the living body, namely ninety-eight degrees, and being thereby dilated, is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the surrounding air at the ordinary temperature; it therefore rises in the atmosphere, to be diffused there, as oil set free under water rises. In both cases a heavier fluid is, in fact, pushing up and taking the place of a lighter. This beautiful provision of nature, without trouble to the person, or even his being aware of it, is relieving him at every instant from the presence of a deadly, though invisible poison—and replacing it with pure vital sustenance; and the process continues while he sleeps, as well as when he wakes, and is as perfect for the unconscious babe, and even the brute creature, as for the wisest philosopher. In aid of this process come the greater motions of the atmosphere, called winds, which mingle the whole, and favor agencies which maintain the general purity.—*Medical Journal*.

### SNIVELIZATION.

Whithersoever we go we meet with the sniveller. He stops us at the corner of the street to entrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us, just before church, that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given a death-blow to religion, and that the wave of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken all the land. In the time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence to come. The mail cannot be an hour late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He learns that a friend who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials that he will endure. He is ridden with nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope, but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of motion without possessing life. His inspired languor is worse than strength. Better that a man should rant than whine. The person who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him—whose cheek never flushes at an expected good—whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim—and who has no aspiration, and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or band-box. Enterprise, confidence, a dis-

position to believe that all good has been done—these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a sturdy determination to abate misery.—*Whipple*.

### AMERICAN HUMOR.

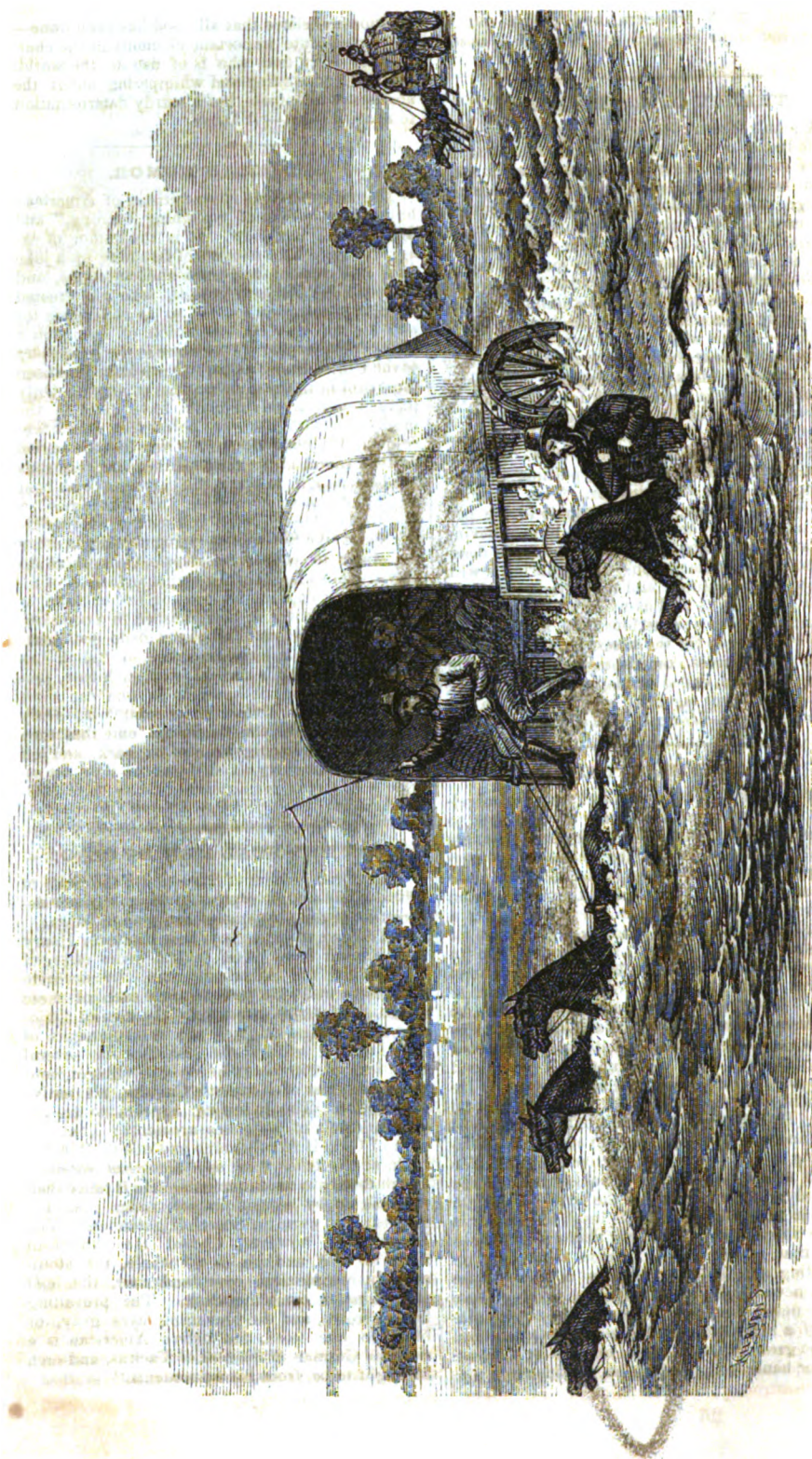
The most obvious characteristic of American humor is its power of "pitching it strong," and drawing the long bow. It is the humor of exaggeration. This consists of fattening up a joke until it is rotund and rubicund, unctuous, and irresistible as Falstaff himself, who was created by Shakspeare, and fed fat, so as to become for all time the very impersonation of humor in a state of corpulence. That place in the geography of the United States called "Down East," has been most prolific in the monstrosities of mirth. Only there would a tree'd coon have cried to the marksman with his gun pointed, "Don't fire, colonel, I'll come down." Only in that region do they travel at such speed that the iron rails get hot enough to serve the carriages with heat instead of hot-water bottles, and sometimes so hot, that on looking back you see the irons writhing about like live snakes trying to wriggle off to the water to cool themselves. Only there do they travel so fast that the signal whistle is of no use for their engines, because, on one occasion at least, the train was in, and smashed in a collision, long before the sound of the whistle got there. Only there can a blow be struck so "slick" as to take an animal's ear off with such ease, that the animal does not know he is one ear short until he puts his forefoot up to scratch it. Only there, surely, are the thieves so 'cute that they drew a walnut log right out of its bark, and left five sleepy watchers all nodding as they sat astride a tunnel of walnutwood rind.—*North British Review*.

### THE PHYSICAL MEN OF OHIO.

The Commissioner of Statistics of the State of Ohio, in his annual report, gives a curious description of the physique of the men of Ohio:

"The commissioner says that Professor Henry and himself have been several years engaged in defining the American man, by accurate measurements. He presents only such of these as go to describe accurately the men of Ohio. For this purpose he gives the measurements of 300 farmers, miners and laborers in several counties; of 230 others in several villages, and five companies of Kennett's Cavalry, all native Americans. The following appears to be the general result of these measurements: That the man of Ohio is five feet nine and one-third inches high, and is taller than any European nation of which there are measurements. He is taller than the Belgian by several inches, taller than the English, and even the Scotch Highlanders. The Highlanders, however, exceed the American round the chest, and are, on the whole, the stoutest. In complexion, eyes, and hair, the light predominates over the dark. The prevailing hair is brown, and the prevailing eyes gray, or blue; in one word, the native American is a modified German of the time of Tacitus, and such he ought to be, from his antecedents."





FORDING THE PLATTE AT HIGH WATER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ORPHAN'S GRIEF.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

It was summer—glorious summer:  
 Other children were a-playing,  
 Gathering flowers or climbing hillsides,  
 But the orphan's steps were straying  
 Only to the lonely graveyard,  
 Where she saw the willows weeping,  
 And her beautiful beloved  
 In the solitude were sleeping.

What to her the flowers of summer,  
 With the sunlight glancing o'er,  
 Since her beautiful beloved  
 Looked on flowers and sun no more?  
 What to her the moonbeams dancing  
 O'er the waters as in play,  
 Since the full moon looked upon her,  
 When her mother passed away?

Naught to her the sports of school-girls  
 In the interim of noon,  
 Since her father and her mother  
 Went away from her so soon.  
 Went so soon forever from her,  
 That she could not join in play,  
 And she wearied of the sunlight  
 Round her on a summer's day.

O, no voice had music for her  
 Like the words she used to hear;  
 And her heart grew faint within her  
 With "a strange and nameless fear;"  
 For no home-smile waited for her  
 When the tasks of school were o'er,  
 But an orphan, without welcome,  
 Entered she a stranger's door!

O, a deep and blighting sorrow  
 Often falls upon a child,  
 Left to pine for true affection  
 Breathed in accents fond and mild!  
 Other years may have their trials,  
 Other years be fraught with care,  
 But the young heart suffers deepest  
 That has never learned to bear.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TEST OF LOVE.

BY MARY A. OSGOOD.

"It is with the deepest regret that we are forced to announce in our columns, upon the most reliable authority, that Mr Charles Somerville, one of our most highly valued and enterprising merchants, has recently entered into a very unfortunate speculation, which threatens to result disastrously, both for himself, and those

concerned with him. That a man of such sound judgment, and natural shrewdness of character as Mr. Somerville is well known to possess, should have embarked upon so foolish a scheme, as to invest his whole property in the purchase of a Missouri coal mine, and to give his note to the amount of several thousand more than he is actually worth, is perfectly surprising, yet, nevertheless, true, and ruin must inevitably be the consequence. Stranger still than all this, is the fact that he left for Europe in yesterday's steamer, leaving his business and creditors in a most deplorable condition."

An exclamation of surprise, followed by a merry laugh, burst from the rosy lips of a very lovable, sweet-looking girl, of perhaps eighteen, who held in her slender fingers the paper from which she had read the above-quoted paragraph. Let us pause for a moment to describe her. She is not beautiful, if that word implies faultless symmetry of form and features, but strikingly attractive. Imagine, if you can, a dark-complexioned, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maiden of very graceful bearing, and winning ways, with rich, glossy curls shading a face beaming with joy, gayety and mirth; a creature all activity and vivacity, with a heart full to the brim with generous impulses, kindness and sympathy, but at times serious, thoughtful and reflective, one who steals away your heart from you before you even mistrust when or how she does it, and you have quite a correct idea of May Somerville. If she had faults, they were all upon the surface—the heart within was all purity, truth and love—and for every defect of character, a thousand virtues arose to redeem it. The only wonder is, that growing up as she has done, with no mother's love to shield, no mother's counsels or admonitions to restrain her, and petted and indulged from childhood by a fond, doting father, that she was not spoiled entirely; and she would have been, had not the natural goodness and purity of her soul triumphed over all counter influences. But to return to our story.

"I can't imagine," she said to herself, "who can have had the audacity to assert such a shameful, abominable falsehood about papa! Who can wish to injure him? There can't be any mistake, for the paper expressly states that the authority was most reliable. It must be some one who maliciously and deliberately intends to do him wrong. But who can it be? So good and kind as papa always is, I did not know that he had an enemy in the whole wide world! It's perfectly shameful! The person ought to be taken up, and punished as he deserves, for such an atrocious defamation of character." And the dark eyes of the maiden flashed in anger as she again read from the paper, and

felt what gross injustice and injury such an assertion was doing her absent father.

But this passionate exhibition of feeling lasted only for the passing moment; the next she had fallen into a sort of reverie, and all sorts of loose, irregular thoughts whirled through her brain.

"It's done," she soliloquized, "and can't be helped now; and it's really amusing, after all, just to think! The very first papers pa receives in England, will inform him of his own lamentable misfortunes, and of the very deplorable condition of his business and creditors! I wonder what he'll say, and if he'll have the least idea who put it in? O, I have it now, a capital thought! Pa can't learn of his losses for two weeks, at least, and it will be utterly impossible for him to contradict the rumor for a full month. That will give it ample time to get circulated far and wide; everybody will see it, and some good shall come out of it. Here I am, scarcely eighteen, and yet within the last fortnight two quite respectable persons have seen fit to honor me with the offer of their hearts and hands. Now I'll set a trap, and see what sort of game I catch in it. I'll ascertain beyond a doubt what the motive is that influences these two very promising young men to honor me with their selection. Whether it is pure, disinterested love, for my own, peerless, angelic self, as each would fain have me believe, or whether the bright, shining gold in my father's coffers prompts the act."

And the bright eyes of the merry girl sparkled with delight as she concluded her soliloquy, and a most mischievous smile played about the corners of her pretty mouth, as she drew from her writing-desk her delicately-tinted sheets of note paper, and indited the following lines:

"MY DEAREST FREDERIC:—The rumor of my dear father's misfortunes has doubtless reached you, which, had I known sooner I should never have suffered you to make the avowal of love you did to me last night, without appraising you of our change of circumstances, for I would not for the world have you indulge in hopes and expectations of winning a fortune with your wife that are never to be realized. But, as you have often said, money is mere dust in comparison to the incomparable wealth of love which unites us. I have pledged to you my heart and hand, and am ready to abide by the promise I have made; but upon receiving the intelligence of my dear father's losses, you may regret that you are affianced to a penniless bride, who has no other dowry to bestow upon you than the warm, strong affections of a trusting, devoted heart. A change of circumstances may make a change in your feelings. If there is a moment's doubt in your mind in regard to the wisdom of your choice, you are free, and your secret shall never pass the confines of my own soul.

Yours sincerely,

"MAY SOMERVILLE."

This letter being finished and folded, Miss Somerville proceeded to write another, which perhaps may not prove uninteresting to our readers:

"MR. MANSFIELD:—I received your letter, and with a very high appreciation of the honor you have been pleased to confer upon me, in soliciting my hand in marriage, I beg leave to say, that it is impossible, at present, to give you any decided answer. The rumor of my father's misfortunes must have reached you ere this, which, had you known before, might have influenced your selection of a wife. You have a widowed mother, dependent upon you for support, and young brothers to assist, and may upon further reflection, feel it a duty incumbent upon you to seek a more wealthy bride. If such are your feelings, do not hesitate for a moment to withdraw your suit, and the secret of your proposal to me shall never pass my lips.

"Yours with respect,

"MAY SOMERVILLE."

The coach, full of passengers, had arrived, and was already in front of the little village store, and a few moments only remained before the closing of the mail. Hastily throwing on her bonnet and shawl, May tripped lightly down to the post-office and deposited her letters which might so materially change her whole future destiny.

May Somerville was the only child of a wealthy merchant of M——. Charles Somerville, her father, had removed to this place when the town was yet in its infancy, and being a young man of industrious habits, and excellent business capacity, had with its steady growth acquired a large property. In the days of his early manhood he had wooed and won the fairest, loveliest daughter of his own native town, and had brought her in all the freshness and bloom of her girlhood to the tasteful little cottage home he had made ready to receive her.

One short year of unspeakable happiness passed, and a sweet young babe came to gladden the hearts of the youthful parents, and to draw still closer the ties of love which bound them to each other. Mr. Somerville was in raptures; he was never weary of gazing into the soft blue eyes of his little darling, fringed by long, dark lashes, of listening to her pretty baby cooing, or wild screams of delight as he dandled her upon his knee with all a father's fondness. But months passed; the strength of his loved wife did not rally—he grew alarmed—the best medical skill and science were exhausted, but in vain. Consumption, that insidious disease, had marked her for its victim, and just as the columbines were for the second time unfolding their leaves, the honeysuckles sending forth their rich perfumes, and the roses budding and blossoming,



her spirit was called to that brighter, better world, where sorrow and parting are unknown.

Years passed, and Mr. Somerville had in some degree recovered from the crushing weight of sorrow his wife's death had occasioned him, and upon his daughter he bestowed all the passionate love and devotion he had formerly lavished upon her buried mother.

May Somerville, as we said before, had grown up indulged, but not spoiled. She inherited the lamblike disposition of her mother, the energy and strength of character of her father, and possessed a vivacity and sprightliness all her own.

Mr. Somerville had been unexpectedly summoned to England, not upon business, but to the bedside of an almost dying brother, to receive his last commands, to close his eyes in death, and take of him a long farewell. Hastily completing the preparations necessary for his voyage, he left his daughter in the pleasant country home of her grandparents, and after an affectionate and tearful parting, soon found himself out upon the broad Atlantic, rapidly leaving his native clime.

We have seen how very soon after his departure, the rumor of his unfortunate speculation was circulated, and how May cunningly determined to take advantage of it, and test the strength of her suitors' love.

She had "come out," as it is called, the winter before. She had no marvellous beauty to recommend her, and she needed none. Her father's wealth and standing, her own cultivated mind and charming manners, were sufficient to make her an especial favorite, admired and courted in circles in which she moved. Of course, in every class of society there are plenty of merely fortune-hunters, ready to flatter like butterflies around every marriageable young lady, who, whatever pretensions she may rightly claim to the graces of the mind, are all lost sight of in the more glittering golden attractions. So it was with Miss Somerville. Scores of gay, gallant admirers thronged about her, not a few whose real and ultimate object was to gain the affections and secure the hand of the young heiress, and thereby replenish their own purses. Among these last-mentioned individuals belonged Frederic Burnside. He had frequently met the young lady, and had been exceedingly pleased with her, but the mainspring of all his attention and unwearied devotion to her, lay in the immense fortune her father was well known to possess.

"I do not advocate marrying for money," he said, in strict confidence to a college friend, who was disposed to treat the subject quite seriously, "that is, generally speaking, but my case

is different. I have only my profession to depend upon, and a weakly wife, with influential friends, would help me vastly. Yes, I consider it an imperative duty to form an alliance where a good supply of the 'needful' will come too."

Such were the sentiments of the gentleman whose brilliant accomplishments and unrivalled powers of fascination had wrought so powerfully upon the young, guileless heart of May Somerville. He had for some time been unremitting in his attention, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to present itself, to make an open avowal of love. That opportunity was soon given him. Mr. Somerville was suddenly and unexpectedly called to Europe, and under the very plausible pretext of coming to soothe May under the sorrow this first parting from her father caused her, he vehemently and eloquently declared his passionate love and unbounded admiration for her.

The heart of the young girl trembled violently within her. Strange, indescribable emotions thrilled her. With downcast eyes, and a voice scarcely audible, she faltered out:

"I will be yours, dear Frederic; something here," and she laid her hand upon her heart, "tells me we may happily tread together the same pathway in life; but I must impose upon you one condition before I accept—you must obtain my father's full and free consent to our union. If I can have his blessing and hearty concurrence, my cup will indeed be full."

"You have made me the happiest of men, my love, my angel. Henceforth to promote your happiness will be the one all-absorbing thought of my life." And he folded her to his bosom in a long, tender embrace.

Mr. Somerville had regarded Mr. Burnside's attentions to his daughter with an eye far from favorable. He was a most brilliant suitor, certainly, and many would have considered it a highly advantageous match; but his quick eye of affection had detected much beneath these outward attractions, to convince him of his utter inability to make his darling daughter happy. He acknowledged and admired his superior talents, his ever varied conversational powers, and sparkling wit, but these were insufficient to satisfy him—he felt that true nobility of the soul was wanting. May was necessarily thrown much in his society; he beheld with the deepest regret her pleased acceptance of his attachment, but trusted to time and her own good sense to discover what was amiss in his character.

Not so were his feelings towards Arthur Mansfield, the other deeply enamored lover of his daughter, of whose ability and real worth he had

a most exalted opinion. Mr. Mansfield was a lawyer, and bade fair with his talents to adorn his profession, and to rise to honor and distinction in the world; but as yet, with a widowed mother dependent upon him for support, young brothers to assist, and the heavy debts to liquidate which he had incurred for his education, he could do little else but struggle with poverty.

Such were the two suitors for the hand of Miss May Somerville, each as unlike the other in character and person, as were the motives which actuated them. Both were deeply enamored lovers; but the love of the one was pure, sincere, and real, free from all dross, and selfishness; while the other was captivated, not by the highly cultivated mind, and intrinsic worth of the young lady herself, but by the thousands of bright, shining gold dollars which filled to overflowing her father's coffers.

Three weeks passed, but brought no reply to May Somerville's letters. Daily she tripped down to the little village office at the opening of the mail, and daily returned disappointed. At last one was put in her hand, the well-known writing of which thrilled her to behold. It was thus:

"MISS SOMERVILLE:—I deeply deplore the change that has so unexpectedly taken place in your circumstances, and can never sufficiently admire the true magnanimity of soul you have evinced in absolving me from the vows I was so foolish as to make the evening of your father's departure for Europe. I grieve to give you pain, but in my present situation money is indispensable with a wife. Henceforth, then, we will be only as friends.  
Yours truly,

"FREDERIC BURNSIDE."

May stood bewildered and stupefied with amazement. Her eyes were riveted like one enchanted upon the letter, which shook in her hand like an aspen leaf. Could it be possible that the writer of this cold, cruel, unsympathizing letter was indeed the same Frederic Burnside who had appeared to her the embodiment of all human perfection, her ideal of all that was noble and gifted in man? The same whose eyes, when they last rested on her, beamed with every expression of love and tenderness, whose lips had given utterance to words deep, impassioned and eloquent, as he swore his life-long devotion, and pleaded her acceptance of his undying love? Yes, it was the same, the very same. A film was removed from her eyes. She saw now, not the brilliant, accomplished lover, but a greedy fortune-hunter, a man devoid of all honor and principle.

"And this is the man," she ejaculated at

last, "who has so repeatedly declared there was no deed of daring he would not do, no sacrifice he would not make, for my sake, and to whom, but for this unforeseen occurrence, I should in all human probability have been united in the holy bonds of marriage! Thank God, I have escaped such a doom!"

A slight tap was heard at her door. "Miss May," said the good-natured maid-of-all-work her grandmother employed, "there is a gentleman down in the parlor waiting to see you."

"A gentleman!" re-echoed May, in surprise. "Who can it be?"

Betty did not know, but he was "A gentleman, a real gentleman," she said, "just as much as if he had been born and raised in old Ireland."

After making some slight alterations in her dress, with a fluttering heart May descended to the parlor. The shades of evening were sweeping on, and she could not distinctly see the face of her visitor, but a tall form arose as she entered, and advanced to meet her.

"Mr. Mansfield!" she exclaimed in surprise, as she recognized his voice, and returned his cordial greeting. "Pray be seated."

"You are the last person I thought of seeing to-night," began Mr. Mansfield, betraying considerable embarrassment of manner. "It was not my intention to follow you from the city, and intrude my presence upon you in your delightful summer retreat, but after receiving your letter this morning my feelings would not permit an hour's delay, without seeing you."

"No intrusion, Mr. Mansfield," answered May, slightly coloring. "I am always happy to see my friends at any time."

"You must have been sorely puzzled to account for my long delay in replying to your letter," said he, smiling, "but the truth is, I have been in St. Louis for three weeks, and returned only this morning to find your letter awaiting my arrival. I read it just three hours ago, Miss Somerville—"

But the entrance of Betty with a lamp at that moment interrupted the conversation, and his words, whatever they might have been, died away on his lips.

"Miss Somerville," he began again, as soon as the door closed upon Betty's retreating figure, while as he spoke he fixed his dark, serious eyes full upon May's face, as if he would read there his coming fate, "Miss Somerville, I sincerely lament your father's losses; but how could you for a moment have done me the injustice to imagine that any calamity in the way of pecuniary losses that may befall you, could in the least de-



gree alter my affection for you? It has been the dearest wish of my heart," he continued, in a voice particularly rich and melodious, "the highest object of my ambition, to one day obtain your hand in marriage. For years you have exercised a dominion over my heart, such as no one ever possessed before. I have loved you madly, devotedly, but in secret, ever since you were a mere child, and I a boy, who came to work in your father's store to obtain the means to go to school with. I beheld you rising into womanhood, so lovely and exalted—so far above all others of your sex—your character developing every charming trait, and your mind so richly stored with knowledge—"

He paused for a moment, and then in tones more fervent and impassioned proceeded:

"Now that I have revealed this much, I would confess even more. I would tell you how the thought of possibly making you my wife has fired my ambition, has made me struggle and overcome the most formidable difficulties, has sweetened all my labors, and lighted up my weary, dreary pathway in life, and has made me what I am. I cannot offer you a home, splendid as the one you have been accustomed to, but one in which I can promise you much happiness. I can give you all the comfort, and judging from my present prospects, I hope to be able to provide you in a few years with the luxuries and elegancies also."

Again Mr. Mansfield paused. Strong emotion was visible upon every feature of his face, and his dark eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, as he watched every varying expression of his companion's face.

Reader, we will not go any further; the remainder of the conversation was not intended for your ear, or mine. Whether May gave her consent that night, I am unable to say, but certain it was when Mr. Somerville returned, three weeks after, he found his daughter, if not the affianced bride of Arthur Mansfield, waiting only the words to make her so: He had accomplished the object of his journey. He had taken a last farewell of the brother who had been his almost inseparable companion from boyhood, and had received and executed his dying commands; and having nothing more to detain him abroad, had taken the first steamer for home.

It was a clear, cold October morning. May Somerville had walked out to enjoy the pure, invigorating autumnal breezes. Her father was seated in a large arm-chair in his library, quite alone. He had for some time contemplated an entire withdrawal from business, and was now

about to make a final settlement of his affairs; but he did not seem to enter much into the spirit of his work, for a large pile of papers lay untouched before him, and he had sunk into a profound reverie. A slight tap at the door aroused him.

"Mr. Mansfield," he exclaimed, as he arose and greeted his visitor with his usual cordiality, "you are precisely the person I was wishing to see. May is out," he continued, after the gentlemen had seated themselves, "and perhaps it is well that she is, for I have a little commission devolving upon me to execute—a secret which she was wanting either in courage or inclination to disclose."

"I shall be extremely happy to hear it," replied Mr. Mansfield, smiling; "though I cannot conceive what secret she can have that she hesitates to impart to me."

"Did you imagine," asked Mr. Somerville, "that when you solicited the hand of my daughter in marriage, that you were asking for a portionless, penniless wife?"

"I did not think anything about it at all," answered the other. "I was so completely lost in a bewilderment of joy at the prospect of obtaining so priceless a treasure for my own, that the thought of property never occurred once to me."

"And now for my confidential disclosure," said Mr. Somerville. "You remember my former partner, Mr. Stillman, don't you?"

"Perfectly."

"He has been subject for some time," continued Mr. Somerville, "to occasional attacks of insanity. These attacks, however, have lasted but a few hours at a time, and occurred only at long intervals, so that all knowledge of them was carefully concealed from the public by his family and most intimate friends. He came down to see me at my store on the morning of my departure for Europe. I noticed he was not perfectly sane, and advised him to return home at once. At such times his thoughts always ran upon some great loss he had sustained, or some overwhelming calamity that had befallen him; and the sight of me doubtless suggested the idea of making me the unfortunate victim of his wild imagination, for scarcely had I left the city before he stepped into the publishing office of Messrs. Blanchard & Co., and informed the editor of the Morning Times of my sudden reverses of fortune, and abrupt departure for Europe. Mr. Blanchard, knowing him to be one of my most intimate friends, as well as former partner, considered it, very naturally, reliable information, and immediately inserted it in his

paper. The paragraph was copied into other papers, till every person who had ever been acquainted with me, was apprised of my misfortunes. And now I come to May's confession. She determined to take advantage of the condition of affairs, and test the strength and sincerity of her suitors' love. You were not the only person to whom she wrote as she did, but you were the only one whose love and devotion remained unchanged by a change of circumstances. Arthur Mansfield, in my daughter you will wed an heiress. May not only inherits all my property, but my brother, who has recently died in England, having no family, has bequeathed to her the principal portion of his. For my own part I rejoice that your love has been put to the test, for I can now give you my precious child without a misgiving, and I shall be but too happy and proud to call you my son-in-law."

Frederic Burnside had been absent from the city a fortnight. He had just returned in the cars, and was walking at hasty strides to his boarding house, when a friend accosted him with:

"Well, Fred, are you walking for a wager, that you walk so fast? I've been trying my best to overtake you for the last five minutes, and I've almost lost my breath in the race. I've a little piece of news to communicate which I fancy will not prove uninteresting," and as he said this he cast a mischievous glance into the face of his friend.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Burnside, whose curiosity was becoming somewhat excited.

"I'll tell you," replied Mr. Blake, and he proceeded to give a detailed account of various events which had transpired in his absence. "So it seems," he said in conclusion, "that old Somerville is rich as a Jew, after all. He hasn't lost a dime of his money. It was only a rumor, got up and circulated by that crazy partner of his. But that isn't the most astounding piece of news. What would you think if you were to hear of the engagement of Arthur Mansfield and May Somerville?"

"Engaged to May Somerville? Not lost his property?" was all the astonished Mr. Burnside could articulate.

"Yes, and the fellow is perfectly beside himself with joy. Well, he is a lucky dog, I must confess, for he gets two fortunes in one wife, and that's hardly fair, when you and I can't even get one. May Somerville not only is heiress to her father's immense fortune, but that old bachelor uncle of hers in England has just died, and left her all of his."

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon Frederic Burnside. Fortunately for him, the shadows of evening concealed his face from his friend; with difficulty he managed to continue the conversation, and restrain his own feelings till he had reached his lodging-place.

"Fool, simpleton, that I am!" he exclaimed, with a face alternately pale and red with chagrin and anger. "The greatest blockhead in the world could not have done worse! Confound that unlucky letter! Of what could I have been thinking, well as I knew that little mischievous imp, not to suspect her? I have been caught in a pretty trap, surely! I've been worse than a fool! I have been tricked out of a full half million of dollars by giving credence to a mere idle rumor—the sheer fabrication of a madman!"

And this polished, accomplished gentleman of society stamped his foot upon the floor with rage, and cursed in loud and vehement tones, his folly, struck a heavy blow at his own head, with his fist, as if he would wreak vengeance upon those brains which had served him to no better purpose.

The wedding day came at last. Public curiosity and expectation were upon tiptoe. The marriage of the talented young lawyer to the heiress, May Somerville, was looked forward to with interest by all classes of people. Great doings were expected. But all were disappointed, for the wedding was a very simple affair. There was no pomp, or glitter, or parade; no great assemblage of people; no imposing ceremony, elegant equipages, or liveried servants; no display of rich and costly presents, even though the gifts which had been lavished in such profusion upon the young bride were of great value and beauty. The happiness of the bridal party consisted not in these gay externals. Theirs was the deep, abiding happiness which arose from an unbounded confidence in, and an all-absorbing love for each other. At the appointed hour the gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms of Mr. Somerville were thrown open. The bride and bridegroom, the minister, and a few friends, completed the number. The minister was a grave, gray-haired man of fourscore, the same who had united the bride's parents in the holy bond of marriage, who had performed the funeral rites of her mother, and had received her, when a sweet young babe, from her father's arms, and administered to her the baptismal ordinance. With a voice tremulous with emotion, the second marriage service was solemnized, the final vows were taken and registered in heaven, and Arthur Mansfield and May Somerville were made one forever.

(ORIGINAL.)

## FADING MEMORIES:

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Alas, the grave we mourning close,  
And leave our friends with death alone;  
But o'er the heart indifference grows,  
Like moss upon the churchyard stone.

And year by year, less plainly seen,  
Each old memorial fades away;  
For death is sere and life is green,  
And we are flesh and they are clay.

O, sad to leave them darkling thus,  
While we've returning night and morn;  
To feel between the dead and us  
The veil of endless ages drawn!

How hard to own when first our tears  
Fell fast above their gentle sleep,  
That years, ten thousand rolling years,  
Shall see their deathly slumber deep.

They are so near us, so our own:  
They were so lately such as we,  
That who can feel the lettered stone,  
So simple, means eternity?

Alas, what thousand altars are  
To ruin crumbling, that were reared  
By gentle memory, ere so far  
From life the land of death appeared!

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE ENGLISH INHERITANCE.

BY EMILY BRAGDON.

THE fire was burning low in a large, but low and dingy apartment, furnished half shabbily, half genteelly, in which sat four persons. The first was a gentleman—indisputably a gentleman, spite of the tarnished dressing-gown, according so illy with a pair of bright, showy slippers; spite of the ragged edges of the fine linen at his bosom. He had, moreover, when he rose and paced the floor, an unmistakably military step, which, once attained, is rarely laid by even to the last. Near his chair, which he often left for the only exercise now afforded him, sat a lady apparently some years younger than himself; and dressed in a purple satin that must once have been very rich, but which showed only here and there within its broad plaits, remnants of its former gala-day splendor.

Farther from the dull fire, although it was a wintry afternoon, were two young girls, both

very beautiful—sisters, undeniably—resembling each other very strongly, and apparently submitting to the necessity of shabby clothing, like their elders; for both were clad in coarse and cheap, though exquisitely fitting, dresses of calico. The bright, shining hair in both was carried straight over the ears, ending in a knot behind. The dresses were scrupulously high in the throat, and were close at the wrists; and one might have seen that the little boots were mended and darned. Between them lay upon a chair a robe of the same coarse material as their own, yet of a different hue—being of a purple, much darker than the faded satin of the mother, and evidently intended for her, although she shrank from its contact, when her daughters attempted to measure a wristband or a belt.

She was a pale, delicate-looking woman, with a decided, high-bred air, and a daintiness of word and manner. Every time she addressed her children, it was with the punctilious courtliness of one who has moved in the most dignified circles; while they were like two children, in their easy, playful ways, and their quick, gay talk with each other, altered, it might be, into more measured stateliness when addressing the two elders. Yet, in each and all, there was an inexpressible sweetness in every word, that seemed to denote a pure and true affection for each member of a family, over which had evidently passed some cloud that had hung down poverty at least from its sable folds, if not other evils.

The purple dress was completed, and, the mother reluctantly retired into an inner room to put it on. When she came forth, the girls were wild in their praises. Truly, it had taken some twelve years from her apparent age as when dressed in the shabby finery of the antiquated satin; and even their father stopped short in his walk to compliment her.

"But when we receive our English inheritance," said Edith, with sparkling eyes, "ah, then mama shall dress as becomes her fine form and handsome face! She shall be clothed in velvet, Hester, while we will wear only pure white—the simplest and sweetest dress for young maidens, is it not, father?"

"I thought so when your mother was young, dear," answered he, "and doubtless I shall think so when you wear it. But, if you wait for the English inheritance, I am afraid you will not wear white until the bonny brown hair is white also."

Captain Ross was an Englishman by birth, although America was his adopted country. He had held a commission in the army, and twice he

had been so near promotion, that only one life lay between him and a higher title. But the title never came; and when his last campaign was over, he was invalided, and suffered to retire, thus shutting out the hope of brighter days.

Like all of his stamp, every resource had been drawn upon for the present. New wealth was to dawn upon him as the future hours developed themselves. The fair, delicate wife and the tenderly-reared daughters—could he refuse a single luxury to them? No; the highest board, the most expensive attire, the travelling and concerts, operas and parties made up the rest; and when Ross retired on half pay, he was overhead in debts of the most alarming magnitude. To do him justice, he had not intended it; but they must be paid, and he borrowed money to pay them, which had to be refunded little by little out of his scanty means.

Unable to pay board as he had usually done, and unwilling to enter an inferior lodging-house, he decided to take a few rooms, and, to save the expense of a house servant, to have the meals for the family sent in from a neighboring hotel. This was bad enough, as Ross was continually meeting friends who did not know his circumstances, and were expecting to be invited home to dinner. He removed to another house, where as nominal boarders they escaped this annoyance, although in truth they only dined with their landlady, and made breakfast and tea with their own hands.

As if to save them from falling into utter despondency, occasioned by loss of society, poor living and insufficiency of clothing, a report came to their ears that the family of Ross was entitled to a great inheritance in England. It was computed by millions; and Ross and a family of Ellendeens were said to be the sole remaining heirs. So, to keep up the dignity, Mrs. Ross had worn the tarnished remains of a once rich wardrobe, and sported purple satin as if she were "born in the purple." Very unwillingly did she exchange its faded glory—to which the dear girls were so sensitive, and which they dared not openly attack—for the neat sixpenny print, in which she looked only the lady still, seated in her high-backed arm-chair, the relic of former splendor.

This English inheritance had been the theme of much serious talk between Captain Ross and his wife, and of still more merry laughter between the two light-hearted girls. Deeply as the father and mother regretted their poverty, it was passed over by Edith and Hester as a mere trifle, except for the lack of comforts which their parents needed. With health, natural spirits and kindly

hearts, they took the bright side of everything; and in possessing two such charming comforters, Ross and his wife ought not to have called themselves poor.

A knock at the door, a whispered consultation between the girls and some one in the hall, arrested the attention of the father. Edith came back with a quantity of cloth in her hand—a large roll.

"What is that, Edith?" he asked.

"Only some shirts, father, that Hester and I are going to make for Mrs. Harris, in the next house. Her sons are going to sea, and she must have them soon."

"Not for *pay*, I hope, my dear? You will not work for pay?"

The girls cast a glance around the apartment.

"Surely, there is need enough, dear father!" said Hester, almost impatiently. "No one would take us for even decent seamstresses."

"Hush, Hester!" whispered Edith, and the girl's eyes overflowed in a moment. She went up to her father and kissed him.

"I did not mean to reproach you, dear father. Believe me, we like to work for you, if you will allow us. Don't be so proud to let us do so!"

Captain Ross turned away, exclaiming, bitterly, "*My girls seamstresses!*"

Another knock. This time it was a boy with a note to Captain Ross. He read it, answered it, and the boy was gone.

"What is it, papa?" said both the girls at once. He handed it to Edith, and she read it aloud:

"Mr. Horace Ellendeen desires an interview with Captain Ross, in which to converse with him on the subject of their mutual claim to the inheritance of the Ellendeen property in England. Mr. Ellendeen and his brother intend visiting London, and would like to know the wishes and expectations of Captain Ross in regard to his own claim."

It was written at a hotel in the next street.

"And where did you appoint an interview, papa, and when?"

"Here, to be sure, and this afternoon."

Mrs. Ross, at this announcement, uttered a regret that she had not kept on her purple satin, but the girls whispered to each other a word or two of unfeigned thankfulness that she had not.

Then followed sundry wise speculations upon the coming man and his errand, in which all took a part. Before they were ended, the two gentlemen entered. They were grave-looking men, apparently past thirty years of age, both what might be called good-looking, and, in conversation with Captain Ross, seemed highly in-

telligent and business-like. They were merchants—going to London on matters connected with their business, and the “inheritance” was only a secondary matter; yet they would, of course, take pains to inquire into its probable chances.

Captain Ross, his wife and daughters, were equally pleased with their new acquaintances. The manly, frank ways of both won their confidence at once, and the promise to call at every opportunity before sailing was very pleasant to those who had enjoyed so little society for many months.

The gentlemen fully redeemed this promise, and seemed to regret the time of parting. After they had actually gone, the whole family wondered that they had bestowed so little anxiety about the appearance of themselves and the house in their presence. The sixpenny prints and the faded dressing-gown had ceased to occupy their thoughts at all; and Edith and Hester had sewed diligently upon the linen for which they were “to have pay.”

It was summer now. The blinds were closed to conceal the worn carpet, and the friendly dimness hid many other deficiencies. The girls sat by the window looking out on the strip of yard, which their landlady called a garden. The mother, now feeble from the close weather and poor food, lay on the sofa. Captain Ross was pacing the room as usual, looking at the piles of linen with a dissatisfied air. Yet he could but brighten up as he heard a soft whisper about “some wine for mama as soon as this work was done.” How could he be unhappy, when he had such dear girls?

It grew dusky while they sat there, and they left off work and began to sing. It was a song they had sung at a large party, when they were little trembling children, afraid of the magnificence and magnificent people around them. They felt strong now, even in their poverty; and they talked in low tones of becoming public singers, but dared not quite yet mention it to their father. Such a thought had often passed their minds. At least they thought they could sing in churches, if not at concerts, if papa were only willing—and why need he indulge this foolish pride? They were poor, and the world was not deceived by the senseless shifts he was constantly making to hide the fact. It was like darkening the room to hide the old carpet, they said.

“Plotting treason, little girls!” said their father, in a heartier voice than usual. “That will never do for a soldier’s daughters! Now, what new plan has come into your wise heads?

Something mortifying to father’s pride, I dare say.”

They had no time to answer, for two persons entered the room; and even through the dusk they recognized the Ellendeen brothers. There were warm, kindly greetings, heartfelt on both sides, and then the object of their voyage was touched upon. There were doubts and uncertainty. There were papers that could not be found, and they feared it would end in nothing after all. So that pleasant dream, “the English inheritance,” faded away like all the rest of poor Captain Ross’s visions.

“Never mind, Eda,” said Hester, as they went up to their attic room, “there is still the singing which we can try.”

The postman brought two letters the next day—they were for Edith and Hester. Both eagerly read them with blushing cheeks. They contained offers of marriage from Horace and Charles Ellendeen. These were letters that could not be answered in a minute. In each there was a note for papa, to be given him only if it was required—that is, if the proposal should be favorably received.

“Very methodical and business-like!” laughed Edith. “I should think we were two bales of goods destined for the Ellendeen market.”

Yet, though she laughed, she could not but be conscious that her heart was touched, and she frankly gave the note to her father; while Hester without a word followed suit.

The captain, who had brooded over the disappointment about the English property until he was even lower than usual in spirits, read the notes with a look of genuine surprise. He returned them with the remark, “Well, girls, at least they have shown that it is not wealth they seek in wives.”

“No, indeed, papa, or they would have waited for ‘the English inheritance.’”

The answers were not decided, but favorable. A little longer acquaintance—a more intimate knowledge was certainly desirable. Captain Ross did not tell his daughters that he had made strict inquiries of a friend in the city, who knew the Ellendeens well, and reported them all that could be desired. These inquiries, of course, referred to their position and character as men of business, but fortunately the answers included everything.

In a week all was settled—Horace Ellendeen was engaged to Edith, and his brother to Hester.

“Where, in the world, is the bridal attire to come from?” asked Mrs. Ross, whose thoughts were ever upon clothing, as the wedding-day drew near.

"Where?" answered Edith. "Why, we are only to have plain white muslins—and we have those that were bought for our last school exhibition."

Seeking for these, the girls came upon a roll of papers yellow with age. They opened and read them; they were the very papers which Mr. Ellendeen told them were needed to establish the claim. Captain Ross's father had left them in an old trunk. So the brothers married rich girls after all!

#### A RUSSIAN REVIEW.

When in Pisa, last winter, I made the acquaintance of a Russian family, who invited me strongly to visit them; and on my arrival, I found they had preceded me only a few days, and received me with the greatest kindness. The gentleman being the colonel of the empress's body-guard, and the annual *fete* of the regiment about taking place, I had an opportunity of assisting at the review of the regiment, which was one thousand strong, and one of the best dressed and best disciplined in the world; the platoons are of uniform height, and move as one man, and in line appear like living statues. The ceremonies of high mass were performed in the open air in front of one of the summer palaces, a few miles from the city, with all the pomp and form of the rites of the Greek Church; the immense Asiatic gilded silk tent spread to protect from the sun's rays of a beautiful day; the gorgeous services and robes of the priests, with long, floating beards, and hair covering the shoulders; the burning of immense wax candles and the fumes of incense; the whole imperial family *en grand toilette*; the review of the regiment after mass by the Emperor Nicholas and his sons, the grand dukes, on horseback—altogether it was one of the most imposing sights you could behold.—*Ibid.*

#### THE HEART.

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the sanctuary, and threatening vices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope, that remains the longest, gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

A NEW RULE OF ETIQUETTE.—Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like another Solomon, awarded "Let the greatest simpleton go first." Long after this disputes took place even in the Prussian court. The king ordered that the greatest fool should go first. Frederick II. could say such things.

#### WILD FLOWERS IN PALESTINE.

Our way lay over a high bank to the north-westward, shaded by a grove of ancient olive and oak trees, and commanding a splendid view of Nablous and the country beyond. Thence we descended rapidly into a white valley, proceeding for an hour along lanes flanked on each side with gardens of mulberry and fig. The richness of the whole valley is hardly to be described. Between the gardens and the road the margin is lined with a natural and abundant growth of aromatic bay trees of great size, and pomegranates and medlars in full bloom, thus early in the year. In many places they overran the road for some distance. Bright streams and fountains gush forth on all sides, to join in a wide rapid stream that flows westward in the opposite direction from those on the other side of the heights we had just left. This is the vale of Many Waters, and we had passed the boundary which divides their course. In a quarter of an hour further the village of Beitwadan was on our left; and now, turning more to the north, we mounted a ridge of low hills, where tillage and garden culture ceases, and the soil is no longer deep enough for the growth of trees; but the stony ground is covered with ranunculus, anemone, and lupine of great size and dazzling brightness of blue and white. Three hours and a half took us to the foot of the mountain range which parts this vale from that of the Kishon. On both sides of the track along which we moved the top towered the gray stones of lofty trees, whose foliage, quivering against the clear blue heaven, in many places almost closed above our heads. It was much the same sort of scenery as that through which we had passed on our road to Tabor. But the ash mingling with the oak here give it more the character of the finest English greenwood of parts of Whitlebury or the New Forest. Alas, for the little wild flowers of England, that here and there peep forth and sparkle among the brambles of the thicket, or cluster in branches far apart from the short turf of the open grove, when compared with the blaze of rich ranunculus, anemone, and gaudy iris, carpeting the green sward of Palestine, and the cyclamen that absolutely perfumes the air far around! Yet one principle of gladness is wanting in these lands, to which the classical and sacred writers were not insensible in their descriptions of the charm of woodland scenery, but which is never enjoyed here in the measure in which it abounds in our northern countries—the songs of birds. Nothing is to be seen moving in these shades but here and there the majestic crane stalking between the boles of the trees; nothing heard but the rustle of the kite or vulture, when he bursts from among the boughs and soars screaming to the skies. And these but bespeak the deep loneliness which for a moment they disturb, to leave it without a living sound to break the silence of your solitary path.—*Lord Nugent.*

#### EVENING.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad  
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze;  
The light has left the summit of the hill,  
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful  
Amid the ivied beacon.

COLERIDGE.



[ORIGINAL.]  
**CONSTANCY.**

BY EFFINGHAM T. HYATT.

You tell me, dear lady, my pratings to cease—  
 That life without love is a life full of peace;  
 And say with a smile on thy lips' ruddy hue,  
 That pride should a maiden less constantly sue.

I have pride—who has not?—for I know how the  
 pain

Of remembrance returns with our sorrow again;  
 While the joys of the past are forgotten and lost,  
 And we only remember the pangs they have cost.

Yet I cannot be still—you may hate, if you choose,  
 And my vows of devotion with anger refuse;  
 Yet the heart will return to the love of its youth,  
 And forever be constant to Julia and truth.

I know that another fond suitor of thine  
 Will build his success on the ruins of mine;  
 That the bliss I have known, and the joys I have  
 seen,  
 Are now but the beacons where danger has been.

And so, on to death, with this shadow of love  
 To haunt and evade me wherever I rove,  
 I will watch, I will pray, just the same as before,  
 For the maid I have lost, still the maid I adore.

[ORIGINAL.]

**ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.**

BY MRS. MARY A. KEABLES.

I WISH I could tell you all about it, Mabelle, all about it; so that you could see just how wicked and foolish I have been, how miserable I am now, and the great darkness that stretches out chill and void in the future. I wish I could take you away back, as I wander in my dreams, sometimes—to a little, low, brown farm-house, with drooping eaves and high narrow windows shadowed by cypress and morning-glories, and the wide, airy porch, with its rustic seats and spotless floor, where the sunbeams lay in broad bars all the long summer days. I wish I could make you see just how it all looked, with the broad prairie sweeping far, far away into the distance; the cattle feeding upon the green hills, the sheep grazing in the wide meadows, the tinkling of the bells making a dreary, pensive music all the while; the neighbors' houses in the distance, the dark line where sky and earth seemed to meet, where the deep midnight forest lay. That fearful forest, the depths unexplored by hunters or woodmen; that forest, weird and mysterious,

of which terrible tales were told of robbers who dwelt in its fastnesses, of wild and ferocious beasts scarcely less human than the intruders upon their green and dark domain. Iowa was new and but partially settled then; the little leg farm-house of which I have told you was a palace to what many of the neighboring farmers possessed, and I was happy in the wild, free, careless life that I led—happy in the daring exploits that marked my, fearless, dashing, unrestrained existence.

I see you are looking at me—I do not now appear very much like the wild hoyden of ten years ago. Then you would have seen a dark, piquant little face, with jetty ringlets and flashing hazel-gray eyes; cheeks with a flush of health and spirits; lips like coral, and a proud little neck that poised the queenly head most royally. Do not think I am vain of what I was. *Pride!* long ago the bitterest of tears washed its stain from my soul; and I look back only with a great grief and sorrow, regretful and penitent, only praying God to forgive me for my blindness and my sin.

Eric Swartz—I hunger sadly and yearningly upon the name—you guess my secret—yes, Eric and I were lovers. His father's farm adjoined ours—at some future time the two estates were to be united. Eric's father and mine often talked it all over, and laid plans and built castles—and made all to their liking. But Eric's father and mine are lying in their graves, their castles have dissolved in air, their plans are void and useless! Why do I hesitate? you do not blame me that I would fain linger in the sunshine; yet now I will tell you how the dark, deep shadow came.

It was a glorious evening in October. The sunbeams lay long and broad aslant the wide porch, and a drowsy, hazy atmosphere had settled down, mellow and golden, over the rolling prairie. I had finished my twelve cuts of warp yarn—which is the same as you call thirty-six knots in the East—and I had set back the great wheel and the reel, and mother was busy with the supper. As I hung up the yarn on a nail by the window, I saw my father driving home with the plough. He had just finished his wheat, and his day's work was done; but it was not the sight of my father that caused me to linger at the window; I heard Eric's voice, rich and deep and clear, and I listened to his words. They were of trifling import, only concerning the cattle that had wandered far away, and of which he was in search; and yet they caused my heart to leap wildly as I thought of a dashing ride over the prairie with Eric by my side, in pursuit of a flying herd of cattle, and

with a merry laugh, I bounded down to meet him.

"No, no, Clara, not to-night," said my lover gently, as he exchanged looks with my father.

"And why?"

"It is getting late, and I may have to go near the woods. I will bring your cows with mine, Clara; you had better not go."

My father expressed himself in like manner; but when did ever Clara Wilde heed persuasion or command? Mabelle, darling, I was a wild, headstrong girl; do you wonder, then, that I saddled my fleet pony, "Starr," and overtook my lover, much to his surprise and annoyance?

"I see how it is," I said, tauntingly. "You do not wish my company; forsooth, you are waiting some fair maid, Bessie Mervine, perhaps—you see I have thwarted your designs, Eric;" and I laughed heedlessly.

He looked straight into my face. O, how noble and handsome he was; and when he said, "No, no, Clara," I knew he spoke the truth.

"Then, why were you so determined I should not accompany you?" I asked, incredulously.

"Very good reasons, my little Clara; that dark black woods is no place for you."

"I am no coward, Eric Swartz; lead where you will I will follow."

"You are a very brave, courageous girl, Clara." His voice was as gentle as if he addressed an infant. "But,"—and he stopped his horse and held the bridle of my pony,—"*I* had rather not go than have you expose yourself as you are about doing. Clara, go back; you know I like your company, but not enough to risk yourself thus."

"What risk?" I asked, giving the bridle a jerk that freed it from his grasp, and curling my lip scornfully as I spoke; "tell me, or—"

I touched Starr lightly with the riding whip and started forward, but again he grasped the rein.

"Clara, Clara, for Heaven's sake, stay!—Thoughtless girl, you know not what you are doing!"

"Perhaps I don't; thank you for the insinuation; let go my bridle!"

"Clara!"

"Well; speak, if you have anything to say—speak! what are you making all this fuss on my account for?"

"For your good; listen—as I told your father, our cattle have been missing for several days, and we fear—"

"What?"

"Wolves!"

"Humph!" I ejaculated, impatiently; "some

old granny's dream more like; but I see you are afraid. Valiant youth, follow, and I will lead; follow, and I will protect you!"

I struck Starr violently, and with a bound he freed himself from Eric's grasp and bounded away.

"Clara, Clara, if you will go—if you will not listen to reason—I shall not follow, but accompany or lead," he said, as he reached my side.

I struck off across the prairie with a merry laugh, and a challenge for a race, and almost before I was aware of the fact, darkness was falling fast around us, and close before us, only separated by a dark and deep ravine, lay the wild, black forest.

"Now you will surely stop," cried Eric, as we checked our foaming steeds upon the very verge of the precipice. We had seen nothing of the missing herd.

"I tell you what it is," said I, impatiently, "you are a perfect coward; you are afraid to cross this chasm; you are afraid of the woods. Come, Starr," I said, coaxingly to my pony, "you and I for it—we shall find nothing worse than ourselves yonder—over, sir, over!"

Well used to my whims the noble steed obeyed. Indeed, if I had told him to fly to the moon, had he understood me, I doubt not he would have made the attempt.

I shut my eyes. That long, terrible, flying leap, how I remember it, and my heart sickens even now as I think of it, but half a hand's breadth, and we should have gone down, down into the dark, deep, fearful gorge; but we were safe, and a triumphant laugh floated back to my dismayed companion, who, completely astounded, regarded me with an expression akin to terror and despair.

"Clara, Clara, come back; ride along to where the chasm is narrower, and then cross again."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing," I retorted, disdainfully, "if you are afraid, go home—"

"And allow me to escort you?"

I looked up in surprise to encounter a brilliant pair of black eyes, and a tall, elegant form, in a hunter's costume. In the person before me I recognized a young man who had for a night partaken of my father's hospitality, and departed one morning with a farewell to me sounding musically upon his lips. Who or what he was I did not know, but fear was a stranger to me then; and thinking only to vex my lover, I replied merrily, that I should under the circumstances be provided for, and bade Mr. Eric Swartz good evening.

"Clara, Clara, I cannot leave you thus. Clara, do you know what you are doing?"

"I trust I do, sir," I replied, haughtily.

"God forgive and help you!" It was too dark for me to see his expression, but he turned and galloped madly away.

I did not think he would go. I fancied he would stay and amuse me with his pleadings, but I was mistaken. And then for the first time, as I realized the position in which I had placed myself, a chill feeling of nervous fear stole over me, and I turned my horse's head down the ravine, for now the excitement was over I had not the least desire to attempt another leap where the chasm was so broad; but my dark companion laid a hand upon the bridle rein, and a strange quaver in his voice filled me with alarm.

"Not so fast, lady; permit—" and seizing Starr's bridle, he turned the animal towards the forest.

"Hands off, sir! what do you mean?" I ejaculated, now quite alarmed, for night was fast closing in, and the man's face grew fairly sinister in its expression as seen by the uncertain light.

He laughed low and exultingly.

"What do I mean, fairest maid of the prairie? This only, that you are venturesome, fearless, courageous, daring; but that Clinton Height is not a whit behind you. Fair lady, I love you! I loved you when I first met you at your father's door—when I bade you adieu; but now that fate has kindly thrown us together, I take it as an omen for good that you will not reject my plea."

He turned his face towards the light of the purpling sunset—the brilliant, fascinating eyes were fixed on mine, thrilling me with a strange, bewildering power. I tried to break the charm. In vain—I seemed wanting in will. I was, to all intents and purposes, paralyzed. I was magnetized by the touch of the hand resting upon mine, by the warm breath that fanned my cheek—by the burning yet tender glance that stamped itself into my soul as a seal of fire.

I knew this was a shameless wooing for a pure and true maiden; for God knows, if I was wild, turbulent and unrestrained, no stain was upon my soul, save such as rests upon that of the common share of frail, erring humanity. I loved Eric Swartz with the strength of my whole affection, and yet for the life of me I could not resist the power that serpent-like was drawing me closer and closer within its coils. I struggled against it, fearfully, agonizingly—yet the black eyes of the stranger held me as with a hand of iron. I felt that he was possessing himself of my will; that he would soon use it as suited his designs, and yet as the bird charmed falls into the jaws of the serpent, I was as helpless in the power of my stranger adversary.

But hark! one sound brought back my powers of speech and motion. That hideous sound, methinks I hear it now, borne at first faintly, then nearer, and still nearer, upon the night wind. Sometimes in a nightmare I live this scene and that which follows over again in its horror. I feel the blackness of the night around and above me; behold again the deep, dark forest, the dreadful yawning chasm at my very feet; feel the touch of that magnetic hand upon my fingers—and see those dreadful eyes looking fiercely, strangely into mine.

"Do you hear that?" he cried, with strange eagerness. "Wolves! girl, be mine, or you are their prey."

I lashed my trembling horse to fury, but a strong hand held him down. I screamed aloud in my terror, but echo only replied, and nearer and nearer came the maddening yells, up along the ravine. "Monster, fiend!" I cried, in my agony and terror, but a sardonic laugh answered me. One glance into the wild, fierce, blazing eyes, and I knew the man beside me was a maniac! God only knows my terror at this moment, for around a bend in the stream came the terrible wolf pack.

"Mine! mine! will you be mine?" shrieked the man's voice in my ear.

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine in life, and in death, mine forever and ever."

What I said I do not now remember, but it must have been a decided and bitter refusal, for the next moment I was torn from my saddle—and thrown violently upon the ground. And next I heard the sound of my horse's hoofs dying away in the distance, while behind me, so close I fancied I could see their glaring eyeballs and feel their hot breath, came the panting pack of half-starved animals.

I staggered wildly to my feet. One little attempt would I make for life. How many thoughts will pass through the human brain in a moment! I fancied my parents' grief and horror when they should know my fate; my lover's sorrow and despair—and to die thus! With one cry to Heaven for aid, I tottered onward—staggering over fallen trees, lacerating my flesh with brambles, yet unheeding the pain, knowing not whither I went, only fleeing from the destruction behind to the unknown dangers before.

Onward, still onward, gasping for breath, with that strange feeling of inability to walk or run one often experiences in a disturbed dream, groping, and grasping, and shrieking, though my voice seemed to rise no higher than my throat and to die despairingly upon my lips.

Just then I heard a shout. Only a few feet behind me were the foremost of the wolves; but that shout seemed to startle even them for an instant. It was Eric's voice; I knew it in an instant, and answered with a shriek of joy. The next moment I was clasped in his arms; and his voice cried out:

"Cling to me, Clara;—I have been all this time reaching you—going round—up in a tree, quick!"

"And you?" I questioned, hurriedly, as he tried to assist me in my trembling and awkward attempts to ascend a small tree, scarcely large enough to bear my weight.

Mabelle, do not shrink from me—do not grow to hate me. I never heard his voice again, save in a shriek of mortal agony, as he was borne down by his terrible foes. Mabelle, my worthless life was saved at the expense of his. I would fain sometimes have shared his fate that long, desolate, terrible night; but, Mabelle, life is sweet, and I was so young, so full of life, to die such a death!

Towards morning the wolves departed, and I descended to the ground. Mabelle, a few hairs dabbled in blood, a few bones and bits of clothing were all that remained of the man I had really and truly loved. Let me draw the curtain. You have the story; you know why I shrink and tremble when you speak to me of my early years. Do not call them back to me again; let them rest in peace, and the waters of Lethe cover them.

And yet I am married! Ah yes, that is my boy; I call him Eric—for the one who died!—and his father is a kind and tender husband, though he never won my heart; you can see him there coming up the garden walk.

You know now how erring and how sinful I have been—how I have suffered; for God only knows what my heart has endured since that fatal night. Gladly, gladly this moment, would I give my existence to bring him back to life, and if I could stand again as I stood on that October evening looking from the window as my father came from his work, and my mother busied herself with the supper, and Eric's voice ringing and clear reached my ear, how differently I would act, and how I would thank God. Why did I marry—and without love, Mabelle?

"Those whom we love, you know, we seldom wed;  
Time rules us all, and love is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,  
And then we women cannot choose our lot!"

Art is not the bread, but it is the wine of life. To reject it for the sake of utility, is to act like Domitian, who ordered all the vines in the empire to be pulled up to promote agriculture.

## BIRD MUSIC.

It is a bright June morning. The fresh grass is loaded with dew, every head of which sparkles in the light of the brilliant sun. A big, yellow-shouldered bee comes booming through the open window, and buzzes up and down my room, and threatens my shrinking ears, and then dives through my window again; and his form recedes and his hum dies away, as if it were the note of a reed-stop in the "swell" of a church organ. There is such confusion in the songs of the birds, that I can hardly select the different notes, so as to name their owners. There is a great deal of bird-singing that is simply what a weaver would call "filling." Robins and bobolinks and bluebirds and sundry other favorites furnish the warp, and color and characterize the tapestry of a flowing, vocal morning; while the little, gray-backed multitude work in the neutral ground zones, and bring the sweet and more elaborate notes into beautiful relief. Thus, with a little aid of imagination, I get up some very exquisite fabrics—vocal silks and satins—robins on a field of chickadees; bobolinks and thrushes alternately on a hit-or-miss ground of blackbirds, wrens and pewees.—*Timothy Tiscomb.*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Some years since, the duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill-omen.

"Who're you?" asked the duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon."

"What do you want?"

"I am sent to kill you."

"Kill me—very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it to day?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the duke went on with his correspondence. The mafiac, appalled, probably, by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.—*Anecdotes of the Iron Duke.*

## OYSTERS AND THEIR AGES.

A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seems as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over another, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a great age.

[ORIGINAL.]

## JUST BEYOND.

BY MRS. MARY FLETCHER.

Wayside traveller, worn and weary,  
 Pause not at the mountain's base;  
 Though the way seem steep and dreary,  
 He who runs shall win the race.

Just beyond the lights are gleaming  
 From thy mother's humble cot:  
 Just beyond bright eyes are beaming;  
 Onward press, and falter not!

Wretched outcast, child of sorrow,  
 Deep in degradation's bond,  
 Mourn, repent, and in the morrow  
 Bloom the flowers of hope beyond!

Sad-browed minstrel, idly dreaming,  
 Up and work—do not despond!  
 Though the clouds are dark in seeming,  
 Yet the stars shine bright beyond.

Haste, brave men of every station,  
 To your country's call respond;  
 Strike for freedom, save the nation—  
 Smiling peace lies just beyond!

Thy drooping spirits, Christian, rally,  
 Sink not in the slough Despond;  
 Through the dark and shadowy valley,  
 God and heaven wait just beyond!

[ORIGINAL.]

## ONE NIGHT.\*

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

How the sharp wind rattles through the trees, how it wails and groans, as if unquiet spirits, close-linked to earth, were keeping an unholy tryst. And the sharp hail beats roughly against my window panes. In the distance, too, the sullen roar and mournful surging of the sea is heard, as it beats against the adamantine rocks, with increasing though impotent fury. Nature, at least is kind; her granite barriers keeping at bay the fierce waters, which, but for them would sweep like an avenger over our peaceful hamlets.

Isolated as I am in humble obscurity in the by-paths of this wood, looked upon with wonder by my fellow-men; approached with curiosity,

\* This manuscript was discovered amid the ruins of an old family mansion destroyed by fire in 1846, in Welking Centre, Mongrove Parish, county of —, England. The proprietor of the estate derived his title from the ancient family of Davidge, and nothing was known of this secret history other than that which itself discloses.

—AUTHOR.

and dealt with as one suspected to be an alien to humanity, it is not strange that the simple-minded villagers, puzzled by my position, and finding no solution for my habits of solitude save a most unfortunate one for me, avoid me as they would a pestilence. Ah! this gnawing sorrow adds sorrow to my face. This torture of the mind gives a gravity to my features which comes not with the weight of years. I find myself sometimes wondering—I who should wonder at nothing—if this is the same Paul Lee Davidge, who ten years since led the fashions in his native town, a king amongst money princes, whose establishment outvied the grandest, whose balls the most *recherche*, whose stables contained horses which could not disgrace a royal stud; whose wine vaults were plethoric with pipes of rarest vintage, from the mellow MARTEL to precious JOHANNISBERGER, each diamond drop of which a diamond's value was. And then the crown of all this grandeur, luxury, and buoyant life, she—my Leonore.

Ah! it is too sharp a pain even now. I must not think of that. But the name haunts me like a spell through all this treachery, through all her sin the memory of that love struggles through the blackness of these long years, and radiant, beaming, joyous, elevating, seems for an instant to gild the clouds of my life even now. 'Tis good sometimes for the bruised spirit to dwell upon the bitter past, and to-night, somehow, there is a strange yearning for a memory of other days; thought leaps after thought, and they all take one direction. O, Leonore! Leonore! Leonore! Ah!—what was that? where do my fancies lead me when I dash to the door and out through the blinding sleet? Why did my heart cease its wild pulsations for that one moment, and every faculty of my being strained and awed into a stony calmness, when I expected almost to hear her pleading voice after that sigh? But I am still a child. Do we ever become anything more good and wise? Fool, to be moved by a memory, cheated by a sound!

How well I remember the night when her vision of loveliness first saluted my gaze, like a new star found by an ardent astronomer. How gracefully she moved with a charm all her own, through the circle of bright beings, whom in my simple admiration I had before thought possessed of all human charms and graces. But I watched this fresh, naive child, adorned with flowers, and untutored, save by the tender lessons which Nature alone can teach, and to me she seemed a strange, bewildering creation, and more than that, she soon became a sweet revelation. Her laugh set all the pleasant chords in my being



vibrating; her eyes thrilled me; her smile intoxicated me; and her voice enveloped me in a reverie which was all music and poetry. Paul Lee Davidge, the rich, the talented, the honored, had never feared the power to command any love which he should choose to seek. Paul Lee Davidge, the rich, the talented, the honored, now trembled lest he could not win Leonore.

How like a rapturous boy I was in my eager devotion. How I besieged her door with flowers; each bud and blossom speaking as the Persians do, my love. On their incense alone were my sighs borne to her. I threw aside the elegant artifices of society, and was proud to proclaim by my actions that her merest wish was a command, and flying on love's errands, I scattered gold as the rude winds do chaff. She was poor, they told me; she could not trace her ancestry back as could the Davidges. She had lived in obscurity, until an aunt, who had educated her brought her to our town to visit some distant relative of the former. She was poor, but so rich in soul and loveliness, I knelt before her throne of beauty as before a shrine, and had I been the master of the world, and all the crowns of nations in my gift, I would have "scattered kingdoms like half-pence," to have won the love of Leonore. And O, the rosy day, when with trembling tongue so like a bashful boy, I stammered forth my love, and she with roses flying over her face and neck, gave me a golden promise, and then with happy tears was folded in my arms. And then the bridal day, the pomp, the bustle and the smiles, the costly gifts, and the holy man in his pure vestments, his hair even whiter than his surplice. Ah, how well I recollect it all—the moving figures in their gay and many-hued garments—the servants in the background, with faces expressive of delight, yet somewhat awed perhaps, and the large vases throughout the hall with loveliest flowers reeling over their sculptured sides, and giving out their fragrant breaths to sweeten this marriage morn. But above all this, to me significant and pure as the office of that religion which was to make us husband and wife, Leonore's image filled my heart and brain. Her eyes were full of the dewy light of love; her voice tremulous and low as if she spoke in accordance with the whisperings of her heart. Her long, dark, heavy hair was braided in massive bands, over which the filmy lace of the bridal veil drooped tenderly and languidly, like a misty cloud which gathers between the sunset and the night. Her only ornament the orange-blossom wreath—her only crown that which love had placed upon her brow, and Cupid held his court in her brooding eyes. So much

for love and Leonore and Paul Lee Davidge. O, Leonore!

Again that sound—again the blood to my temples rushing. Out again into the wild night pursuing a phantom grown form. Fancy—for I thought against my window-pane, peering in upon me, there came a white, ghastly face—a face like Leonore's—yet Leonore dead. Not round and blooming, but wan, haggard and ghastly. And the same sigh, deep, resonant, hollow. And the voice above the storm piercing me through and through with its anguished tones, like whispers of the dying gathered into shrieks, still seemed to cry:

"Paul! Paul! Paul!"

\* \* \* \* \*

O, how the days fled by in our honey-moon—my bride as devoted as though her life was held hostage for my happiness. No cloud to break the sunshine of those harmonious days. But by-and-by I could observe a strange excitement in her actions, and when I would ask the cause she would anxiously deny the existence of such peculiarity, but quickly bury her head in my bosom and lie there weeping like a child. These fits became more frequent. I at first attributed them to nervousness—to an illness which she would not acknowledge to me. At length my fears were aroused, and I insisted that my friend, the good Doctor-Lovejoy, should be summoned. His report to me in substance was that my wife was evidently laboring under strong mental excitement. Even in his presence she started at every sound, would look furtively toward the garden, or out upon the lake, or darting suddenly to the window which looked upon the terraces, would sink into her chair again quickly, as though aware of the impropriety of her actions, but yet unable to restrain her anxiety or alarm.

Doctor Lovejoy could discover no disease which should manifest itself by these symptoms, save those of a nervous character, and we both knew her constitutionally free from such, and the doctor therefore came to the conclusion that Leonore labored under some secret trouble, which, being withheld from me, was slowly but surely wrecking her happiness, as well as undermining her health. All the alarms with which I was beset at this announcement come back to me here with their anguish and their pain, but not once—my God!—not once did I suspect the fatal truth! She became at length, melancholy and absent in manner. A carriage driving up to the door suddenly would cause her to fall back in her chair pale and trembling. The sound of a hunter's whistle one day blown suddenly beneath our windows produced a fainting fit. The



banging of a door at night, a sudden arrival at strange hours, would produce in her violent tremblings or hysterics. Often upon coming near her suddenly in the evenings, I would find her in tears, which her anxiety to conceal from me would make more painfully apparent. How I watched for the cause of this sorrow, that I might dispel it. But at such times she would beg me by my love for her not to seek the knowledge, and then would add :

"It is nothing, dear Paul, nothing! O, would that I were dead!"

And I would cease my entreaties after such exclamations, fearful that I might increase her grief. One evening I had wandered down through the garden to the path which led towards the lake. My being was in complete tumult, and it seemed as though there was a strange sympathy between the waves which turbulently kissed the white-breasted shore and my own chafed spirit. I called upon Heaven in my sorrow, and to my vehement prayers, the roaring of the waves as they swept in towards the shore, sounded like requiems to all my hopes. Strongly disturbed, oppressed by a weight which I could not shake off, as the sun went down I quitted the shore, and sadly, abstractedly, walked towards the house. My path led through a little grove of firs which I had purposely left standing, in order that my beloved might have a shady resting place, or a quiet, romantic retreat close by the water. My footsteps made no echo, and in harmony with the stillness of the evening, my soul became more tranquil and composed. Beautiful mosses clung around the trees at their base, and the foliage from the firs which had fallen to the ground, made a path as of velvet on which I trod. The glory of the sunset had not yet departed from the heavens, and through the deep shadows of the trees I could see the sky all a-flame with its rivers of gold and mountains of purple, and valleys of crystal, while dashes of crimson and amber-formed temples, and figures and palaces of pearl, great emerald dragons, whose tongues shot forth flame, and armies whose leaders, thick-robed with jewels which blinded the falcons that heavenward soared. All this, as the tender, humid veil closed tremblingly down over the mountain and valley, temple and palace, army and knight, blending all in a wreath of mixed color, which shut out gently this picture of God. I was stirred, deeply moved, and composed by the tender beauty of the dying day. I threw myself down in a grotto which I had fashioned out of the solid rock, and wished to enjoy still longer this dreamy state of tranquillity, which was the more pleasant from my previous suffer-

ing and agitation; and as the shadows deepened around, and I lay in passive enjoyment of this change of thought and feeling, I was aroused by the sound of voices which came nearer and nearer toward my seclusion. The sound of one I recognized as that of Leonore, the other was a man's harsh voice, and seemed to be fierce and threatening. The voice of Leonore was pleading and deprecatory, as it had often sounded to me in moments of sudden anguish. I started up in alarm. Angry and surprised I was about to rush from my concealment, when their words arrested me. I stood spell-bound, as though a statue cut from that solid rock.

"Paul! Paul! my husband, he will discover us."

"Still the baby, Leonore," replied the other voice, as though caressing a petted child.

"Ah, you know not how frightful has been my suffering," was Leonore's reply sobbed forth.

"Tut! tut!" said the other voice, still caressingly. "You know I love you, my darling little bird, as well as ever, and can you forsake me now, when everything, even my liberty, perhaps my life, is at stake?"

What a cruel voice it was, hard and threatening, despite its fine modulation.

"O, my husband! Paul! he will discover us!"

"Do not fear, dearest Leonore. I have taken every precaution."

"O, why, why have I sinned against Paul?" said my wife.

"You are too scrupulous, Leonore. All will yet be well. But follow my plans, dearest—"

And the whispered words which followed were lost to me. I came forth from my retreat, and what I saw sent me to the earth fainting and blind. Leonore stood where a dying sunbeam left its track of light upon her face and form, as though to revel and get intoxicated in her beauty ere it fled forever. By her side stood a man of lofty stature, his outline just revealed to me by the expiring light. His arms were thrown around her neck, and her fair arms, veiled by their rich, white drapery, were laid caressingly across his shoulders, her head was pillowed upon his bosom, and the sound of a kiss fluttered to me as I fell. O, Leonore! Leonore!

Why could I not have fought and slain? Had the blood of the tiger and the wolf all vanished from the heart of the last scion of the house of Davidge? Why did not the frenzy which urged me later move me then? Betrayed love had stricken me down nerveless, almost pulseless. My groans must have furnished the guilty ones with the knowledge of my presence, for I had a dim sensation of forms bending over me, as I

lay on the dank sod—of a woman's shriek—confusion of strange voices—of sobs and prayers. But it was like a disturbed dream—the rush of waters in the ears of drowning men.

I awoke at last—but to a reality of horror. My wife gone—none knew whither. Rumor spoke of a strange, dark man, who had always been lurking near her, and then rumor pitied Paul Lee Davidge, but not before she had dishonored him. But why do I insist on writing out this strange history to-night? Am I impelled by one of those strange presentiments which lead men to prepare for death and—faugh! Again my brooding fancy run riot with the thought of her—will see her face all white and ghastly against my window-pane, but cheats, all cheats! and—Ha! I swear there is a voice.

"Paul! Paul! Paul!"

Ah, the howling wind, and the hooting owls in the pauses of the storm blend the words in mockery. What a night! If the spirits of the dead re-visit earth (and I think they do) the erring soul of Leonore keeps sad vigil with me this night. With me it is

"An undefined and sudden thrill,  
That makes the heart a moment still—  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed."

Yet often in this solitude have I felt the inner consciousness of a presence which seemed to thrill me with a magnetism foreign to my own being. Can it be that those we have loved, living or dead, can, through the force of will, communicate through or with the spirit or the soul of man? 'Tis an abstruse philosophy, perhaps, and is too close a mystery of God's, but still—still, can I cease to hope when Nature has been my teacher—can I renounce a faith earned by such suffering? But let me pray. It is my only safeguard. Without prayer I would be a wreck tossed at the mercy of the waves, and having lost Leonore, would have lost God beside, and in the long watches of the night, dependent and reliant as a little child, I ask him "If Leonore lives, let me see her once again before I die, for through all her sin, through all my suffering, I have never survived my love—" \* That was a groan—there is a voice! Above the storm I hear the words:

"Paul! Paul! Paul!"

What though the mad winds more madly rave? The cry is nearer, nearer still. It moves me as the cry of suffering always does. I will go out and rescue the helpless. \* \* \* \* \* What a night! Great heavens! a body! Poor wan-

\* This part of the manuscript is much blurred—the handwriting is less legible, and there are many marks of the writer's agitation.—AURORA.

derer in a night of strife like this. A woman, too, for the long hair, dripping wet, winds around my arm. The creature breathes. Poor heart! Tender flower, struck down in this great storm when quaint oaks are blasted. Her weight is that of a child. How she must have suffered! Ah, we approach the house—the light—the glow of fire—Great God, my prayer is answered! It is Leonore!

She was innocent. A guilty brother, transported for his crimes, and rumored dead in exile, surprised my Leonore after her marriage, and by threats at stolen interviews, made her young life a curse. She loved him, too, and through her love he extorted money for his vices. After this was gone, her jewels were sacrificed to him, and still he haunted her. She would have told me all, and prayed my silence, out of love for her, and mercy to him, but he had aroused her fears for my love when I should know I was wedded to a convict's sister. When I saw them in the wood, and heard the fatal words which sent me to the earth like a corse, she had hastened to me, but he brutally tore her from me, and forced her away with him. When she at length escaped from this unnatural brother, she returned to her home, only to find her husband departed—many said dead—a suicide. Though search seemed hopeless, and the bold heart sickened, her woman's love above all trials, her woman's will an enemy to despair, through all sad and bitter trials with her single, earnest purpose, she had found the husband whose weakness had lost her to him these long dark years.

Sweet now shall be the promise of our future lives, linked by that closest tie of all—the bond of suffering. Our spirits chastened as by fire, we shall pass on to the goal of eternity, more true, forbearing and tender, than those whose lives have flowed onward through the lapse of time like streams where every murmuring ripple is a note of music, and upon whose emerald banks naught but flowers nod their perfumed heads. Leonore and I give only devotion to one another, to the suffering of the earth, and "Our Father who art in heaven." P. L. D.

A theological student, when asked for the first time to say grace, began in this very benevolent strain:—"O Lord, we thank thee that while we are enjoying health and prosperity, so many are tossed upon beds of pain, deprived of the comforts of life!" A case somewhat similar to this was that of a Methodist clergyman who, not being sufficiently acquainted with the significance of prepositions, prayed that the gospel might be *dispensed with* throughout the world!"

Skillful mariners get their art in tempestuous storms; any novice can sail on a smooth sea.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TOGETHER!

I've heard two bells at evening  
Mingle their silver chime  
On Eden's gale along the vale,  
O'er music's golden shrine;  
O, they were sweeter, lovelier far,  
For mingling in the lambent air!

I've seen two summer lilies  
Bend o'er a gentle stream,  
Together twined, in rapture shined  
In morning's rosy beam;  
But in the evening's pensive charms,  
They faded in each other's arms.

I've heard two lovely turtles,  
In autumn's russet dyes,  
Blend their sweet strains along the plains,  
Like those of paradise,  
Their little lives were peaceful dreams,  
Among the woods, among the streams.

I've seen two beauteous spangles  
Convene their virgin dews,  
With rainbows fraught, inspiring thought,  
Like panoramic views;  
They dwelt in peace within a rose,  
Till morning's amarynthic close.

So may two genial spirits  
Their hearts together twine,  
As vesper bells along the dells  
Mingle their pleasant chime;  
Then, O, what scenes of heavenly bliss  
Could rival the delights of this!

Not like the modest lily,  
Nor yet the woodland bird;  
Not spangle bright in morning light,  
Or bells at evening heard;  
But, genial as the nymphs that sing  
In gardens of eternal spring!

• [ORIGINAL.]

## MY NONDESCRIPT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

FROM my youth up I have had a peculiar fondness for curiosities. Natural history was my boyish delight, and the wonderful stories of behemoths, horned horses, unicorns and flying dragons, were a never-failing source of admiration and awe. This predilection grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, until it became the ruling passion of my life.

My father's handsome house in Chester was one vast cabinet of curious things—stuffed, pickled, preserved and petrified beasts, birds and rep-

tiles; to say nothing of insects, bugs, mummies, skeletons, fossils—live snakes and lizards, and botanical specimens, *ad infinitum*. My orderly mother groaned in spirit over the disorder which my pursuits occasioned in her neat parlors; my maiden aunt, Jane Lockwood, dared not ascend to the third story of the house—my especial kingdom—for fear of the shock her nerves would receive; the servants said that young Master John was “odd”—and my father, a steady, energetic merchant in the hardware line, let me alone determinedly.

As I have already said, the third story of the house was occupied exclusively by me and my collections—in fact, there was no room for anything else. I had four large chambers already filled, and had been obliged to transport my live reptiles to the attic, where they enjoyed unlimited advantages of air and sunshine.

Pleasant surprises are most agreeable to all persons—and one fine June morning I was thrown into a state bordering on ecstasy, by the arrival of an invaluable present from my old friend and former tutor, Professor Trafton. This new contribution to the cause of science was in the shape of a nondescript, about equally removed from the ape, the monkey, and the ourang-outang—with some of the characteristics of all three.

My acquisition was my pride and glory for a whole week. Scores of people flocked to see him, and I was congratulated on the possession of such a valuable piece of property by all the leading faculty of Chester Institute. Of course, I felt the most intense gratitude to Professor Trafton, and I spoke his name with so much reverence, that Aunt Jane suggested that I should canonize him, and have the bust of St. Trafton to adorn the shelves of my cabinet.

I named my nondescript Hannibal, and labored patiently to convert his somewhat savage disposition into a more agreeable amiability. My labor was thrown away. Hannibal was not at all susceptible to human sympathy, and seemed to feel a sort of insane delight in getting me into scrapes. When he had been a fortnight in the house, I was pretty much in the situation of the farmer who drew the elephant in a lottery—I would have been extremely glad to have sold out at a bargain.

Two of my mother's Sevres vases, highly prized by her as a present from a deceased uncle, had fallen a sacrifice to the destroying propensities of my treasure; my father's twenty-dollar Panama had been converted into kindlings through the same agency; curtain-cords were gnawed asunder, sofa-cushions punched full of

holes, glass windows broken, valuable books despoiled of their leaves—in short, the very “dickens” was raised all over the house by the frisky conduct of the undaunted Hannibal. He had a most fatal propensity for plucking off caps or head-dresses; and in numerous instances had practised his art on respectable lady visitors, greatly to their horror, and my infinite distress—for, next to science, I admired the ladies.

One day the bishop dined with my mother, and quite a party assembled to do him honor. I was safe, as I believed, with regard to Hannibal, having taken the precaution to lock him up in his apartment in the attic. But I had forgotten that there was an open fireplace in the room; and about five minutes before we were to seat ourselves at the table, my nondescript walked into the dining-hall through an unclosed window, and installed himself in all his sooty glory, in a chair at the table. I would have removed him, but the ladies of the party, amused by his perfect *nonchalance*, begged me to allow him to remain, and unable to resist the entreaties of the dear creatures, I suffered myself to be persuaded against my reason.

The bishop was a most worthy gentleman of some sixty years, unapproachable dignity, and most magnificent wig. Just as he commenced his somewhat elaborate “grace,” Hannibal, who had been eyeing him with significant gaze, slipped from his chair, flew to the side of the bishop, and plucking off his wig, deposited it on his own head, and adjourned in front of the mantel-glass to admire the effect.

The clergyman stopped short in his prayer of thanks, and clapped both hands to his bald pate, which shone like a freshly-peeled onion. The horrified expression of his venerable countenance, it would be impossible to depict! I never shall forget the look of austere sorrow and reproach which he hurled at me! I was just as effectually excommunicated, as though a bull from the pope himself had decreed it! The ladies of the company could with the greatest difficulty retain their equanimity; and my two young cousins could not forbear a faint giggle, but half smothered in their pocket-handkerchiefs.

I made a frantic rush to seize Hannibal, but he evaded me with surprising agility, and springing upon the sideboard among the glass and china, he dashed through the stained glass window at the hall, and made good his escape. The next I saw of him he was balancing himself on the ridge-pole of the sugar refinery opposite; and with many an uncouth gesture, he whirled the unlucky wig in the air, ending with dropping it down the smoking chimney of the refinery, where

doubtless it was speedily annihilated. After a time I managed to secure the animal, and having administered a severe chastisement, I shut it up in a closet.

The bishop never forgave me, though the present of a new wig somewhat mollified his resentment; but I have a secret satisfaction in believing that on the day of the accident to his first wig, his dignity received a blow from which it never recovered.

Shortly afterward, I went into the country, taking Hannibal along with me. I engaged board at the house of a maiden lady, who stood in mortal fear of my companion, but by the help of a guinea's bribe, was finally induced to take us both, provided I would keep my eye on him continually, and not suffer him to range at large about her poultry yard and pig-pens.

Matters went on swimmingly for a couple of days. Hannibal was unusually serene and gentle, and I began to hope that country air and quiet were exerting a Christianizing influence over him, and unwisely relaxed a little in the severity of my treatment of him.

One afternoon I took the liberty of indulging in a little nap over the columns of the Herald, and was aroused from a dream of white gloves, bridal favors, blue eyes and soft hands—all confusedly mingled together—by a deafening crash. I sprang to my feet, rubbed my eyes, and gazed around. My toilet-glass lay in fragments on the floor, my hat was gone, and the long tail of my nondescript was just disappearing from the sill of the two-story window!

I sprang down the stairs at a bound, and set out at the top of my speed in pursuit of the fugitive. Miss Bryce, my landlady, alarmed by my precipitancy, rushed out to inquire the cause just in time to see the dreaded nondescript choking her favorite porker to death in his sinewy grasp. Seizing the mop, which happened to be handy, she flew to the rescue, and in her eagerness to vent her rage on Hannibal, she knocked the wind completely out of two sucking pigs, and put a period to the life of a superannuated rooster, which was perambulating the premises.

Of course, Hannibal escaped, and I renewed the chase. I went through with my best paces, but my best would not compare with his worst. My glossy beaver decked his head, my pet necktie figured on his neck, and my gold-headed cane was brandished in the air above his head. Over fences, ditches and hedges he went—nothing stayed his mad career. We came to a frog-pond—Hannibal hesitated not an instant, but “put her through,” to use a scientific term. My blood was up, and determined not to be balked, I made

the passage, and came forth minus one boot and stocking, and plus mud, slugs and dirty water. Still the unflinching nondescript held his way; there was no such thing as fatigue in those long legs of his—they flew over the ground with the facility of despatches over the telegraph wires.

I puffed badly—in fact, I was nearly blown; but I am naturally plucky, and the career of all great men reminded me, that to get the victory over difficulties, we must persevere. I thought of Bruce and the spider; of the fact that Rome was not built in a day; of Columbus on his weary voyage in search of an unknown country; and of Napoleon, who said, "There shall be no Alps!"—and I was determined not to give up beat. By way of encouragement, says I to myself, "John Atherton, you are twenty-nine years old, and well grown! Don't be chicken-hearted, lad! Conquer or die, is the word!"

The rough stones and briars hurt my bare foot tremendously, but by this time my temper was roused; and when a man is thoroughly "riled," he isn't apt to pay much regard to consequences. Through a rye-field, through a potato patch, through a splendid flower-garden, and over four or five hives of honey-bees, which happened to obstruct the track, we went, Hannibal about fifty yards ahead, and I bringing up the rear, keeping my eye constantly fixed on the signal of his long neck crowned by my oscillating beaver. The bees from the overturned hives pitched into me at every available point, and in my agony I struck my face such a blow, in the hope of annihilating some of the rascals, that my nose fell to bleeding.

We were approaching a large mansion. I saw that my nondescript was not disposed to proceed further, and in a moment he disappeared inside the house through a balcony door. Now, surely, I had him!—and with one frantic leap, I dashed in after him, struck my foot against an abominable ottoman, and fell head first into somebody's outstretched arms!

The force of the fall knocked the breath nearly out of me, and it was full a minute before I could get strength enough to look around me. When at last I did so, I had no earthly wish to better my condition—none at all, sir. Such a face as was gazing down into mine! Verily, my nondescript had led me into paradise! Forever blessed be St. Trafton! Yes, he *should* be St. Trafton now!

"Are you injured, sir? What can I do for you?" said the sweetest voice I had ever listened to. She did not scream and take flight—this beautiful vision—not she; and as I glanced upward, her lovely countenance, with its frame of

chestnut hair, and its starry hazel eyes, made a picture on my heart which all time will not efface.

"I—I thank you, madam!" I stammered, wiping the blood from my face with my coat-sleeve, and starting to my feet, only to stumble over another contemptible ottoman, and fall into, or rather on to, a dainty basket of worsteds, which I crushed into atoms in a moment!

The young lady looked slightly annoyed, then she broke into a laugh. That sound recalled my half-scattered senses. I rose up with a burning face, and a stinging sense of mortified pride at my heart.

"Madam, I heartily beg your pardon for my unceremonious entrance. I was in pursuit of a nondescript animal which had escaped me, and which I was anxious to overtake before he could do further mischief. He entered this house through a window, and without thinking of the impropriety of my conduct, I dashed in after him. I beg your pardon."

She gave me her hand. "Your apology suffices," she said, in that musical voice of hers. "I will call a servant, and have the house searched for your fugitive. In the meantime, permit me to show you to a room where you can recover yourself."

I knew this was a polite way of expressing her opinion that I had better wash my face, and I sincerely thanked her for giving me the opportunity, as I had little desire to appear before any one in my present sanguinary condition. She rang the bell—a servant appeared, to whom she gave some private directions, and I was shown to a chamber, and furnished with everything requisite for making myself decent. What blessings soap and water are to mankind!

When I had made myself somewhat more presentable, and had replaced my muddy boot by a fresh pair furnished me by the servant, I was shown to the parlor, where the young lady awaited me.

"I am Isabel Vaughn," she said, gracefully, "and you are in the house of Colonel Vaughn."

"And I am John Atherton, of Chester; Miss Bryce's boarder," I said, in return. A quiet smile curved her lips as I spoke.

"Ah, the scientific gentleman, of whom we have heard so much through our good neighbor! And there is your escaped property, I suppose?"

True; there, tethered securely to the massive arm of the sofa, sat poor Hannibal, looking exceedingly crestfallen and sheepish—my beaver on his head, and my rattle in his black paw.

I thanked Miss Vaughn for her kindness, asked and received permission to call on her, and



with my nondescript took my leave. My beautiful hostess sent us both home in her carriage—an attention for which I was truly grateful; for indeed I doubt if I could have walked the distance in the bruised, battered and used up condition of my organs of locomotion.

I slept soundly that night, and dreamed twelve hours away in sweet visions of Isabel Vaughn; but when at last I awoke, it was to find my nondescript dead in his closet, with his head and body effectually disunited. Miss Bryce confessed to having done the deed; she could not forgive poor Hannibal for choking her porker, and thus she had her revenge. I did not censure her. Hannibal, under the hands of a taxidermist, was preserved in all his pristine ngliness, and I keep him in a highly ornamented case with sacred care, because he was the means of making me acquainted with Isabel.

She is my Isabel now; and to this day I honor her above all other women for having the courage to fall in love with me on the memorable day in which, muddy, barefoot, and besmeared with blood, I first made her acquaintance.

#### OUR PARDONABLE BOASTS.

But it is just now our intention to speak more especially of Art. If there be aught in which America might at this moment not only make herself independent, but absolutely divorce, isolate, and wall herself in, from all other nationalities with comparative cheerfulness, it is in that department known as art in the most limited and usual sense. Painting and sculpture have exponents among us who need say "Rabbi" to no man in the world. As yet we cannot match *genre* pictures with the French, the Flemings, and certain of the Germans—but we have made landscape-painting. It is an American art—it belongs to our nature and our studios as much as California belongs to our miners and our mints. The possibilities of our material are unparalleled—and so are the pencils, which educe it. In the single particular of autumn scenery we hold a monopoly of inspiration; and to name any of our oracles who interpret it as no other nationality can, would be an invidious distinction of the many unapproachable from the almost all excellent. Our New World has a new heavens as well as a new earth. John Ruskin came back from the rummage of all Europe and sat down to tell mankind that sunset depended for its grandest effects on the cloud-system of the *cirrus*. A new epiphany of the heavens and their glory awaits him, if he cares to visit America. We should like to see him at one of our October entertainments, watching the last act of a sunset among mere, unassisted *cumuli*!—*Home Journal*.

As gold is found but here and there upon the earth, so it is with love in human life. We meet a little in the hearts of children and in our households; but it is here and there a scale of gold and a whole continent of dirt.

#### VENICE.

A city of marble did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret gleamed or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a face—sat her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written, and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as the captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it might have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from whom all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, no tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, as far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flowers, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreaming, vanishing, in high procession beyond the Torcelen shore; blue islands of Paduan hill, poised in the golden west. Above free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea. Such was Giorgione's school, such Titian's home.—*Ruskin*.

#### "YOUR FARE, MISS."

A young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom, lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railway car for the first time, she took a seat, while her lover planted himself on the platform with the driver. Pretty soon the conductor began to collect fare, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said:

"Your fare, miss?"

The Hoosier rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished as this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, miss?"

This time the pink deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied:

"Wall, if I am good lookin', you hadn't ought ter say it out loud afore folks!" The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and the lover coming in to see what was going on, at once settled the fare.—*Chicago Herald*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WANDERER.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Softly and tenderly  
Over the lea:  
Far o'er the ocean wave, far o'er the sea,  
Comes the loved voice of one far from his home,  
Over the stormy deep  
Wandering alone.

Home bright and beautiful  
Once knew his name;  
Friends loved and cherished him, we did the same.  
All that a mother's love, pure and sincere,  
Could in its loveliness  
Comfort and cheer,

Freely was yielded up,  
Cheerfully given.  
O, how his parting words heart-strings have riven:  
"Mother, I leave you now, wandering, to roam  
Far from your gentle face,  
Far from my home.

"Yet oft my mind will turn  
Backward in thought;  
Think o'er the many scenes, joys all unsought:  
Brother and sister dear, sadly, good-by,  
Here now as evermore  
Love cannot die.

"Though miles may intervene,  
Storms rudely come,  
Yet oft my mind will turn backward to home;  
Ever its gentle light sweetly shall guide  
Through every stormy sea,  
O'er every tide,

"Till safe once more at last,  
Ceasing to roam,  
I shall your faces greet once more at home;  
Heart then contented shall satisfied be,  
Since I have seen the world—  
Sailed o'er the sea."

Now that he's on the sea  
Sailing alone,  
Voices from o'er the lea seemingly come,  
Saying, in accents sweet, "Though far I roam,  
Yet oft my mind shall turn  
To home, sweet home."

[ORIGINAL.]

## MADAME LYLE DE FLEURY'S WINDOW.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

How I came to be married, my dear fellow?  
I've no objection to telling you, provided you  
pass the sherry. This is how. I had always  
hated Romney Street; I don't know why, but

by one of the singular psychological fatalities of  
our nature, I suppose. Always hated Romney  
Street, always avoided it; though it was the  
nearest route to my lodgings from my place of  
business, I always turned aside at a certain point  
where several streets intersected each other, and  
chose to travel a quarter of a mile further,  
whether the north wind blew needles of ice into  
my face, rough snow storms enveloped me in  
sleety drapery, intense cold blistered every nerve,  
or a hot sun wilted the energies with its potency,  
rather than encounter the purposeless, fashion-  
able throng that wound forever its mazy way,  
heedless, hustling, hurrying, rather than endure  
for ever so short a time the dreary gloom, the  
dull atmosphere, the inanity of joy that seemed  
to me to be pervading Romney Street even in  
the midst of the most brilliant weather.

For these reasons, and no others, I always  
hated it. Always, did I say? There came an  
end of this one day. Behold then what is our  
love or our hate, that a look, a smile, a tear, the  
jostling of a careless crowd can utterly extinguish  
it. For, look you, I came to love that street  
more than any spot upon the round world; not  
Rome on her seven hills was one half so resplen-  
dent; not all Italy herself, with her green nooks  
and glistening peaks, her blue bays and bluer  
skies, her white cities hanging like pearls on the  
skirts of the seas; not the beauties of the Old  
World—and if not the Old, not the New—not  
even my birthplace, with its shadowy elms, was  
so sweet and pleasant to my heart as at length  
this street became.

It was one of those peculiar days when the  
sun seems to play at hide and seek with the  
earth, now obscured behind ridges of white  
cloud, soon to flash out with blinding brilliancy.  
A number of us were scudding home to our din-  
ner in happy conclave, when we arrived at the  
juncture, where I strove to fulfil my daily habit  
of cutting Romney Street, when one of the  
group observing my deflection, caught my arm  
in his.

"Come along, Seymour," said he. "None  
of your dodging round corners to-day. Come  
on and have a jolly route where bonnets and  
crinoline and feathers and flowers are strewn in  
the path."

"If you go down Bend Street you'll keep Mrs.  
Grudge's dinner waiting, and cool the pudding,"  
cried another, while they all joined in the chorus,  
"Cool the pudding!"

"Take your bitters like a man," growled  
Newcome; so that I was fairly dragged into  
Romney Street.

Ah, little did they know that for a present

gratification they severed the link of jovial bachelorhood! Would you have caught my arm so if you had foreseen it all, Harley Newcome? Tell me, old boy. However, we had no sooner entered Romney Street than I felt the old sensation of oppression and gloom upon me. I lost my spirits and stalked along by the side of my merry comrades in mute apathy. Presently a squad of men dashing up the pavement in pursuit of a wild horse, sent me staggering across some flags and against a shop window, splintering, as I did so, one of the immense panes.

"Hurrah, Seymour," shouted Newcome, too blithe to blink at misfortune, "you are going to a tremendous expense in rushing into the arms of Madame de Fleury's Hebe!"

Most true. But I didn't pause to reckon the expense, of which the renewal of the pane was an insignificant sundry. It was then I lost, as I *thought*, my heart, and as I *know*, my wits. It was then that the sun began to illuminate Romney Street, then that as it threaded its slender path through chinks and crevices of gray buildings, it bore inexplicable radiance, and diffused theta sumptuously; flickering in windows of grim warehouses, glowing on man, woman and child, deepening the red on each cheek and chin, and the smile in each sparkling eye. For, heart of man, consider the lens through which I beheld this once hateful street! Eyelids that fell over "sweetest eyes were ever seen," and brushed a peach-bloom cheek with dark, curling lashes; a mouth sedate and sweet; hair that fell in tumultuous curls from a low brow—hair brown and glittering in that sun with a hue of yellow topaz. Ah, let me forget to remember the indescribable loveliness that embodied in a woman's form, sat a little way withdrawn from the window, deep in the shadow of the curtains, and fluttered her white fingers over a bit of cambric. She who scattered my senses to the four winds, and bound me a vassal with the coils of her bewildering hair, and that gleam of heaven's own azure beneath the lash.

The next day after these disasters, I proceeded to call in at Madame Lyle de Fleury's, on my way home, and see if everything had been satisfactorily arranged. Perhaps you can tell me why I found that the street had laid aside all its obnoxiousness, delighting to linger there forever. How I envied the idlers in this vicinity, and even the ragged little urchins who swept the pavements! When I opened the door, a bell tinkled, and the eyes from the window flashed upon me one moment, and then vanished behind their snowy screens. Parted curtains, that cut off a portion of the apartment, shielded her from

the scrutiny of insiders, fortunately enough, for I could not have uttered a syllable if she had stood and demanded my errand. As it was, my heart-throbbled, I threw myself on the nearest seat, and Madame Lyle came tripping through a doorway to my aid. She bathed my head in *Eau de Cologne*, soothed me with incense, smothered me in fragrance, and, I beg her pardon, confounded me with jargon. She was a *petite* woman, young and sprightly, and would have been dangerous to one not previously afflicted. The child widow of a nobleman, nothing less than the old Marquis de Fleury, she had, when taken from her convent to the altar, ardently espoused the side of the throne in the great contest at Paris, and when the other side conquered, her husband was killed and she was banished. For neither of these accidents did she weep; an old husband whom she had never seen before her wedding day, could not possess much claim to her affection, and she would have scorned herself if, even being allowed, she had remained in a country stripped of its legal rulers. She, therefore, sold her family jewels, and thus obtaining a small stock of goods, she boldly put up her name above the lintel, a spotless name, as it has ever been.

These things I learned afterwards, but just now I was merely occupied with the present and its contingencies. The eyes of Madame de Fleury electrified continually when her tongue forgot its mission, her braided hair was purple in tint, so redundant was its blackness. Her skin was fair and almost colorless, but those eyes were blue as some mountain's lake. Her elocution was a thing to be remembered, full of trills and cadences, surprises and delicate intonations; and such was the effect of her manner that you would have thought she descended on thrones and dynasties, when she merely enumerated and extolled her stock in trade with the volubility of an auctioneer, or lamented the death of all customers unless it were a child for pins or needles. Of course I knew this latter was all nonsense, as she kept an extravagant supply of all extravagances; luxuries for the toilet, exquisite laces and fine embroideries, the softest gloves, the rarest little nothings, and in fact, the most finished and perfect articles in the market.

I made a purchase, that first day, of a purple tie; I think of that necktie, even at this hour—how soft it was to my touch, what a subtle, violet odor it emitted, and what a prodigality it required to meet its price; but she had incidentally mentioned that her young ladies gave them the finishing touches, and, alas! that finished me. How Newcome and the others quizzed, how they

used their eyeglasses to detect, they said, some reason why I should take to finery, how, when I refused information, they all departed in a bevy for some astrologers, to learn if there were other marriageable daughters in the same family, how not one of them ever dreamed of the Hebe in Madame Lyle de Fleury's window! I bore it all with the utmost urbanity, with a sort of involved consciousness of inward happiness, and a sublime pity for them on whom no such goddess had smiled. Happiness, on what account? Should you esteem it such that there were beautiful women in the world, and one more beautiful than all the rest, though unattainable to you, except—as to a thousand others—through the medium of a passing glance? Yes, it was pleasure then to me, and is now, that beauty but exists that though I may not see it always, nor hold it, yet its reflection dwells in my heart through knowledge and perception thereof. But if I grow sentimental now, my friends, I pray you charge it to the sherry.

Every day after this, on my way, I paid admiring glances to Madame Lyle's little establishment, and though my Hebe never raised her heavy eyelids to receive my glances, yet madame herself was unfailingly in sight, either at door or window, or bending across the counter past customers and all other considerations, with her inevitable bow and smile for me. The poor little lady had so few friends that her great heart gave its warmest nook to the first one. Thus my fancy grew. I could banter and gossip respectably enough with the madame, though not much given to badinage, but dared not presume to begin a conversation with my daystar, my lodestar, the object of my affections and my visits, who sat before the window and behind the muslin curtain so that one could, when within, just be vexed with her outline, yet tantalized with little more; perhaps, because she made no advances, never mingled in our chats, never looked up, save when I entered—which was only when intending a purchase—and perhaps because Madame Lyle gave no third person an opportunity, as she deluged with gay delight whoever was her happy listener. She has so to this day the blessed art of entertaining fluency. But a long moment did I always make of that first step before I closed the door, or suffered the little bell to cease tinkling, and as if she felt my lively devotion, she always kept her glance fixed on mine till I passed. Ah, I thought, if there were but less shadow in that recess I could tell something of those eyes' expression, and learn something of my fate. How exasperated I was, when, one day as I selected some gloves, a dapper little

dandy flitted in, caught my Hebe's eye, as I was wont—I feared then lest she was a bit of a coquette—pulled aside the curtain with a grimace of a bow, said, "A pretty piece!" and winked audaciously at me. I could have flogged him on the spot; at least I couldn't, for Madame De Fleury was there, but my will was good.

Soon all my leisure time I bestowed upon Romney Street. I lounged assiduously, taking care, as I thought, to place myself out of reach of madame's quick eyes, on the opposite pavement, yet where my own timid organs of sight could obtain a partial view of my industrious nymph. One day, when I could not refrain from indulging in a little pomatum—I never use oils, but the bottles are very pretty—I found the little French woman sitting listlessly with folded hands.

"Madame," I said, "you must not forget how to smile."

"I, monsieur? *Grand ciel, non.* My nation are never sad. *Non, monsieur,* I have scorn, you mean, when I find so few buyers, so poor buyers, and so many buyers that go by—pass, you know," she said, explanatorily, and waving her dimpled hand up the street in representation of five perverse persons.

Here I glanced towards the curtains, longing to hazard a suggestion, but restrained by the fear that if I lost my manners I should lose my ground. Madame, however, came to the rescue.

"This continual standing and stepping behind a counter, monsieur, is too wearying. It was not so when we danced at the king's. One would like to escape from such limits into the brave, fresh air. I am every day catching myself back from some such freedom, when I forget that I am no longer the marquise, but am the *pauvre petite marchande des toilettes*. Ah, it was not so in France. *La belle France!*"

Now was my chance. "But, madame, you should bring your young lady forward and allow her to relieve you. Turn and turn about is fair play," I said.

But madame shook her head, though she smiled approvingly, as if she wished well to the success of my passion for the adorable one.

"Very attractive, no doubt," said she. "But she does her duty in her own sphere too well. In such case, I should have all the young men bowing before my counter, and excluding custom. You, too, monsieur," and she held up an arch forefinger, "would not be proof against such speaking charms!" And madame laughed merrily at the thought.

To make a long story short, I neglected my business for the sake of loitering in Romney

Street; I forswore all companionship, all gayety, my countenance lightened no assembly; I made no calls except upon Madame Lyle de Fleury; I scarcely opened my lips upon any subject to any other person; I made no friends, and didn't keep those I had; I came to be regarded as a renegade and a visionary, and as Lord Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous, I also awoke one morning to find myself ruined.

Little did that trouble me; it gave me, rather, more time for the uninterrupted contemplation of my idol; and to that end I engaged lodgings in an opposite building, which the owner was unwilling to let, recommending to me apartments in another quarter of the city, which I should have at half the price—he wanted these for storage, they were unfit for fine gentlemen's lodgings—but I was persistent, these or none, and so I got them. There's nothing like persistence in every walk of life. I bought of madame a splendid lorgnette, and devoted it to her window in which sat my charmer. Ah, how much too wide was the street! How readily I could have splintered every dray cart and gay family carriage that passed between her and me! With what zest I could have annihilated every loungeur who shook hands with an acquaintance on that pavement, using his eyeglass, and cracking his jokes; every child who stood rapt before the window, every hurrying passenger who glanced at it! And at length my wishes might have slain the little French marquise herself, for I discovered by my glass, and it was all I could discover, that what hindered my ever obtaining a clearer view of Hebe was a fine gauze netting stretched over the window, perhaps to screen her modest self-possession in a measure from the curious public eye. I became good for little else but staring, and by dint of frequent and expensive purchases at madame's—for the shop drew me daily like a lodestone—there came a day when all the fumbling in the world could not find for me a cent in wallet or pocket, or slipped between the linings; there was no "bread in my cupboard," no "meat on my shelf," and a quarter's rent due! Well, what was to be done? Something, surely. I couldn't subsist on nectar and ambrosia alone, unfortunately. I had nothing to do, I had nothing to do with, unless indeed, it were the small stock of articles bought of Madame de Fleury—articles never used—gloves in galores, neckties of every hue, oils, perfumeries, toilet arrangements, knick-knacks and bijouterie of every description.

But it was impossible to set up in opposition to the obliging little madame—that would never

do. And to fancy me tape measuring with a yardstick! What then? Pat pride in my pocket. An alternative shot across my mind, but it went less against the grain, because there was adventure and fun in it. A scion of patriots brought to peddling! Not even the dignity of a red box-cart and a horse, with brooms sticking out atop, and kettles dangling underneath, to gladden the hearts of housewives in waste places. But a pack-pedler! To go trudging on foot hither and thither, from door to door! I grew sick at the thought. And then it involved the necessity of leaving the atmosphere around Hebe. Ah, but did it not also involve the necessity of coming back to her? That would be joy enough for me to ruminate on under all contingent trials. But pack I must, and peddle I must, and pack and peddle I did.

With one farewell glance at the sweet seamstress, still fluttering her beautiful fringes over the bit of cambric, with sad heart and already weary feet, I departed. Some months passed, I had done well, and sold every iota. They seemed so many centuries. I burned to behold my jewel once more; I jingled my money in my pocket, took the cars, slept all night, and awoke in the city. I bore straight for Romney Street. I looked about me. Did my eyes deceive me? I rubbed them with both hands. Was I really awake? I pinched myself, and certainly and alas, my nerves responded to the call. Then yonder red flag was no delusion, then Madame Lyle de Fleury had either the smallpox or an auction! I advanced. My heart sunk; still I could hear it beating a tattoo against my ribs. A few steps further, and O, my soul! What a desert dawned upon the vision! How cloudy grew the heavens, how dim and distant the din of contending voices. My eyes became dull and misty, my head swam, and I leaned against madame's great plate-glass window, gazing vacantly upon nothingness. For no one was there. Nothing but confused masses of gewgaws met my eyes, while I groaned inwardly, wrapped in dire consternation and despair.

I inquired of my dulled perceptions, where was she? Where had she gone, and what had become of the being for whom my heart beat only, and in whom was centred all my future hopes and joys? She whom I had approached as one would approach a saint, at a distance and with adoration; she for whom through long months I had labored and striven, weary-limbed, travelling unknown and isolated tracts of country, ploughing through marshes and wading streams, sustained and cheered only by her image in my heart, and the hope one day to return

and— But now, alas, what were all my vain efforts worth? Fool that I was! Why had I not thrown myself at her feet on the first instant of my rapture? Wonder what madame would have said at such an exhibition of the *grande passion*? But now—ah, perhaps after all she was in one of madame's rooms behind the shop; it would be well to discover before instigating a more rigorous search. So thinking, I elbowed my way through the yelping crowd, for it was indeed an auction, and madame's rare laces and splendors were being swept off for a song. Reaching the door that led into her private apartments, I tapped; answered only by a suppressed sob, I made bold to enter. Madame alone sat before me, sat on a low seat, wringing her hands and weeping. She did not appear to notice my entrance. I touched her shoulder, and she sprang up, flung back the heavy braids that had fallen upon her cheeks, and clutched my hands in both her own.

"*Mon bon ami! mon cher ami!* So late you come!" she cried, fairly forgetting her English in her agitation. "I thought you had me forgot, all, never would come more—*jamais, ah jamais!* And now you come, so quiet, so good, I dance with joy!" And madame paused on the edge of a pirouette with all her tears evaporated.

"Madame," I said, almost coldly, "I thank you for your kindness."

"Ah, ah, ah—you journey to Greenland, monsieur; you come back an iceberg—ugh—I shiver!"

"Shall I float down to melt in the Bay of Biscay?" I asked, more lightly.

"No, no, you melt now. Did you come to my auction, monsieur? I—what is that you call it?—fail, you see."

"I see; I commiserate; if I can serve you I shall be happy."

She drew a sobbing sigh without speaking.

"Madame," I continued, "have you no friends? What has become of the beautiful young lady whom I used to see here at the window?" I trembled perceptibly as I asked, lest the answer should be adverse.

She looked at me mournfully, and waved her hand in the air. "Gone! Gone! The very first! O, Monsieur Seymour, it breaks my heart that she should leave me the first of all. I brought her all the way from dear Paris; I knew she would be admired in this country, and she cost so much for passage and for care! And now, Mrs. Pink will have her, and Bend Street will be what Romney Street has been! Alas! But Pink knows well enough that she never would be anything without *her*."

"Ah," I said, brimming with ill-concealed exultation, "then one can find her in Bend Street, at Pink and Green's? I remember the place—tame enough before!"

She laughed significantly, and answered; "She has not gone yet; you shall see her; I will introduce you; you have never been introduced. Come."

She led the way into an inner room, a sort of boudoir. A tall person, with rich trailing garments wrapped about her, stood before the mirror, as if arranging herself for a walk; her head half turned, as if disturbed at our entrance.

"Monsieur Seymour," broke in madame's voice, "my dear Mademoiselle Hebe."

I strode forward, extending my hand, determined to be bold, and holding in remembrance the old adage of a faint heart.

My friends! This beautiful creation neither held her hand for my grasp, nor inclined her head, nor lifted her waxen lids, nor moved her lips, nor rustled her silks, nor stirred, nor breathed! A horror touched my sense and crept swiftly over me, striking every nerve as with an icicle. Good heavens! I was worse than a heathen, a Hottentot; I had made for myself a fetish, I had worshipped an automaton.

O, my friends! if you hold anything dear in your hearts, beware, lest some day you find that it is only an automaton! I stood quite still. Then madame's silvery tones struck in. "A fine thing, monsieur. Do you wonder that I am loth to part with her? You are lost in admiration, I know. But yet, see, you do not perceive all. This wire is fastened—so—and when Pink's door opens this bell shall ring,—so—and these eyelids rise—so. And, underneath, there is a delicate clock-gear, monsieur, and it just heaves the lace on the bosom, like a breath, there, do you see; and every time it strikes the hour it lifts the hand—so—before the lips, and those lips part in a little yawn, and the head turns and gives a languid glance down the street. The price of that wondrous piece of mechanism, monsieur Seymour, was fabulous!"

Still, I could not move, I seemed rooted to the spot, turned into a statue it might be, I thought, in punishment for my wickedness.

"Monsieur," said madame, "excuse me one moment, some one calls," and the tripping from the room. I watched her go, noting the human difference between my bygone idol and her, then the room grew dusky, and this image multiplied itself into a thousand as gigantic dolls, and I became insensible.

I awoke, some hours later, amid murmurs most mellifluous; endearing names, in French,



English and Italian, stole into my ears; and opening my eyes I beheld madame bathing my temples with her tears.

"O, he lives, he lives! He does not die!" she cried.

"And what if I had?" I inquired.

"Then I would have died too!"

"For what?"

"To be with you, monsieur."

"You are with me now."

"But not forever."

"Is it happiness then to be that?"

She gave me no answer.

"Forever be it then, if you will, at least, till life shall end," I said.

"Do you speak the truth? Is it that you love me?"

"I speak the truth. I do indeed."

"Then call me Lyle, your Lyle!"

"Lyle, my Lyle!" I shouted, and found myself on end in bed, in my own cosy bachelor apartment, at Mrs. Grudge's.

"Newcome's the man you want, my boy!" growled that last-named individual, emerging from behind the screen, and icing my head as gently as madame could have done.

"Newcome! Newcome! Is this Grudge's?" I cried. "Haven't I been in love with an automaton? Sha'n't I marry Madame de Fleury—don't I know her even? And didn't I break her window?" Newcome was convulsed with laughter.

"Marry madame? Not without you're a luckier fellow than you've proved yourself yet, with half the town for rivals! But you *did* smash her window, and got your head smashed a bit for your pains."

"Then it was all the forgery of my sick brain. I haven't been peddling, have I? You're sure of that?" Here followed another convulsion, in which I joined, and not long after, I was able to take up my business again.

The very first day I went out, I strolled into Romney Street, and stopped in very truth and real propria persona before madame's window. There sat Hebe in all her glory; the same perfect color on lip and cheek, but melting from either into the purest snow; the same delicate mouth with its tender curves, and the hair, like a flood of keen sunlight, trailing in rings of lustre along the argent of the neck,—still the rare Valenciennes just lightly rose and fell on the bosom, still the fingers fluttered over their bit of cambric, and as I gazed, the hour struck, she lifted that hand to her lips with a dainty inaudible yawn, turned, and threw a languid glance down the street, then back again, and the needle was glanc-

ing to and fro. While, lo! on the opposite side of the way, a levelorn swain stood and ogled her with heart-sick delight.

Now it has always seemed to me a curious psychological fact that my delirium should have dreamed this dream. Certainly I can account for it by no other means than the ancient verse; "Coming events cast their shadows before." It seemed a natural thing enough for me, after this, to enter that gay doorway, with its festooning archway of enticing laces and ribbons, and judge for myself of the younger and lovelier proprietress of the Hebe at the window. She is proprietress of another Hebe now. It is owing to that little visit and its sequences, that this home of mine has become what you see it, that these little foreign pleasaunces adorn it, that a slight form and a fair face crowned with darkly folded hair, flits ever in and out—its mistress. It is Lyle whom you hear singing now, and the little, dancing feet that trip above us, in measure to her tune, belong to my daughter Hebe.

Gentlemen, shall we join the ladies?

#### MUSIC AT HOME.

What shall the amusements of the home be? When there is the ability and taste, I regard music as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure, as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift! How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano! how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other homes, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute, or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One panacea and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farmhouse window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city—an angel's benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife—say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano, what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas, that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show.—*Rev. J. F. W. Ware.*

Some wear dignity as they do clothes—all outside.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**THE IDLER.**

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Laggard, thou art sitting idly,  
 With useless, folded hands,  
 Unmindful of the barren spots  
 And wastes of desert lands;  
 Up, rouse thee from thy stupor,  
 And gird thy armor on—  
 When once a firm resolve is made,  
 Full half the battle's won!

What right hast thou to squander  
 The talents God has sent?  
 What right in rust to bury  
 The powers that he has sent?  
 They're yours, to battle nobly  
 In strong defence of right;  
 They're yours, to carve your shining way  
 Up to the hills of light.

Up from this dull supineness,  
 Up, with a righteous trust—  
 An idle life surely conducts  
 To shame and carnal lust.  
 Work while the day endureth,  
 Work till the evening come—  
 At evening, when the shadows fall,  
 God calls his workmen home.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**HOW IT CAME ABOUT.**

BY JOHN A. GRAHAM.

THE pretty town of Brentwood lies far down upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay, a rough and rocky place, save where the summer mantles it with a robe of bright green, veiling its ruder features from the eye, and engrafting upon the wild scenery of the coast, the softer hues and blended beauties of the country. Unfortunately there are no beautifully shaded streets, with ornamental trees arching gracefully overhead; but here and there a clump of chestnuts or a spreading elm marks the taste of some individual, and refreshes the eyes that have been gazing too long upon the shining sands or granite pillars that greet the lingerer by the sea.

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
 The acacia waves her yellow hair;  
 Lovely and sweet, nor loved the less  
 For flowering in a wilderness."

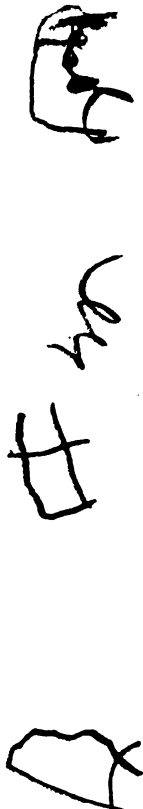
As in most sea-coast towns, it often happens that the stronger and healthier portions of the inhabitants are absent. The sea is the sphere of their labors and their pleasures; and there is

perhaps scarce a single family that does not boast its sailor—few, where the sea is met by a styled captain.

As early as four in the morning of a September day, the inhabitants of Brentwood were awakened by the dreadful sound of fire—dreadful, because almost every house was of wood—because most of the strongest and hardiest men were away, and because the arrangements for extinguishing fires were so shamefully scant. At the first alarm, a low, dense smoke alone could be seen. Presently a luminous streak appeared, spreading slowly—slowly at first, but at length bursting into towering flames, fed with some powerful combustible, and spreading as it seemed, half over the most densely inhabited portion of the town. It had commenced at a landing where was deposited an immense quantity of oil; while near these were various shops in which were liquors, gunpowder and turpentine. Had an incendiary planned the fire, he could not have chosen a spot more favorable. Then a long street full of wooden buildings, many of them old and unpainted, completely dried by the autumnal winds—mere tinder boxes indeed; and it seemed almost an impossibility that these should not extend the fire into the furthest part of the town. The place was destitute of a band of firemen, well organized, with that practical knowledge of their duty which is worth ten times the amount of mere physical strength. But secure in the absence of the dangerous element for so many years, the people of Brentwood had made no effort to repel it. The foe had come to their very doors, and not a sentinel had waked from his slumbers. Of course all was hurry and confusion; each one scurrying to a different place and with different purposes; some to secure furniture and valuables, some laden with unimportant baggage, some destroying, by haste and want of judgment, far more than the most judicious could have preserved.


Then it was so long before the heavy sleepers could be aroused and properly clad—the aged, the children and the invalids. And there were so many, too, who occupied the time in loading wagons with half useless and inexpensive things, and carrying them miles distant, depositing them upon the ground, and wasting the time of grown men, in watching effects not worth a groat.

Meantime, the more enthusiastic were zealously forcing blinds from the windows, and throwing them vigorously to the ground, pitching china, glass, clocks and mirrors into the street, and in one instance, knocking out the windows of a three story dwelling house to save some empty flour barrels, while the latter found a rest-




ing place upon the aforesaid glass articles. And all this time the fire was burning and spreading!

One of the prettiest dwellings in the town was occupied by the family of Captain Effingham, then at sea upon a long voyage. His son, a boy of fifteen, and two daughters, seventeen and nineteen, with their mother, were the first to hear the cry. They all rose, dressed themselves, and calmly awaited the event. A few men, as Robert Effingham came back to report to his mother and sisters, were gathered around the fire, using the poor means in their power to extinguish it. One or two buildings had been pulled down, but with no effect. The wind blew the flames across their ruins and caught the houses beyond. A few high trees served as a temporary shield, but they too were soon shorn of their branches.



Around Mrs. Effingham's house there was a thick hawthorn hedge, protecting the lower part of the buildings, and a fine elm tree hung gracefully over the gateway. The inmates, however, had no apprehension for their own dwelling; but, filled with pity for those who were already sufferers, Ida Effingham seized some leathern buckets which her father had provided for an exigency of this nature, in default of more extensive means. Her sister Carrie followed with others. The women who had been wringing their hands in hopeless terror, took heart at Ida's example, and formed themselves into a long line down the street, to pass the water for the engines. During that long day, from dawn until five in the afternoon, the heroic women stood without food or rest, some pale, others flushed to fever heat by the fierce flames.



Other women there were, who carried drink to the fainting people; pails of hot coffee, wine and water, in short anything that could be obtained to quench the terrible thirst occasioned by the fire, until the cry of "water giving out everywhere!" made a sensation throughout the ranks. The sultry air, filled with dense smoke, the horrible smell emitted by large quantities of burning oil and fish, the sense of hunger and thirst, and the unwonted fatigue of passing heavy buckets of water, might well tax to its utmost the strength of tender and delicate women, but they were buoyed up by the spirit within that imparted courage and resolution worthy of men.

"Take some wine, sir," said Ida, kindly, to an old man of seventy-five, whose white hairs shaded a pleasant, moody countenance.

"Thank you, my dear young lady," he answered, "I have lived thus long and do not know the taste. I must not begin now, even when a fair girl invites me."

Ida dropped the bucket she held, and ran to

the nearest well for some water. The old man drank, thanking her earnestly; and the act was seen by another pair of eyes that were now gazing upon the beautiful girl. John Winthrop had arrived in Brentwood only the evening before the fire, to visit his friend, Allan Fairfield. Consequently he had not yet been introduced to any one. He had gone out with Fairfield when the fire commenced, and had worked hard for some poor and aged people, placing their furniture in safety, and providing quieter retreats for themselves, away from the noise and confusion.

Ida had seen this gentleman as he flew around, sometimes carrying a child, sometimes a piece of old but evidently well kept furniture, or leading away an infirm man or woman, as if it had been his own father or mother, so tenderly did he watch the feeble footsteps over the wet ground. And from earliest dawn, he too had seen Ida and Carrie, in their close, dark woollen habits, with a simple handkerchief tied over the brown curls, and watched their numerous offices of help and kindness to man, woman and child.

"Who are they, Fairfield?" he said, as they both stopped to drink some water which Ida had just set down, in order to take a little child from a perilous situation.

"They are the belles of Brentwood. No—that word insults them. They are the angels of Brentwood—"

A cry of "more water," sent the friends in opposite directions; but the title which Allan had given the sisters, lingered on the ear of John Winthrop; and through that day, he kept as close to their side as possible. Once Allan came near and staid long enough to introduce them, and an acquaintance was immediately established between them.

Towards night, sufficient help arrived from other towns, with facilities for taking water from the sea; and the trained firemen induced the inhabitants to leave the fire in their charge while they rested. As Ida and her sister turned wearily homeward, John Winthrop and his friend were beside them, promising to call upon them the next morning. That night the weary watchman slept upon his post. The fire that had seemed wholly subdued, broke out afresh, and people were too soundly asleep to catch the crackling sound until the bright light awoke them. Building after building, rendered terribly dry by the heat of the fire and the strong wind of the preceding day, yielded rapidly to the element now.

"It is Mrs. Effingham's house, John!" cried Allan, as they sprang from bed, putting on a single garment, and rushing down stairs.

It was true. Allan's first glance told him that the pretty cottage, Captain Effingham's pride and delight, next to his wife and daughters and his beloved boy, was fast tending to destruction. In a moment the friends were there. Mrs. Effingham was at the window, but they implored her to come down stairs and open the door.

"I cannot," was her frenzied answer. "The stairs are gone!"

Ida and Carrie appeared at the next window and stated that Robert had gone for a ladder, to rescue his mother, and that they too could have saved themselves, but would not leave her. John Winthrop joined the search for a ladder, while Allan went round to the back of the house, to find something which might facilitate their escape, but there was not even a wisp of hay. "Throw out your beds," he called, but in vain. Mrs. Effingham was an invalid, and the exertions of the two delicate girls the day previous had so weakened them that they were unequal to lifting the heavy beds.

When Robert and John returned with the ladder, they were able to rescue them, but with great difficulty, the house being now burned nearly to a shell, in spite of the efforts of the firemen who had now surrounded it, and who had been trying to work their way to it for some time. When Allan had rescued Carrie and her mother, he permitted John Winthrop to go for Ida, but she had already sprang into his arms from the other window, impatient of the slow process of the ladder, and beginning to be saturated by the water that was pouring in from the engines.

While he held that form in his arms, he whispered a sentence that was ever after to be engraven upon the girl's heart, ineffable by time. Just such as a wife—one who could earn the title of an "angel" by her goodness, he had in vain been looking for. He had wealth, intelligence, and refinement. He had not a relative in the world to share his wealth, and he longed for some congenial spirit to bless his earthly lot. The fine ladies of society he could not love, although earnestly sought by them. He wanted a companion—a second self. Ida Effingham, he believed, was such an one. Great occasions develop the character, and he knew her better in a single day, than at ordinary times, he might have known her in months, perhaps years. At all events, that day had fixed his destiny and hers for life. That of Allan and Carrie seemed already fixed.

The pretty white cottage was wholly destroyed, and the family found a home with the Fairfields, where Winthrop continued to remain. There was work for every one to do, and no

hand in that house was idle. Winter was fast approaching, and although liberal help came from abroad, there was a wide field of benevolence left for the inhabitants. Houses were to be built, and not only built, but furnished and provisioned, to say nothing of the clothing to be made. The young men found enough to do, after a hard day's work out, to wind yarn for the two elder ladies, and thread needles for the younger.

"I have good news for you!" said Winthrop, one day, as he entered with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "Captain Effingham's ship is just outside the harbor. He will be in before night!"

A joyful surprise, indeed, for he was not expected so soon. The coming of the cheery old sailor was a great event. Thankful for the safety of his family, he cared not for his house. It was soon rebuilt, and, better still, two others were at the same time erected, parted only by the clumps of green trees which the fire had spared. The streets of Brentwood were not long in regaining their houses, and with much improvement upon their former appearance. Captain Effingham's gift to the town was a handsome engine house upon his own ground; and a fire can never be met so unpreparedly as the one we have described. One event of a joyful nature certainly grew out of the misfortune, and perhaps it was not a solitary one. At all events, there were never so many marriages in Brentwood as in the year succeeding what is always called there, the great fire.

A long time has passed since then. Captain Effingham and his wife lie beneath the shadow of the church, and their daughters' children are beautiful young ladies, just what their mothers were at the period of the fire. One of Ida's, the fairest and loveliest, went to grace the home of another, making a great void in the pleasant circle at Brentwood; and it grieves me to say that the last mail from a distant land brought the news of her early death. Thus life weaves its mingled web of black and white. Let us accept it. In the land beyond the flood, we shall see how evenly, after all, are life's compensations balanced. And there, too, what on earth seemed dark and strange, will then be clear and bright!

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HAPPINESS.—Addison remarks, and too truly, that if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though, on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a miserable one.

## SNOW STORM IN SCOTLAND.

The most remarkable narrative of a snow storm which I have ever seen was that written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in record of one which took place January 24, 1790. James Hogg at this time belonged to a sort of literary society of young shepherds, and had set out the day previous, to walk twenty miles over the hills, to the place of meeting; but so formidable was the look of the sky that he felt anxious for his sheep, and finally turned back again. There was at this time only a light fall of snow, in thin flakes which seemed uncertain whether to go up or down; the hills were covered with deep folds of frost-fog, and in the valleys the same fog seemed dark, dense, and as it were crushed together. An old shepherd, predicting the storm, bade him watch for a sudden opening through this fog, and expect a wind from that quarter; yet when he saw such an opening suddenly form at midnight (having reached his own home), he thought it all a delusion, as the weather had grown milder and a thaw seemed setting in. He therefore went to bed, and felt no more anxiety for his sheep; yet he lay awake in spite of himself, and at two o'clock he heard the storm begin. It smote the house suddenly, like a peal of thunder—something utterly unlike any storm he had ever before heard. On his rising, and thrusting his bare arm through a hole in the roof, it seemed precisely as if he had thrust it into a snow-bank, so densely was the air filled with falling and driving particles. He lay still for an hour, while the house rocked with the tempest, hoping it might prove only a hurricane; but as there was no abatement, he awakened his companion-shepherd, telling him "it was come on such a night or morning as never blew from the heavens." The other at once arose, and opening the door of the shed where they slept, found a drift as high as the farm-house, already heaped between them and its walls, a distance of only fourteen yards. He floundered through, Hogg soon following, and, finding all the family up, they agreed that they must reach the sheep as soon as possible, especially eight hundred ewes that were in one lot together, at the farthest end of the farm. So, after family prayers and breakfast, four of them stuffed their pockets with bread and cheese, sewed their plaids about them, tied down their hats, and taking each his staff, set out on their tremendous undertaking, two hours before day.

Day dawned before they got three hundred yards from the house. They could not see each other, and kept together with the greatest difficulty. They had to make paths with their staves, rolled themselves over drifts otherwise impassable, and every three or four minutes had to hold their heads down between their knees to recover breath. They went in single file, taking the lead by turns. The master soon gave out, and was speechless and semi-conscious for more than an hour, though he afterwards recovered, and held out with the rest. Two of them lost their head-gear, and Hogg himself fell over a high precipice, but they reached the flock at half-past ten. They found the ewes huddled together in a dense body, under ten feet of snow—packed so closely, that to the amazement of the shepherds, when they had extricated the first the whole flock walked out one after another, in a body, through the hole.

How they got home it is impossible to tell. It was now noon and they sometimes could see through the storm for twenty yards, but they had only one momentary glimpse of the hills through all that terrible day. Yet Hogg persisted in going by himself afterwards to rescue some flocks of his own, barely escaping with life from the expedition; his eyes were sealed up with the storm, and he crossed a formidable torrent, without knowing it, on a wreath of snow. Two of the others lost themselves in a deep valley, and would have perished but for being accidentally heard by a neighboring shepherd, who guided them home, where the female portion of the family had abandoned all hope of ever seeing them again.

The next day was clear, with a cold wind, and they set forth at daybreak to seek the remainder of the flock. The face of the country was perfectly transformed; not a hill was the same, not a brook or lake could be recognized. Deep glens were filled in with snow, covering the very tops of trees; and over a hundred acres of ground, under an average depth of six or eight feet, they were to look for four or five hundred sheep. The attempt would have been hopeless but for a dog that accompanied them: seeing their perplexity, he began sniffing about, and presently scratching in the snow at a certain point, and then looking round at his master, digging at this spot—they found a sheep beneath. And so the dog led them all day, bounding eagerly from one place to another, much faster than they could dig the creatures out, so that he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand. In this way within a week, they got out every sheep on the farm except four, these last being buried under a mountain of snow fifty feet deep, on the top of which the dog had marked their places again and again. In every case the sheep proved to be alive and warm, though half suffocated, on being taken out, they usually bounded away swiftly, and then fell helplessly in a few moments, overcome by the change of atmosphere; some then died almost instantly, and others were carried home and with difficulty preserved, only about sixty being lost in all. Marvellous to tell, the country people unanimously agreed afterward to refer the whole terrific storm to some secret incantations of poor Hogg's literary society aforesaid; it was generally maintained that a club of young dare-devils had raised the fiend himself among them in the likeness of a black dog the night preceding the storm, and the young students actually did not dare to show themselves at fairs or at markets for a year afterward.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## A SHARP TRICK.

It is stated that "Old Sharp," the celebrated maker of articles from the Shakespeare "mulberry tree," of which as many were sold as would have taken almost a small forest to supply, used, when disposing of a curious article, to place his hand upon a piece of the real tree, which was affixed to the bench, and say, "I solemnly swear that I hold in my hand a portion of the tree which Shakespeare himself planted." The trick succeeded admirably, and Old Sharp died very rich, but on his death-bed he confessed that he had deceived thousands.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

'Twas on the heights of Monterey  
The cannon sternly frowned,  
And belched a thousand batteries from  
The quivering, trembling ground.

Upon the heights a soldier stood,  
A flag-staff in his hand;  
And by his side his captain,  
The leader of the band.

The men around were falling,  
Like leaves before the blast,  
When bleak Areturus sendeth forth  
His legions stern and vast.

But still that noble heart pressed on  
Amid the lurid death  
That swept from out the cannon's mouth—  
A stern sirocco's breath.

He falls—the red blood oozes  
From out his wounded side;  
And there upon that funeral ridge  
He fell, and gasped, and died.

But ere his soul had winged its flight  
To starry worlds above,  
Where battle-clangor never comes,  
But life, and truth, and love,

He whispered to a comrade,  
Who wiped his clammy brow,  
"Tell her I ever thought of her  
Amid the battle's flow."

[ORIGINAL.]

## TOO LATE.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

"THERE'S to be a pleasure party on the river to-night, Genevieve, and I've come around to tell you that you must be sure to go. Not a word of denial! I will not hear of your staying at home. All of the young folks are going, and we are to have a splendid row up the river to M—; our young friends there are to be prepared to meet us, and we're all to have a dance in their beautiful new hall. We shall have music with us, too, Genie, as we go up, and we cannot do without your clear, sweet voice. There's no use shaking your head in that doleful way, for go you shall. Can't Mrs. Smith do without her new silk another day? No? Well, thank goodness, I've got my thimble in my pocket, and I'll help you finish the hateful

thing. You'll go after it is finished, wont you Genie? I heard a certain Mr. Frank Vivian say he was coming after you, at any rate. Ah, what a tell-tale blush that was, dear Genevieve. You must learn to keep your loving heart from your face."

And so chattering away in her liveliest style, pretty, romping Kate Carter sat with her quiet friend, Genevieve Ellsworth, till the array of grim shadows marching toward the west had fairly frightened the last golden sunbeam into the ambuscade of rosy clouds that were drawn over the tree tops, and Mrs. Smith's new silk was pronounced complete, and "just the sweetest thing any person ever did see," and Kate had kissed Genevieve a merry "by-by," and was tripping away over the pavement leading homeward.

Genevieve leaned her weary head upon her hand, and sighed a little sigh, so low and soft one could tell it was not of unhappiness, and while the twilight shadows in their turn were being frightened by the coming night, and were flying in wild confusion all over the world, she fell to dreaming—a bright, cheerful dream of the future. She was aroused from her reverie by a voice that said, tenderly:

"Why, little Genevieve, are you fast asleep in this damp air, and not ready to attend your devoted cavalier to the party to-night?"

There was nothing strange in the words, to be sure, and yet they sent scarlet blossoms into the pale cheek.

"Is it really so late, Mr. Vivian? I am sorry I am not ready, but I have fallen into my usual habit of building 'castles in Spain.' Have patience a few minutes, though, for I shall not keep you waiting long."

The little feet tripped up the stairs, the cheerful voice chirped a lively tune, for the very sound of Frank Vivian's voice could make her happy.

Mr. Vivian looked at his watch. It lacked five minutes of seven. He picked up Genevieve's thimble and tried it on his little finger. He looked at some books on the table, threw them down again listlessly, whistled a tune, walked up and down the room, and looked at his watch again. Seven! Frank was impatient—would she never come?

"Genie, are you coming?"

"Yes, just in a moment, Mr. Vivian," and the echo of her voice had scarcely died away, when she came floating down the stairs, looking ethereally lovely to Mr. Vivian, in her snowy dress, with a bunch of scarlet verbenas on her bosom.



Strange that now Genevieve had come, Mr. Vivian forgot to look at his watch, forgot even to talk of the party, till she reminded him that they would be late.

"Would it grieve you very much, Genie, to have to spend the evening at home with me?" his eyes looking full and earnestly into her face, where the blushes again rivalled the hue of the flowers on her bosom.

"Not a great deal, Mr. Vivian, but I promised Kate I would go, and I should not like to disappoint her."

"Just think of such a thing at your peril, Genevieve Ellsworth," broke in Kate's musical voice, followed quite closely by the merry little lady herself, looking even prettier than usual, in the sky-blue barage dress, that revealed the white, dimpled shoulders and arms, and the pretty little, plump hands, glittering with costly rings.

Mr. Vivian doffed his cap politely to Miss Carter, and said, gallantly:

"I can scarcely tell which to admire most to-night, ladies, the lily or the violet."

His eyes rested on Genevieve the longest, but Kate broke in with her witching, fluttering laugh.

"Don't be sentimental, Mr. Vivian. I can't endure sentimental folks, and Genie and I do not care for compliments, do we, Genevieve? You can't imagine how much I shall enjoy myself to-night, or how my feet are tingling for a dance. Be off now, good folks, will you? I came round especially to hurry you up, for we're all waiting for you."

Round and round the room two or three times she whirled in a lively waltz, and was sobered down again when Genevieve pronounced herself ready.

Frank looked at Kate admiringly. It never struck him before, what a pretty little rose leaf of a thing she was. He said as much to Genevieve, in a low tone.

"And good as beautiful," was the heartfelt reply.

Such a wild, merry time as they had! Such sweet music, such good company, such a lively dance! Kate was beside herself with delight. She fluttered around from one to another, butterfly fashion, never resting a moment, yet never feeling weary. Genevieve was happy, too, but in a more quiet way. Occasionally one could see a merry flash from her eyes, that beautified her whole face, and made the beholder involuntarily turn to look at her again.

As the night waned, they bade their friends in M—a cordial good-night, and were soon floating down the river, on their way home. Every

one felt tired now. Even Kate was quiet. She sat beside Mr. Vivian, and presently her eyes closed, and the curly head made vague motions in the air, till Mr. Vivian, in very pity, laid it on his shoulder, where the little sleeper could rest quietly. Genevieve sat wide awake, smiling contentedly now and then at Frank, or whispering a cheerful word, so that she might not disturb her friend.

Kate was too restless a creature even to sleep long at a time, and so she awoke quite soon, to find herself so carefully watched over that Mr. Vivian's handsome face was almost touching her own. She sat upright in a moment, as if ashamed to acknowledge she had ever been guilty of so stupid a thing as sleeping.

"Have I been asleep, Mr. Vivian? Why didn't you pinch me, instead of taking such good care of me?"

Mr. Vivian would as soon have thought of pinching a rosebud because it was covered with dewdrops, but he answered in a vein a little more savoring of mischief.

"Because you snored so beautifully I didn't wish to deprive the company of the music."

"You provoking tease, you! I didn't do any such thing. Take that for your impertinence, O most ungallant of knights!" And a handful of cold water dipped up from the river followed her words, and left Mr. Vivian drenched and shivering.

"I'll pay you for that, little witch; see if I don't."

And sure enough, the soft hands struggled in vain in his strong clasp, and the rosy mouth with its tempting lips received a genuine kiss, that was delivered with evident satisfaction to at least one of the party.

Every one laughed, and said she deserved it, and Kate, after pouting fully five minutes, finally concluded it wasn't worth while to be angry, and so made friends with Mr. Vivian again. Half an hour afterwards they were at home, and so ended their pleasant party.

"So you think Miss Carter is both pretty and good, Miss Ellsworth? I always like to agree with the ladies when I can, but as I said to my friend, Frank Vivian, the other night, I really admire your style of beauty the most. Frank, though, is quite enthusiastic in his praise of Miss Carter, and will allow of no comparison with her. 'Why,' said he to me, the other night, 'Humphreys, I am astonished at your taste. There is more grace, life and beauty in my darling little Kate, than in any other woman I ever met in my life.' But then Frank is so despe-

rately in love with her, we must make allowance for his blindness to the merits of others. What, you are not tired of walking so soon, Miss Ellsworth? Really, I am very sorry, for, as I said to Mr. Vivian, when I met him with Miss Kate, 'it is a beautiful night for walking,' though they were so busily engaged in talking that I don't suppose they ever heard me. Well, if you must go in then, good-night, brightest and fairest of women."

Mr. Humphreys opened the gate with his most fascinating bow, and laid his hand impressively on his heart, as Genevieve said good-night.

Poor Genevieve! How those light words, falling on her happiness that night, had crushed it forever! "His darling Kate!" How the words rung in her ears! how harshly they grated on her aching brain! It was all over now, that fair young dream. She had nothing more to do but to enrobe it with sorrow, and bury it in very bitterness of spirit.

"O, Kate, dear little friend," she moaned, "I know you never guessed the anguish this moment would cause me. Yet, God helping me, I shall never place a briny drop in the cup of happiness at your lips. Father in heaven, thy will be done!"

"You surely do not mean it, Genie? Are you not happy in your sister's home? If not, come and live with me. Our house is large, and we have room both in it and in our hearts for you. Why do you wish to leave us all, and go to this lonely place in the far-off West? You want a change, you say. Go with me, then, to the White Mountains, or to the seaside, but do not persist in burying yourself alive in that outlandish place."

Kate's eyes were full of sorrowful tears, her arms around Genevieve's neck.

"Indeed, I must go, dear Kate. This monotonous life is killing me. Look at my hands, do they not look like it?" smiling sadly as she laid the thin, white hand, with its great blue veins, in that of her friend. "I need a change, and I must have it. I thank you a thousand times for your kind offer, but cannot accept it. 'Poor and proud,' you know, Kate, and so I shall be all the happier that I am earning my own bread. The sewing I get here barely holds body and soul together, and my sister has already done more for me than she can do with justice to her husband and children. Besides, I think I shall like this new life, and teaching will please me so much better than sewing. The flesh will come back to my hands, the roses to my face, when I wander over the hills in the midst of the western

woods. I shall be happier there than here, I am sure, though I shall hate to leave you, dear Kate, more than all others. It is decreed that I must go, Kate. I have made the engagement already, and my new employer—he is a kind old gentleman, Kate—will come after me at the end of the week."

And so in spite of entreaties, tears and remonstrances from her friends, Genevieve Ellsworth went out to struggle with the world—alone. A week later, when Mr. Vivian came home from a little trip in the country, a dainty note lay on his table—it was from Genevieve—he read it eagerly:

"You have been so kind to me, Mr. Vivian—to me, a poor sewing-girl—that I could not find it in my heart to leave for my new home without thanking you, and telling you good-by. Kate, dear little friend, will tell you the particulars of my hasty step, if indeed you care to know. I shall be very happy in my new life, I think, though I leave some few regrets for my friends in this place. I shall perhaps not see you for years, maybe never, so I will ask now, what I shall always ask, that around the pathway of your life there may be nothing but sunshine and happiness. And now, kind friend, good-by."

"GENEVIEVE."

"Dear little Genie, does she think I will permit this rash sacrifice? Frank Vivian, what a fool you have been, not to secure so rare a prize before it was too late. But never mind, there is time enough, even yet."

So Mr. Vivian, without rising from the table where he sat, took up pen and paper, and his handsome face was full of the tenderness in his heart as he wrote:

"DEAR LITTLE GENIE:—I am a wild, reckless fellow, as you know, and I cannot consent to giving up the only little woman in the world who could make a good, steady man of me. You shall not leave me thus, Genevieve. I need you here—here, both body and soul. You cannot tear yourself from my heart, though you have tried to do so. Genie, take pity on me, and write and tell me I may come after you; that away out in the wilds of Illinois, little Mrs. Vivian is waiting for her liege lord to carry her back to the tiny cottage by the river side. Genie, you know I love you. May I come?"

"Your own

"FRANK VIVIAN."

How happy and handsome he looked as he folded and directed the missive that must decide his future life! He knew—he felt that Genie loved him, and he did not fear the result. But week after week went by, and no answer came. Perhaps the letter had been delayed, perhaps she was ill; so he wrote again and yet again, but with the same result. Even his hopeful, patient heart grew heavy. Once again he wrote:

"Genevieve, why do you treat me so cruelly? For pity's sake write and relieve my suspense. I have been selfish enough to hope you were ill, that you did not write to me; but your sister tells me you have written to her that you are both well and happy. Genevieve, I will not be trifled with longer. If you love me, say so. I must have an answer. If you do not write to me this time, I shall know that my doom is sealed, that little Genevieve is mine no longer. O, Genie, how can I, knowing and loving you as I do, ever consent to give you up? Do not doom me to such misery.

FRANK."

For three long months he hoped to get the precious words that would make him the happiest of men, the fondest of husbands. For three long months did he daily tread impatiently up and down before the post-office, waiting for the western mails to arrive, and as many times was he finally doomed to hear Mr. Humphreys say, "Frank, there is nothing for you to-day." Then at last he ceased to look, to wait, to hope. Genevieve, in her new and pleasant home, had forgotten him. Pride came to his aid at last. The Genie he had loved was not this cold, quiet Miss Ellsworth. He would not grieve for the heartless flirt who had led him on his wild dream of love, merely to gratify her vanity, and to spurn the true heart he offered her. And so Frank Vivian did what thousands of other men would have done—found refuge from his sorrow in the smiles of the lovely little Kate Carter.

Sweet, beautiful Kate! Who could really know, without loving her? To be sure it would not be the same pure, steady affection one would feel for a woman like Genevieve Ellsworth. One would always think of Kate as a pet bird, a velvety flower, so confiding with those she loved. What wonder that his hands longed to smooth down the golden ringlets, or to hold the dear head on his bosom? Genevieve was the water lily, white, queenly and stately. Kate was the moss rose bud, sweet and beautiful. What wonder that he schooled himself to think "the rose bud is the sweetest, I will wear it in my heart forever?"

All this while poor Genevieve walked over the hot, burning sands that lay stretched out before her, with not a single star of hope for the future. Day after day she plodded over the same monotonous routine of duties, day after day her burden growing more unendurable. How long she had hoped and prayed against reason, for the loving recall that should tell her she was all in all to Mr. Vivian! But the message never came, and over her soul settled a gloom that darkened it for long months.

By-and-by letters came from Kate, fresh and

heartfelt like Kate herself; letters full of earnest feeling and kindest wishes. She could not quietly give up her friend—see her thus sacrificing herself for the scanty pittance secured to her; but Genevieve was firm in her determination to be independent. Aside from this, no earthly consideration could have induced her to return to a place where she must meet Mr. Vivian daily, where everything spoke of him, and of happy hours they had passed together.

She tried to be grateful, too, to the new friends around her, to appreciate the beautiful scenery by which their new home was surrounded. It was a plain home, to be sure. There was little that spoke of luxury; yet the homely roof covered kind and honest hearts. Her two little pupils were obedient children, and very intelligent, so she was spared a thousand of the little annoyances to which a governess is generally subjected, and could the wild, hopeless love in her heart only have been buried in oblivion, she would have been truly happy.

In her letters to her sister and to Kate she always wrote cheerfully and contentedly, too generous to mar their peaceful lives with the tempest of misery that beset her own. And so they at last ceased to write for her to return, thinking she was happier where she was.

Outside of the family where she was employed, she had formed but one acquaintance; that was Mr. Philip Glenmore, a gentleman thirty-five years of age, who had been pronounced a very handsome man ten years before, but over whose frank face there seemed to be a perpetual sorrow hanging. Mr. Barrett, her employer, told her he had never been the same man since his sweet young wife died, seven years before.

Genevieve liked him very much, he was so unobtrusive, and yet so kind to her—just the friend she needed most at such a place—so intelligent, so refined, so truthful. Kate accused her in her letters of being in love with him; but could she have seen the tender, sorrowful smile that spread over Genevieve's face, at the mention of loving any one save Mr. Vivian, she would have known how little foundation she had for such an accusation.

Nine months. How they had dragged their heavy hours along for Genevieve. It was a soft spring day, warm and sunshiny. Nature was lavish of her beauties in decking out her western wood. Genevieve was almost happy from very sympathy with the gladness around her. She had walked to the village and the post-office, gathering flowers as she went and listening to the bird songs overhead.

A letter from Kate! It must not be read be-

fore stranger gaze, and so the small feet tripped over the tender grass on the way homeward, to a little nook by a streamlet that had become a favorite resort for reading. How the loving heart yearned for the sunshine and affectionate words enclosed in the tiny envelope. She was safe at last from prying eyes, and she drank in greedily the kindness that always sprang from Kate's heart. Last of all she read :

"And now, Genie, I must tell you something so sweet I almost fear to believe it true. He loves me—Frank Vivian loves me. O, Genie, Genie, I am so happy! To think that he should love such a careless little imp as I am! But he does—he has said so again and again—and, Genie, how humbly I thank God when I know that before two more weeks have passed, I shall be his wife. I shall try to make him a good one, Genie; to teach him to bless the day he met me. Do you know, dear little friend, I used to think Frank loved you? You are so much better than I am—so much more deserving of him—but even you could not love him better than I do, and he is contented to take and love me with all my faults. Dear friend, even in the midst of all my happiness, I shall not forget to ask God to bless you as he has blessed me.

"Lovingly your friend,  
"KATE CARTER."

The blow had fallen at last. There was nothing to look forward to now. Kate was Mr. Vivian's wife before the letter reached her, and she must cease even to think of him. How every loving word he had ever uttered, and every fond glance, came back to her now! The slight form was convulsed with sobs, the thin, blue-veined hands clasped despairingly together. She sat there till the shadows walked fearlessly around her, and the night dews were falling thick and fast. She marked no lapse of time. She heard and saw nothing, save the great storm and struggle in her soul.

"Genevieve, poor little weary thing, let me take you home now. It is late, and growing dark in these lonely woods. Come, my child, I cannot afford you to remain longer."

She looked up into Philip Glenmore's face, that was full of sympathy, and smiling a feeble smile of gratitude, suffered herself to be led to his carriage, felt his careful hands arranging her light shawl to protect her from the night air, and heard his low, pitying words. His voice soothed her. It was so sweet to have so noble a friend in such an hour. She scarcely knew why she did it, but when he asked her what grieved her, she gave him Kate's letter to read. He needed nothing more to tell him the secret that was wearing her life away.

"Poor, suffering little girl!"

His voice was tender in its sympathy. He

helped her into the house, and bade her good-night, leaving her half unconsciously consoled. She was not entirely alone, so long as Philip Glenmore was near, for he had promised to be a father—a friend to her.

Another year, not so long to Genevieve as the last, and yet it was a long, weary year. It was autumn now; the western wilds revelled in crimson and purple robes, buckled on with their golden clasps. Mr. Glenmore had been very kind to her in the past year. Many a bouquet of choice flowers had found its way to her table from his greenhouse, even in the dead of winter. Many a long and pleasant drive she owed to him. Many a respite from her duties, in which both body and soul were invigorated, was owing to his influence with her employer. Genevieve had learned to look forward to his coming with pleasure, and it was with real sorrow she saw him leave for a three months' trip to the East.

Kate, now Mrs. Vivian, continued to write to her, her letters always brimming over with happiness, and praises of her husband. Genevieve had learned to read these letters with calmness, if not with joy. The flower that had been so rudely uprooted, must finally wither, and find a lasting death. Mr. Vivian was Kate's husband, he should be her friend, and nothing more.

She had been out walking in the woods, and returned with a rich glow on her beautiful cheeks, and as bright a one in her heart. A form that had unconsciously grown dear to her, met her in the parlor. She had never known till that moment, how entirely she loved Philip Glenmore; but she realized it then, in the quick, glad fluttering of her heart, in the delicate sense of happiness that pervaded her whole being. He took her extended hand in a passionate clasp, reading her heart from her blushing face and trembling form.

"Are you then so glad to see me, my child? Can Genevieve, who is fresh and fair, turn to me and say, 'Philip, I am glad you have come, for I love you?' O, Genevieve, will you be my wife? Only say you will, that you will try to love me. I shall be content with one kind word, a single kiss." The strong, proud man was the passionate lover now, pleading and eager.

"You know what my past has been—that another won the first and freshest flowers of my heart—yet the ones I give to you now are purer and healthier, and with my whole heart I can joyfully say, Philip Glenmore, I love you!"

There was a quiet wedding not long afterwards, and a subsequent tour to the sunny South, and then Mr. and Mrs. Glenmore settled

down quietly in their beautiful home, very happy in their love for each other.

A month later a letter came from Kate, heralding her speedy arrival with Frank and their baby boy. "Frank has consented at last," she wrote, "and so we are coming." Their carriage came rolling slowly up to Mr. Glenmore's gate one lovely evening in June. Genevieve was leaning on her husband's arm, and he was gazing fondly in her face.

"Little wife, do you love me?"

"More than I can tell you, Philip. More than I love my life."

He kissed the sweet mouth tenderly, ere she ran to greet her friends. Ah, Philip Glenmore, you little dreamed, seven years ago, when a pale, motionless form was carried from your home, that another could ever fill the place left in your heart.

Mr. Vivian sprang from the carriage, closely followed by a little lady in a brown travelling suit, holding in her arms a miniature Frank. Then there were smiles and glad tears and joyful words of greeting at this happy re-union after an absence of years. Two hearts that had parted filled with love for each other, had schooled themselves to sober friendship.

"There's a man down at the village who has been run over by the cars this evening, and Mr. Glenmore sent for me to come after you. The dying man is continually asking to see you. His name is Humphreys, I believe."

The breathless messenger left the room, and Genevieve was scarcely a moment in throwing on her bonnet and mantle.

"Frank, be gallant, and go with Genie," said Kate, with the old loving smile on her face, looking up at her handsome husband, who was playing with their little boy.

"Certainly, puss, if she will allow me. Can I go, Mrs. Glenmore?"

"If you wish, I should be glad to have you do so."

They were in the carriage a moment later, driving as fast as the horses could go. Mr. Glenmore met them at the door of the dying man's room. His face was bloodless.

"Genevieve, poor child, can you bear to meet a man who has destroyed the greatest happiness of your life?" His voice was tremulous and husky.

"Philip, my husband, what is it? Has he harmed you in any way?" The quivering lips and upturned, pallid face meeting his saddened gaze.

"Not that, little wife; worse than that, worse

than that. Ah, Mr. Vivian, you have come too! I'm glad of it; it is but right that you should be here and hear it all, too."

He led them into the room, up to the bedside of the dying man. Mr. Humphreys looked into Genevieve's face, with a contortion of pain and remorse.

"Mrs. Glenmore, I have sent for you to tell you at this hour, a secret that shall make you curse me—even me, a dying man."

Then he went on hurriedly and eagerly, keeping nothing back—telling her how he had burned the letters Mr. Vivian wrote to her; told her what those letters contained, and that prompted by revenge because she had gently but firmly refused to marry him, he had thus kept from her the greatest joy a woman could know.

Genevieve heard him through with a calm, white face. Mr. Vivian turned to her eagerly.

"Forgive me if I am rude, but, Genevieve, had you known all this three years ago, what would your answer have been? Did you ever love me?" Such a look of sadness as was in his beautiful eyes!

Genevieve glanced up into her husband's face fondly.

"Three years ago, Mr. Vivian, I should have said I loved you; but to-day I thank God for the hour that made me the wife of such a man as Philip Glenmore!"

"God bless my darling for those words, the sweetest ever heard from her dear lips!" And Philip Glenmore drew the loved form to his heart.

"It is all for the best, perhaps, Genie, but I thank you for saying, even at this day—this day when it is forever too late—the words that could once have made me a happier man than I ever shall be now."

Mr. Vivian turned slowly from the room, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenmore were alone with the guilty and expiring man. It was late at night when they returned home, and entering the parlor, they found Kate asleep, with her head on her husband's shoulder, and Frank gazing down on her sweet, fair face, with all a lover's fondness.

Genevieve looked at Philip. "Thank God, my husband, that it is so! Thank God that the secret came TOO LATE!"

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us from its own.—Emerson.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SOME ONE TO LOVE.

BY EFFINGHAM T. HYATT.

Some one to love!—O, give me the maid  
 I have loved since my infancy's hour;  
 I will choose me a spot in some evergreen glade,  
 And build her a beautiful bower,  
 Where some one to love, when so weary with care  
 I return from the world and its woe,  
 Will meet me, caress me, and cherish me there,  
 And cheer me wherever I go.

Some one to love!—O, the magic of hope,  
 And its bliss in those words interwove,  
 For you who are sitting to growl and to mope  
 In a room with no fire in the stove.  
 But the wind it may howl and the snowflakes fall,  
 And fortune may favor or not:  
 I care not, if only I meet in the hall  
 That some one to love in my cot.

Some one to love!—in the region up there  
 There is some one who loved us so dear,  
 That, bleeding and dying, he offered a prayer  
 For the sinners who scoffed at him here.  
 And so when the Father of life in his might  
 Deprives me of her that I love,  
 I still may behold through his merciful light,  
 Where she is, still some one to love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY WILLIE T. HOWE.

THE twenty-sixth of April, 1573, brought a precious treasure to the home of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. All day the lovely wife of the duke had vibrated between life and death.

"'Twas morn. Within a curtained room,  
 Filled to faintness with perfume,  
 The lady lay at point of doom."

At evening the first weak cry of an infant arrested the spirit of the mother just as it seemed to those present to be winging its flight upward. The child thus bought with suffering grew to be the loveliest flower of Tuscany in her youth—the handsomest and most passionate of women in after life. So long as the name of France lives, so long will live that of Marie de Medicis.

Twenty-seven years from that night, when Marie was in the still unfaded splendor of a beauty which time had no power to destroy, she was seen and admired by King Henry of France; and on the first day of December, in the same year, while the divorce was still recent between

the king and Margaret de Valois, she became the queen of France.

Was she happy—this spoiled minion of fortune? They who have read the story of the royal dislikes—they who remember how well beloved was the Italian lover of the passionate queen, may answer as they list.

Time passes. Henry has met his death from the hand of Ravallac, and Marie is regent of France. Concino Concini, the Italian lover, still holds his post as favorite, although Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, has occupied some of the royal widow's thoughts.

One true friend stands by her through all—Eleazer the Jew never forsakes her. When, after the atrocious burning of Leonora Galligai at the Place de Greve on an alleged charge of witchcraft, Marie was sent to the Chateau de Blois, her humble worshipper attends her. He aids and supports her when she declares war against her son Louis, and when she conspires to set her son Gaston on the throne in his stead. When arrested upon this charge, she is sent to the Castle of Compeigne a prisoner of state, he hovers about her prison; while the cowardly Gaston forsakes her who dared all and lost all for him.

A few years more, and Marie is a wanderer in England, and Eleazer the Jew follows her footsteps to a strange land. Poor queen!—she has no sons now, for they are dead to her—but she has a faithful friend still.

The year 1641 finds Marie at Cologne. Worn and weary, tired of the fruitless battle of life, and of the equally vain strife of the will and the passions, sick of pretended friends and intriguing enemies, disappointed in her affections as a wife, a mother and a woman, and with the weight of threescore and ten years upon her, she comes to Cologne, heart-broken and ready to die. The mother of kings and queens—for Elizabeth of Spain and Henriette of England are her daughters—she is yet poor and needy, but not quite desolate. The Jew, who never forgot that he had been entertained at her court when she was at her highest splendor, was not the man to forget her now; and scarcely had she settled herself, one gloomy and stormy evening, in her poor apartment in the fourth story of an old house at Cologne, than the faithful creature tracked her thither. There was neither bread nor fire in that dreary room, and the poor queen was suffering for the lack of warmth and food. Eleazer rushed from the house, and soon brought a supply of both, which he had absolutely begged. Folded



in her well-worn mantle, the remnant of brighter days, Marie sat shivering with the cold and her own dreary thoughts, until a bright blaze in the wide chimney showed her faithful friend upon his knees, warming some soup, which he afterwards administered to her cautiously, allowing her but a few drops at once. Eleazer was physician enough to know that, to her exhausted and famished system, fulness would be almost immediate destruction.

Under the Jew's active hands the miserable apartment soon assumed a less dreary aspect. He came toiling up the long stairs several times with articles of furniture, of bedding, and of linen, which he had asked for in charity to "a poor sick woman who had seen better days;" and the people, favorably impressed by his sad and earnest looks and manner, believed his story, and gave him all he desired. There was a small closet attached to the apartment, and here he threw down a small mattress, and lay all night guarding the door of his mistress, as a faithful dog might have done. To him she was the queen of France—lonely, unhappy, deserted, but the queen, for all that.

Marie slept long and heavily. It was long indeed since she had known so sweet and quiet a slumber. Poor as the place was, it was a home; and she had not known that blessing for years before. When she awoke, her room was bright and cheerful. The morning sun was shining into windows newly-cleaned and upon a table on which was a good breakfast. The furniture was neat and comfortable, and an arm-chair was awaiting her at the fireside.

It was too much for her overtaken nerves, and she who had faced armies without shrinking, burst into tears at this revelation of attachment so pure and so sincere. It was the one gleam of true sunshine in a lifetime of deceitful ignis fatui. Never had she anything like a true friend before. They who had professed love for her had been false and cruel as death. They had fluttered around her when she was in prosperous seas, but had forsaken her when her bark was wrecked upon the sands.

"Does your majesty know whose house this once was?" asked the Jew, eager to turn the tide of feeling that was becoming too mighty for her. No, she had not thought to inquire.

"It once belonged to the painter, Rubens," he resumed.

"Rubens! Ah, I remember. It is but twenty years since I loaded him with gold to decorate the Palace d'Orleans."

And overcome with the recollection of brighter days, long since departed into the shadowy past,

the poor old queen leaned her head upon her hand and wept bitterly, sobbing, at intervals, "Rubens! Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! And this is where he lived! Doubtless my gold once furnished these old rooms."

Eleazer drew her away from these tormenting remembrances of the past, by setting before her the table on which was her breakfast. Not in her days of queenly splendor had she been more royally served than on this morning. Her chocolate perfumed the air from a silver cup which the Jew had long held amid his poverty, because it was the gift of his queen in happier days; and the bread that lay beside it, begged from a baker that very morning, was white as the heart of a lily. As the Jew took it from the table, and held it to the trembling hands that reached out for it, he sank involuntarily upon his knees. The action affected her, but she only said:

"Nay, my good friend, I will have no mock homage. Marie de Medicis can appreciate friendship, but she will not accept the hollow forms of a court, nor prize the shadow when the substance is gone forever."

The Jew tried to re-assure her with hopes of a brighter future. It was not possible that Louis could hold out in anger forever. Some touch of filial affection must be hidden in his nature, that would awaken to a sense of his mother's misfortunes; and he believed that the time would come when he would be anxious to restore her to a degree of queenly state befitting the mother of kings and queens. And pleased and soothed, as a child would be, at the hopes he held out, Marie relapsed into her usually calm state.

A year passed thus. The exertions of her faithful friend kept Marie from feeling the bitterest pangs of her situation. She was of an age when personal comfort is of more value than the pageantry of wealth and rank. Every day she felt more sensibly the weakness of her frame, so long harassed by her changeful life; and although she often lamented pathetically the splendors of her court, it may be doubted if she could have sustained their weight so comfortably as she did her poverty, so softened and soothed as it was by one whose devotion was deeper than any mere courtier's would have been in her best and highest estate.

During the year Marie had visibly failed in health; and her devoted attendant perceived with grief that the weakness of which she complained was rapidly increasing, and that her mind suffered in sympathy with her body. Her nights were almost sleepless; or, if she slept for a short time, her mind was still in unrest. Visions of her young days in Tuscany seemed floating before

her—and then vague dreams of her court. She held conversations with her Italian lover, and lived over again her prison-life at Compeigne.

The spring of 1642 found her but a wreck. A dull, heavy languor pervaded all her faculties. She sat all day long, or lay upon her bed, without the wish to change her position; while often the morsel which she had longed for so much, and which Eleazer had taxed all his energy to procure for her, was rejected with loathing when offered.

It was a bright and beautiful day in the beginning of July. The queen had seemed to rouse herself to a sense of its beauty. The air, coming in fresh and balmy at her window, seemed to give her a pleasure unfelt for years, and she insisted that her couch should be drawn where she could inhale the incense of the flowers that were breathing out their summer odors in the sunny garden below. She dressed herself with more care than usual, putting on a white dressing-gown, and a simple muslin cap over her smooth gray hair.

As the day grew more sultry and the wind died away, she lay and watched the stirless trees, and spoke of their being painted by the hand that had painted so well—recalling to Eleazer's mind the various rooms at the Palace d'Orleans which that hand had beautified. A pleasant calm seemed diffused over her spirits, and communicated itself to her face. Eleazer looked at her, wondering at the appearance of youth which it gave her. All restless, uneasy sensations were banished—all striving after the impenetrable future; and he thought, as he gazed long upon her countenance, that it wore the same look that he had marked upon it in the height of her beauty. Her eyes were softened, and seemed filled with a tender light, as one sees in those of a child when its hour of play is over, and it sinks down into a heavenly calm, betokening speedy slumber. The hour seemed crowned with a holy hush, for not a sound broke the stillness, save the soft murmur of the bees among the flowers.

The silence was broken all at once by the quick galloping of a horse into the little courtyard below the window. Marie did not stir, even when the courier uttered a loud oath at some obstruction in his horse's path, and threw himself from his back, noisily striking his sword against the ringing stones of the pavement. His step, loud and heavy, ascended the stair. Eleazer crept softly to the door, lest the noise should disturb his mistress; and the courier announced that he had a message from the king of France to the ex-regent.

The Jew gave him permission to enter, and signified that the person lying there was the queen—for even in name or title he would not abate a jot of her royal dignity.

As she did not move, the courier approached and laid the king's despatches upon the couch beside her. The Jew whispered to her, and she motioned for him to read it. In a voice that trembled with emotion, he read aloud the permission of the king for her to return to Paris! A faint color rose to her cheek, a tear stole to her eye, but she gave no look at the papers. Her breath came quick and hurried, and her forehead was covered with dew. The Jew knelt by the couch with an undefinable fear, and the courier gazed on with awe.

The summons had come too late! The angel "that unlocks death's flower-crowned gate" had summoned her to a higher court, and the two men stood in the presence of the dead!

#### ROMAN CHARACTER.

The genius of Rome displayed itself in character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression. Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled, and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excite. They did not grow—they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator. The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to heaven; if his intent be defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more.—*Margaret Fuller.*

#### THE WAY TO OBTAIN HEALTH.

First study to acquire composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and while the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper; endeavor to look at the bright side of things; keep down as much as possible the unruly passions; discard envy, hatred and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics.—*Carpenter.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## SNOWY EVES.

BY GEORGE C. WESTON.

He best can tell whose feelings glow  
 With friendship, love and humor free,  
 How much we owe, thou social snow,  
 The gracious Power that sendeth thee!

Though pleasures born of summer's cheer  
 Are bright as tufts of merry leaves,  
 Yet all that's most to mortals dear,  
 Is doubly dear on snowy eves.

For while the sky's amazing dome  
 Gives views of wondrous grandeur birth,  
 The stray affections gather home,  
 As softly as the snows to earth.

O, then beside the glowing grate  
 The heart its inmost truths reveals;  
 And here against his very fate  
 The bashful lover championed feels.

For much that's yet beloved and bright,  
 For much that will forever glow,  
 We well may bless some snowy night,  
 Some whirling blast, of long ago.

For then, like some encamping host,  
 Their ranks the gentler feelings broke,  
 And guardsmen all from post to post,  
 To fellow-guardsmen kindly spoke.

Then each to each, more truly known,  
 Might all his friendlier self disclose;  
 While loves that summer ne'er had shown,  
 Grew warm amid blockading snows!

[ORIGINAL.]

## ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE.

BY C. C. FENTON, M. D.

WILLIAM, Duke of Aquitaine, after a youth and manhood of pleasure and gaiety, sought to win heaven by devoting the remainder of his days to a life of monastic seclusion. A hermitage in the rocky wilds of St. James de Compostella, was chosen as the scene of his future prayers and penitence; and his grand-daughter, Eleanor, was chosen by him to represent the almost kingly court of Aquitaine. The possessions of the duke, lying in the south of France, embracing Poitou, Auvergne, Saintogne, Perigord, Limousin, Angoumois and the "gay Guienne," were named Aquitaine by the Romans. No fairer land than this looks up to the blue skies of Europe. The beautiful Garonne and Loire stretch their threads of silver throughout its

breadth; and laughing fields and mountain vineyards lay beneath the sunny heavens that canopy the region so often sung of in the Provencal tongue—the sweetest language in the world.

The child queen, to whom had been given these fair domains was only fourteen years of age when she attained to them. Immediately upon resigning them to her, Duke William visited the court of Louis VI., and offered the hand of his grand-daughter to the youthful prince. It was accepted by father and son with transport; and, on the first day of August, 1137, the marriage was celebrated. On that day, too, and previous to the bridal, Eleanor received the deed and charter of Aquitaine; and Duke William also laid down the robes and insignia of sovereignty, adopted the "russet gown, the staff and sandal shoon" of a pilgrim, and departed, amid the tears and prayers of those whom he had governed long and well.

Arriving at Paris, the bridal train were astonished at the absence of all the gaiety and festivity they expected. Instead of these, silence and grief seemed to hover over the city; and weeping attendants conducted the royal pair to the dying bed of the king. He lived but to bestow on them his parting benediction, and to remind Louis of the solemn trust which he was to inherit; and with the words upon his lips, his soul passed on to a higher court.

Thoughtless as a child, and loving pleasures such as she had enjoyed in her grandfather's gay court in Guienne, the young queen plunged at once into every species of diversion. She heeded not the grief of Louis, nor the impression made upon his mind by the solemn scene of his father's deathbed following so quickly upon the bridal ceremony; or, if she heeded it at all, it was to complain of his monkish austerity. And from this time we may date her falling away from queenly dignity and from wifely faithfulness. The records of the expedition planned by her to the Holy Land are, alas! fuller of woman's frailty than Christian zeal. When, at length, Louis departed for Jerusalem, her unhallowed passion for Saladin was reported to him by her own page, Peyrol, whose own jealousy had been aroused at the too evident proofs of the unfaithfulness of his mistress. Had it not been for losing Aquitaine, that brightest jewel in his crown, and which only held allegiance to it by feudal tenure, the king would have repudiated Eleanor at once upon his return from Jerusalem. As it was, he contented himself by keeping her closely watched, and for bidding her to visit her southern possessions.

It was thirteen years since the coronation of Eleanor as Queen of France; and Louis still re-

tained his monkish austerities, as she her love of pleasure. It was with delight, therefore, that she welcomed to that dismal court the advent of a new guest. The Count of Anjou, who had married the Empress Matilda, and whose domestic happiness was no greater than Eleanor's, visited the court of France; and the queen, from sympathy perhaps, or from a stronger feeling, became his confidant, and bestowed her own confidence on him. The count was a Plantagenet by birth, and possessed the attributes of person peculiar to the race. Eleanor's susceptible heart beat quickly at his approach, and she surveyed the king's cropped head and shaven chin with a sensation almost like disgust, as she contrasted it with the long curls and flowing beard of the handsome Geoffrey Plantagenet.

Still, it was not Geoffrey Plantagenet who was destined to separate her from her liege lord. That brief attachment passed away like many other dreams in which Eleanor had forgotten herself. But, two years after, she dreamed again, and this time, the vision brought about a great and unexpected result. This was the result of a visit to the court, of the young and handsome son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Henry of Anjou. From the father to the son Eleanor's affections were transferred; and Henry, who was twelve years her junior, was yet fascinated by the beauty she still possessed, and not quite insensible to the broad lands of Aquitaine. The lovers were not long in discovering that the union of Louis and Eleanor had been an unlawful one, as they were fourth cousins; and, the king consenting, they were publicly divorced. The beautiful provinces of Aquitaine became the appanage of the English crown in less than a month afterwards, by the marriage of Henry Plantagenet and the divorced queen. On the death of King Stephen, the pair were crowned king and queen of England. On this occasion Eleanor wore the magnificent diamonds given her by her Turkish lover, Saladin. Altogether, the pageant was one of the most superb ever witnessed in England. Amidst the excitement of her new life, so different to that in France, Eleanor forgot her motherless daughters, now left solely to the care of their austere father. Perhaps she remembered them when another daughter was born, and her little son sickened and died; but the only instance of maternal devotion on her part is supplied by her anxiety to procure an unexceptionable tutor for her son Henry. The archbishop of Canterbury sent, for that purpose, Thomas a Becket, who afterwards became the dearest friend of the king, and succeeded to the wardenship of the tower, as also the chancellorship of the realm. The queen

had removed her court from Woodstock to Beaumont, where she gave birth to Richard, Cœur de Lion; and Henry, with his now inseparable companion, Becket, was journeying to see the royal babe and its still beautiful though wayward mother. On their way thither, they were met by a lovely girl on horseback, whose grace and beauty attracted the king's attention. She was mounted upon a fiery animal, but she controlled him so easily and with such calm composure, that Henry was perfectly delighted, and could scarcely be restrained by his more discreet companion from accosting her.

"And why should I not?" he asked, somewhat petulantly. "She is some country damsel, who would boast all her life that she had been noticed by royalty."

"Indeed no, your majesty," remonstrated Becket. "Here comes her serving man, the gray-haired Hubert. See! he is mounted on as handsome a charger as his young mistress; and to my mind, the lady is the daughter of Lord de Clifford."

Henry scarcely heard him—for now the fair girl and her servant were close beside him, and the surpassing loveliness that he saw almost took away his breath. So bright a vision had never dazzled his eyes before, and it needed the presence of the old servant to assure him it was not an angel that crossed his path. As she passed on, all the light seemed withdrawn from the way; and it was some minutes before he could speak. When he came to his speech again, he said, hurriedly, "I bethink me, Becket, that this sweet girl was present at the time when I received knighthood from the king of Scotland. She was then but a child, and as beautiful as a fairy. Her father buckled on my spurs. Where does Walter de Clifford dwell?"

"He is in Palestine. The Lady de Clifford is dead, and this child is with the nuns in yonder convent that rears its gray towers so loftily, as if proud of the youth and beauty enshrined within its walls."

That night Henry slept at the convent.

After the Archbishop of Canterbury died, Henry forced the office upon his favorite, Becket. Out of this grew disaffection between them, and Henry plotted the death of him who had been his own familiar friend and the beloved guardian of his children. Becket received death at the hands of Reginald Fitzurse, at the foot of Saint Bennett's altar, in Canterbury Church.

"The king hath done this," he said, as he stood calmly before the infuriated knights who sought his life. One moment they paused, at



sight of his noble courage. He seized that moment to write a single word to the queen, and then abandoned himself to his murderers.

Eleanor was in Bordeaux when Becket's message arrived. One look at the tablet on which he had written, brought a strange thrill to her heart. Why had he written this one word? Was it an omen—a talisman—a warning? She turned the tiny bit of ivory again and again, to find some other meaning. She found none, and her eye rested once more upon the single word **WOODSTOCK**.

And then, what of Woodstock? Must she shun or seek it? Was there no secret memory that would rise up now to reveal to her what it meant? She could think of nothing that would explain the mystery, and, woman-like, she resolved to set forth instantly on her way to that once beloved place. Suddenly, while she was journeying thither, a thought struck her which burned deeply into her brain. It was that Henry had seemed anxious that she should keep aloof from it, and had devised schemes, apparently unimportant at the time, but now seeming to grow stronger in the retrospect, for keeping her away. There was something there, then, that required her presence. She had been true to Becket. Henry had caused his death. He must have meant good to her at least. It was not likely he should have meant good to the king, when, forgetful of the old friendship, he had sought his death, and accomplished his purpose. One thing was certain. There should not be a spot in Woodstock or its surroundings that she would not search, until that mystic word should prove its significance.

And she kept her word, although the mystery seemed as far from being solved as ever. Henry came to Woodstock, astonished at finding her there; and she believed his astonishment was not unmixed with vexation. He had petitioned for a pardon from the pope, for the barbarous murder of his friend, and was now on his way to Normandy. She learned, too, from a chance word that he had been there before; and it struck her that some powerful reason had been the cause of these visits to a spot that must have awakened memories of the murdered Becket.

Henry stayed but a single week, and Eleanor began to doubt that she should ever be able to fathom the mystery; for he simulated a tenderness for her that effectually put to flight any suspicion of evil from him. Why, then, was she sent to Woodstock? was the question which she asked at every footstep. Henry's brief visit was over, and she prepared to receive his farewell. Such a farewell! so calm, so cold, so utterly in-

different! How it pierced her proud heart. She remembered the time when Henry Plantagenet had wooed the purple-robed wife of Louis of France, in other and warmer words than those now falling so coldly upon her ear. As he turned away, she bent her eyes upon the ground, to conceal her emotion, she saw something that sent the quick hot blood to her faded cheek, and made her heart beat with indescribable anguish.

A tiny thread of scarlet silk had become entangled in Henry's spur, and was now stretching its bright length far back upon the pathway by which he had come to meet her. She stooped and broke it away from the sharp point of the spur; and Henry, unconscious of the action, mounted his horse and rode off—his kingly figure watched until out of sight by her who stood there with the feeling unknown to her before, that she was forsaken.

Pride came to her aid as, through her tears, she saw again the scarlet thread. Slowly winding it upon her fair hand, she walked on alone. The clue led her on and on to the forest of Woodstock; nor did it once break until she reached the entrance of what seemed a fairy bower. Her thoughts had instinctively led her to the belief that some highborn lady had stolen the affections of the king, and had chosen this retreat to bid him a farewell, which, perchance, he had returned in warmer words than he had uttered to herself. It must be so, for noble dames alone had the privilege of using silk in those days, when trifles marked the difference between high and low so decidedly.

The first glance at the leafy bower told her that this was the cage for some bright bird. Rose trees and myrtles and flowering almond were mingled with taller branches that were bent down to form the bower. The soft air of the early June swept over violets and carnations, bringing their fragrance to her who heeded it not. She held her breath to listen to a sweet voice, pouring forth a plaintive song of parting. The burden of the song included a name which well nigh broke the heart of the listener, whose pride was fast deserting her. Wildly she tore apart the veiling leaves of the entrance, and as she saw, she wondered not that Henry was false even to herself.

Was there ever aught fairer or brighter than the queen of this sylvan court? More beautiful than Eleanor herself had been in her brightest youth, and with a far more beautiful expression. She seemed hardly more than a child, with the lovely golden brown ringlets floating over shoulders like snow. Her song was a lullaby, for there lay upon a cushion, a child, beautiful as

herself; and near his mother's feet, another as beautiful. One glance told Eleanor that on both the children's countenances, their royal birth was indisputably stamped. Henry's Saxon lineaments were there, mingled with those of the radiant girl-mother. A moment passed in which the two rivals looked aghast in each other's faces. Then the passionate nature of the elder woman broke forth into strong invective, taunting the fair creature before her with being King Henry's paramour.

"I know you not," was the calm, almost contemptuous reply. "Were but my husband here, he would lead you to some asylum for maniacs—for such you must surely be."

"No maniac, girl, but Henry's queen; she whom you have despoiled of her husband's love; and for this I will be revenged, though it cost me my crown."

Fully convinced of her guest's madness, and trembling with affright lest she might commit some act of violence upon her children, the lady of the bower addressed her in still softer and more winning accents.

"Lady, you mistake. My husband is the Duke of Maine. As for King Henry, I never saw him. I entreat you to leave me alone with my children."

The Duke of Maine! Henry then had deceived the girl, yet the thought did not soften the queen. She would be revenged on him, at least. Vain passion! Ere she could return to carry out her threat, the mother had flown with her children to the protecting arms of the old nuns who had cared for her in her motherless childhood. Henry returned to find the Bower of Rosamond deserted. Eleanor, too, was absent from Woodstock, and his suspicion fell strongly upon her. He followed her to Winchester, and charged her with her guilt which she denied, although her denunciations of his conduct were loud and violent; and he placed her in strict confinement for the expressions she used.

Determined to find Rosamond, Henry set out for the convent, from whence, unhappily, he had won her under a false name and by a false marriage. It was too late. She was dying, and only recognized him as the breath was leaving her. All the reparation that could be made to her memory was the acknowledgement of her children, and Henry lost no time in making it. The boys were placed at Woodstock, under the same careful tuition as Eleanor's son John.

In the old cathedral of Chinon, lay Henry of England, dying, with only Geoffrey, poor Rosamond's son, to close his eyes. His last words were curses upon Eleanor and the children she

had instigated to rebellion against him; while the son of her rival vainly interceded for their pardon. The monarch closed his heart against the petition for Eleanor, but when he asked it for his brothers, Henry bowed his head at last, in token of assent. He died almost immediately after. Henry was buried from the cathedral of Fontevraud. It is said that when Richard leaned over the dead body of his father, the blood flowed from its lips. The son groaned out that it was his ingratitude that killed him. Geoffrey who stood near, gave him the assurance that he was pardoned by the dying king.

"Who are you?" asked Richard. "Who are you that stood by my father's deathbed, when his children were absent?"

"I am his son, too," said the youth, proudly; "the son of King Henry and of Rosamond Clifford, who, as far as she was concerned, was the true and lawful wife of the man who deceived her. My mother was pure as the angels; for she knew not that he whom she called husband, was the husband of another."

The words struck deeply upon Richard's noble and generous heart. He gave his hand to the youth who had been more faithful to his father than himself; and ever after, Geoffrey was treated kindly and considerately by his kingly brother. Twenty years after, when the spirit of ambition had become dead in the heart of Eleanor, she retired to the convent of Fontevraud, where she lived three years; dying of sorrow when her son John was branded as the murderer of Arthur, and mourning over the sins and follies of her life, with a penitence that we trust was accepted of the Heaven she had so often offended.

#### JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.

A friend says the following story is a fact. Two boys of tender years, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain New England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, age, etc.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?"

"Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.

"Tom?" said the teacher—"that doesn't sound well. Remember always to speak the whole name. You should have said *Thomas*. Now, my son (turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea), now, then, will you tell me what your name is?"

"*Jack-ass*!" replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

The teacher was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and merely motioned the lads to their seats.—*Hartford Times*.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BLUEBIRD.

BY M. LEWIS.

Know ye a note in all the year  
 So pleasant as the bluebird's song,  
 When some bright morning, calm and clear,  
 He greets us as he flits along?—

Or, as on some tall tree he rests,  
 And warbles forth his clear wild notes,  
 So startling and so sweet, as blest  
 While on the air his music floats?

Yet blessing more, the woodman strong  
 Welcomes him with his upturned eyes,  
 As brighter visions swiftly throng  
 Before him at the glad surprise:

Visions of longer, brighter days;  
 Of buds, and flowers, and leafy grove,  
 Where many joyous roundels  
 Proclaim the almighty power of love.

Herald of spring, we welcome thee:  
 The first of all returned to make  
 Our forests vocal!—would that we  
 Thus by the forelock time might take!

For precious moments quickly pass,  
 And seasons swiftly glide along  
 Unmarked, as grows the humble grass,  
 And transient as the wild-bird's song.

"Up, and be doing!"—we will take  
 The lesson thou so well dost teach,  
 And in our duties strive to make  
 Sweet music, though we may not reach

Thy joyous heights, yet we may bear  
 Thy happy spirit in our hearts,  
 And from the clouded brow of care  
 Disperse the footprints and the darts

Still warble on, sweet bird, thy song  
 Inspires me more than many lays;  
 Still let it float our woods among,  
 The prophecy of brighter days.

And when from every tree and bush  
 Thy brother songsters fill the air,  
 Let thy sweet voice be heard at blush  
 Of morning, and at evening fair;

For midst them all no sweeter tone  
 Floats upward than thy gentle song,  
 And I would give to thee thy own  
 Full share of praise our birds among!

The tears of beauty are like light clouds float-  
 ing over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for  
 a moment that they may shine with greater lus-  
 tre than before.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TRUE TO THE LAST.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE serene and beautiful month of June, 1854 found me on board the ship *Argonaut*, bound to Hamburg, but touching at Havana. I went away, sad and gloomy, for fortune had played me one of those skittish tricks which she often tries upon us, poor, miserable mortals. I had been engaged, and should, doubtless, have been already settled down into a comfortable home, had I not met with reverses. Now, with a magnanimity which I almost thought would cost me my life, I gave up my engagement to Ethel Ward and desired her to forget me. Her father, a nabob in wealth, approved my determination; but I saw the tears in Ethel's eyes, and knew by that token that she would remember still.

When I first knew the Wards, I was floating upon the topmost wave of prosperity. I had just arrived at the age of twenty, with a fortune left me by my father, whose sole heir I was. Destitute of relatives, he had entrusted me to the guardianship of a friend, with unlimited power to act by me as if I were his own son. Certainly, Mr. Churchill did not object to my engagement with the rich heiress of Mr. Ward, and I was only waiting for the moment when I should be of age, to make immediate arrangements for the marriage. That time was fast coming. My birthday came in May, and this was the first week. The second week came, and I repaired one morning to my guardian's house, to hear the astounding intelligence that he was gone in the European steamer. Could I see Mrs. Churchill? No; she was gone too. The young ladies? No; they were all gone, and the servants were preparing to vacate the house, which had been sold, with all the furniture, to a man who was to have immediate possession.

Where, then, was my property, and how was I to gain possession? I looked around to see if haply some letter addressed to me might meet the eye, but the servants declared there was none. As I looked, I saw upon the carpet, beneath the library table, a slip of paper which had evidently fallen behind it unnoticed. I seized it. I saw my own name, and did not scruple to pocket it. When I had gone some steps from the house, I read it. It was in a female hand, and I recognized it as the peculiar style of Kate Churchill's penmanship. It was torn and fragmentary, but I read enough to throw a little light upon the subject, and learned that the young lady had, by

advice and consent of her father, intended to win me from Ethel Ward, and marry me to her own dear self—my fortune being the one thing needful. This letter, addressed to her father when absent, seemed to intimate that as all hope of that was lost, she was now willing to have him pursue the other course, which I now found, from a few straggling words remaining where a corner had been torn off, was to take the family and my wealth, and re-appear in some foreign land, where fate would perhaps be kinder to the young lady than I had shown myself.

I placed the fragment carefully in my pocket-book, hoping that it might be serviceable in the future, in ferreting out this monstrous fraud. I performed what I thought was my duty, that very night, in renouncing the hand of Ethel Ward, so that I fancied my twenty-first birthday was quite as full of incident as I could reasonably expect.

I had been well educated. My false guardian had, at least, done me this justice; and a merchant, once my father's friend, and truer far than he whom he so deeply trusted, offered me a situation in a commercial house at Havana, in which he was connected.

How glad I was to get away from the eternal harping upon my misfortunes, which I had heard now for three weeks, no one can imagine. I felt a new life, as I thought of leaving a place where every one knew what had befallen me; and I experienced something like pleasure in showing Mr. Ward that the lover whom he had rejected for Ethel because he was now poor, could carve a fortune for himself. Ah, it was the one thought of Ethel, that brought sadness to my heart! Yet, at the last hour, a little note was brought me, in which her own dear hand had traced a few words that were precious indeed. It contained, too, a tress of the longest and most beautiful hair I had ever seen. Ethel's hair was of the darkest brown, and its length was almost fabulous. I had often admired it, but never knew how rarely beautiful it was when let down. It may seem foolish to dwell on this; but I was young, and a lover then, and the gift seemed priceless in my estimation. I could shake my finger at the world now, since she did not quite forsake me. There was yet hope for a future day.

I had been in Havana but a few weeks, when, on taking up a paper, I saw the death of Mr. Churchill, at London. The paragraph stated that he was an American, and the age was correct, and yet I did not believe it. It was like him to circulate such a report, and perhaps he thought it would stop pursuit, and set matters at

rest. I shook my head incredulously at the statement, and went on, believing that George Churchill would yet turn up somewhere, and that I should "be there to see."

I am about to make a confession. I had been three years in Havana, without indulging in a single dissipation. My days were spent at the counting house, my evenings in reading, or at most, in walking around the city and into the beautiful country just out of Havana. I lingered longest near the bishop's house, which is in excellent taste, and has a beautiful square in front, where a band of musicians play every evening.

Sometimes I rode on horseback with a friend, the only one I had cared to make since my coming. But when I had arrived at the age of twenty-four, I became dissatisfied with my tame and spiritless life. I felt that my youth was passing, more like a premature old age than anything else; and, in conversing with my English friend, Arthur Mowbray, I found that he too was "awearied" of our life. We decided to join, in some measure, in the gaieties of Havana, and visited the opera several times together.

From this, it was an easy transition to the theatre, and, after that, we soon became acquainted with many of the dashing Cuba ladies, who ride out in their volantes, dressed as if for a ballroom. Our acquaintances, in this line were, fortunately, some of the most unexceptionable in the city, yet our northern clime had induced the belief that it was scarcely modest to appear in the streets in an open carriage, without a gentleman, and in low-necked and short-sleeved dresses without bonnets, for this is the favorite costume.

Mowbray entered my room one evening and begged me to go with him to the theatre. A new star was to appear, and her advent had been heralded by the most extravagant praises. In short, he had been assured that she was perfect, and wished me to go. I was too fond of him to resist, and we went together. We were surprised and delighted. I had never seen anything like her. She was large, well developed, her action, voice and manner all that could be asked, more than usually falls to the share of any single actress. Blending them all in one person, what could she not accomplish?

Mowbray was wild, enchanted. The cool, guarded Englishman, whom I had never seen excited before, now went into ecstasies, almost as marked as those of the fiery, passionate Cubans. And I, fool, dolt as I was, threw flower wreaths and bouquets at the feet of her who was the idol of the hour. I inwardly lamented that I had not provided myself with jewels, as Mowbray

had done, to mingle with the flowers. O, Ethel, whose pure, sweet name should not be mentioned on a page like this, stained as it is by my folly and forgetfulness of thee!

I was now quite independent. My father's friend had exalted me to a situation which proved almost a sinecure. I was dizzy, intoxicated with my prosperity, and plunged into dissipation, although it did not injure my reputation in a place where *not* to be dissipated in a degree, is almost considered a fault. And now I was putting the capstone to my folly by falling in love with an actress!

Donna Maraquita was very beautiful. She had a superb figure, magnificent hair and eyes, reminding me of some one I had seen, but whom I could not recall to mind. That and the two following nights were great triumphs for her. No actress had ever before so won upon the approbation of a Cuban audience, and the last night of the three, the young men harnessed themselves to her carriage and drew her to her hotel.

Why did she not prevent it? She liked this sort of homage too well. Must I confess, to my shame, that I—John Felix—was one of these stage-struck fools who turned themselves into horses—no, donkeys—for the beautiful Maraquita! I look back now with deeper shame at this voluntary degradation of myself, than at any other of my mad doings.

Coming away from this scene, I met a person ascending the steps of the hotel. The light from the doorway shone upon his face; and, be-whiskered and bejewelled as he was, I felt that he was some one not unknown to me, but could not for the life of me, say who. I followed his retreating figure with my eyes, until my curiosity became so whetted that I took pains to go back into the hotel for a nearer view.

He was in one of the public rooms alone. The door was half open. He took off his hat and went to a mirror which hung opposite the door, and I had a full view of his face therein. Had the grave given up its dead? For, as surely as I lived, it was the face of the scoundrel, Churchill!

I drew my breath hastily. I had almost rushed in, when my cooler second thoughts came to me. I would not allow myself to show the villain that I was not master of myself. I assumed a composed demeanor, and walked into the room. Churchill marked my entrance, but showed no recognition. I stepped up to him.

"Mr. Churchill, I believe?"

"Yes; no, sir, you are mistaken. My name is Velasquez."

"Indeed! When Mr. Churchill seeks to disguise himself from an old acquaintance, he should not betray himself for want of a glove."

He looked down quietly upon his left hand. The middle finger was wanting. It had attracted my disgust as a child, and my pity when I grew up. It was one of my peculiarities, this shrinking from any personal deformity, and, having marked it in any person, I never forgot its exact form. If I had had any doubt, his confusion of face would have dispelled it. He was pale and red by turns, yet he continued in a bravado-like style, to insist that I was mistaken, and that if I were a gentleman, I would apologize. Evidently he did not recognize me. Three years at my age does wonders in changing the verdant youth to full manhood, and my long, black beard had had full two years' pith, unshorn. I took it very coolly, commanding his attention by my eye. He blustered a little, repeating that no gentleman would so far infringe upon the rules of politeness as to invade the privacy of another.

"I have heard," I answered, "of would-be gentlemen, who betrayed the sacredness of their dead friend's trust, and defrauded their children."

The words seemed to sting him like an adder. He was so pale that I thought he would faint. He made a feeble effort to recover his composure, but even his impudence forsook him, mighty as it was.

"Who are you?" he asked, with a perceptible quiver in his voice.

"The son of your betrayed friend," I answered. "I am he whose inheritance you stole."

He went to the sideboard, where a decanter of brandy was standing. He took it up, poured out a tumbler nearly full, and drank it at a single draught. It restored the brute courage once more, and he now insisted upon fighting with me.

"I do not fight with drunken men, Mr. Churchill. I will see you when you are sober, and then we will talk of a subject which I do not wonder you wish to avoid."

He drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. His hand was too unsteady, and it glanced aside, the bullet entering the wall. Persons entered the room to see what was the matter. I had reasons for not wishing to arrest him while in a state of drunken excitement. I was, at least, "gentleman" enough not to do that.

I determined to have an interview with him when I had some friend by, as witness to his words, and without revealing to the crowd that I had ever spoken to the man who was now lying in a dull stupor upon the sofa—the effect of ex-

hausted rage and brandy—I went out. I went to the hotel as soon as possible the next day, taking with me an intimate and trusted friend. There was an unusual commotion in the house, men going up and down stairs. I asked the reason of all this, and the person whom I addressed said that a Spanish gentleman had killed himself. My thoughts fixed instantly upon Mr. Churchill, and we followed the crowd up stairs.

In a large and luxurious apartment, on a bed literally flooded with blood, lay Mr. Churchill. He had evidently tried the pistol first, for it lay upon the bed, discharged. The bullet was in the headboard. Probably he had attempted to point it at his forehead, and his hand had trembled. With a razor that lay near, he had been more successful. But who or what was that crouched on the floor, with face concealed against the bed? Where had I seen that superb hair?

"Poor child, it is her father who has destroyed himself thus!" said a compassionate old gentleman near me.

As he said it, the head was lifted, and disclosed to me the features of Donna Maraquita the actress! Here, then, was the mystery solved, which for days had been troubling my mind—the resemblance of Maraquita to some one I had known before. Reader, the goddess whose chariot I had helped to draw in triumph, was none other than Kate Churchill! If I ever felt thoroughly mean and contemptible—a being beneath the contempt of every decent man—it was at the moment of this discovery; and I was on the point of rushing from the room, when she recognized me. At first, I think, she only remembered me as one of the fools who were around her last night; but the light from a large window falling directly upon my face, she knew me as the John Felix of old. She shrieked out my name when I turned away. How could I do otherwise than to answer that frantic appeal? Even in the face of all that had passed—of her father's villany, of her plan of marrying me—even in the full memory of this, I felt impelled to go forward.

I think that my sole and pure motive then, was to aid a distressed countrywoman in a foreign land, under such a terrible calamity as had happened. I forgot all but this, and I went to her, tried to soothe her, and succeeded in drawing her away from the room. At all events, such was the confusion of my mind, that this is the only feeling I can remember as having experienced.

She was to see him no more at present, the officers having already come in to report, and the men were commencing to perform the last

office's. I drew Kate to a private parlor, where she candidly told me all. She did not try to exculpate her father. She knew that he had acted dishonestly. Her mother and herself were mixed up in the affair, she said; but she generously defended her sister Margaret from any part or knowledge in the matter. Whatever I might think of the others, I must never blame Margaret. This magnanimity touched me. I saw a nobleness in this which I admired. I think she saw her advantage in this and pursued it; for, by some indefinable spell which she cast around me, I could not leave her until her father was buried, and then I had become the talk of that quarter of the town, for my attention to the actress.

She had told me that the ill gotten wealth had melted like snow from their hands; that they became miserably poor, and that her mother died in consequence of her privations; that Margaret, the kind, good, patient little Margaret, had gone as a nursery maid—I think that this confession cost her more than that of her father's villany—and that her father had come to Cuba as a last resort, taking her with him and assuming the name of Valasquez, while she took Margaret's name, as they call it in Spanish—Maraquita. Her childish tendencies had all been dramatic. She had powers, had always wished to play upon the stage. Her advent had been heralded with such praise as might have made a worse artiste than she succeed, and she had been far more successful than she had ever believed possible. I listened to all this with her letter to her father in my pocket.

Mr. Churchill was consigned to the tomb, and his daughter again sought the stage with undiminished *eclat* attending her. She was born an actress, one would think. It was strange, you will say, that I suffered myself to be drawn into the train of her admirers, knowing what I knew. I am as ready to wonder, and call it strange, as any one can be. It was one of those deep infatigations of the human mind that are inscrutable in their cause, and only known by their outward operations.

Perhaps I was stimulated in my devoirs, because Mowbray was so exultant in his own fancied hold upon the heart of Maraquita. I distanced him in the race, and won the prize, if prize it were. Will you believe that I married her? I did, indeed, and Arthur Mowbray was the first to turn the affair into ridicule. O, the bitterness of such ridicule! The added bitterness when you find that you have nothing to console yourself for it. O, Ethel, Ethel, how well you were avenged for my faithlessness to

you! Even on the marriage day, at the very altar, the pure, unsullied image of my early love came before me, and I shrank from the being beside me, on whose white hand I was placing the ring. I marked a gleam of triumph in her eye that, actress as she was, she could not conceal from me.

I pass over a few weary years. I became independent, notwithstanding Kate's enormous expenditures. I called her by her own name now. It was less hateful to me, even with the Churchill memory hanging around it, than the name she had won as an actress, and which seemed to belong to everybody.

Her occupation gone, her admirers fled, she sank into a careless, indolent life, very different from her former energy and sprightliness. During the first months of marriage, Mowbray had visited the house every day. Kate made no secret of her regard for him. I made an opportunity of offending him, a proceeding which I repeated with others. My best and truest friends, indignant that I should have formed such a marriage, forsook me, so that society with me was exceedingly limited.

"As a dream when one awaketh," this marriage was to me. It seemed as if fate and my own fully combined, had carried out for me just the reverse of that life which I seemed born to live. Fortune had been a capricious friend to me, taking and giving wealth as she listed, and marrying me to one whom I now absolutely abhorred, while a pure, true heart was awaiting my return.

I had some business in Matanzas, which I supposed would last me several weeks, and I left home with a species of relief. I had become so entirely weary of my domestic relations! I had discovered what I partly knew before, and which I deserved torture for disregarding—namely, that Kate Churchill, now, alas, Kate Felix, was a sensualist, an infidel, false to every tie, and corrupt to the heart's core.

I came home unexpectedly, and Havana was ringing with my disgrace. Mowbray, the cool, calculating Englishman—the traitor to old friendship, the derider of sacred ties—had sailed for Europe during my absence, and Kate had accompanied him.

I knew he would go to England. He was rich enough to hush up all the stories that might be circulated there to his disadvantage. I determined to follow and confront them—to do the worst that could be done—although of the many schemes that crowded my brain, I had not yet resolved which I should prosecute.

I arrived in Liverpool, with a raging headache, the precursor of a dreadful brain fever. I knew nothing for many, many days. It left me weak in body, mind and spirit. Had Arthur Mowbray appeared before me, I should not have even taxed him with his guilt. My sole occupation, as well as I can remember, was to lie on a sofa all day and watch the flies on the ceiling.

Tolerably well fleeced I was at this period, according to English custom. Not a servant in that hotel brought a glass of water for my lips, that did not hold out his hand, Arab-like, for a "backsheesh;" and my drafts upon my banker for the expenses of my illness were alarming to one whose life and strength were too exhausted to think of entering into a business life again. I honestly believe that I could have lived six years in Cuba for what it cost in half that number of months in Liverpool.

As soon as I was able, I went to London, and to rouse me from my intolerable stupor my physician ordered me to go to the theatre. I had grown more healthy, but my mind was yet disordered. I shrank from the word; but he persisted in wishing me to come to his box that very evening, and proposed calling for me. I had not examined the bills, nor, if I had, should I have been wiser; but when the curtain rose, and discovered her who was marked as Madame Catalina, I saw only Kate Churchill, while in a box near the scenes, was Arthur Mowbray, his face bearing strong marks of the intemperance to which I had heard he was addicted.

I think that, of all the feelings that possessed me at that moment, shame had the mastery at reflecting that these beings had been my wife and my friend. Do not think that I wished to recall my memory to either. That bloated figure in the box, that painted face on the stage—they were not worth drawing a pistol forth; nor would the most rigorous devotees of the code of honor have blamed me for taking no notice of either.

Ah, a shriek from the stage! Was that in the play? The curtain suddenly falls upon Madame Catalina, whose lips are wet with blood, the crimson stain of which dyes her satin dress. So much could we see, no more. My friend the doctor responded to the call for a physician which was wildly made from the stage. Even in that moment I looked at Mowbray. He sat almost within reach of one's arm from the stage, and had apparently not heard that piercing shriek. He was in a drunken sleep.

I followed the doctor behind the scenes. There lay Kate, her stage finery bedabbled with blood. She had broken a large blood-vessel,

and it would probably endanger her life to be removed. I looked at her with amazement. Her life had not been an easy one of late, it was evident. She was thin to emaciation, and the paint that covered her cheek was disturbed in spots by the touch of her hands in her agony, and showed the sallow skin beneath its crust. Was this the beauty for which I had forgotten Ethel Ward?

"Now go home, Felix," said the doctor. "The play is spoiled, and this is too nearly a tragedy to suit your shattered nerves."

Heavens, what would he have thought had he known all? He came home at midnight, and, as I was still below, he came in to tell the result of his skill. He had stopped the bleeding, and enjoined perfect stillness to his patient. She would not get over it, he thought. No one could, with the loss of such a terrible quantity of blood. And upon that consideration I concluded to accompany him in the morning, if she should survive. The doctor expressed himself surprised at the rapid change in me. I was awake now, he said. He thought it well for people to look at the misfortunes or casualties, or illnesses of others, as I had done. It kept us from our own.

How surprised he was when, as we sat far into the small hours of the night, I recounted to him what I have here written of the past! I deemed that thus much was due him for the unvarying kindness he had shown me since I was brought to him, insane with brain fever. And, having thus confided in him, I intended he should see the play out.

We went together. Madame—so the attendants informed us—had lain all night in a partially comatose state. She did not open her eyes as we entered, and the doctor approached her, while I stood aside. After examining her state in silence, he arose and whispered me.

"She will not live an hour," he said. "If there is anything you wish to say, do so. Nothing can hurt her now."

Nothing could hurt her now! Would I—would any man on earth have awaked that death-like being from slumber to bestow reproaches, when she would so soon appear before the great white throne to answer for all her sins and errors? I, at least, was not one to do this. As I moved forward for a last look, her eyes suddenly opened. She knew me, and held out her arms. I took her hands, and she whispered:

"John, forgive me!"

It was her last word. The next moment blood again stained the pillow, and in its flow, the spirit passed. For months and months that

word "forgive" came up to me with its haunting, mocking sound.

We buried Kate in a quiet English churchyard where the aspens trembled over her grave, I thought them types of her restless life. Without wishing to appear as a mourner, I followed her with the doctor. I was no mourner. The gladdest thought she had given me for a long time was in her death. I placed in the doctor's hands a sum sufficient to cover all expenses, and to lay a plain slab, with "Kate Churchill" inscribed upon it, over her. This done, I hastened to America. Something, I knew not what, had long been drawing me thitherward. I was conscious of a spell upon me, but I knew not whence it came nor what nature it was of. I became acquainted, on the passage, with a little fair-haired lady, the daughter of a sea captain, who, with her father had been for some time in England. They were returning now, for the mother of the young girl was ill, and had sent for them to hasten if they would see her.

Though, as I have said, I was no mourner for the dead, yet I was sad. My life thus far had been, or seemed to have been, in vain. Through one man's untruthfulness and want of integrity, my barks had all been wrecked. No, I must recall that assertion. Even what man, in his wickedness, had been able to do to me, would not have harmed me had I been true to myself. This was the rock upon which I had split. I could throw no glamour over my eyes that would hide this mortifying fact. O, that I could retract it all! was my constant, unvarying cry, welling up from the inmost depths of my soul. Often I wished myself a Catholic. With what rapture would I have welcomed the scourge and hair shirt, if by that penance I could have wiped away my errors!

The young girl sympathized with my sadness without divining its cause. She subdued her anxiety about her mother, and talked to me in such a hopeful, if not joyful way, that I involuntarily came into her cheerful manner of looking at trouble. She brought out a number of miniatures one day, to show me—old faces of friends, she said, far older than herself, but very dear to her. One was enclosed in a gold locket, and had a chain attached. I seized it, but she snatched it away.

"You are not to look at that, sir," she said, playfully. "You will be falling in love with the original. This is mine, all mine."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "That is no lady's picture, but that of some boyish youth who has left it in your charge while he goes to school."



A look that pained me was her only answer. She opened the locket and showed me— What? The fresh, blooming face, the beautiful hair and eyes of her whom I first loved—Ethel Ward! I tore it from her hand and covered it with kisses. Then remembering how unworthy I was to do that, I felt my cheek flush with deep shame. My little friend was astonished, alarmed, I think, for my senses. I quieted the excitement of my manner, and asked her of Miss Ward, and how she came to know her. But I interrupted her again before she said a word in reply, by saying: "I think you too good to betray my confidence, little lady, so I will just tell you that I was once a friend of Miss Ward."

"A friend, and not so now? That seems impossible. No one ever comes to love Miss Ward who once knows her."

I told her as much as I thought proper.

"And you will renew your engagement?" she asked, naively.

"No; I am too unworthy, and also too poor. Ethel Ward is very rich, while I have only a small independence."

"Rich! Ethel Ward rich? Are you laughing at the poor girl's misfortunes, Mr. Felix?"

"Indeed, no. What do you mean, Bell?"

"I mean that Mr. Ward is dead, and that out of all his grand fortune, nothing is left. There was some fraud, some villany, I know not what, but I know that Ethel gave up everything, literally everything but her own apparel."

I could not ask another word; but my little friend anticipated my wishes to hear more.

"She brought her splendid education into service and became a governess—my governess. It is in our family that Ethel Ward sheds the sunlight of her presence. If I am anything, know anything, it is to Ethel that I owe it. She is my mother's dearest friend, and remains with her while papa and I are absent."

What a revelation was this! Yet what would it avail to me? Ethel was farther, immeasurably farther above me now, than when in the height of her prosperity I had laid at her feet my then pure and true heart. Now she had lost the dross of wealth, but kept her integrity. I, alas! had been a bankrupt in all. I took Ethel's little note from my pocket-book that day, and unrolled that bright tress which I had always kept. Bell allowed me to take the miniature into my study, and I had gazed upon it as the devotee looks upon the picture of his patron saint, yet feeling deeply and sorrowfully that I had no right even to look.

Day after day I kept Bell Haverford talking of Ethel; a subject of which indeed she never

wearied, neither, in truth, did I. O, Ethel, Ethel, if it were possible to wipe out the folly and shame of my life, how sweet would it be to find thee peer in worldly wealth, that I might toil and labor for the rich reward of thy love!

The steamer arrived on Saturday morning, and before an hour had passed, Captain Haverford, Bell and myself were in the case and going home. Home to them, if not to me. It seemed so strange to me that I was going back to the very house I once boarded at; in the very street, too where Mr. Churchill lived, and from which they were all gone—dead! No, where was that poor, patient Margaret? I would find her out if possible, and befriend her. She was the only good one in the family, and, as a brother-in-law—pshaw! I did not like to recall my ties to the Churchill family, even through good little Margaret.

"Come and see us, Mr. Felix," said Captain Haverford, cordially, as I left the carriage that conveyed us all from the station. "Let us see you every day, and to-morrow, without fail, at dinner."

Bell's eyes glistened with roguish mirth as she saw my raised color. She seconded her father's invitation. Dear soul, she had not even hinted to me that I had forgotten to restore Ethel's picture. Forgotten! when all that time it had lain close to my breast, enfolded with the tress of hair and that little note. All through my married life, unknown to Kate, I had kept these precious relics of the only worthy love I had known. Now, I would not have parted with them for a kingdom.

I was very nervous the next day as the dinner hour approached. Never, in the height of Ethel's prosperity, had I felt disturbed at the thought of meeting her; but now I trembled like a girl. How should I ever get over that interview? How would she receive me? Perhaps, on leaving the name of the expected guest, she would refuse to appear at dinner. Perhaps she would feel insulted at my coming. There was a long list of wrongs and neglect, and apparent forgetfulness to atone for, and—O, dear! what will not a heart, thus tried, invent to torture itself with?

Then I comforted myself with the thought that my little friend Bell would manage in her cunning way to save me from embarrassment, and I set off at the appointed hour, looking as brave as I could. Captain Haverford received me in the parlor and introduced me to his invalid wife, who shared with him in welcoming me. Presently I heard the door open and a rattle of silk garments. I have no memory of any-

thing else until we were seated at table, I feeling as one does in a dream, and seeing a lady in black beside me, to whom I was mechanically showing the little attentions of the dinner-table.

I did better when I awoke from the dream and found Ethel Ward beside me in reality. She was very pale, much thinner than formerly, and her black dress seemed to increase her paleness. Yet, O how beautiful she was! The clear, transparent skin hardly concealed the blue veins in temples, hands and arms. The lips were red and glowing as of old, and the eyes, if not so brilliant, had a softness that was still more beautiful than their former splendor. It was happiness enough to sit and gaze. I put off the evil time that might come when she knew all my disgraceful conduct toward her.

Captain Haverford had an appointment after dinner. Mrs. Haverford was an invalid, and her sister was, of course, indispensable. Bell went to lead her mother up stairs, giving me a comical look as she passed my chair, and she did not return. Miss Ward had all the honors of the house to perform to the stranger.

I told her all—confessed all my folly and its rewards. I spoke in a low voice, and never raised my eyes to that face, until I had said it. Then I looked up, and that sweet face was bathed in tears. I don't know, to this day, how I went around to her side, nor how I was emboldened to wipe away those tears. I only know that when the long interview was interrupted by Bell Haverford, who came in and scolded Ethel for not ringing for lights, she escaped up stairs and left Bell and myself to a confidential talk, which lasted an hour. Ethel had forgiven all. Her only scruple in marrying me was that she had nothing to bring me in the way of fortune.

"It was different once," she murmured.

"And I am heartily glad that you are poor, Ethel," I said. "It would not be right to have all the advantages on your side."

We were married in a month, and settled in the prettiest little cottage that was ever seen. We are not rich, but we have enough to supply every want. I have the best and kindest wife in the world, a pleasant home and a thriving business. We have good and true friends in the Haverfords, and many more. We are as happy as mortals deserve to be.

By Ethel's earnest request I sought out Margaret Churchill, intending to offer her a home. Fortunately she was not needing one. She was already married, and is enjoying the happiness she merits in such full measure.

And O, my Ethel! after long years of wretchedness and pain caused by my own folly, I come

to thee to be healed; and gently indeed hast thou thrown the bliss of perfect forgiveness and the sweet balm of healing over me. Bless thee, now and forevermore!

#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The phrase, "a good-looking man," means different things in town and country; and artists have a separate standard of beauty from other people. A country squire is thought good-looking, who is in good condition like his horse; a country farmer, to take the neighbors' eyes, must seem stall fed, like the prize-ox; they ask "how he cuts up in the caul, how he tallows in the kidneys." The letter-of-recommendation face, in general, is not one that expresses the finer movements of thought or of the soul, but what makes part of a vigorous and healthy form. It is one in which Cupid and Mars take up their quarters, rather than Saturn or Mercury. It may be objected here, that some of the greatest favorites of fortune have been little men. "A little man, but of high fancy," is Sterne's description of Mr. Hammond Shandy. But then they have been possessed of strong fibres and an iron constitution. The late Mr. West said, that Bonaparte was the best made man he ever saw in his life. In other cases the gauntlet of contempt which a puny body and a fiery spirit are forced to run, may determine the possessors to aim at great actions; indignation may make men heroes as well as poets, and thus revenge them on the niggardliness of nature and the prejudices of the world. I remember Mr. Wordsworth's saying, that he thought ingenious poets had been of small and delicate frames, like Pope; but that the greatest (such as Shakespeare and Milton) had been healthy, and cast in a larger and handsomer mould. So were Titian, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. This is one of the few observations of Mr. Wordsworth's I recollect worth quoting.—*Hazlitt*.

#### EARLY INFLUENCE.

There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heart-ache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind and heart—quite otherwise. God be thanked! but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself.—*Dr. Oldham*.

Some one has defined "policy" to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY ANGEL.

BY ALLEN WINDHAM.

An angel, with eyes like the heaven  
That looks through the dark cloud's frown,  
And hair like the pale gold of sunset  
That gleams like a glory-crown:

With his left hand parts the shadows  
Which hover so thick and dread:  
And his right hand brings a blessing,  
And lays it upon my head.

O angel, I'm so unworthy!  
My heartfelt of sin cast away;  
And whiten the darkening garments  
Which lie in the dust to-day!

O angel, my sore-heart is weary,  
And the blessing you bring to me now  
Will brighten my darkening garments,  
And lighten my sin-clouded brow.

I thank the good Father—in kindness  
He once took an idol away,  
And has sent me one of his angels—  
Ah, the god I then shrined was but clay!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY ALICE MONTFORD.

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

FROM my earliest boyhood, I had proclaimed that I would never be married. I had heard some foolish man who had been jilted by some more foolish woman, declare the same, and thenceforth the resolve was unalterably fixed in my mind. I will not say that I have not been tempted to renounce it. In my lonely, wandering life—in the hours of sickness and sorrow, I have longed for some sweet, patient being *all my own*, who should lay her cool hand upon my burning forehead, and whisper "live for me,"—for one who would wander side by side with me, knowing no home, no country, save where I was. And I have seen such beings, too; and, wretch that I was, have told them the tale of love, and won theirs in return, only to leave them desolate. I say it not in boast, for, God help me! it is a poor thing to boast of. I take shame to myself for the deed.

I was sitting in my office one evening, when a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, was ushered in by my servant. It was but a trifle that brought her thither—the payment of a note given

me by her deceased brother, of whose estate she had been appointed executrix. Yet she lingered, as if unconsciously to herself, as I prolonged the conversation upon the topics of the day, of which we had somehow began to talk. I became interested in her, and for some months previous to my departure for a foreign land, I was gradually increasing in friendship for her. It was nothing more than friendship on either side. But it led to something momentous at last.

I was once more in England, my adopted home. My employment there was among the musty records of Chancery, and my acquaintance with the Doomsday Book was greater than with all other books. Perhaps I had named it to my lady friend across the water, although I did not recollect that I had done so. I one day received a letter from America, the handwriting of which, though perfectly unfamiliar to me, was evidently traced by one who knew my residence, for it was directed to my street and number. It was a lady's hand, and my thoughts flew directly to my former friend. It was not hers, however. Instead of the name I expected to see, I read the signature of "Sophia Tremaine." It inclosed a note from my friend to herself, stating that she knew that I would be happy to perform a service for any one in America, and giving her my direction, with a compliment to my intelligence and general ability. I did not think she had had a fair opportunity of testing me, but I accepted the compliment and resolved to do the service expected of me, before I had even glanced at the letter, which was in substance as follows: Sophia Tremaine, like her friend, was a widow with two children, and, as she frankly told me, with very little to rear them upon. Her husband had been a naval officer, and had been dead several years; since which she had struggled on, hoping to get her eldest son into the naval academy; he being determined to follow his father's profession.

Recently, she had heard that her husband's uncle, dying long ago in England, had left an immense property still unclaimed. She was not able to bear the expense of a voyage to England, but her cousin, Mrs. Dalton, had written her of me, and she believed in me without seeing me, with all the beautiful faith of woman in man. I may as well say, in passing, that I was perfectly successful in stabilising the heirship of her sons, although the amount of property had been greatly exaggerated. She did me the honor to select me as their guardian, and I was delighted to send on a remittance which the lawyer I employed graciously advanced, to enable her to come to England with her boys.

Six months elapsed, however, before she came—various things having happened to prevent her preparations. During that time we corresponded freely. She was all gratitude, of course, and her letters interested me deeply from the delicate way in which she expressed it. I wrote her with a truly brotherly feeling, and I often gave expression to the disappointment I felt at not seeing her so soon as I expected. For—laugh as you will—I had actually come to love Sophia Tremaine, from her letters alone. It would have been easy enough to have asked for her picture, but I resolutely forbore. I had been the slave of the eye long enough. I thought now that I would depend wholly upon the written sentiments of the heart, until fortune should favor our meeting. Already I had begun to forswear my determination to live a single life. There was such a mixture of frankness and delicacy in what she wrote me, such a sweet, sisterly appreciation of my character, which I am afraid she read only too favorably, such an union of simplicity and dignity, that already I loved her as I had never loved mortal woman before.

I had been confined to my room with a slight fever, and was still lingering there, with the indolence of one who has little or nothing to do. I had commenced writing to Sophia, and had entreated her to bring my wards to England, to arouse me from my idleness, when just as I was sitting down to my solitary dinner, the servant told me that some one wished to see me in the parlor. Some one! but who? He did not know. The message had been only transmitted to him by a fellow-servant, who had given no name. I thought of Sophia, because I was ever expecting her; and, moreover, I knew there was a steamer in from America. I looked around my room to see if there was anything that would shock a lady. No, it was perfectly neat and in order, and my bachelor table was nicely set; my slippers and dressing gown immaculate. My only bed was a large morocco lounge, from which the coverings mysteriously disappeared every morning, leaving the room only the appearance of a parlor; so I ordered the tea and toast to be set upon the hob, and the visitor to be brought up. I cannot say that I did not look in the mirror twice while I waited; and I confess to the weakness of trembling; but that of course was from my recent sickness. The door opened. I started from my easy chair, forgetting I was an invalid, and went forward, as a form darkened the doorway. In a moment we had shaken hands, and I had said "Mrs. Tremaine!" How did I know her? I should have known her in heaven, if my mortal eyes had never looked upon her on

earth. You laugh again—and I am forced to say that the same delicious odor that had always exhaled from her letters, came like a stream of rich, distilled perfumes upon me now. Who could it be but the writer of those dear letters which I had so longed for during my sickness? And she was here, and thanks to that sickness! here in my own room, where I could talk to her as I wished, and hear the voice which I had dreamed of so often. But we could not talk. Some one says that when friends meet who have longed for a meeting so ardently, the tongue rarely speaks. The spirits commune, but in silence, just as they have done "when shores and seas have held the two apart." Yet, seldom have two met so gladly. I do not believe I could have described Sophia half an hour afterward to any mortal. The color of her hair and eyes was as great a myth to me as before we met. Her height and fulness were equally so; but when she left me, my room seemed wonderfully dark. It was as if a sunbeam had been suddenly quenched.

No matter how we parted. We met not again until a week afterward, when I was first able to ride out. I was delighted to find that her lodgings were not far off; for I could, in a few days, walk to see her. The boys—my wards—were bright, pretty lads, whom their mother showed her good sense by sending to school immediately—at least, it was a pleasant arrangement for me, while becoming more acquainted with her.

O, those days! nothing in life was ever half so dear to me. I went everywhere with her—first, of course, to see to her claims and her children's; and afterwards, to every place worth seeing. I enjoyed her delight keenly. Her pleasure was so genuine—so quietly, yet so gratefully expressed—and, vain man that I am to say so, her tastes all resembled mine. I knew it would be so, for I had had a deep insight into her character, months before.

She loved me—this woman who had never known love before—for her husband was an old, old man, fretful and peevish, and had fretted the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes, making her hate all mankind for his sake, until she saw me. She loved me—I made her say it again and again, for her voice was the most delicious in the world, and the words suited the voice.

A thousand times a day I asked myself to what all this was tending? Not surely to marriage, for my aversion to that was not yet conquered. Yet how could I break up the delightful dream that was bewitching us both? You will say, perhaps, that Sophia was herself to blame for suffering it to go on so long. Before

God, I clear her from all blame. I alone was guilty. I suffered her to think that I was intending marriage. It was. A marriage of the soul, of which I broke the vows as sinfully as if the priest had spoken the solemn words that should have pronounced us husband and wife. O, I would give worlds to recall that hour of perfect trust in me! Poor Sophia! The old man whom she had not loved, was far truer to her than myself. Yes, we talked love, and we wrote love; for we wrote to each other at the hours when London conventionality forbade us to be together. And then, when I most loved, most admired, most believed in her as a woman whose taste, intellect, culture and affection for me were all I could desire, I threw myself back upon my miserable bachelor scruples and sacrificed Sophia, as I had done dozens of Emmas and Marys and Matildas before her. I deliberately, coolly, heartlessly told her that I could never marry—that it had been my positive determination never to yoke myself for life. Yes, I brought my lips to utter that insufferable nonsense to the still, pale, patient woman—angel rather—sitting there before me. Do you ask how she behaved? In a way that has made me feel ever since, like the meanest dog that ever fawned upon a friend and then howled out his spite. I could have slinked away to the outermost portion of God's earth—have lain "my hand on my mouth and my mouth in the dust," rather than encounter that look again. She did not rave nor call me a villain, as she ought—but she sat still and looked at me with a calm contempt, more terrible to me than the most violent of wordy anger. By Heaven, Hal, I would at that moment have "yoked" myself to a wild Indian girl, rather than encounter it.

She walked slowly to the door, opened it, waived me towards it. I was like one under a spell. She willed me to go, and I followed. I tried to take her hand, but she was immovable; and all the while her face maintained the same terrible, changeless calm. I made an involuntary step forward. It was her advantage, and she took it. The next moment the closing door was pressing hard upon my shoulders. I was literally turned out of door. This woman had avenged all of her sex with whom I had trifled.

I dreaded to take up the paper next morning. It seemed to me that I should be certain to find my disgrace trumpeted there. I was mistaken. Sophia Tremaine has never, to my knowledge, mentioned the affair to man, woman nor child. I have never met her since. Her boys are still my wards, but I exercise nothing but the right of taking care of their English property, and I

correspond only with themselves in regard to it. They seem satisfied with my doings, or at least, I hear no complaint. Often I pass Sophia Tremaine, and would give the world to speak to her—to press her hand and ask her to love me once more—but the cold, unrecognizing look drives me back to my den. There, in that chair, where she sat that day, I see her still. I see her sweet, sympathizing look, and hear that delicious voice. Then I am maddened by the remembrance of our last interview—Pshaw! why do I think of it? Another cigar, Hal! and pass the bottle. It was my last passion. I shall never love again.

#### BOUND TO CARRY HER POINT.

A young woman the other night applied at the office of the guardians of the poor for a season ticket to the almshouse. She gave her address Mary Law, New York. The hour was late, the giving of the order impracticable. She bore evidences, besides, of approaching maternity, and her application was then denied point blank by Mr. Marks. The woman said, "so you won't take me?"

Mr. Marks said "no."

"You're sure you won't?"

"Positive," said Mr. Marks. "It's against my orders except you come in the daytime and get a permit."

"All right," said the woman, who walked away. She returned a moment afterwards, with a paving stone wrenched from the gutter edge. Without another word she swung around her arm, and dashed the stone through sash and window, demolishing both. If she didn't get to the almshouse she succeeded even better. She secured her arrest and transmission to Moyamensing prison, a place that offers better board and lodging to tramps than any of the beggars' hotels in the fourth ward. She was taken away laughing, with her thumb to her not ill-shaped nose, and her fingers describing a semi-circular gyration. American women are seldom found in her situation. She claims to be a genuine Knickerbocker.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

#### ARSENIC IN DRESSES.

An eminent English chemist recommends the following process for detecting the presence of arsenic in wreaths, dresses, and other articles of female apparel: Put a drop of strong liquid ammonia (liquor ammonia, the druggist calls it) upon the green leaf, or dress, or paper, and if it turns blue copper is present, and copper is rarely, if ever, present in these tissues and fabrics without arsenic also being present—the green compound being arsenite of copper. It has tested papers and dresses in this manner a hundred times, and has never failed to discover arsenic when the ammonia changes the green into blue. It is therefore indirectly a very reliable test; and if every lady would carry with her, when she is shopping, a small phial of liquid ammonia, instead of the usual scent bottle, the mere touch of the wet stopper on the suspicious green would betray the arsenical poison and settle the business immediately.—*Scientific American.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## WEEP NOT!

BY WILLIE WARE.

Weep not for the loved and gone before,  
 They rest in peace and quiet now;  
 They know no care, no grief, no pain,  
 No shades of sorrow mark their brow;  
 Their forms may waste beneath the sod,  
 Their spirits dwell above with God.

Then weep no more for the loved and gone,  
 They dwell in lands where all is fair;  
 Where flowers bloom and never fade,  
 And shades of even are unknown there;  
 They roam amid bright, heavenly bowers,  
 And wear the crowns of immortal flowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BRIDE OF VALENCIA.

BY H. H. HAVEN.

In the blue waters of the lovely Bay of Valencia, on the east coast of Spain, a graceful vessel was one spring morning slowly sailing before a light breeze. She was steering towards the town, and had come from the opposite island of Ivica, which lay a few leagues off from the Spanish main. There were several groups that were watching this craft with eyes either of interest, or of caution, or of curiosity, or of admiration. Those who watched it with admiration were a small party of naval officers who had been paying a visit to the ruins of the old *Castello de Alvarez*, on the sea shore, and who, under the shade of a tall cork tree that grew near the walls, were watching the manoeuvres of the stranger. And it was a schooner worthy of the nautical criticism of the Spanish lieutenants. The length of the vessel was full one hundred feet, her breadth of beam twenty, and her capacity about one hundred and eighty tons, presenting a naval symmetry in her features that left nothing to be desired.

"Caramba!" exclaimed one of the richly uniformed Spanish lieutenants; "that is a belle of the sea in her way. How perfect her proportions are!"

"Yes," said the other officer, as he took his cigar from his mouth, and bent his eyes closely upon the vessel; "she is not a Spanish bottom, nor does she belong to the Mediterranean. There are no craft like that built on our coasts. Her stern rakes four inches to the foot if it rakes one, and see how handsomely the spring of the head swells out, and flings an air of grace and beauty

over the whole curve of the bow. She is no European craft."

"See," remarked another officer, who had been surveying the stranger through a small pocket-glass, which he rested on the corner of the ruin; "see what a neatly-covered and gilded billet. Her trail boards, head knees and naval heads are all in one bending line. The bow is as sharp as that of a Venetian gondola; but see how it gently flares from the bends, almost imperceptibly up to the covering board, and then takes a bolder and more flashy spring up to the neatly-set rail!"

"Yes, and her sides are handsomely rounded too," said the first officer; "with a fine depth of swell; and yet her shear is so nicely graduated that one would swear she was straight, viewing her broadside on. She has as clean a run as I ever saw, and the lightest and most saucy looking stern. I never saw the rake of the stern from the arch-board to the taffrail carry aft the length of the schooner on a line with the rail to greater advantage."

In this manner these officers, who belonged to a Spanish frigate that lay moored near the castle of Valencia a mile distant, criticized the points of the strange vessel, as sportsmen would the points of a racer. Their comments were merited. The vessel was one of the most perfect craft that ever sailed the ocean. But aside from her perfect naval symmetry, she was decorated with ornaments on the stern, consisting of a large golden eagle with its wings extended, and upon its breast was a shield bearing the escutcheon of the nation to which it belonged. Between the cabin windows were pilasters also gilded, and wreaths of carved workmanship suspended between them. No name was painted upon her stern which was perfectly black. She had on her sides four ports lined with bright red, and along her head was a narrow streak of the same scarlet hue. Forward she had a top gallant fore-castle, an unusual addition to a vessel of her rig; but though a schooner, she carried not only fore and main top gallant sails, but flying royals, fore and main.

This model vessel had been discerned early in the morning, standing towards the harbor from the direction of Ivica, which lay like a purple cloud far on the eastern horizon. At that period, Valencia was just recovering from a fatal visit of the plague, and for several weeks no vessel of any kind had entered the desolate harbor. The appearance, therefore, of this stranger attracted, as we have said, the attention of a large number of spectators. She came in fearlessly, and in beating up the harbor she ran so close under the



hill on which the Spanish officers were loitering that they could look down upon her decks, and saw that they were armed, and that she carried some fifty men.

"She is English," said one of the Spaniards.

"No, she is too fine and dashing for John Bull," responded another. "I will tell you what she is, she is Americano."

"Si, si! yes, yes, that is what she is! El Yankee," was the response of all.

"They have the best ships that spread canvass on the sea," said the fat officer with the cigar; "Europe could take lessons of them in naval architecture."

"Yes, and in government," said another.

"Yes, and in war," responded a third.

"Why doesn't she show her flag?" asked a fourth. "There goes a gun from the castle to make her tell her quality, and not come into port like a pirate without flag aloft or name upon her stern."

The schooner, however, instead of hoisting her flag, kept on her tack which was S. S. W., and keeping just without reach of shot from the castle, steered towards a promontory on the southern side of the lovely bay; and as this was some two leagues off from the ruins upon which the officers were, they gradually saw her diminish to their vision till she appeared no larger than a cock-boat.

"By the holy Maria of Campestella!" said the elderly officer of the group; "she does not mean to go up to the city, but seems to have business towards La Punta de Alcira!"

This was a noble looking villa almost in magnitude a castle, the white walls of which were visible from all parts of the bay. Leaving the Spanish officers and others to speculate upon the object of the mysterious movements of the schooner, we will follow it on its course towards the villa. Upon her deck stood a handsome young man of twenty-six or seven years of age, dressed in the uniform of an officer of the U. S. navy. His appearance presented that happy combination of the sailor and gentleman which characterizes American naval officers, and has given them the high estimation in which they are held in all parts of the world. With a clear, penetrating dark eye, a noble and manly countenance, expressive of generosity and courage, a well-made figure, compact and easy in all its movements, he seemed born to command men, and fitted by nature to inspire tenderness in the heart of woman.

"This wind is too light, Fieldings," he said to his first officer, who was walking the deck with him, "to reach the villa on this tack with

this ebb tide. We shall have to go about again and fetch in on another tack."

"That will bring us, captain, under the guns of the castle; and we shall have to show our colors; and then we shall be sure to have a few round shot. I think we can crowd her close and make our own!"

"Try it. I have no desire to have a fight with the castle of Valencia, or have that Spanish frigate moored under its walls to slip cable and run after us; which they will be very apt to do if they see me show American colors."

"Run up English, captain," answered his officer.

"Not I! An English flag? no! no other flag but that of the glorious flag of our union shall ever fly above these decks. Why, man, it would be just so long as the blood-red crosses hung above us, to acknowledge that Queen Victoria had the submission not only of us free-born Americans, but of our vessel too. No, Fieldings, you will never find me trying to save any vessel I command from getting a shot or two between wind and water, by hoisting a foreign flag over an American deck. The wind is not as strong as the out-running current. We must go about."

The order to tack ship was then given by Fieldings, and the beautiful vessel turned on her keel with the graceful ease of a swan on its grassy lake, and the next moment, with tack and sheet hauled aft as if by magic, so thoroughly every man understood his duty, she was dancing away in the direction of the castle.

It was necessary for her to sail very close to it in order to gain weathering enough to enable her, on the larboard tack, to reach the villa. Upon coming within a mile of the gloomy fortress, which has stood frowning at the entrance of Valencia since the days of Boabdil the Moor, it opened upon it with one or two cannon, but the schooner neither showed her colors, returned the fire, nor lessened her way.

"Shall we go about, sir?" asked the lieutenant of his commander, as a round shot passed across them just above their fore-topsail yard and splashed in the sea, a quarter of a mile to leeward.

"No, we must hold on till we get our weather gage," was the quiet response. "These Spaniards are no gunners. They couldn't hit us if they should fire all day at this rate."

"She is a saucy craft," said one of the Spanish officers, who, from the battlements of the fort, were watching the advancing schooner. "I think she must be an American from her impudence, and that shield of red and white stripes on her stern."

"Then, if she is an American," said a youth, who wore a silver epaulette upon his left shoulder, "we ought to blow her out of water. You know we have sworn to avenge ourselves for the conduct of their sloop-of-war which attacked one of our vessels in this harbor, and took from her seven of their men we had imprisoned for being noisy in the town."

"Yes, the Americans all know that it is not safe for their flag to show itself in this bay," answered the other, with haughty pride. "But we will send a few more shot after this flagless craft, and if he does not show his nation at his mast-head, I will get the commander of the frigate to go and see what he is."

But the renewed firing was ineffectual. The schooner having got as much weathering as she required, put about, and laid her course straight for the villa de Aleira. It was three in the afternoon when the beautiful vessel came close to the snowy walls, over which the green foliage hung in the richest luxuriance.

"We will not anchor, Fieldings," said Clifford de Grey, the young commander, as he prepared to enter his gig, which was alongside; "but lay to here till you hear from me. It is uncertain how I shall find matters on shore. This plague has upared, I hear, neither palace nor cot!"

"I trust that you will find all as your most ardent wishes can hope for, captain," said Conyers Fieldings, who was his confidant and friend, as well as his first command under him. "I do not believe that the marriage has taken place. They have been suffering too much here to think of anything but death."

"I fear the worst! But if she is lost to me, calm as I speak to you now, I will take vengeance upon father and husband. But it is madness to think of losing her. I would ten thousand times rather see her dead and buried by the pestilence than—but I can't endure the dreadful thought of the alternative. Be near the shore; and have an armed boat ready to succor me should I find myself among enemies."

Thus speaking, the youthful commander of the nameless vessel descended into his boat. It was pulled by four men, who were armed with pistols in their belts and cutlasses dangling at their waists. He also had stuck in his belt a pair of Greek silver-chased pistols with long barrels, and wore his sword; but these were all concealed by a blue Spanish cloak which he wore.

The schooner, when he left her, was lying to not more than a hundred fathoms from a small rocky pier upon which was a square white building perforated with musket ports. It was, how-

ever, now unoccupied, save by a white bearded old man, who gazed on the advancing boat with perfect indifference. As Clifford cast his eyes upward, the walls of the villa rose high into the air, ornamented at equal distances by turrets and flanked at the angles by octagonal towers. The whole front was as white as snow, and even pained the eye as it reflected with tropical brilliancy the afternoon sun.

Upon landing, Clifford left one of the men in the boat, and telling him to push off an oar's length, and be on the alert, he commanded the remaining three to follow him. Ascending a few slimy steps, with carved lions' heads on each side, he found himself in a sort of portico of stone. Here sat the old man. He was as cadaverous as death, and was so feeble that he could scarcely reply to the inquiry of the American:

"How fares it with Senor Alava, your master?" Getting only a sad shake of the head, he left the old servitor with his bottle of wine and a pile of fruit that some one had placed near him, and ascended the steep flight of steps that led to the terrace of the villa. Upon reaching this commanding elevation, he and his followers paused to take breath. As the American officer looked around him, his eye fell upon the whole magnificence of the bay, with the city of Valencia—so lately more a city of the dead than of the living—the castle, the Spanish frigate, the ruins of Villena Requena, and the score of hamlets lining the shore. At his feet was his own vessel visible to every square foot of her deck to his bird's eye view.

While his gaze is lingering for a moment upon his vessel's deck, and before he proceeds to enter the gateway of the villa immediately below him, we will explain what brought him in his vessel to this spot, when all others fled from it, as accursed. Ten months previous he had been a junior officer of an American sloop-of-war that lay in the harbor of Valencia for some weeks. During this time, among other beautiful Spanish senoritas with whom the hospitalities of the city and of the villas on the coast enabled him to become acquainted, was the charming and intelligent Dona Estella de Alava. He met her at an entertainment given in the city of Valencia to the officers of the ship; and fascinated by her beauty, and believing that she entertained towards him that favorable feeling which may ripen into love, he repaired on horseback to her father's villa the next day to pay his respects to her. During the ride, which extended along the curving shore of the bay for six miles, he was overtaken by a Spanish traveller, whom he recognized as having seen at the entertainment of

the preceding day. This person was richly dressed, well-mounted, and though full forty-five years of age, had the art of making himself appear under thirty. Clifford bowed, and would have entered into courteous conversation with him, but the other, scarcely recognising his salutation, spurred on, and was soon far ahead of him.

"Not very civil, to be sure," said Clifford to himself; "but the civility of the Spanish women compensates for the incivility of the men."

At length he reached the villa, and was not a little surprised to see the coal-black charger of the Spaniard standing at the gate held by a groom. When Clifford alighted he gave his own in charge, and ascertaining that Don de Alava and his fair daughter were at home, he asked who the cavalier was who had preceded him.

"Don Pedro Bilbao," answered the groom, lifting his cap.

Upon entering the villa, Clifford was hospitably received by the old don; but was vexed on discovering Don Pedro seated by Senorita Estrella. But no sooner did she behold his entrance than quickly leaving him, she advanced, and extending her hand with frank cordiality, said, in a bewitching way Spanish ladies only have:

"I am so glad you are come to visit us. I did not think you would remember us and my invitation."

"I never forget those I profoundly admire," he answered, gallantly; "and I must be dead to all sensibility to the beautiful and good, to forget thee, Dona de Alava."

At this speech the maiden blushed, and her eyes beamed with pleasure. Don Pedro sat frowning, and looking as jealous as nine ordinary jealous lovers compounded into one. The result of this visit was that Clifford became satisfied that she loved him, and that he loved her with all his heart. As for Don Pedro, he didn't care a fig for his frowns, and when he found that his attention to the fair girl annoyed him, he did his best to increase the annoyance to him, for he clearly saw in him a rival. On his way home to the city, he was met by Don Pedro, who left the villa half an hour in advance of him.

"Draw, coward American!" he cried, charging him on horseback with the point of his sword advanced and levelled at Clifford's heart.

The young seaman adroitly avoided that weapon and with the butt of a pistol knocked him from his saddle as he passed him. During the remainder of the sloop-of-war's stay in the harbor of Valencia, Clifford saw no more of Don Pedro; though that he was alive and well after the blow he had received he was aware of. The villa with its fair inmate was all his own field,

and when the day before the sloop sailed he asked her hand of her father, having already her own sweet consent, the cautious don answered that if he would return as commander of a vessel in one year, he might wed his daughter, but he could never consent to giving her to a junior officer.

With this promise, and happy with hope, Clifford returned on board his ship. But that very night the last boat that came off was attacked by a masked party, and because the eight seamen manfully fought for their officer, they were overpowered by a regular military force and placed in guard upon the guard boat. Clifford, whose boat had been attacked, he having come off in another, leaving a midgy to bring off his own with some stores, at once divined that the attack had been made by Don Pedro and his friends with the expectation of assassinating him.

The American captain at once sent to demand the men; but a peremptory refusal being returned, he ran his sloop-of-war abeam of the guard-ship, beat to quarters, loaded his broadside, and with the men at their guns with lighted matches, he sent a boat party of twelve men headed by Clifford, on board the Spaniard. The restless Americans went up her sides, and boldly placing themselves among five hundred foes on the deck, demanded the American seamen. They were given up at once, but sullenly; and with them on board, the sloop-of-war bade adieu to the harbor of Valencia. A few months afterwards, an American merchantman putting in there for repairs, was fired into, and ordered to sea again; so that it got to be well understood by the vessels of the United States that the Valencians bore a bitter grudge against the American flag. The commodore had already ordered a frigate and brig-of-war to proceed thither to chastise them, when the plague breaking out, at once interdicted all communication with the port.

At the period of our story the pestilence was subsiding, but until the appearance of the schooner we have described, no American vessel had been seen in the bay. Hence the deep interest felt by those who suspected her nation. The year of probation given to Clifford had nearly expired when he appeared in the Mediterranean, commander of the schooner of which we have seen him in charge. At Ivica, where he had gone to leave the schooner, in order to cross the water to the main land in the night in a small boat to visit the villa, he had learned from a Spanish sailor, whom he had often seen, that old Don de Alava had died of the plague, and that Don Pedro, his nephew, had taken the villa, and was to marry, the day Lent was over, the

fair daughter, though she loved him not, and would marry him only by force. No sooner did Clifford learn this startling intelligence than, without putting into the island of Ivica, which was but a league and a half off, he squared away and ran straight the twenty miles across to the harbor of Valencia. His anxiety and haste were the more eager, as when examining the almanac he found that that was the second day *past* the last day of Lent.

We will now return to him, as, after reaching the terrace, he applied to the gate of the villa for admittance. He finds the chief entrance wide open. No one is visible. He hastens on through the marble saloon until he reaches a Moorish pointed arch-way, which he knew led into a large central hall. The door was ajar. A strain of funeral music reached his ear. He entered, pale and full of solicitude. A funeral cortege was crossing the gloomy hall. Two priests, with lighted candles, preceded a corpse borne on the shoulders of four domestics. By the side of the corpse walked Don Pedro, sad and clad in the flowing weeds of mourning. The pall was covered with a white scarf, which showed that the corpse was that of a virgin. Clifford's heart sank within him as he stood almost petrified, gazing on the procession as if he saw a pageant in a dream rather than what was real. Suddenly he darted forward, the whole truth flashing upon his mind, when the steward of the villa, a tall, gray-headed Castilian, whom he had not seen, as he was concealed by a pillar, laid his hand upon his arm.

"Hold, señor, she is dead! You have come too late!" he said, solemnly, and in a tone of reproof.

"Is it the funeral of Senorita Estella, good Gonzalvo? O, say not that I guess right."

"You are right, Sanor de Gray! She is both married and dead, and is now being carried to the sepulchre."

"Married!" exclaimed the confounded lover.

"Yes. Yesterday morning she was married by the tallest priest to Don Pedro. It was done by force. She called on me, if I ever saw you, to bear witness that it was not by her own will. Ah, señor, she expected you the day before yesterday, which ended the year you were to be away. But she died, bidding me assure you her heart was yours forever. She died ere they left the altar! She fell down suddenly in convulsions as Don Pedro approached her; and though every aid was rendered by him and the priests, she expired within half an hour after her wicked bridal!"

By this time the funeral party had passed out

of the hall, and were out of sight. Clifford, whose heart was near breaking with the news he had heard, and tortured with self-reproach that he was two days past the time he set, hastened after the corpse, almost frantic with grief. He overtook it in a path of the garden, at the extremity of which was the tomb where they were to place her.

"Held! Let down the body, priests!" he cried, as he came upon them with his drawn sword, and followed by his three armed men.

Don Pedro turned, and beholding him, recognized him, and smiled sardonically as he pointed to the corpse which the priests had ceased to carry.

"Take her now, Americano!" he said, with malicious vengeance. "She is thine, now!"

And the look with which he said this seemed to convey to Clifford's mind the impression that he felt savagely happy at losing his bride by death, so that he could witness the grief and disappointment of his rival.

"Stand aside, man!" said Clifford. "Let me gaze upon her face. Stand back, I say! No man will interfere who loves his life!"

Don Pedro, who would have interposed, drew back before the impetuous command of the young officer. Clifford knelt by the corpse and raised the white scarf from the face. It was beautiful even in the marble whiteness of death. He kissed the cheek and lips, and tears dropped warm upon the cold eyelids.

"Darest thou! She is my wife!" exclaimed Don Pedro, on seeing this. And he sprang forward. But Clifford's menacing sword restrained him.

"Now move on, priests! I will also be a mourner," he said, sorrowfully. And bare-headed he walked at the head of the corpse, while Don Pedro walked chafing on the other side, wishing, but not daring, to avenge himself upon him.

At length they reached the tomb. It was upon the verge of the garden, and excavated in the rock that overhung the bay. It was a large subterranean chamber, with sarcophagi of stone arranged on each side with copper lids. Into one of these fixed stone coffins the priests were about to lift the body.

"Pollute her not, monsters, with your touch!" cried Clifford. "She is sacred even in death!"

He then raised the body, which he was surprised to find still flexible in his arms, and laid her in her narrow house. He covered her body with the pall and the white veil, and then stood gazing upon her placid features which seemed delicately moulded of transparent wax, while the

priests chanted over her the service for the dead. Don Pedro knelt in the doorway of the tomb, muttering, "Requiescat in pace!"

At length the priests turned away, and went out of the sepulchre, as if glad to get away from the presence of one who seemed quite willing to inflict upon them the chastisement they felt they merited for being abettors in the fatal marriage of Senorita Estella with the wretch Don Pedro. The latter lingered and seemed disposed to remain as long as Clifford did. But the latter said to him, sternly :

"Leave, sir. Death has forever separated you from your victim. Leave."

"Only the circumstance that the plague has carried off all my servants, prevents me, Sir Americano, from chastising your arrogance," answered Don Pedro; and frowning darkly upon his rival, he strode away from the tomb of his buried wife.

Clifford now gave way to his deep grief, and condemning his delay, implored forgiveness of the insensible body in the most impassioned manner. At length night drew on, and one of his men came near to warn him that Don Pedro had been seen to whisper to the priests, and to send them on messages.

"It is likely sir, that they mean you a mischief. They can soon raise the peasantry."

But he did not hear. He had his hand upon her pulse, and his face close to hers, to see if she had not life; for in pressing a farewell kiss upon her lips, he felt that they had the warmth of life. He felt a faint, thread-like pulse; and her forehead was sensibly warm to his touch.

"Fly," he cried, almost incapable of articulation, from his intense excitement; "fly—bring the surgeon. Haste, for your lives! She has life in her!"

Two of the men uttering exclamations of amazement, disappeared on their swift errand. In the meanwhile, Clifford, aided by the remaining attendant and the steward, began to use friction upon her hands. Each moment increased their hope. They removed her from the stone coffin, and conveyed her to a settee in the garden. By this time the surgeon arrived, and opening a vein upon the temples, the crimson blood flowed at first slowly, but afterwards with a lively current. She sighed, and opened her eyes slowly.

"She lives!" cried Clifford.

In twenty minutes more the restoration to life was complete. She recognized Clifford, and upon seeing him, she said :

"Is this heaven? Are you dead, also, and dost thou love me yet?"

"Nay, Estella, this is earth, and on earth I love thee, evermore," he answered, embracing her.

At length, after her first gush of joy was a little past, she was able to inform him that she had swallowed a poison as soon as the marriage ceremony was over; but she had not taken enough to cause her death, though for a time the entire suspension of all animation.

"Will you be mine, now, and go with me to my native land over the seas, dear Estella?" he asked.

"Thine! I am doubly thine own, dearest Clifford. My heart was before thine, and now I owe thee my life."

"Let us at once to the schooner!" said the surgeon. "Here comes a party that look hostile."

As he spake, Don Pedro led on some forty vine-dressers, servitors, and others, armed with the rude weapons of their occupations.

"Cut them down! seize the officer in gold!" he shouted.

The men rushed forward. Clifford drew his sword, the surgeon and five or six men who had come with him did the same, or cocked their pistols as they came on. Don Pedro at that moment saw his bride alive! He stood still and gazed on her with mingled incredulity and horror.

"It is she! Thou art alive! It has been a deception to rob me of my wife. To the rescue!" he shouted.

But Clifford received him on the sharp point of his sword, and passed it through his body. The surgeon and sailors cut their way through the mass of peasants, who, seeing Don Pedro fall, fled like sheep. Clifford reached the boat in safety with his rescued mistress, and in half an hour the schooner, without a name or flag, was seen to stand out of the bay in the direction of Ivica. The third day afterward it anchored among the American squadron at Port Mahon; and the marriage of Captain Clifford de Grey with the beautiful Senorita de Alava, the once buried bride, took place on board the flag ship, in the presence of numerous officers and invited guests from the shore.

The Valencians did not learn till some time afterward the object and issue of the visit of the symmetrical schooner, and the information did not by any means lessen their hostility against the American banner and the gallant hearts that on every sea throb beneath it. It was not long afterwards before a frigate, commanded by Captain de Grey, entered the harbor, and after an hour's cannonading of their castle, brought them to their senses, and to conditions to treat ever after with civility the flag of our Union.

## The Florist.

"Not useless are flowers; though made for pleasure,  
Blooming o'er fields and wave by day and night;  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight."

### The Hyacinth.

The hyacinth is a highly esteemed florist's flower, of easy culture, of which more than one thousand varieties are cultivated in Holland, forming quite an important item in the exports of that country, and from whence Great Britain, the United States, and all Europe, receive their annual supplies, and, in fact, all parts of the world. Hyacinths are double and single; of various colors, embracing every shade of red, from a deep crimson pink down to white; of blue, from white to almost black; and some few yellow and salmon color; but the shades of yellow are not very brilliant, and appear yellow only in contrast with the white. Some of the white, and other light varieties, have red, blue, purple or yellow eyes, which add much to the beauty of the flower; and others are more or less striped or shaded, and some are tipped with green. The double varieties are generally considered the finest, but many of the single sorts are equally desirable, as what is deficient in the size of the bell is made up in the greater number of them; some of the single sorts are the richest in color. Strong bright colors are, in general, preferred to such as are pale; there are, however, many rose-colored, pure white, and light blue hyacinths, in high estimation. Hyacinths begin to flower the last of April in this climate, and, if shaded by an awning from hot suns, may be kept in perfection the greater part of a month. They never require watering at any season; keep them free from weeds; as the stems advance in height, they should be supported by having small sticks or wires, painted green, stuck into the ground back of the bulb, to which they should be neatly tied; otherwise they are liable to fall down by the weight of the bells, and, as the stem is very brittle, it is sometimes broken off when exposed to storms. The most suitable time to plant hyacinths is in October and November.

### The Lily.

The lily is an interesting flower to the young florist as well as the botanist, on account of the simplicity of its structure and magnitude and distinct character of its different parts and organs. The root of the lily, or what is generally denominated the root, is a scaly bulb, the scales being laid over each other in an imbricate form, enclosing the germ or bud. The bulb is not a root, strictly speaking, but a bud containing the embryo of the future plant. The roots are thrown out of the bottom of these bulbs, or buds, and, unlike the fibres of the tulip, are perennial; and on their strength depends, in a great measure, the vigor of the future plant. Bulbs long kept out of the ground are very much weakened, and a number of years will elapse before

they recover strength to bloom in great perfection. After the flowering of the lily, in August, the foliage of many species decays; the bulbs then are in the most perfect state for transplanting. If they are permitted to remain long after this, and the foliage begins to start again, they will not bloom so strong the next year. The lily should not be moved any oftener than is necessary. It will do well in any well prepared border or bed. The bulbs of strong-growing lilies may be planted from four to five inches deep, and weaker sorts from three to four inches. In the borders, three bulbs, of the strong-growing species, are enough for one group, or five of the weaker sorts. They have a pleasing effect when planted in masses, or they may be planted in beds. Most of the species are quite hardy; but they will all be benefited, and bloom more strongly, provided they receive a covering of rotten manure before winter sets in.

### The Iris.

The iris is a very extensive and beautiful family, claiming the whole world as her country. Some of the species have very large flowers, which, from their being very vivid, and several uniting in the same blossom, are extremely showy. Many of them are bulbous-rooted. One of the most esteemed bulbous-rooted iris is the Persian, on account of the beauty and fragrance of its flowers. It is also very early, but not perfectly hardy. It is valued for forcing, as a few of its flowers will scent a whole room; their colors are pale sky-blue, purple, yellow, and sometimes white. The Spanish is a very pretty border flower, of many varieties, all rich and elegant. Many of the varieties are various colored, striped or spotted; the bulbs are small, tooth-like, sending forth rush-like foliage, with flowers in June, on stems about eighteen inches high. These bulbs should be planted about two and a half inches deep, in a rich garden soil, in October and November.

### The Snow-drop.

The snow-drop is the earliest flower of all the garden-tribe, and will even show her head above the snow, as if to prove her rivalry with whiteness. Every third year the roots should be taken up, in June or July, when the leaves are kept in a dry place till August, when they should be replanted. The bulbs are very small. To make them look well, and to produce a pretty effect when in bloom, about twenty should be planted together in a clump one and a half or two inches deep. There is a variety with double flowers—both sorts desirable—about six inches high in March and April.

### The Adonis.

The *adonis vernalis* is a handsome perennial border plant, one foot high, producing yellow flowers in May or June. It is a native of the south of Europe. It succeeds in any common garden soil, if not too heavy.



## Curious Matters.

### A Hundred Eggs from a Python.

In the Zoological Gardens, at London, they have had a large serpent of the python species, from the west coast of Africa, for many years. This reptile is nineteen feet long and twenty inches in circumference. About three years ago another snake of the same kind was introduced to its den, and they have lived together ever since. On the morning of the 12th of January the men in charge of that department were much surprised to find that the larger serpent had laid about a hundred eggs as large as those of a goose. The skin of the eggs was tough and leathery, their color, dirty yellow. When first seen the eggs were in a heap, but the serpent laid them all on a level, and then coiled her body over them. During the week after she laid them, the serpent came off them twice for short periods. She is covered with a blanket while thus upon her eggs, and has not fed for the last twenty-one weeks. This interesting fact establishes the fact that this species of serpent hatches her young by incubation, and it is believed that she will bring some snakes from the great nest of eggs she has laid.

### A great Institution.

The Cattaraugus (New York) Republican says: "Mr. A. Mudgett, of Great Valley, who keeps a quantity of bees, makes his hives out of birch-bark at small cost; they are preferable to any other. To keep the moths or millers out of his hives he keeps tame minks, and they destroy all the millers. He has kept for the last twenty years from twenty to one hundred and twenty swarms at a time, and he considers the birch-bark hive, and tame minks to destroy the bee-moth, the greatest discovery he has made. When his minkery gets overstocked, he kills off a quantity, and sells the skins for two dollars apiece."

### A Descendant of Montezuma.

Chimalpopocami is the name of a professor of grammar at the Indian college in Mexico city, who claims to be a legitimate descendant of Montezuma and the ancient Aztec sovereigns of Mexico, and consequently—according to the rights of legitimacy, for which Spain is such a stickler—has a prior claim to the throne of that country. He declared not long ago to a French traveller that, at the time of the United States expedition, some overtures were made to him on the subject, but he only regarded them as intrigues, to which he took care not to lend himself.

### Remarkable Phenomenon.

The Montreal Gazette, of the 7th ult., says that between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning a bright red light, having the shape and appearance of a sword, was seen in the western part of the heavens, and remained visible for some minutes. It had a very striking appearance, and by many was looked upon as an omen of evil portent.

### Remarkable Coincidences.

David Brierly and Jesse Bamford were born in Rochdale, England, on the 29th of February, 1796, in the same house, and within the same hour. Mr. Brierly died in North Andover on the first day of the last month, and Mr. Bamford in the same place on the 11th. Both were long in the mill of Mr. Sutton though Mr. Brierly for some of the last years has been upon his own farm. Mr. Bamford has been in the mill twenty-six years, and was employed there at the time of his death. In honor of his long and faithful services, his employer stopped his works on the day of his funeral—a tribute to humble merit honorable to his memory, and to the proprietor of the mill.

### An ancient Grecian.

John Bassiniatis, a Greek farmer, one hundred and thirteen years old, died lately at his house at Tegee, in the Peloponnesus. Two hours before his death he told his wife, who is ninety-five years of age, that he felt his end approaching. In the evening he assembled all his workmen, and having eaten and drank with them, lay on a sofa in the room where they were singing and enjoying themselves, and without a struggle expired. The patriarch had from his single marriage twelve sons and two daughters, who by their marriages gave him 132 descendants.

### A pretty Riddle.

A gentleman, who was paying his addresses to a lady, at length summoned courage to ask if his suit was agreeable to her, and whether he might flatter himself with a chance of its ultimate success? The lady replied, "Stripes;" telling the gentleman to transpose the letters of the word so as to form out of them her answer. The reader who can find out the secret need never fear being nonplussed by a lady; those who cannot discover the puzzle must either wait until they can overcome the difficulty, or give up all thoughts of successful wooing.

### A large Family.

Moses Saunders, Esq., now living in Orland, Me., is ninety-one years nine months old. He has eleven children, seventy-four grandchildren, and one hundred and ninety-nine great-grandchildren. He has six descendants in the fifth generation, and perhaps more, as there are three families from which no intelligence has been received. Among all these descendants not one was ever deformed, nor one idiotic.

### Smart old Lady.

There is a lady at Deerfield, N. H., one hundred and three years old (Mrs. Jenkins). She is smart and active, makes her own bed and knits stockings. Last autumn she attended a military muster, was received with all the honors due to the rank of a major-general, reviewed a regiment, and was escorted to the field and home by a cavalry company commanded by Captain Ring.

## The Housewife.

### Plain boiled Salt Codfish.

Soak the fish twelve or fifteen hours. In the morning take it from the water, and clean it nicely with a brush. Put it into the fish kettle, and rub over it a teacupful of molasses; cover it with water and let it boil fifteen minutes; set your kettle back where it will keep warm. Half an hour before dinner put it on, and let it boil again. Slip it carefully from the strainer on to a dish, and cover with a white napkin. Serve with melted butter and hard-boiled eggs. If these directions are followed, the fish will always be tender.

### Diet Bread, which keeps Moist.

Three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar dissolved in a quarter of a pint of water; half a pound of the best flour; seven eggs, taking away the whites of two; mix the liquid sugar when it has boiled with the eggs; beat them up together in a basin with a whisk; then add by degrees the flour, beating all together for about ten minutes; put it into a quick oven. An hour bakes it. Tin moulds are the best; the dimensions for this quantity are six inches in length and four in depth.

### Hashed Mutton.

Cut the cold mutton into slices as uniform as possible; flour them; pepper and salt them; put them into a stewpan, with some gravy made of an onion stewed with whole pepper and toasted bread, in a pint of water, to which a little walnut ketchup has been added—this gravy should be stewed two hours before using—do not let the hash boil; when it is done, add a little thickening of butter, flour and water, if required, and serve up with slices of toasted bread.

### Potato Bread.

Boil a quantity of potatoes; drain them well strew over them a small quantity of salt, and let them remain in the vessel in which they were boiled closely covered for an hour, which makes them mealy; then peel and pound them as smooth as flour. Add four pounds of potatoes to six of wheat flour, and make it into dough with yeast, in the way that bread is generally made. Let it stand three hours to rise.

### To dress Mutton Hams.

Soak the ham for five or six hours in cold spring water, unless it has only recently been cured, then one hour will suffice; put it into cold water; boil gently; it will be done in two hours and a half. It is eaten cold.

### Fried Cakes.

One cup of sugar, one of cream, three eggs, cinnamon or nutmeg, a teaspoonful of saleratus. Cut as jumbles, or in strips; twist, and fry in lard.

### Gold and Silver Fish.

Pure rain-water is best to keep these delicate little creatures in—they should never be put into water that has been boiled. It is a good plan to throw them in the morning into a large bowl of fresh water, with a few bread-crumbs in it, and let them remain there an hour. Then put them in pure fresh water in their vases; the water should be changed every day. If the bread remains in the water to become sour, it will kill the fish.

### Ginger Snaps.

Half a pint of molasses, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, caraway seeds, and ground ginger, each a tablespoonful, and a quarter of a pound of butter; work the butter into a pound of flour, then altogether, and form it in cakes not larger than a dollar piece on baking tins; bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes, when they will be dry and crisp.

### Fillet of Mutton.

Choose a very large leg; cut from four to five inches in thickness from the large end of the leg; take out the bone, and in its place put a highly savory force meat; flour, and roast it for two hours, and it will be done; it may be sent to table with the same accompaniments as a fillet of veal, with melted butter pour over it, or a rich brown gravy and red currant jelly.

### Ginger-Nuts.

One cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of ginger, one cup of butter, half a cup of sour milk, two teaspoonsful of saleratus dissolved in boiling water, and stirred in after the flour. Make it just stiff enough to roll very thin; cut in small cakes, and bake in a slow oven.

### To cement broken China or Glass.

Beat lime to the finest powder, and sift it through fine muslin; then tie some into a thin muslin; put on the edges of the broken china some white of egg; dust some lime quickly on the same, and unite them exactly.

### Soft Gingerbread.

Three eggs, three cups full of molasses, one cup full of butter, two teaspoonsful of saleratus dissolved in a cup full of warm water, one tablespoonful of ginger, and six cups full of flour.

### Family Cake.

To six ounces each of rice and wheat flour add half a pound of powdered sugar, nine eggs, and half an ounce of caraway seed; beat for an hour, and bake the same time in a quick oven.

### Hard Gingerbread.

Three pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter, twelve eggs, two teacupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of saleratus, eight tablespoonsful of ginger, and flour sufficient to roll.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### POLITENESS.

There is nothing more difficult to attain, or necessary to possess, than perfect good-breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is sometimes necessary; a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so, and an awkward modesty is extremely unbecoming. In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to take part in them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest, and, consequently, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. There is nothing so little forgiven as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you. We have seen many people, who, while you are speaking to them, instead of looking at and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling or some other part of the room, look out at the window, lift a book or newspaper, and read it. Nothing discovers a little, futile, frivolous mind more than this, and nothing is so offensively ill-bred. Be assured that the profoundest learning, without good-breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry. A man who is not well-bred is unfit for good society, and is unwelcome in it. Make, then, good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions. Observe carefully the behaviour and manner of those who are distinguished by their good-breeding. Imitate and endeavor to excel, that you may at least equal them. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it.

**THE QUEEN'S HEALTH.**—The London Spectator says:—"The queen's grief is immeasurable, and her depression is said to be regarded by the court with the deepest sympathy, not now unmingled with some anxiety. All the official allusions confirm this rumor."

**RICHES AND POVERTY.**—There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed, and none so bad, but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor, may set in gloom.

### LADY ARTISTS.

"Hard times" are enrolling ladies under the banners of the arts! A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, speaking of the liberal "School of Design for Women at the Cooper Institute," New York, remarks very suggestively:—"One effect of the hard times is seen in the superior class of pupils who now enter the school. In a time of war the very poor cannot commence a long course of instruction. They must turn their hands to work which will yield immediate support; they cannot wait a year or two to learn a profession. At the same time thousands who hitherto have been in good circumstances, now find their incomes cut off or greatly reduced, and in the uncertainty as to what may be their condition hereafter, they look forward to some resource for their daughters, and hence seek the advantages of such an institution as this. Nor is this change in the character of the pupils to be regretted. The institution is indeed open to all with the utmost liberality. Yet it is evident that to pursue art with a prospect of success, requires a natural taste and capacity for it, and at least some degree of previous culture. It is from this class of young women, belonging to families of good position, and who are themselves educated and refined, that must come the pupils who will do most honor to the institution, and be most successful in the study and practice of art."

**SELLING A HUSBAND.**—In 1788, there was a correspondence in the Gentleman's Magazine on the question, Whether a man could let his wife on lease? There is no instance of a man allowing his Xantippe to sell him; but in 1736, a woman sold the body of her dead husband.

**VERY THIN.**—"I have just met your old acquaintance Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

**BIG DOGS.**—They have very large black dogs in Connecticut, according to the Hartford Press. "Two and a half feet high and most powerful build."



## EARLY RISING.

No one, not habituated to the practice, can picture the excellent feeling, the elasticity of spirit, the intellectual energy that reward the man who has the courage and self-denial to forego the luxurious delight of warm beds and morning slumbers, and "rise with the lark that greets the purpling morn." It is only habit, however, that produces this result. The habitual sluggard, concerning whom the Psalmist and Doctor Watts have written such very dreadful things, tempted, "once upon a time," to rise at the deadly hour of four or five o'clock, will infallibly pronounce the whole affair to be a humbug. He will coincide with the opinion of the lazy boy who, when his father observed to him that it was the "early bird that caught the worm," replied, that if the worm hadn't got up earlier, he would have escaped destruction. We once attempted to break in on the luxurious habits of a friend under circumstances we thought calculated to ensure a signal triumph. The scene of the experiment was at Nahant; we had outstayed the holiday guests of summer, who had flown home with the first breath of autumn. September had set in, and the air "bit shrewdly." Our friend, or our victim, whichever the reader chooses, slept at Drew's, in a room leading out of ours. Long before daybreak, on a sharp morning, we invaded the sanctity of his dormitory, took him suddenly unawares, and lifted him from dream-land into life, setting him upon his feet, and bidding him sternly to dress himself and follow us. He was too much bewildered to offer any objection.

No criminal, summoned by the sheriff to break-fast and the gallows, ever looked more dismayed than our sleepy friend as he hastened to robe himself. The victim being at last decorated for the sacrifice, we took his arm and led him through sundry corridors, and down stately staircases out into the open air, up the hill to the east of the hotel, and then seated ourself beside him on a rustic bench, our faces to the seaward. A myriad of stars, world upon world, lit up with inimitable splendor, shone like sapphires and rubies on the dark, purple velvet of the sky. Between us and the horizon lay the vast, mysterious, ever vastless, ever moaning ocean, now dimly distinguished, and sending a pleasing terror to the soul of those who gazed upon its bosom. Anon the east was purpled with a few streaks of daylight; light clouds, at first gray, then rosy, and then golden, rolled up from the farther verge of the ocean, and then the sun, a globe of burning fire, bounded up from the horizon and bathed the whole sea-scape in unmitigable splendor. We turned in triumph to our

friend—he was fast asleep! Alas! alas! said we; and then leaving him there to wake up by himself, we walked away, bethinking ourself that the golden hours of the morning are the most valuable of the whole twenty-four. One hour of the morning is worth two of the evening. Literary history is full of the marvels that genius has accomplished while more than half the world has lain in sleep. The greater part of Scott's charming works was written before breakfast; he retired early, and rose early, and poured out his pure, bright fancies as the lark lavishes his melodies at morn.

There are few persons who cannot profitably command a couple of hours by anticipating the usual hour of rising, and two hours a day diligently employed in literary, scientific or artistic pursuits, will accomplish wonders. To those who wish to make the experiment, we have but one word to add—don't addict yourselves to the practice of instrumental music, for your morning trombone will be very apt to bring down curses upon your head, silent but deep.

## THE EARTH.

The hollow ball on which we live contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. Within the outer crust—the cool temperature of which supports animal and vegetable life and solidifies the stone, coal and metallic ores so important to our well being—there exists a mass of fluid, igneous matter. Some of this matter occasionally escapes through the mouth of a volcano, or makes its presence felt by an earthquake; but neither the earthquake nor the volcano is necessary to prove that fire exists in the earth. At the depth of 2480 yards water boils; lead melts at the depth of 8400 yards. There is a red at the depth of seven miles, and if we adopt the temperature as calculated from Morveau's corrected scale of Wedgeworth's pyrometer, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles.

**PUNCTUALITY.**—Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his excuse.

**A LARGE BOTTLE.**—The largest glass bottle ever blown was at Leith, Scotland. It was in dimensions forty inches by forty-two, and was capable of holding two barrels in quantity of fluid.

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS.**—If she cannot be captain of a big ship, may she always command an almighty smack.

## MUSIC.

The art of music is unquestionably of very ancient origin. The earliest records of the human race make mention of vocal and instrumental, the former probably preceding the latter in point of time. It is a mooted point whether in its origin it was an imitative art, suggested by the sounds of nature, or spontaneous and inborn—we incline to the latter opinion. It is more intellectual than sensual, and interprets the emotions of the soul rather than makes an appeal to the senses. It is the complement of language, beginning where language ends and fails, and supplying an expression for emotions, aspirations and thoughts, which cannot be translated into words. The children of Israel, when they had accomplished the wondrous passage of the Red Sea dryshod, when the power of the Lord had overwhelmed their enemies, burst into a triumphal anthem of thanksgiving and victory, as they stood upon the farther shore. "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"

The timbrel here alluded to must have been almost exactly like our tambourine. The harp, the psaltery, the fife, the trumpet, horn, cymbals and castanets, were other instruments of music known to the Jews. The ancient Greek instruments were similar. It is probable that the Greeks cultivated music with the same assiduity they bestowed upon the other arts. "Greece," we are told, was the language of minstrelsy—"No occasion, great or small, of a mortal career, was without its appropriate harmony. Marriage had its epithalamia, its soporific strains, at midnight, its rousing strains in the morning; maternity had its hymns to Diana; death itself was forced to drop the curtain to slow music."

In Italy, the land of song, music existed prior to the Romans. The Romans cultivated music with much success. Their musical instruments were very fine. A sort of trombone found in the ruins of Pompeii after the lapse of twenty centuries, and now in the possession of the emperor of Austria, is said to be unsurpassed in the purity of its tones by any modern instrument.

Music declined in Rome from the time of Nero. It then became almost the exclusive property of the persecuted Christians, and their vocal religious exercises were probably borrowed, in style at least, from the pagan hymns to the gods. In the fifth century, Pope Gregory made considerable improvement in the science already revived

by St. Ambrose, of Milan; and since that time modern music has attained a rank which places it on a footing with the other fine arts. The Italian church-music is the best in the world; and the chant of the *Miserere*, composed by Gregorio Allegri, and sung once a year in the papal chapel at Rome, is probably the most powerful musical composition ever produced by human genius. It is intended to commemorate the awful period which elapsed between the death and resurrection of our Saviour—the earth wrapt in gloom, and man bereft of hope! The *Miserere* is an agonising cry for mercy from a despairing world. "Its effects upon the minds of those who hear it," says a recent traveller, "are almost too powerful to be borne; and never—never can be forgotten."

The modern Italian opera dates from about 1475. It was carried into France, in 1648; and transplanted to England in the seventeenth century, when it was severely attacked by the reigning wits of the day. Every one remembers Pope's lines, beginning:

"Still let Ausonia, skilled in every art,  
To soften manners and corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction vice, and hunt decorum down."

The greatest men have recognized the power and inspiration of music. Milton will recur to the reader, finding solace and strength at the harpsichord, or Alfieri catching the tone of his tragedies from the music of a woman's voice. D'Israeli happily portrays the power of this art. "One blast of thy trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die; one peal of thy organ, and countless numbers kneel to pray."

VERY GOOD.—When Washington Allston was in England, at a public dinner given him, Campbell was present, and playfully drank to the "painters—and glaziers of America." Allston returned the compliments by proposing the "paper-stainers of England."

GOOD IDEA.—When Rev. Mr. Bond of Cherryfield, Me., marries a couple, he makes it a practice to present them a Bible, as their chart and compass by which to sail over the sea of married life on which they are entering.

PRIZE FIGHT.—At a late prize fight in England one of the combatants had his right shoulder blade fractured. The contest occupied over three hours and resulted in a draw.

IGNORANCE.—One-third of the whole population of Nova Scotia, above the age of ten years, can neither read nor write.

## AGRICULTURE.

Daniel Webster once remarked that the "agricultural interest was the sleeping lion of the country." It seems of late as if this same lion was wide awake, for never do we remember to have noted more activity and zeal in agricultural pursuits, than exist at the present time. A few years ago the sale of agricultural implements and seeds was a petty business, and was only pursued in connection with some other occupation, generally as a branch of the grocery business. In town and city, persons in this line of trade kept a few seeds, some hoes and rakes, and that was about the extent of the matter. Now we have, in every large city, immense establishments, trading on very large capitals, and sending all over the country seeds of new plants and vegetables, new varieties of old stock, and improved implements, the number of which is daily increasing. A few years ago science, as applied to agriculture, was studied and understood only by a small number of rich gentlemen-farmers—the means of diffusing such knowledge among the mass of agriculturists being insufficient to compete with the existing prejudices against what was sneeringly called book-farming. Now we have agricultural lectures, agricultural papers, agricultural fairs, and agricultural conventions, all urging on the great work of cultivating the soil in the most thorough and efficient manner. We do not deny that the old school farmers possessed skill; so long as the natural fertility of the soil lasted, they were profitably wrought, but when the farms of Massachusetts were exhausted, or, as it was termed, "skinned," they were at a nonplus—it no longer appeared possible to work them profitably.

Then again, while this depreciation in the agricultural value of land was going on in the old States, the style of living was becoming more luxurious. Unable to struggle against these combined circumstances, impoverished land and increased expenses, the hardy sons of New England turned their faces to the great West. These hardy pioneers went forth, and are yet going forth, to pursue the same calling of their fathers, only under more advantageous circumstances. They find a virgin soil of apparently exhaustless fertility, lands where the rich loam can be penetrated by a stick to the depth of four or five feet. No manure is required. Scarcely is the share required to turn up the teeming earth. Vast crops are raised with little labor; but even these lands become exhausted in time. In the meanwhile the couldn't-get-away men looked about them to see what could be done in the emergency. The call for information was met most satisfac-

torily. The stay-at-home farmers found abundant reason for being contented with their lot. Sources of fertility in the shape of marl, muck and alluvial deposits were found throughout the country. Agricultural chemistry came to their aid. They were taught how to compound mineral manures, fully equal in efficacy to animal. And if their land produced smaller crops than that of the far West, the difference was more than made up in the prices they obtained. Improved animals, too, were introduced from abroad; and, in short, a new system of, and a new impulse to, farming established.

The best of all this is, that an absurd prejudice, rife among farmers' sons, against farming has been uprooted and eradicated. A young farmer now feels, as he ought to feel, a pride in his profession, and that he belongs to one of the most important and useful classes of our republic.

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WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

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STUPID.—The ignorance displayed by the London Times, as it regards the geography of this country, is so ridiculously apparent as to be a source of merriment. Would it be possible for an American editor to make such blunders about the old world?

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LOOK OUT!—A New Jersey soldier sent home a bomb-shell as a present to a friend, and, exploding, it killed two men and quite destroyed a bar-room, and injured a dwelling-house opposite, while undergoing examination by the recipients.

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SEWING MACHINE IN JAPAN.—The widow of the late Tycoon of Japan, is said to use with skill and pleasure the sewing machine presented to her by an American manufacturer.

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GOOD ADVICE.—Punch's Almanac advises the farmers to sow their Ps, keep their Us warm, hive their Bs, shoot their Js, feed their Ns, look after potatoes' Is, and then take their Es.



**RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.**

The appetite for the marvellous is very great in the human mind. Nor is this trait to be laughed at. It is an element of that spirit of reverence for the unknown, which demonstrates alike the immortality of man and the existence of his Creator. The perversion of this appetite leads to innumerable follies among men, and opens vast resources for the plunder of knaves. In its moderate perversion, the gentle spirit of religion becomes fanaticism and bigotry. Still more widely perverted, it makes the insane, or the semi-imbecile dupes of animal magnetism, mesmerism, and the like. In its utter departure from the line of decency and common sense, it raises up the sensual devotees of Mormonism, whose disgusting follies now insult our sense of decency and defy the opinion of all Christendom. Joe Smith pretended to be an inspired prophet, in the State of New York, in 1835, and to have received a revelation from Heaven of the Mormon scriptures. He gathered thousands of dupes about him, who believed his silly lies down to the day of his death, and then transferred their faith to the forty-wife prophet, Brigham Young. Prior to Smith was Matthias, also of New York, who, in 1830, professed to be the Messiah, and gathered many followers about him. These three are the most celebrated examples of imposture in this country. Young still carries on his barefaced humbug, and hundreds of new converts are flocking to his standard, from all parts of this country, as well as from Europe.

Joanna Southcote flourished in England, some fifty to seventy-five years ago. She was of humble origin, and from self-delusions of visionary feeling, she advanced to the more extensive enterprise of deluding others. In this exploit she was abundantly successful, and by her senseless rhapsodies made a great many dupes. Being taken sick, Joanna announced to her deluded followers that she was the destined mother of the promised Shiloh. Splendid preparations were made for the expected birth. But the malady, meanwhile, took its course, and terminated the prophetess' life, though not her sect; for some believers exist even at this day, in England. In the year 1656, James Naylor, of England, personated the Saviour, during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. He was tried for blasphemy, and sentenced by the House of Commons to be scourged, and his tongue pierced with a hot iron. In 1591, William Hackett proclaimed himself to be the Saviour, and was executed for blasphemy. During the reign of Henry VIII., of England, Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, set herself up to oppose the Reformation,

by pretending inspirations from Heaven, foretelling the early death of the king, if he divorced Catharine of Spain and married Anne Boleyn. For her imposture, she, with her confederate, was executed on Tyburn Hill, in 1534. In the reign of Henry III., A. D. 1251, two men were crucified for pretending to be the Messiah, and two women were executed for assuming to be the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalen. In all these cases, the knavery of the impostors found its ready co-operation in the love of the marvellous, which drew thousands after them; and doubtless the pretenders themselves were more or less convinced of the truth of their own professions, by this very credulity of the multitude. The propriety of hanging or burning, as a preventive of these impostures, may well be doubted at the present day. The better way is to push on the public schools, circulate the Bible, keep the printing-press at work, and thus illuminate the dark nooks and corners of the human mind by the light of truth.

**NEW METHOD OF SMELTING IRON.**—A Belgian is reported to have discovered a new method of smelting iron, which promises great results. The essential principle consists in a process of exhaustion in preference to a blast. The result is that less time is required to liquefy the metal than in the ordinary process; that when cast it is surprisingly superior in quality to ordinary iron; that, bulk for bulk, it weighs much heavier; and that excellent cutlery can be forged at once from it, without the intermediate process of conversion into steel. A leading English iron master is building a furnace for smelting on this new plan, and specimens will ere long be in the market.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—To enjoy the society of a friend we should limit our intercourse with him. We have pushed our companionship too far when we feel ourselves sharing each other's dullness.

**CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.**—Close all the outer doors of a four story house, open the inner doors, and take a long switch and chase a cat up and down stairs till you steam.

**A POSE.**—An exchange proposes the following: "We understand that General Rosecrans has gone to Wheeling Virginia. Can he take it all at one load?"

**MILITARY MERIT.**—Seventeen of Bonaparte's private soldiers by their talents became eminent—two were kings, two princes, nine dukes, two field-marshal, and two generals.

## EARLY EDUCATION.

A sensible writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* says, "a child of three years of age with a book in its infant hands is a fearful sight." And so it is. It is enough to make the strongest heart shudder. Education indeed should begin when a child is very young—but that education which is conveyed in the eyes and the voice of a mother—in pleasant sights and sounds—in the music and images of nature; the song of birds and bees should mingle with nursery tales and rhymes, and the groves and fields should be the "academy" of the young learner. But to check its physical development, to confine the infant in school rooms, to force it to keep still for hours, to punish it for whispering, to compel it, even at five or six years, to such diet as syntax and prosody, geography, the elements of mathematics and astronomy, is a species of infanticide. It has been the besetting sin of modern times to reverse the processes of nature in the processes of education. The reasoning faculties have been viciously developed by a hot-house system of forcing, when the receptive faculties should have been cultivated. Infants have been set to chopping logic, when they should have been made familiar with natural objects—they have been chained face to face with the grim abstract, when their minds were struggling after the concrete. The education of the head has been the occupation of the period that should have been devoted to the education of the heart.

Grim Drs. Blimbers racked their rigid brains to see in what manner and in what measure algebra and metaphysics could be forced into heads on which only six or seven summers had shed their golden gleams. All the gay disports of youthful fancies were frowned away—we use the past tense, because we have now reached a period of reaction, and are more philosophical in our dealings with the young. "Mother Goose" and "Goody Two-Shoes" were condemned as ruinous; and the whole race of fairies, giants, ogres, elves and sprites, that of old made up the gay mythology of the nursery, were sternly warred against by a cold, hard-hearted, repulsive and uncongenial army of stubborn facts. The result was—and always will be, when books and babies are brought into unhallowed union—that almost every family could boast of at least one infant prodigy with a very large head, and shallow cheeks and thin legs, who disdained peg-tops and solved algebraic equations, and who afterwards went into college an abnormal wonder, and came into the great world an intensified ass—and an unhealthy ass at that.

We have known trees, forced by high culture

and severe pruning, to be covered with blossoms and fruit the year after they were set out—but they never bore afterwards. And so it is with children:—"It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and then also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

## TOBACCO SMOKING.

In a paper read at a recent meeting of one of the French societies by Dr. Dumesnil, he stated that the habit of smoking is spreading so fearfully, that the tobacco-producing countries can scarcely supply the demand for it. Even in America, the consumption is increasing more rapidly than the production. England consumes yearly 15,000,000 kilogrammes, having increased a fourth in ten years. In Hamburg, with a population of 150,000, 40,000 cigars are daily consumed. In Denmark the average annual consumption is two kilogrammes for each person; and in Holland the consumption is still greater. In 1854, the consumption throughout the world was 253,000,000 kilogrammes, or nearly nine ounces for each individual. If tobacco contains on an average three per cent. of nicotine, there are annually consumed 7,500,000 kilogrammes.

SOUNDS.—Herschel gives 345 miles as the greatest known distance to which sound has been carried in the air. This was when the awful explosion of the volcano at St. Vincent was heard at Damerara.

A SAD REFLECTION.—Alas! how often do our friends follow the custom of apothecaries, who give advice gratis, provided you swallow their medicines.

THINGS THAT NEVER STOP.—He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.

CHARACTER.—Those who lack a good natural character may be sure they cannot long sustain, without detection, an artificial one.

CULTIVATE IT.—Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light in the darkest places.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Sir George Gray has given to the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope a splendid library.

Eighteen hundred vocal and instrumental performers are engaged to open the World's Fair.

George Francis Train, the clever Bostonian, is lecturing and "talking to 'em" all over England.

The Prince of Wales has just invested £200,000 in a shooting-box and its grounds.

There are 95 Episcopal bishops in England and 40 in the United States.

The Australians are making a movement to populate the northern ports of Queensland with Chinese laborers.

The first edition of the London morning papers is now for the first time regularly delivered in Paris on the same evening.

Love, the ventriloquist, who is still remembered in this country, is now paralyzed and poor. A benefit in London is being organized.

The Princess Alice has been authorized by Queen Victoria to send a letter of thanks to the poet Tennyson, for his beautiful and noble tribute to the memory of Prince Albert.

An Austrian journal gives a statement from Rome, which puts the strength of the Jesuit Order, at the end of 1861, as high as 7231 members, of whom 2203 are Frenchmen.

One of the Paris Rothschild's sons is about to marry one of the Frankfort Rothschild's daughters. Strange family that is. They always intermarry, and are as rich as innumerable.

Meyerbeer's great opera of "The Huguenots" was, under the old *regime*, prohibited at Naples. It has just been brought out at the San Carlo—the great theatre of that city—and the house is nightly crowded.

A wonderful child has just died in England, who at the age of 10 years, 5 months and 13 days weighed 15 stone (190 pounds), and required a coffin six feet long, two feet wide and 17 inches deep.

A swimming belt of novel construction for the use of the French army, has just been tried at Paris. It is an inverted truncated cone of thin metal, closely fitting around the waist. It only weighs 8 pounds.

The Allgemeine Zeitung notices the death at Rome of Princess Borromeo, who was 105 years of age, Selicotti, one of the Roman Triumvirs, in 1849, and one of Mazzini's warmest adherents, and died at Turin.

Le Nord, a journal which was started at Brussels a few years ago to advocate Russian interests, is transplanted to Paris, where it has taken a twenty-five years lease, and set up a large printing establishment.

The Paris women are excited about an electric head-dress invented for the Empress Eugenie. It is a crown formed of globules of glass lighted by electric light, and set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It emits such an effulgence as to light up of itself a dark room, and if ever put into general use will supersede the necessity of gas jets or wax candles. Every lady will be her own chandelier.

The Portuguese people are cultivating cotton largely, it is said, in their African possessions.

The one hundred and fourth thousand of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy has been published in London.

The oldest cantiniere of the French army, Therese Jourdan, has just died at Issoudun, aged ninety-four.

From the latest returns it appears that the kingdom of Poland contains 5,850,005 inhabitants. Of that number, 600,000 are Jews.

The Catholics of France have established a mission at Madagascar consisting of three priests and four Sisters of Charity. They were well received by the natives.

The French excavators of the Suez Canal have found, it is said, the ruins of an Egyptian city buried under a bed of sand, with accompanying embalmed crocodiles and mummies.

The British volunteer excitement seems to be dying out. The rich volunteers won't pay any more money. Even the National Rifle Association has the utmost difficulty in raising two thousand a year from subscription.

Japan, it is said, will contribute some six hundred articles to the international exhibition of 1862, including articles of lacquerware, straw work, China porcelain, manufactures of paper, carving in ivory, paintings and books.

Sir Charles Fellows has bequeathed the watch of Milton to the British Museum, to be deposited in the Museum, upon the condition that the watch may be placed under glass or in some other way always kept exposed to public view.

A grand convocation, to which all the Roman Catholic bishops in the world are invited, will take place in May at Rome. One of its objects, it is said, is to proclaim the immaculate temporal power as an article of faith—as a dogma of the church.

The carnival season at Florence has been quite brilliant, theatrically speaking. At the Teatro Pagliano, La Medori, a singer and actress of very considerable power—though not much known out of Italy—has been singing in Norma to crowded houses.

The discovery of the fossil bones of a new and gigantic saurian, in a cutting recently made for a railway near Poligny, France, has just been announced. The animal must have been between 90 and 120 feet in length, and must have existed toward the end of the Triassic period.

The river Moselle has startled the old residents on its banks, by forcing for itself a new bed. But rivers are not allowed to cut up such pranks in the Old World, for we are informed that workmen are employed, as well as the troops of the garrison, in making the river return to the bed it has quitted.

Photography is playing a prominent part in the recent French military expeditions. In China thirty photographers went with the staff of the commanding general, besides those who were organized in each corps. In like manner, General Lorencez has taken a body of photographers to Mexico with instruments of all dimensions.

## Record of the Times.

Two hundred thousand barrels of ale are manufactured annually in the city of Albany, N. Y.

The Toronto Leader is firm in the belief of war between the United States and England, and devotes a column to the plan of the campaign!

It is so muddy at Cairo that the soldiers call the soil which adheres to their boots, "bounty land" which they have "drawn."

The corn "silk" made into a strong tea, is said to have wonderful effect in curing diseases of the kidneys. It is a great remedy in Germany.

It is computed that each soldier in the army may have a pound of metal upon his person and equipments in the form of buttons and other ornaments.

A number of Prussian savans are to be sent to Athens to make archaeological excavations there, and direct their special attention to the Acropolis.

Exeter Hall, St. James Hall, the Britannia Theatre, and St. Martin's Hall, London, have all been opened for popular Sunday evening services for working people.

The records of the Secretary of War show that New York has furnished more troops than any State in the Union, her quota being over 90,000, while Pennsylvania has only 60,000, and Ohio 50,000, as far as muster rolls show.

M. Cordier has just completed, for the Empress Eugenie, two full length statues of Arab women, for holding lights. The draperies are in onyx, the naked parts in oxidized silver, and the ornaments in enamels and precious stones.

The subscription in England for a monument in honor of Prince Albert, is fast approaching one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in a few weeks it will probably reach two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

At a ball given at a fashionable hotel in Rio Janeiro last month, during the dancing of the Lancers, the ball-room was suddenly inundated by a rise in the river, the ladies being forced to get on to the chairs and into the orchestra.

A New Haven boy finding a load of cabbages standing on the street, mounted the wagon and began to sell the vegetables. He had a good trade and sold most of the goods, when he saw the proprietor coming, and left.

A Portland man comes second in meanness in the list of mean men. He tried to make a bargain a day or two since with a newsboy, to tear off the telegraphic half of a newspaper, and sell it to him for one cent!

The Japanese have no dogs of superior breed, but they have cats of a peculiarly beautiful kind. These are of a whitish color, with large yellow and black spots, and a very short tail; the ladies carry them about as lapdogs.

The immense business transacted in petroleum oil is set forth by some returns of traffic over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad during the month of January. The number of barrels of oil carried was 70,000, and the cartage alone amounted to \$85,000.

California is becoming a large exporting country, independent of its great staple, gold.

"It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

Mr. Russell wrote to the London Times from Canada, that that country was large enough to furnish kingdoms for all the scions of royalty in Europe.

The Supreme Court at Berlin has decided that a telegraphic order to buy merchandize or stocks which is replied to is equivalent to a written contract.

Dr. Bellows, in a recent lecture at Portland, stated that, like all people who dwell among the mountains and along the rivers and sea coast, the Maine regiments were more subject to home sickness than any other regiments.

The pope is causing a sepulchre to be built in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, similar to those which exist in the churches of St. Peter and St. John de Lateran, with the intention, it is said, of being interred there.

A horse at Rocky Hill, Me., ran away lately, upset two sleighs in the way of his running, made for an open door, plunged through the entry into a kitchen, and thence into a bedroom, where he brought up against a partition and fell into a bed, in which he lay flat until removed.

§ The Prince of Wales kept very shady while in Vienna—wouldn't even dine with the Kaiser. The archdukes and princes called upon him, but he wasn't sociable, and seemed a little particular who he went round with. He is still described as wearing that old white hat.

At Mill Spring a Tennessean from one of the rebel regiments managed to escape to our ranks. He took his stand among Fry's men, seized the gun of one who had fallen by his side, fired forty rounds, killing the very man he most hated, one who had pressed him into the rebel service.

About one hundred bomb shells, of different sizes, pass through Philadelphia daily, from the government foundry at Pittsburg. They are taken to the different naval depots East, where they are filled, and are packed on board transports for the use of the blockading squadron.

But few newspapers get to California by the overland mail. They are so bulky, and the travelling is so poor, that the company don't take much pains with them, but leave them at the way stations, where the people cut open the canvass bags and help themselves to the news from all parts of the country.

The Constitutionnel says, "We find that the French population comprises in its totality 37,472,732 souls. France, therefore, finds herself to-day the second of the European powers as to population, Russia being the first with 58,470,000 souls, and Austria the third with 35,965,300."

The latest acquisition of property made by the emperor is of the mansion in the Isle of Elba, in which his uncle was sent to hold his court by the allied sovereigns. His imperial majesty has purchased it from the husband of the Princess Mathilde for the sum of 1,500,000 francs, and bestowed upon it the title of "Musée Napoleon."

## Merry-Making.

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Knee-high-mish.

What kin is that child to its own father, who is not its father's own son? His daughter.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.

When wool falls in price, it is supposed that the reduction takes place from sheer necessity.

Why are all artificial flies like horsedies? Because you find them sticking to a barb.

Favor your horse with a curry as often as possible, but never curry favors with a man.

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

Quiz says that John Smith has caught the measles, but that no cause is assigned for this rash act.

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said, when he took the fees for christening them.

Somebody defines character as "the only personal property which everybody looks after for you."

What kind of grain is frequently taken as security for hundreds of dollars? An oat (a note).

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

Soft soap in some shape pleases all; and generally speaking, the more lye you put into it the better.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

It is generally believed that Cowper was a freemason, as he wished to erect "a lodge in some vast wilderness."

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

"Sal," said lisping Bill Samt, "if you youn't love me, thay tho; and ifh you love me, and youn't yike to thay the, squeests my hanth."

Seeing a military officer drunk and reeling in the streets, Quiz thinks, indicates that there is something wrong at head quarters.

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from freezing, by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

All fruit trees have military propensities. When young they are well trained; they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

"Well, John," said a doctor to a lad, whose mother he had been attending during her illness, "how is your mother?" "She's dead, I thank you, sir."

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

If England should be drawn into the present war, she will not find herself in a condition to take a "Nap."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

It is said that the horns of a dilemma are securely fixed at the capital, for the senators to hang themselves on.

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when coaled.

Spiggles says that his appetite for coffee is always appeased by one cupful of that beverage as it is served up at his boarding-house.

At an infant school examination, a few days ago, the examiner asked, "What fish eat the little ones?" "The big 'uns," shouted a little archin.

It was announced in Paris that the Marquis de Crequi had poisoned himself. "You see," said one of his friends, "he must have bitten his own tongue."

A Wheeling paper makes the following mysterious announcement, "There were nineteen feet in the channel last night." The odd one probably belonged to a cripple.

Men only purchase such things as they want; but women frequently purchase things they do not want, and apparently for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of purchasing.

"Will you take some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sare," he replied, "I don't swallow my wine in se shape of pills."

A Yankee, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said, "Scrape for me, while I knock for both of us."

Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no *so* in that language, that "them chaps spell wagon?"

Woman—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars!

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know it, to be sure? There's a hole on the other side, there is."

A person asked Chapman if the tolling of a bell did not put him in mind of his later end. He replied, "No, sir; but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

"I have one request to make of you my dear Mr. Grant." "My dear widow, I will grant anything you say." "Well, sir, I want to be Granted myself."

# Mr. Slim's Developments in Physical Culture.



Mr. Slim reads Prof. Strongman on "Physical Culture."



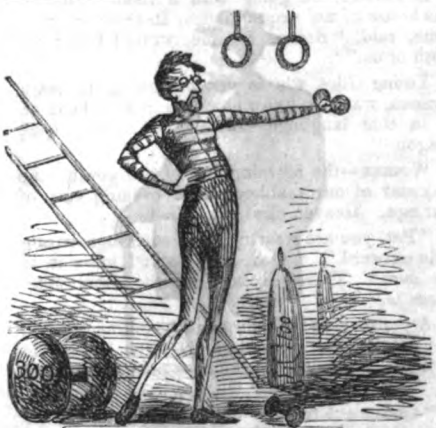
Is highly delighted—determines to commence a course of exercise immediately.



Having purchased the necessary implements, he surveys them with great satisfaction.



Appearance of Mr. Slim in his gymnastic suit.



First day holds out the two pound dumb-bell, after repeated trials.

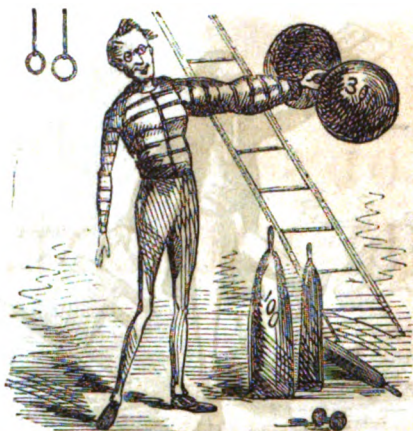


Suffers great pain all night—swelled appearance of arm in the morning.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Resolves to be more careful and gradual in his exercise—development of left arm in one month.



Commences practice with other arm—appearance in another month.



Commences practice for development of legs.



Appearance at expiration of third month.



Finds it necessary to develop the vital organs—begins accordingly.



Appearance of Mr. Slim at the expiration of four months.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1862.

WHOLE No. 90.

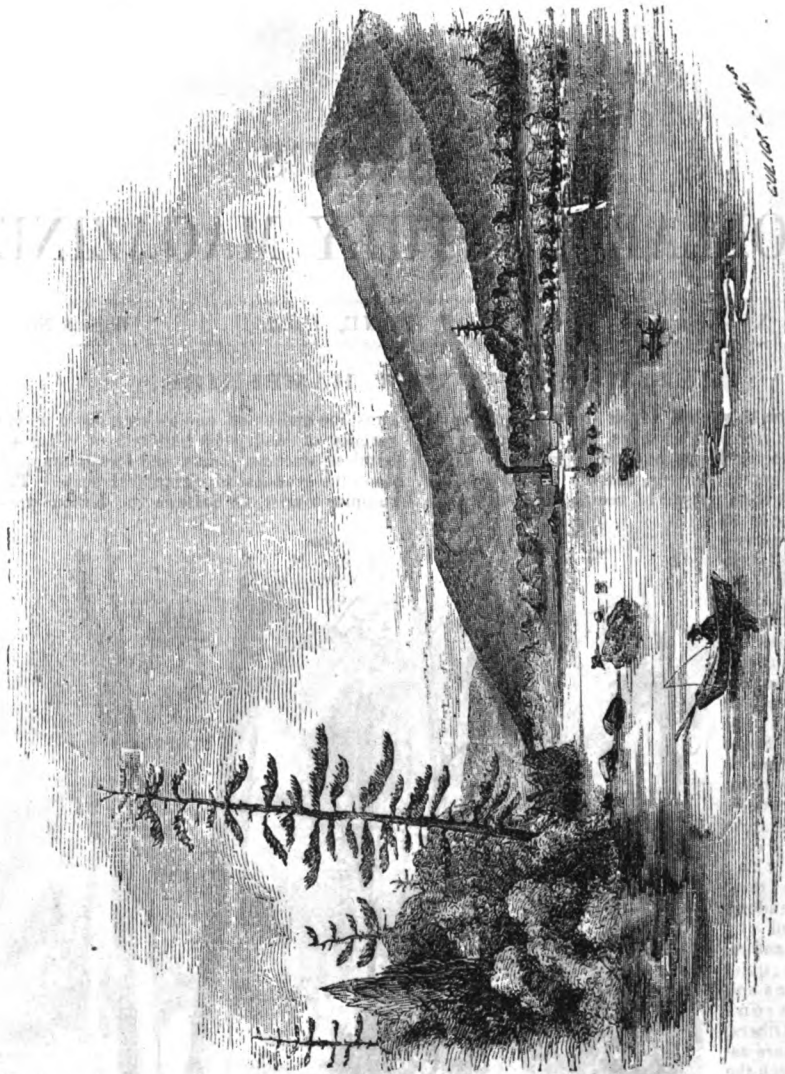
## SCENERY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

As soon as winter, which lingers so long in our stern northern latitudes, has fairly taken his departure, and our nominal spring has given place to genial summer, tourists begin to flock to the north in pursuit of health, or to study for themselves those marvels of natural scenery, which, reproduced upon the canvass of the painter or the page of the poet, possess the power to enchant the world. Some are content to loiter in sequestered valleys, by the margin of placid streams that meander thro' green meadows enamelled by flowers, and reflecting quiet villages and slumberous woods. Others, rather more aspiring, seek the hill country, while the more adventurous are not satisfied till they have climbed the towering peaks, that diversify nature in the northerly part of New England. If there be no danger, there is still excitement in climbing mile after mile into the regions of alternating

sunshine and cloud, and looking down upon vast reaches of land, with hundreds of villages and hamlets, streams, plains and forests mapped out upon the grandest topographical scale. To the summer tourist, no State in the Union presents



ASCENT OF RED HILL.



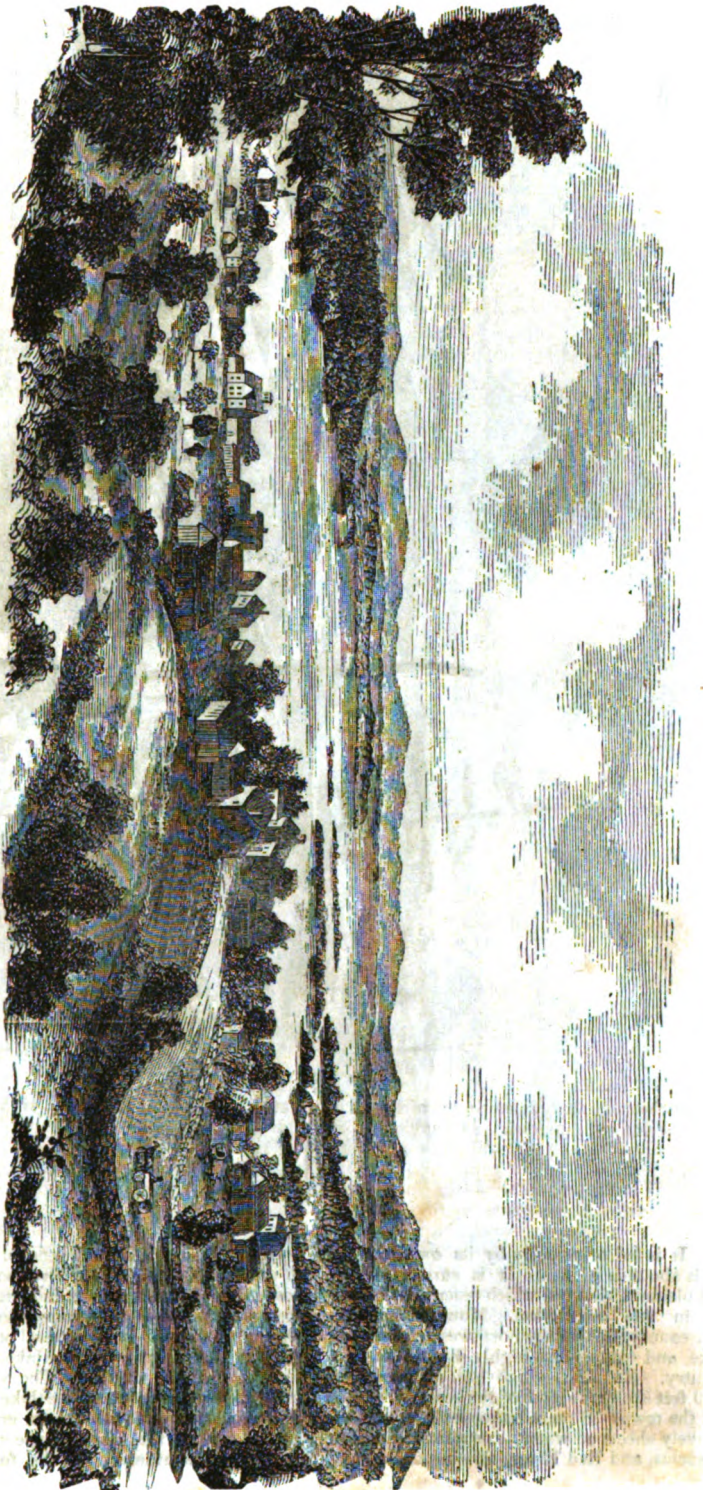
VIEW OF RED HILL FROM LAKE WINNIPISOGEE.

greater attractions than New Hampshire. It is the Switzerland of America. It has its quiet valleys, its romantic and pastoral glens, it has its lakes and streams and water courses, it has its hills, and it has its mountains—the latter bold, sublime, enduring monuments of the Creative Power. One of the most travelled routes to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, is from this city, by railroad to Concord, and thence to Lake Winnipiseogee (pronounced by the Indians Win-ne-pe-sock-e, with the accent on the penultima), an excellent point of departure for the mountain region. The Indian name we have just quoted signifies the “Smile of the Great Spirit,” and shows the poetical feeling of the aborigines, and their appreciation of the beauties of nature. No one who has lingered by the enchanted shores of this magnificent sheet of

water, who has gazed upon its broad expanse dotted with numerous islands, and gleaming in the rays of the rising and setting sun, will deny the appropriateness of the Indian name. The lake lies in Belknap and Carrol counties, and is irregular in its form. It stretches into seven large bays, three on the west, three on the east, and one on the north. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and its breadth varies from one to ten miles. Like Lake George, its waters are of crystalline purity, and at a great distance from the shore objects on the bottom are plainly discernible. Its depth is very great, and in some places it is said to be unfathomable. The islets that gem its bosom are said to be three hundred and sixty-five in number, and they are of various sizes, the largest of them containing five hundred acres of fertile soil, yielding heavy crops of corn and



VILLAGE OF CENTRE HARBOR, LAKE WINNIPISCOGEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.





VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF RED HILL.

grain. It is fed principally by its own springs—and it abounds in fish. It is surrounded by several pleasant villages, which deserve a passing notice in this connection. Moultonboro', in Carroll county, lies on the northwestern shore of the lake, and comprises a highly diversified tract of country. Red Hill, which has an elevation of 2000 feet above the level of the sea, lies wholly within the town. Squam Lake and Long Pond, both lovely sheets of water, are partially within its precincts, and Red River, flowing through it,

empties into Lake Winnipiseogee. Tuftonboro', in the same county, and overlooking the lake, was settled in 1780. It is indented by bays of the lake, of which its elevated points command charming views. It has several ponds and small streams which empty into the lake and contribute to swell its vast volume. The views which we present in illustration of the lake scenery were drawn expressly for us by an artist of ability. In our view of the lake, the spectator is looking towards the southeast. In the foreground is a

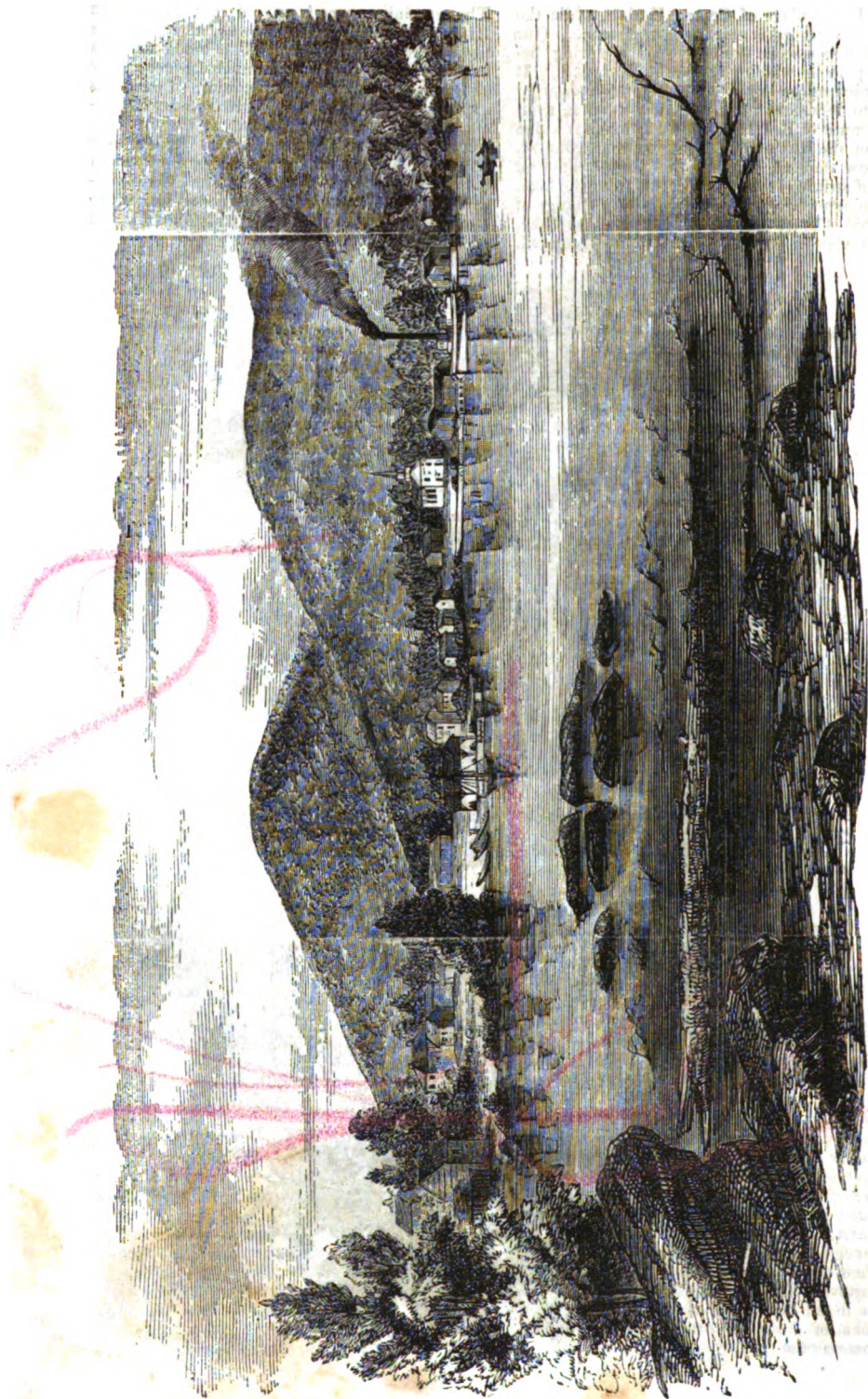


part of the village of Centre Harbor, while the town of Guilford is seen in the distance. Our first view is a scene sketched near a spring beside a path by which you ascend Red Hill. It is a picturesque spot, and one which an artist loves to delineate. Another view is that from the summit of Red Hill, which commands a fine view of the lake and the surrounding country. We now descend the hill and obtain another view of striking beauty—Red Hill from the lake. Yet another view is presented by a change of position—Centre Harbor as seen from the lake. In this view a part of Red Hill is presented.

The remaining scene is an old mill located on Artist's Brook, in North Conway, fifty-five miles from Lake Winnipiseogee. This brook abounds in picturesque views and is much frequented by artists making studies from nature. Conway is a picturesque town, and is a great resort of travellers to the White Mountains. It lies in Carroll county. Swift and Pequawket Rivers here pour into the Saco, the rapid current of which is broken by numerous falls. Lake Winnipiseogee is four hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea, and is certainly a gem in the region where it lies.







SCENE ON LAKE WINNEPESaukee, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

## VIEWS IN PAWTUCKET, R. I.

The designs we give in this beautiful town embrace some of the most interesting in the place. Pawtucket is situated upon the Pawtucket River, which is the dividing line between the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Above the town the river takes the name of the Blackstone. It rises in Worcester County, Mass., and pursuing a southeast course, empties its waters into Narragansett Bay, at Providence. Pawtucket is essentially a manufacturing town, and contains nothing of startling interest to attract the traveller or mere tourist; but there is a mine of interest in a visit to her various manufactories, which amply repays the time spent in going through them. Its water power is its principal resource and dependence, and was the attraction to the first settlers of the place. Let us glance at the history of the town. According to tradition, the land on which Pawtucket is situated was originally owned by Ezekiel Hollman, one of Roger Williams's associates. The first settlement was made near the falls by the family of Jenks, at a period nearly coeval with the settlement of Providence, in which town it was included for nearly a century, until North Providence, to which the Rhode Island side belongs, was set off in 1795. Joseph Jenks, the founder of the family, came from Lynn, Mass., in 1670. In 1789, Samuel Slater, then a young man of 21 years, came to Pawtucket, and introduced cotton spinning by machinery, until then a mystery. He was born in England, and his father, on his deathbed, indentured him to Mr. Jedediah Strutt, the proprietor of an extensive cotton mill at Belper, in the county of Derby. When his apprenticeship expired, he determined to come to America, and fearing the jealousy of the government with regard to all attempts to carry away the art of cotton manufacture, he resolved to study the machinery so thoroughly as to be able to carry the patterns in his memory, and from the reflections of his own mind and judgment lay the foundations of this branch of manufacture here. This he did so perfectly, that on his arrival here, being recommended to Moses Brown, of Providence—who had attempted the same thing and failed—he engaged to furnish patterns for the machinery, and superintend its operation. The present state of the cotton manufacture in this country, and the "Old Slater Mill," are monuments of his success. The attraction to Pawtucket being limited to its manufacturing facilities, its growth was slow, and having been exempt from the dangers incident to more exposed localities in time of war, it is devoid of general historical interest. The historiographer, therefore, would find few facts other than of local interest, in searching among the archives of the town.

There are probably no vestiges of the original buildings erected in this place, although some very ancient and venerable ones still remain to carry us back beyond the present century. One of the oldest is called the "old Miller house," and is situated at the corner of Main Street and of Valley Falls turnpike. The first engraving represents the Congregational Church in Pawtucket. This church occupies a very commanding situation on the corner of Walcott and Meeting Streets, and as the traveller steps out of the coach, at the hotel, it looms up upon his sight to a majestic height. The fact that the street declines rapidly from the front of the church for three or four hundred feet, gives it the appearance of a greater elevation than it really has.

Following next is a fine view of the Falls, Pawtucket River, and the Mills. A narrow, winding footpath runs along the precipitous side of the bank, but it would be an act of considerable daring for one unaccustomed to its tortuous



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PAWTUCKET.

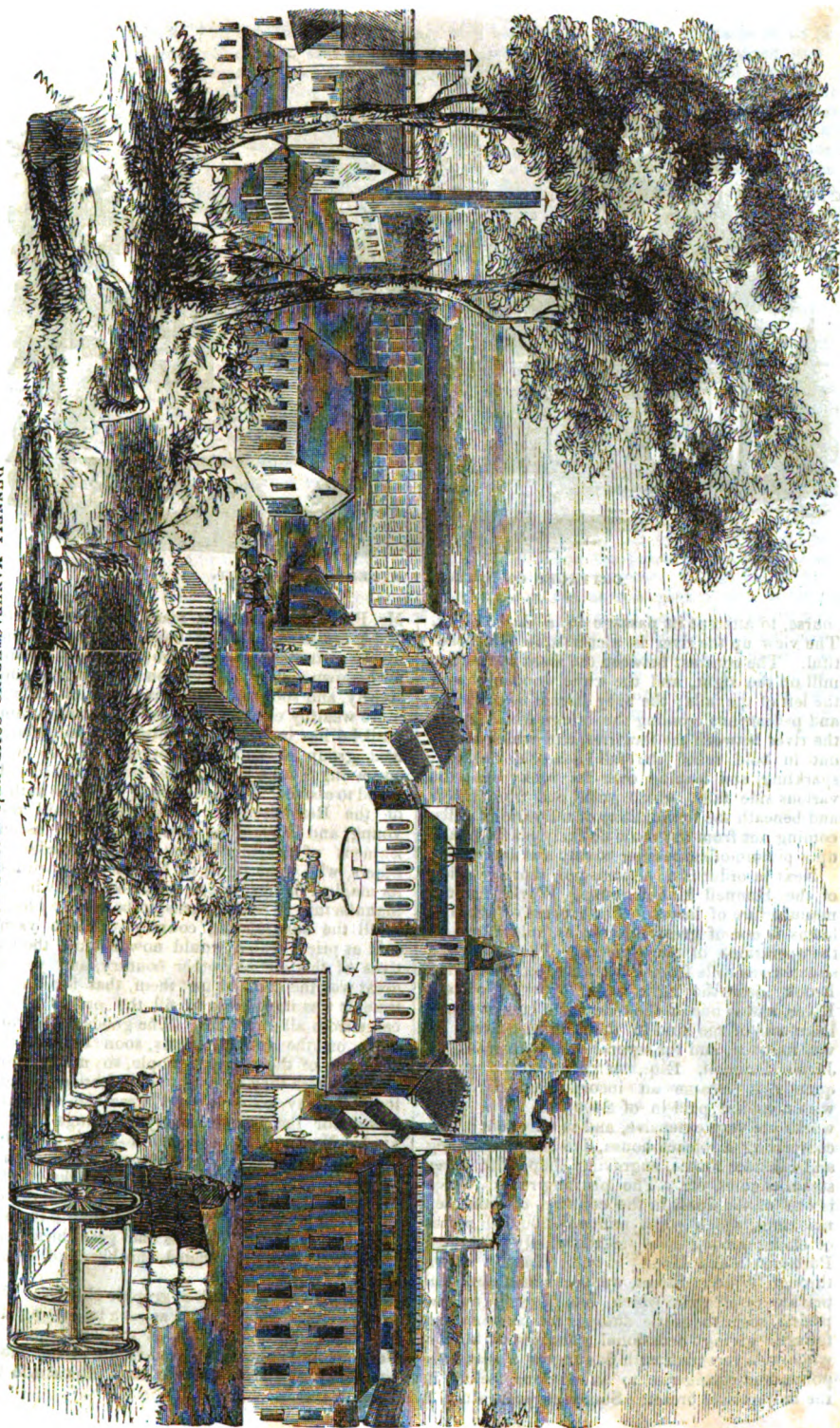




THE FALLS, PAWTUCKET RIVER, AND MILLS, PAWTUCKET.



DUNNELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S WORKS, PAWTUCKET.





COTTAGES ON WALCOTT STREET, PAWTUCKET.

course, to attempt its passage in a dark night. The view up the river is picturesque and beautiful. The contrast between the dark blue stone mill on the right, and the white wooden one on the left of the falls; the busy stream of carriages and pedestrians crossing the bridge which spans the river between the factories, and which brings out in bold relief the fall beneath, dashing, sparkling, and leaping over its rocky bed; the various side falls, which gush out from above and beneath the foundations of the various mills, coming out from the most unlikely places, make up a picture of surpassing beauty and interest.

Next in order is a picturesque representation of the Dunnell Manufacturing Works, for the manufacture of lawns. The process of printing lawns is one of great interest, as indeed are all the operations of the concern. The works are situated one mile from Pawtucket, on Beveredge Brook, near the right bank of the Seekonk River, and is one of the oldest and largest establishments of the kind in the United States. It was founded, and for several years operated, by Jacob Dunnell, Esq., of Pawtucket; subsequently it became an incorporated company, with a capital paid in of \$400,000. The print works are very extensive, and in excellent order, comprising a bleach-house, dye-house, printing and calender rooms, engraving shop, with three steam engines, etc. The printing-room, which is one of the finest in the country, contains ten machines, which print annually 500,000 pieces of cloth; among these are the widely celebrated Portsmouth and Hadley lawns. Taking a turn through Walcott Street, we see some beautiful private residences, which, like flowers on the prairie, seem to nestle among the surrounding foliage, giving occasional glimpses of a bay-window, a verandah with flowers, or a neat little porch, and giving rise to an envious feeling in the most stoical breast. Some few years since a

Mr. Pitcher purchased a small farm hereabouts, laid it out in squares and building lots, and put up the neat little cottage shown, in the picture for his own use. The location was elevated and slightly, and soon attracted the attention of the more wealthy citizens, who settled around him, until he has become the centre of a singularly neat group of suburban cottages. The next engraving gives a view of the Old Slater Mill, alluded to above. "Fifty years ago," says the author of the Reminiscences, "the Slater mill was young, and in vigorous operation, to the astonishment of the inhabitants and multitudes of others, who went down to Pawtucket to witness its magical doings, which consisted mostly in the manufacture of coarse yarns, to be wove by hand in all the surrounding country. These yarns sold at prices which would now astonish the natives of this or any other country, and yet, so great was the demand for them, that for a long time it was impossible to fill the orders which came from all directions. The goods made from them on the country looms, soon became the favorites of the country people, so much more durable were they than the old fabrics. From forty to fifty cents a yard were the ordinary prices for the coarse, heavy sheetings of this kind. No one then dreamed of looms to go by water power, and the first fixtures for that purpose were curious, high standing articles. The bleaching business was then truly in a state of nature, and the whole ground adjoining the old mill on the north side, was one great bleaching meadow, where was located the head of operations."

Our series closes with a graphic sketch of the central part of Pawtucket, as seen in casting the vision up Main Street. It exhibits quite a business-like appearance, and is one of the most important marts of business and promenade in the town.



**A PRAYING MACHINE.**

Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotary movement to a kind of praying machine, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a Chu Kor, that is, "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and going on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on its axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Thibetan characters the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep, at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

One day we happened to be passing one of these machines, we saw two Lamas engaged in a violent quarrel, and almost coming to blows on account of their zeal for their prayers. One of them it appeared had come, and having set the barrel in motion on his own private account was retiring modestly to his cell, when chancing to

turn his head to enjoy the spectacle of its pious revolutions, he saw one of his brethren stop the wheel, and set it whirling again for himself. Indignant, of course, at this unwarrantable interference, he ran back, and in his turn put a stop to his rival's piety, and they continued this kind of demonstration for some time, but at last losing patience they proceeded to menaces and then to cuffs, when an old Lama came out, and brought the difficulty to a peaceful termination by himself turning the prayer barrel for the benefit of both parties.—*De Huc's Travels in Tartary.*

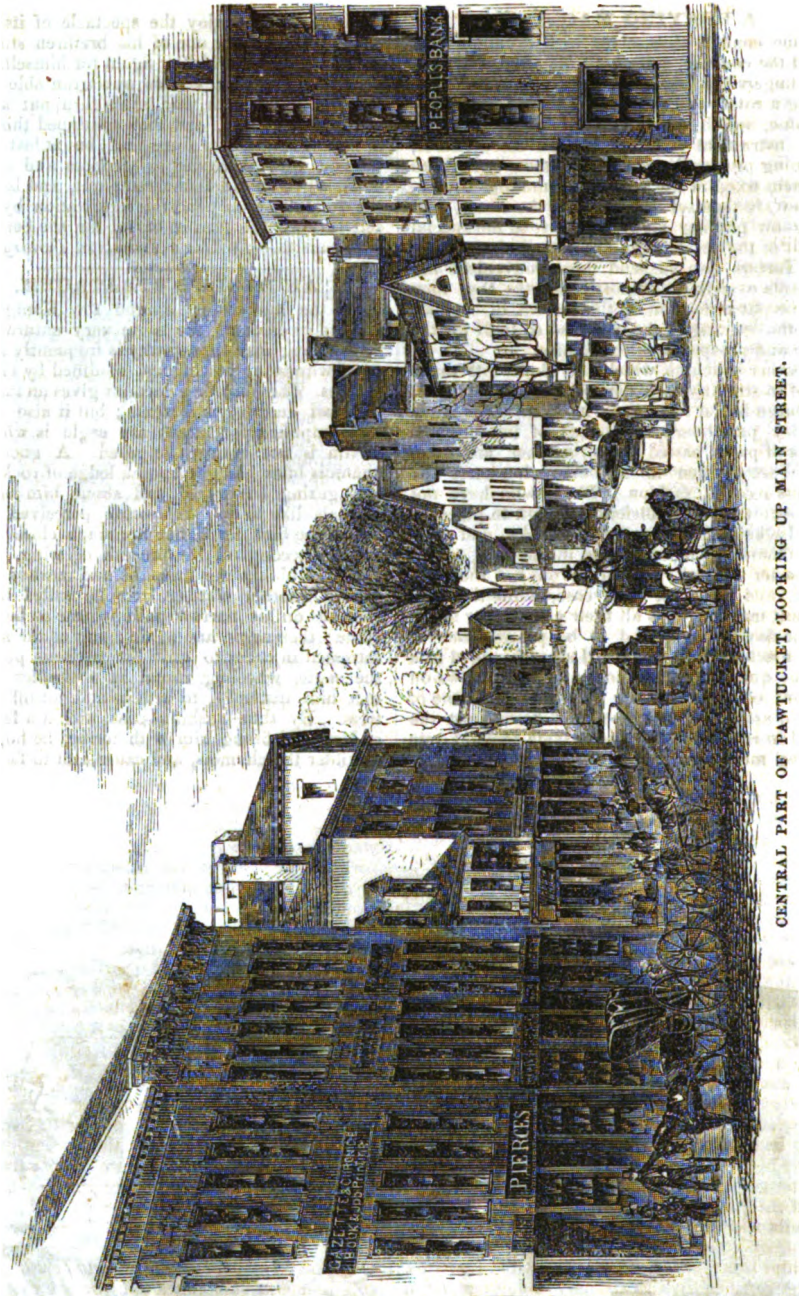
**AN EAGLE'S STRATAGEM.**

As the mountains around the Konigs Sea abound in chamois, the eagle very naturally resorts there; and opportunity is frequently afforded of witnessing his tactics, modified by circumstances. The following account gives an instance of most cunning stratagem; but it also shows how impotent for attack the eagle is when his victim is not entirely exposed. A good-sized chamois buck had got upon a ledge of rock, and was gazing downward and about him as these animals like to do. An eagle perceived him; but as the bird could not approach close to the rock on account of his breadth of wing, he resolved to obtain the prize he had marked as his own in another manner. So he sailed by the chamois on his narrow path as near as he dared come; then again and again; and as the animal retreated in order to quit his perilous position, the eagle, wheeling round in a smaller circle, met him instantly, to hem in and cut off his retreat. By thus rushing past within a few feet of him, and filling him with terror, he hoped to bewilder the chamois, and cause him to fall over



THE OLD SLATER MILL, PAWTUCKET.





CENTRAL PART OF PAWTUCKET, LOOKING UP MAIN STREET.

the precipice, in which case he would have but to descend and carry off his booty. And, in fact, the chamois, from trepidation probably, in turning a corner, slipped with one hind foot over the ledge. He lost his balance, and fell headlong over the rocks, as the eagle intended he should. But after lodging for a short time on an intervening slope, the carcass rolled off, and came

toppling down into the lake. The whole proceedings had been watched by two persons in a boat. They now rowed across to get the chamois; while the eagle, disappointed of his victim, wheeled above them watching all they did. —*Forest Creatures; by Charles Boner.*

Love is an admiration which never wearies.

## DENNETT'S LIFE-SAVING ROCKETS.

The accompanying series of illustrations show the manner of employing Dennett's rocket in cases of disaster and shipwreck on the sea-coast. This rocket is used extensively on the coasts of Great Britain, the character of which in many parts renders every means that ingenuity can invent for the safety of life imperative. Great Britain is surrounded by stormy seas, and at certain seasons of the year shipwrecks are unfortunately frequent. During every winter, our English papers record many wrecks, attended with loss of life, and from the comments made upon these occurrences, we learn that carelessness, so frequently and so often unjustly charged against the management of our own mercantile marine, is likewise not unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. But the English press has done its work well in fully discussing these matters. Attention is at length greatly directed to the means by which these disasters may be mitigated on the British coasts. We find, on referring to the Wreck Registers presented annually to Parliament, that by far the greater number of shipwrecks arise from preventable causes, such as "bad lookout," "neglect of the lead," "insufficient manning," "rotten gear," "inattention to lights and bearings," "full speed in thick weather," etc., etc. It is also evident that in very many cases whole crews are lost for want of a life-boat, and the means of placing her in the water safely and expeditiously. And last, though not least, is another cause, viz., the great facilities which exist for insuring rotten and unseaworthy ships. This is a most serious consideration; for until masters and owners can be brought to understand that it is for their interests individually and collectively, and for the interests of the country at large, that ships should be properly found, navigated and manned, what has been done, and is still doing by philanthropic institutions, must very inadequately meet the case. It is true that life boats on the most approved models, manned by brave and skilful men, are ready to render assistance to wrecked and stranded vessels. It is true that Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are placed on the coasts wherever they are thought necessary, in charge of men experienced in their use. It is true that thousands of pounds are spent annually by the Board of Trade, in rewarding individual cases of meritorious exertion, and in maintaining the life-boats and mortars and rockets ~~above~~ referred to; but it is equally true that ~~hundreds of lives are still~~ thrown away, and will continue to be thrown away, until steps have been taken to prevent rather than to cure.

The government have now earnestly taken in hand the question of harbors of refuge; and such harbors will no doubt tend to abridge the catalogue of wrecks; but still it seems to us that if no ships were allowed clearance at the Customs, unless certified by a British government surveyor as sound, well found, properly manned, and provided with life-boat and gear, more good would be done, and less expense would be incurred, than in afterwards endeavoring to remedy what might have been so easily prevented. This, of course, has no reference to steam vessels carrying passengers, as all such vessels are at present thoroughly examined and certified, both as re-

gards hull and machinery, in the same manner as provided by the law of this country.

But to return to the subject of our illustrations. There are at present on the coasts of the United Kingdom about 150 life-boats, well found and fully manned; and 200 coast-guard stations, at which Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are maintained by the Board of Trade, at an annual expense, altogether, of between £4000 and £5000. The number of lives saved from shipwreck in 1857 by these means, and by coast-guard boats, luggers and small craft, was 1668; and the number lost in the same time, 532, making a total number of 2200 lives imperilled on the British coasts alone, in one year.

In the rocket apparatus, an ordinary nine-pounder Dennett's rocket, having a thin, light, but strong line attached to it, is fired over the ship in distress. Great care is required in letting out this line; and to prevent its "kinking," it is kept "faked" on pins in a box. When wanted for use, it is either fired out of the box, or off the ground. On the rocket-line being fired over the ship, and secured by the crew, they signal the people on shore that they have done so. A "whip," which is a rope having the ends spliced together (like a jack-towel on a large scale), and rove through a tailed block, is now hauled on board by means of a rocket-line, and the tail of the block is made fast to some part of the ship, as high up as possible. By means of the "whip," or endless rope, the people on shore haul off another and thicker rope, which is made fast on board the ship above the tailed block, and is stretched taut between the ship and shore above the "whip." There is therefore a double communication with the ship, one by the means of the thick rope stretched taut, and the other by means of the endless rope or "whip." The thick rope serves for a block carrying a sling to travel in, and the "whip" serves to pull the sling backwards and forwards. The sling is a circular cork life-buoy, fitted with a pair of short trousers or drawers. These machines were invented by Commander Kisbee, of the Royal Navy, and from him are known as "Kisbee's Breeches." They have saved many lives. Our illustrations show the arrangement of the rocket apparatus, the flight of the rocket-line, and the manner of bringing a shipwrecked crew on shore.

## AUTHORSHIP.

"Never write a book," said Talleyrand; "if you do we shall know all your brains are worth, for as many francs as your book will cost. No man of sense writes books; the emperor writes no books (this was said before Bonaparte was sent to St. Helena), Socrates never wrote a book." While a man is living he will perhaps have more repute for wisdom if he be considered able to write but does not, in the same way that, as Bacon says (speaking of conversation), "If you dissemble sometimes that you are thought to know, you shall another time be thought to know that you do not." But traditional wisdom is fugitive, and has no lasting influence, except when a chronicler is found to record the original utterances. Socrates was immortalized by his disciples, especially by Plato, who reproduced the thoughts expressed by his master in public discourses, or is supposed to have done so.





DENNETT'S ROCKETS FOR FIRING THE ROCKET LOFTY LINES.

**AN EASTERN OPIUM SALOON.**

Lord Jocelyn, an English traveller, describes an opium saloon at Singapore: "One of the objects," says he, "which I had the curiosity to visit at Singapore, was the opium smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight,

although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits. The idiot smile and death-like stupor of the opium debauchees have something far more awful to the gaze than the beastiality of the latter. The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke are surrounded by wood-



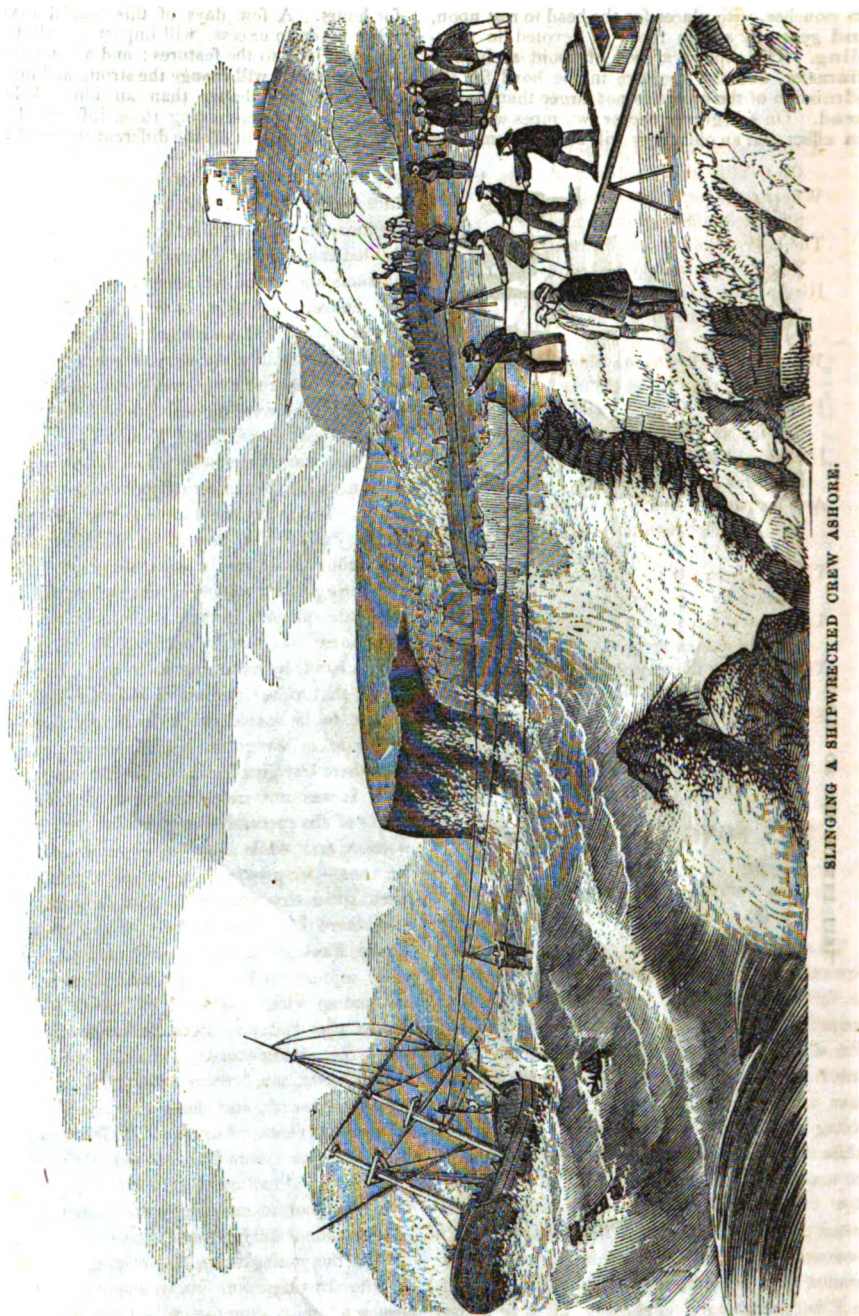
en couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking

for hours. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. About nine in the evening these infatuated people may be seen in all the different stages of their

FLIGHT OF THE ROCKET LINE.







SLINGING A SHIPWRECKED CREW ASHORE.

intoxication. Some enter half distracted to feed their craving appetite; others laugh and talk under the effects of the pipe; while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too completely under the influence of the drug to regard passing events, and fast

merging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of *morgue*, or dead house—where he sheltered those who have passed into the state of bliss which the opium-eater seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.”



[ORIGINAL.]

## HIDDEN SPRINGS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

A traveller chanced to journey  
 On a sultry summer day,  
 Where cruel rocks and barren wastes  
 Stretched miles and miles away;  
 The heat of the sun was overhead,  
 The burning sand at his feet,  
 His lips were parched with thirst, and his face  
 Was blistered with the heat.

Wearily down by the wayside  
 He sank, when lo! at his feet,  
 From a spring 'neath the wilding blossoms,  
 Ran the water cool and sweet.  
 He bathed his burning brow, and gave  
 His cheek to its cool caress,  
 And his parched lips grew tremulous  
 With a tender thankfulness.

Tired voyager o'er life's burning sands,  
 Beneath its noontide glare,  
 Take heart! somewhere a cooling spring  
 Is deftly hidden there.  
 Though bleak the way, some sunny hope  
 Its wildest pass shall bless:  
 Some smiling blossom glads the gloom  
 Of every wilderness!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE Baron Burnsidurn was by no means a coward; yet I must own, as he is not here to do so for himself, that he experienced a singular sensation upon entering the apartment assigned him at Castle Mons de Montmartons, that residence of his late father's oldest friend, a nobleman until to-night personally unknown to the young baron. He had arrived at sunset, and while the red light illumined all the world as if for some festal, the castle itself cast such a shadow that the attendants already kindled and tossed their flambeaux in the courtyard. A great frowning and forbidding mass of masonry, it yet bristled with the remnants of feudal terrors; and as if daily expecting some fresh raid from moor or mountain, Count Faulcon Mons de Montmartons still, it was said, kept the cannon pointed from the battlements and the warder waiting on the tower, though in the comparatively peaceful times one would have thought he had nothing to apprehend. But there was ever a legend abroad

in the land concerning the Mons de Montmartons, as there is apt to be when a sole great house dominates over the lesser names of any wide region, and rumor said that when they had no treasure to guard they yet had fearful secrets. An old family that dated from Charles Martel, and that taking no prominent part in war or politics, has yet maintained one of the first social positions in the kingdom, and that transmits undiluted the haughty Norman blood with its fierce passions and proud tempers, must yet have those last, and always the more or less deadly. And it was not without a thought of all this that the Baron Burnsidurn turned on the threshold to look once more at the glowing sky, and feel as if in entering he were bidding life and light adieu. In a moment more, Count Faulcon had met him with that stately courtesy which leaves no room for a murmur, but effectually distances all familiarity. It was by the simple fact of this stately courtesy alone that the Mons de Montmartons had strengthened and allied themselves with half the distinguished names in the realm; for there was little splendor in their abode, less wealth in their purse. It was by carrying things with so high a hand, by assuming so haughty a pre-eminence, that to be Countess of Montmartons came at last to be considered a dazzling pinnacle, to which dukes' daughters might reasonably aspire, but where less gifted mortals should despair and die. It was not trifles that thus fell into the hands of the successive knights with the marriage portion, and while they lasted—these marriage portions—being spent like princes, they certainly were trifles that remained. But for many years now there had been no lady of the castle, for Count Faulcon marrying early in Italy, after a short sojourn in Paris, took with him to Spain his young wife, and she had never returned. Those who had any right to inquire probably knew the circumstances, certainly nobody else did. Guests, too, became infrequent, at this inhospitable hearth, and those who had been there once seldom ventured again. The Italians would have said that Count Faulcon had the evil eye, the tenantry round about only called him a sour dour man, and unconsciously stood aside, lest his shadow should blight them.

With the young baron, the evening passed before the drawing-room fire, as evenings will; his host was kindly attentive, talked much with him concerning his late father, listened with interest to his prospects, but had no reminiscence to impart, no anecdote to relate, and withal was so utterly reserved and chilling, that Burnsidurn looked about him unconsciously to see if the surrounding walls were not those of an ice-house.



For a moment he had half the mind to let no sun sink over him again within them. Still he had arrived on the invitation of Count Faulcon himself, and there was some old hocus-pocus of his father's business yet to be arranged between them. After all, it was only an experience; let him make the most of it.

At this point of penance the door opened to admit an old butler, who now brought in candied fruits and wine, and placed them beside the guest with an air every whit as like his master as one tombstone is like another. Count Faulcon poured the wine, and himself drank of it. Perhaps the liberal juice of concrete southern suns fired his blood, for when he set down the empty glass, he showered his bright keen glances across Burnsidurn.

"You are not like your father at your age, my lord," he said. "Your mother's Italy runs in your veins. Yet I loved him. I, who departed from the custom of my blood in loving any man, and calling him friend. I would there were a daughter of the race, that she might wed and join my life with his."

So silent, so reserved, so dead of heart, now suddenly warmed with wine, and speaking thus. The baron was aghast.

"Yes," resumed the other. "Yes, Leigh Verghen, Baron Burnsidurn, there is no older nor finer name in Britain, and mine was made to match it, had I twice departed from the legend and the custom—for know, the tree does not run to blossom, stout stem and leaf and limb have we; but the delicate blooms—. Tell me, when was there a woman born to the name of *Mons de Montmartons*?" And motioning Pierre the butler to attend to his guest, Count Faulcon strode from the room.

"My Lord Burnsidurn, your rooms await you," said the butler, and the two went out together. Mounting the solid stairs, glimpsing the great staring portraits of grandiosities dead and gone, they came at length into a gallery lined with alternate mirrors and doors, and finally to a more imposing doorway than all, and Pierredrew forth his key.

"Marry a *Mons de Montmartons*!" thought the baron. "Thank God, it is impossible! What! Revive a wish, and marry me to an idea? Put a ring on the finger of the bronze statue of Silence in the hall down there! Call a ghost wife! A ghoul, a vampire!—"

Here Pierre threw open the door, and the baron's thoughts fell into such shivering that it was impossible for his anathema to proceed. Yet there was nothing in the room to be afraid of. It was very large, truly; but was he unaccustom-

ed to that? It was very lofty, and groined and ceiled elaborately, the sumptuous carpet resounded no footfall, the great bed behind its open hangings was heaped with cushioned ease. Well, what was it, then? This—carpet, ceiling, walls and garniture, there was no thread that was not black; the curtains hung above the bed like a pall, the bed itself was a catafalque. All this was seen—if seen be the right word to express the action of the eye in such darkness—by the faint gleam of a taper that kept wavering in some mysterious draft.

Dismissing his attendants, the baron, far from entering the bier awaiting him, went to pacing the room in a distraught state of mind, and imprecating the fates that had brought him here. Black, black—a tomb; let him open a window and breathe free air, if window there were. Indeed the baron was right, window there was none. He pulled aside the heavy tapestry, he took the taper and groped about the room—nothing but pictures, and panels, and doors; loophole or window, crack or crevice, did not exist.

The baron set down the candlestick, and tried to collect his thoughts. Was he doomed to stifle here? Ventilation? Yes, there was plenty of that; and suddenly looking up, the baron perceived a narrow aperture close under the ceiling, running across the room, and making with the corresponding one on the opposite side the mysterious draft in which his light wavered. Through the first he caught the glint of a star; through the second, nothing—the latter, then, opened into some apartment. The huge fire crackling on his hearth might send whatever goblin shadows it pleased—dancing even the dance of death, should they choose; for re-assured, the baron addressed himself to his toilet, and thankful that at last he did not find a skeleton under the coverlid, was instantly lost in dreams. Could it have been, then, in a dream that a voice sweet, and strong, and clear, came ever winding along and away with rise and fall of tune, a tune of witchery, so that though at first he could not catch the words, at length by frequent repetition the refrain remained in his memory:

"Life is too sweet to waste in a tower,  
While the bee's in the rose and the bird's on the spray;  
All the winds are abroad, and the world is in flower—  
Then follow, then follow, away, away!"

Certain it is, that the young baron's first morning thought ere unclosing his eyes was of the song in the night; and then he muttered at himself for having reached that state of idiocy through the agency of this funereal room, when he came even to believe his dreams were facts. "It is some old song that I heard in the nursery," said he. "There! begone with it!"

Hereupon the baron opened his eyes and gazed about him. Was this the room in which he had gone to sleep?—this? Certes; there was the ceiling, here was the floor, there was his candlestick on the console where it had been placed, burned down to the socket, and there beside it on the marble were the charred remains of his handkerchief, into which the candle dropped a snuff, occasioning a conflagration that had ceased simply for want of fuel. What, then, made the difference? Only, that all the hangings and cushions, which in the midnight had seemed of the direst blackness, were, by the yellow sunlight now streaming through the odd casement under the ceiling, seen to be of the most royal purple. This was a brighter aspect of affairs; and as his servant assisted his toilet, he found himself regaling the ears of that functionary as he hummed over again:

"All the winds are abroad and the world is in flower:  
Then follow, then follow, away, away!"

But with the sound sliding through his lips, the baron thought he must yet be dreaming—for was not that the echo of a silvery laugh, and did he hear the rustle of some gown sweeping swiftly away? Perhaps he would have set about some investigation, but just then the door opened, and with an air that seemed to deny the existence even of such an assertion as that there was a gown in the castle, Pierre entered to receive Lord Burnside's orders. Lord Burnside thought he should prefer breakfasting with his host, and accordingly descended. Perhaps there was a shade more of cordiality in Count Faulcon's manner; but scarcely was it perceptible, ere, on reading a note just handed him from his bailiff, he announced regret at being obliged to leave the baron to his own resources for the morning.

The baron accordingly betook himself to the library; but his eye chanced to light on nothing but antique tomes, and fearing that at length he should yawn his very soul away over the black-letter chronicle in hand, he threw it down, and went to examining the landscape. From this amusement he was recalled by Reuben and luncheon, and after luncheon he slept once more. So, dull as a gray sky, the day dragged on. With the late dinner and his simple apology, Count Faulcon appeared, and the evening was a fac simile of the evening before.

The next day Count Faulcon was obliged to attend to his magisterial duties, and a second time desert his guest; on the third day, when a deputation begging some political redress from Mons de Montmartons as the peer, had been authoritatively disposed of—an affair which took the morning—Count Faulcon was obliged to ride

and fulfil a previous engagement at a distance of some leagues; and thus, his host hastily grown a busy man, again was the baron left alone; while on the fourth day, as if to make amends, the count devoted himself sedulously to his friend, took him the grand tour of portions of the house, and allowed him a critical inspection of the host of family portraits with accompanying explanatory remarks, so that his attention became insufferably worse than his neglect, and on shutting the door of his sleeping-room that night, Burnside vowed that it should never but once re-open to him. Too utterly bored with this ennuisome experience for thought, or even for sleep, he found himself in a mild lethargic state, neither waking nor dreaming, and so likely to continue. Whereupon, quite dissatisfied, he at once rose and dressed.

"If there's nothing to read and nothing to do, I'll walk the room till morning, and then I can go," said he; and thereat his eye fell on a couple of odd volumes that had slept this dozen years undisturbed on the footstool where they had once been thrown. They were a grammar and lexicon of Sanscrit—why not devote the night toward increasing his stock of knowledge? He proceeded to do so. Insensibly he became interested in his occupation, his eyes forgot weariness, his soul as well, all his faculties were alert and bent upon his work, the dead silence was unbroken even by the slow turning of the worm-eaten leaves. It was then that a singular rushing noise stole in upon his ears, as if a river had been let loose in the hall. He listened; on it came, here, and with it a half-audible tinkle of bells, a patter of feet, a trail, a rustle, hither, thither, and there it brushed past his door. In an instant he had sprung, flung the door wide open, and stood gazing out. Was it a train of phantoms sweeping down the long gallery, all faintly luminous, sheeted in snow, and followed by an icy wind as they passed?—or, was it one only, one light rushing figure, jingling the keys as it fled, all its drapery agitated in the great current of air from some open embrasure, and multiplied with re-duplicate fantasies in the myriad alternate mirrors that lined the wall? Ere he had time to answer, the household was all astir, servants running here and there with lights, and Count Faulcon himself calling out for the cause of the disturbance. But the phantoms had vanished, apparently satisfied with their achievement, for, as Lord Burnside again betook himself to his room, he heard once more the echo of the silvery laugh and the snatch of song slipping through the dark high aperture:

"—The world is in flower—  
Then follow, then follow, away, away!"

To the baron it occurred that this was no less than a challenge, an invitation; some scruple for a moment prevented him, with the next the spirit of youth was uppermost, he had taken advantage of the hint, and was in the dark gallery. Groping along, some presentiment told him he should find an open door—it might be the door of the count's apartment, it might be the door of the count's secret. No matter; in these four days the count had made him suffer enough to suffer a little now himself. Quite true; here was a door that opened as he passed, opened cautiously, as if hinting that he should push it farther. He *did* push it. Beyond, for a moment, a ray of light was seen in vanishing. He followed, although in a Cimmerian blackness, and witless if wells or bottomless pits should open beneath his feet at every step. Something soft now opposed him, and brushed both his feet and forehead—it must be a curtain; fold after fold he lifted, like the triple hangings of some tent; and when the last one had fallen behind him, he was in a rotunda lighted from above by the stars. This was a wing of the castle to which the count had omitted to introduce him. And yet after all, some instinct warned him that he had but made a circuit, and was in a place contiguous to his own apartments; for there, was it not the aperture corresponding to the singular casement under the ceiling in his room? Here a half-laugh led him on again; he entered another door, it shut behind him with a spring, retreat was now impossible. A hand seized his, drew him forward, lifted another curtain, and admitted him to an atmosphere glowing with soft light.

"Is all ready, Camille?" said a voice as sweet as a song.

"All is ready, my lady."

"Present the prisoner."

"My Lord Burnside, you are in the hands of the Countess Genevieve Mons de Montmartons."

Lord Burnside bowed lower than he had ever bent his haughty head before.

"I throw myself upon the mercy of the court," he replied, in purest French.

"And the court has no mercy unless you obey her behests," said the lovely thing, who half-sat, half-reclined in the great crimson fauteuil before him.

"And that I swear I will do!" was his fervent response.

"Sit then," she said; "and sit beside me."

The baron advanced, but instead of taking the place indicated, seated himself at her feet.

Looking up Lord Burnside surveyed the rare and perfect creature before him. Eyes like jewels, dark and lustrous as summer skies by night,

a brow of ivory tressed by that hair radiant in light and raven in shadow, a mouth whose corners, lost in dimples, seemed ever pouting for fresh kisses, a cheek where the rose blushed in perpetual dream—was there anything wanting to complete the beauty of that countenance? And how came such a miracle of loveliness secluded, imprisoned—for imprisoned she surely was—in this castle?

"Here," said the baron to himself, "is that young wife who never returned from Spain! And for what jealous monkey is she shut up forever from mortal sight? Years have passed lightly over her beauty, yet why does she not fly?"

At all events, he reasoned, she was lady of the castle, and had the right to entertain all who entered its gates; and with that thought the baron's last scruple vanished.

But what had come over the lady? Where was all her sudden boldness, and where the assurance that had summoned him to her side? Beneath his glance, her own eyes fell, and the color streamed up her face like an aurora, and she half rose from her chair as if for flight again. But the slight figure in its purple drapery, after wavering an instant, sank back into the chair once more, and the blush sweeping down the face, tinted the beautiful bosom, and was lost in the soft cloud of misty lace out of which rose head and throat. Gathering her courage, however, she flung back the shower of dark, shining curls, and with a motion of the little hand that perchance knew how to be as haughty in its whiteness, as just now it was beseeching, she said:

"Pardon, monsieur—perhaps I ought not—in-deed I know—"

It was the baron's place to re-assure. "Believe me, I will no longer trouble you," he murmured. "Your kindness has already been great, and I should ill deserve it did I further embarrass you." So saying he rose to go.

"No, no!" she cried, in evident alarm, springing forward and catching his hands in her *empressment*. "It is impossible, it is too late, the servants who are sentinels, and always guard my wing of the building, are now at their posts again. It was only when they were well worn with fatigue that I frightened them away by sweeping down on them in that white array yonder, once well glossed with phosphorus—I and Camille."

"Yes, yes," muttered Camille, with a chuckle, as she stooped to gather the disordered fragments, "this always scatters them. They think it's a host of ghosts, they run, they leave the way, they give time for you to come are they creep

back. But back they are now, pacing and re-pacing. Hark! do you not hear them? Dear knows, if all ghosts were like my sweet lady and me, the other life would be pleasanter than this one."

"And how then am I to return?" asked the baron, not too well liking the posture of affairs.

The young countess turned with a quick shudder. Camille held up her hands aghast.

"We have not thought of it!" sighed the first.

"My lady, my lady, we are lost!" cried the other.

With the words of Camille, Genevieve shook her round white shoulders as if to drop off a mantle of care.

"Never mind; trust to luck," said she, sententiously. "Something may happen, there always does—anything—let the worst come to the worst; who cares?"

"But I, my lady?"

"Let him touch a hair of your head, my poor Camille," began the young countess, with a flashing eye.

"It is not my hair, my lady; but I never shall dress your hair again! He will separate us!"

"Never! Ah—"

"Since it is I, fair countess, who have made the trouble," said the baron, magnanimously, "for I ought to have known better than thus to intrude on your presence, it is I who must atone; and if this midnight imprudence of mine lead to discovery, I, and not Mademoiselle Camille, must bear the blame."

"Not so, my lord," said the young countess, straightening herself proudly. "But it was, it must have been, Pierre's oversight that lodged you in your apartment. He thinks me so well guarded that he forgot our neighborhood. For, indeed, Leigh Verghen—how did I know your name? There is little this faithful Camille does not gather for me of what transpires below; for, indeed, you have been these three nights my neighbor, and knowing something of the dreary days you must drag on in these dungeons, I desired you should drink to our better acquaintance!"

And springing lightly to the laden table, she poured out a glass of pink champagne, and held its foaming rosiness to the light, smiling and laughing like a little Bacchante. The ice was broken. Lord Burnsidurn felt that long seclusion had given this fair lady greater freedom and abandon of manner than she would otherwise have owned, and knew exactly how far to meet it. They pledged each other in the dazzling draughts, and lifting a bunch of grapes, she

challenged him to pluck its amethystine wealth with her. Side by side they sat and talked, and suddenly the castle clock, somewhere in the distant darkness, tolled two. He had been there an hour, one, almost another.

"How is it that the sweet Genevieve wakes and takes her pleasure at this season, may I ask?" he said.

"Ah, my lord, day and night have but little difference to me," she answered. "Camille and I turn night into day at our pleasure, and I have slept by sunlight when I court the stars."

"And the count?"

"Ah, except to keep me close from profane eyes, he troubles himself little, and if he hears me singing by midnight, it is a pleasant lullaby, and he slumbers the sounder."

"Sing to me now!"

She sang, a little sea-shore tune, adorning it as she went with a lively, florid floriture, like the foam on the wave. It was evident that in her imprisonment, or before it, her culture had been of the best kind. The tune, the song, the singer, had some strange and subtle effect on Leigh Verghen, and the novelty of the whole affair, so unlike the staid sobriety of Englishwomen, half bewitched him.

"The count is welcome to his wife," he thought. "If she plays him such pranks she must be a troublesome possession. Yet by my soul I do not wonder that he builds these walls around her!"

But she spoke while he thought; she went to telling him the castle's ways of life; she bent forward in her animation, and kindled into gesture; she sprang upon her feet, and went dancing up and down the room, laughing with teeth like pearls, and eyes sparkling as stars; so rosy, so gay, so reckless—Burnsidurn was already at her feet. Suddenly a step was heard on the stone floor of the rotunda without.

"He comes, the count!" cried Camille, in a hoarse whisper of terror.

"He comes?" echoed Genevieve. And pale as death, and with clasped hands, she turned to the baron.

Burnsidurn looked about him. No escape. But the curtain that separated them from the rotunda was swung in such a manner as to leave exposed the corner of a long, narrow aperture under the ceiling. He did not doubt—it was the very counterpart of that in his own apartment—had she not said they were neighbors? Let it leave him where it would, she should not be compromised. All this in a flash. With the next, "We shall meet again, dear lady," he murmured, seizing her hand, and imprinting his

lips thereon, had sprung upon a pilaster, touched higher up with his daring and successful foot the stone bracket on the wall, leaped and disappeared through the horizontal casement, and to his utter amazement landed first on the tester of his own bed, that with yielding ribs and rent let him gently fall on the piled down, while the young countess covered his retreat with a peal of the freshest laughter, ending lightly in a carol blithe as the birds at dawn :

"Then follow, then follow, away, away!"

In a moment she ceased, and the baron heard the low, firm tones of Count Faulcon. The sweet treble replied, and Camille's voice joined the burden, words being inaudible until the end, when the baron was obliged to overhear these, trifling as they were :

"But this is your mistress's room by day, Mademoiselle Camille. By night you do not need the sunlight through the dome. It is the first time you have suffered this illumination to stream into other suites, let it also be the last."

As he spoke, he passed on with the young countess, Camille extinguished the lights, the faint glimmer ceased to pour through the long casement, all was dark. The baron hastily disrobed himself, and was ere many minutes fast locked in slumber. So fast that when Count Faulcon stood over him a half hour later, he knew nothing of it ; and the other, seeing all so quiet and orderly, had he been a less astute man, would have retired quite satisfied that his suspicions had been falsely aroused.

It is singular that the next morning no such thought as leaving the castle entered the baron's mind. And indeed, if there had, I think it would have been dispelled by the trilling voice that from some far-withdrawn room came stealing on his ear. But in vain that noon did he listen for further sign, in vain did he wake that night in hope of a second summons ; and so one day and another crept by, and with the last, the baron determined to throw off his infatuation, and gladly accepted Count Faulcon's invitation to a hunt.

The day was one of those brilliant seasons when it seems as if the sky were scooped from a giant sapphire, and all the winds seemed to have been sleeping before, but rising now from their slumbers to kiss your cheek as you passed. The way lay in one of those ancient French forests, under boughs of lofty-arching shade, through glades of yellowest sunshine—the sport was ever beyond. The count, a keen lover of the chase, was soon far in advance with his attendants, the baron purposely lingered to enjoy

these regal Mons de Montmartons woods. As he rode, with loose bridle, a little page, cantering on a superb thoroughbred, came up and passed him.

"It must be some favored personage who rides the best horse in Mons de Montmartons's stables," thought the baron, looking after the boy.

But while he looked, the page leaping along at an unmeasured gait, made a wide detour, and doubled back upon him as if he had been the quarry.

"Can monsieur tell me if my lord has passed this way?" said he, in sweet, peculiar tones, and saluting as he touched with the back of his hand the snowy plume that, depending over his brow, half veiled the face. The baron started, some memory seemed to twinge him ; he rapidly surveyed the page, who innocently fell to twirling his long, fair moustache.

"Forward," said the baron.

The page bowed and galloped on.

"A sad pace," murmured Burnsidurn, "over the hillocks and hollows of this wood. A reckless pace, or an unskilled stirrup."

But scarcely had the words passed his lips, when they were changed into a warning cry, and in another instant, without a second, a huge, low-sweeping oak bough had torn the young rider from the saddle, and thrown him on the jagged rock at its roots. Lord Burnsidurn spurred forward, and bounding from his horse lifted the senseless form in his arms. Far away was heard the gay shouts and view-halloos of the chase. There was no water at hand ; it seemed best to hasten back to the castle, and lightly remounting with the boy he followed whither the frightened roan had already preceded them. Not sure of his way, and looking ever about him, he gave the page but few glances till, fording a brook, he stooped from the saddle, and gathering the water in his hand, dashed it again and again upon the pallid brow. The page stirred, heaving a faint sigh, and then as the color surged up the cheek turned and hid it in the folds of the roquelaire, and the baron galloped on. Quite uncertain if he were on the right road at length, the baron checked his speed, when suddenly the page lifting his head, uttered a hurried exclamation that sent the horse wildly along. In a moment more he had stopped in the courtyard of the castle. The page slipped from Burnsidurn's arms, tottered a minute on his feet, then regaining his balance, touched his cap with the same salute and ran away. But as he flashed by him, the baron caught a smile, a dimple, the sweetest of voices laughed in his ear, he heard, musical



and gay as the fall of a brook, this page singing as he ran :

"Life is too sweet to waste in a tower  
While the bee's in the rose and the bird's on the spray!"

He plucked from his cloak two dropping locks of yellow hair that had assisted the false fair manquer, and he cursed himself for his stupidity. Now that she was gone, he felt the clinging of those soft young arms, the brushing of those curls across his hand, he folded his arms across his breast as if still to fold her in the slight form, the fact that he had rescued her from much suffering, if from no worse, suddenly and strangely endeared her to him. Yet the baron did not in his heart approve such escapades, and when, he still lingering, the same beautiful face, still pale though so radiant, glanced at him from a forbidden window, smiling archly, the baron's bow was very grave and somewhat distant, and immediately springing into the stirrup once more, he changed about and left the courtyard.

"Now I have offended him, Camille!" he heard her cry. "It is my fault that he has lost the chase."

And at this Burnsidurn could do no more than turn in his saddle, and smilingly wave his hand thrice and again to the speaker. It was as Genevieve had said, he met the count and his train returning, and bringing the game before them. Easily apologising for his absence on the plea of losing his way, Burnsidurn rode back by the count's side, and of far too high honor to betray a friend, he then and there inly determined that he would be drawn no farther into intimacy with the count's wife.

"Count Paulcon," he said, "to-morrow I must leave you. I have already trespassed too far upon your hospitality."

"Not so, my friend," said the count. "Your father's son does not leave me so readily. I like you well, I would fain know more of you. Moreover, there are accounts yet unsettled between your father and me, accounts of our wild youth—and as you wrote me that it was his dying wish that they should be closed, it must be done—though, faith, I know not if it leaves me in his debt."

"Indeed, Monsieur le Comte, you are wrong. Pierre has already gone over the books with me. They are evenly balanced to a franc."

"Not so again, my friend. Pierre has but given you trifles. I keep those books, and the balance will be a dowry for a daughter."

"Let it stand, monsieur. The estates are now, alas, mine. I know nothing of this affair, and wish to know nothing. More is mine now than I can manage."

"*Mort de ma vie*, young man! Do you suppose your father and I cannot attend to our own matters?"

"Pardon, but my father is dead."

"Ah, I know it, child, I know it," said the count, almost tenderly. "But are not his wishes sacred?"

"Most entirely."

"Respect then this; and before you leave we will attend to it."

Thus was the baron bound in spite of his good intentions still to continue in the way of temptation. And just then the way of temptation was with him the way of yielding. He would have had a heart of stone, and no impressionable senses, if every eve when the innocent revelry began in the rooms beyond, with Genevieve dancing in, and Camille gaily following, with snatches of guitar tinkling, with clinking of china, he had heard and given no sign. But once he saw the light pouring through, not the long horizontal casement still lying under the ceiling like a cornice of darkness, but through a great oblong surface of the wall, a panel; his hand touched it involuntarily, it slipped aside. So easy as it was to join them, how could he refuse when the two looked up with laughing eyes, and without uttering a syllable held out their hands, beseeching him to enter? So midnight after midnight his dreams were those of the waking, and his joys became real, while he found himself the sole guest in a place where everything was heaped to make it paradise. But one day in the midst of this deliciousness, one noon, as he completed his dinner toilet, a strange, shrill sound came to him through the walls, forbidden to use the rotunda by the count that night, it was into an inner room that the panel opened, lighter, brighter, if less airy, and there the young countess held her court, and during these few weeks received her single courtier. The baron listened; it came again—a shriek, a wild, high cry. He did not wait to think, he tore open the panel, rushed through an ante-room, and caught the young countess in his arms wrapt as she was in flame. It was but the work of an instant to put her beyond danger, fearfully scorched as he became in his contest with the fiery foe, and Camille, tearing in, drenched them both in torrents.

"O, it was my fault, mine!" she sobbed. "O, my sweet lady, let not the count know of it!"

"Have no trouble. I will not breathe it," answered Genevieve. "But how is this? Monsieur, you are burned? You suffer! O, miserable—"

She ran and brought her ointments, her perfume. She dressed the hand, she caressed it, she bent and lavished grateful kisses on it in innocent ignorance of the ways of the world. But the baron's heart beat loud. He dared not speak, so sure he was that his voice would tremble, he dared not look up, he only bowed low and retreated from the room. But he felt like a pilot who nears the breakers. He made fresh resolutions and sealed them with oaths. False to no man who claimed his friendship would he be, though honor slew him! And he kept his resolve.

Day after day passed, and no further mention of the accounts to be settled reached his ears, and though he demanded the count's attention at once, the latter found it impossible immediately to bestow. But if evening after evening now he heard the voice and its airy song or its gay converse from the rooms beyond, and did not suffer himself to sleep till it ceased, he never again during this time sought the young countess. Then finally those sweet sounds all ceased, and whether Mons de Montmarons had removed his wife from the castle altogether, or enclosed her in more inaccessible rooms, the baron dared not conjecture. It did not occur to him that his sunshine had forsaken her.

The count had betaken himself, Heaven knew where, for the day; the baron was beguiling the hours in the library, for in endeavoring to find self-forgetfulness he had indeed become a rare student, and here he was somewhat sighing to continue his travels into Italy as he had purposed, somewhat sighing perhaps for other reasons; and just now he was leaning head in hand, and lost in reverie. Everie now sad, now sweet, as smiles stole over his lips, or melancholy drooped heavy lids. Suddenly he started to his feet.

"I will see her!" he exclaimed. "I must! Once more, only once!" But at the door he turned, he came back, he seated himself. "False alike to myself and to honor," he murmured. "She never can be mine, then why nurture this passion? But it is cruel! To-morrow I conclude the count's business, will he or will he not. And to-morrow I go!"

He turned, and again buried himself in his book. The sun swung round in the heavens, and redder light fell through the quaint panes, and threw ruby shadows all about the room. It was still and silent, yet not the silence of study or any occupation—the silence of profound thought. Opposite the baron there hung an ancient mirror, the plate of polished steel. It reflected the long and lofty place, the dark oaken

panekry so elaborately carved, the great bookcases loaded with invaluable relics of the middle ages, the crimson depth and warmth of that portion where the sun touched the heavy tapestry and curtains. And there, too, in its immaterial concave was another picture. A young man, his elbow on the ponderous volume before him, his head lying sidewise in his hand, and all the dark luxuriance of waving hair clustering round that long white hand. For Leigh Verghen was not the Saxon that his name implied, the fallen eyelids in that picture were heavily fringed with black, the brows nearly meeting above were of the same jetty tinge, and had the eyes been raised you would have seen them to be like the black diamond, wells of fire, flashing and melting in the alternate fitfulness of his moods. The clear-cut features might have been those of some young Roman prince, and indeed it was the marriage of his father, and that of Count Faalcon, with the daughters of proud Italian houses that had first constituted the tie between them. As he sat there now, Leigh Verghen, there was something too sombre and sad about the picture to be altogether pleasing; but when, suddenly looking up, the corners of his fine, thin lips broke into smiling, that smile was the rarest illumination, and kindled the whole countenance into glorious splendor. It was no wonder that the child Genevieve, secluded from all others, should have yielded to the magic of this face, the courtly grace and sweetness of this manner, the charm of this mind so surely written on steady eye and noble brow. But what just then, in his sad mood, gave the smile to the eye and the lip, the quick-flitting joyousness? What but that at the instant the baron's eye had fallen on the mirror before him, and saw reflected in the shining plate, an opening door and a form stealing softly in like a second sunbeam, and as silently approaching? Here was happiness in his hand for the hour; should it close thereon? Ah, no, she was another's. The young countess floated on—drawing nearer—she paused at the table. He never looked up. She waited, then hovering there a moment, came round and stood beside him. Still the eye intently followed the polished finger through the intricacies of ancient type, and she received no glance. A moment she hesitated, then laid her hand lightly, fittingly, on his shoulder. The touch electrified him. At first a visible tremor ran through his strong frame, then slowly, steadily, as if drawn up by a magnet, his eyes lifted and lay upon her own. The rose dyed her cheek beneath them, and her glance fell.

"You would speak with me, madam?" he

said, coldly as his quick heart-beats would allow him to say it.

Instantly surprise raised her beautiful eyes once more, large, lustrous, and wondering—she scarcely comprehended—then anger flashed, and at last tears swam and beaded over on the lashes.

"Forgive me! Forgive!" he said, pained to the soul. "You do not know—you cannot—O, Genevieve, you are cruel!"

"No, never! It is you, it is you who are cruel! You who break my heart! You who—"

"Hush, hush! You do not think, I say! O, darling, you do not know—"

"Monsieur," she cried, impetuously, "at least I know this—I know that I love you!"

Thought, reason, memory fled, he opened his arms to receive her, when, hiding her face in her hands through a rain of tears, she rushed from the room. The baron fell into his chair and sat like one in a trance. Here had bliss been in his reach, and he could not grasp it, here had the wine of life touched his lips, and he could not taste it! Here had his feet been on the edge of heaven, might yet be again, and what plucked him back? Honor. What forbade that he should follow her? Honor. What, what commanded him that he should leave the place that night? Honor. Almost he could have torn it out of his being by the roots—this honor. But it was ingrain; in tearing it out he would have torn his life out with it. Let him hasten while he had yet sufficient strength left to withstand this allurements. And therewith this same honor spurred him to rise, to summon his servant, to collect his affairs, to leave a hurriedly-written adieu for the count, and to sally from the gates on horse, followed by his own servant and by Pierre, who would take back the horses after the baron had fallen in with the diligence. His effects were to be sent after him, and his solicitor should come and go through the accounts with M<sup>onsieur</sup> de Montmarions. But before the gates had changed, the baron would have been more stoical than he had yet proved himself, could he have resisted the impulse of turning and taking one rapid survey of the gloomy façade. And as he gazed, it seemed as if the whole dull and dreary stone were but a frame and setting for the one narrow pane out of which a face beamed on him like a star, beamed an instant and fled.

Leigh Verghen drove the spurs into the roan's flank, and in his turn fled, fled to escape the powers and the memories of this place. So swift he went, he seemed to split the wind, he saw nothing on the way, neither tree nor hedge

as he passed them, neither rock nor hill; the world seemed to fly by as he sought to rush out and away, away even from himself. In vain Pierre and his own servant cried to him, in vain the former warned him of his danger; he heard nothing but these words ringing in his ears:

"At least I know that I love you! I know that I love you!"

He was full of the wild, keen excitement of motion; if the way before him had been the descent of a precipice, I doubt if he would have staid his rein. Nevertheless, the course was not the straight line of a turnpike, nor like any of the roads that the baron knew of old, the castle lying far withdrawn in untravelled paths, ingress and egress to its regions were only by these deep-rutted lanes running through fields, and spanned every here and there by thorny hedges or sunken fences, along which the baron was now dashing, headlong and murderously careless. No eye for these obstacles had Burnsides as he rode in this mad flight from his passions, and if he crossed them, it was the roan who gathered for the leap and reared on, not he.

"At least I know that I love you! I know that I love you!" he murmured, and recklessly put his horse at a fence where many a bolder rider would have quailed.

The roan had mettle in him. There was a plunge, a shock as if heaven and earth had come together, the baron reeled from the saddle, and when the two attendants labored up to him, he lay silent and stiffened, and a great stream of blood welled from a gash on the white temple.

"Thank God, no bones broken!" said his servant.

"Not so fast," muttered Pierre, in reply. "The cheapest bone in his harum-scarum body would have been his neck! A man to gallop as if a demon were after him, and over these hedges!"

"Silence, you old backbiter, and help me with my master!"

"Ay, ay," answered the other, stooping and fumbling a minute over the prostrate man. "So much for riding away from good luck. If there are not more ribs than two that are afloat here we may thank St. Peter, who guards all those that bruise themselves against a stone."

"A fig for your St. Peter! What are we to do now?"

"Do? My young lordship has not so soon escaped from the sad old walls as he would. Do? Why, we must do the best we can, and take him back. And there is the roan staked!" cried Pierre, all at once observing the to him more fearful catastrophe, and holding up his

hands and throwing back his head with eyes closed in utter horror of the spectacle. "The roan staked! Staked and dead! Holy virgin! Holy apostles! Holy martyrs! O, blessed and ever sacred— The flower of the stables! The gem of the stud! The roan! But the count will weep tears of blood!"

"Dash your roan!" cried the English groom. "And help me staunch this wound of my lord's."

And so between them the way was shortly retraced, and meeting Mons de Montmartons at the gate, and explaining the affair to him as they proceeded, a surgeon was speedily summoned to the castle, and Leigh Verghen once more rested in the great state bed in his previous apartment. The injuries were not deep, the surgeon said; after the necessary fever and delirium should subside, he would need little but tender care. The household fell into its old routine.

When the baron opened his eyes with consciousness once more, two weeks had passed, and he lay entirely weak, pallid and prostrate, among the pillows. The count stood at the foot of his bed, less stern than the baron had ever seen him, and another he could not see whom, moved gently at the head. He slept, and it was only in the night when he woke. The night-lamp cast its ray dimly through the room, his nurse sat beside it, and in the draft her shadow danced upon the ceiling like a capricious phantom. A pale and slender sister of charity, her black serge gown made her yet slenderer, the folded linen on her head lying stiffly along cheek and brow, and enveloping her breast, might have made her look like a corpse in the carecloths. Might have made her; but there was too much life in that young countenance, for the dead, too much sparkle in that eye, the curl that dared escape from the linen folds did not bespeak the nun, and now as her eyes met his, the color that deepened her cheek till it rivalled the rose in bloom, all, all touched her up with beauty as a sunbeam touches up a jewel. Ah, love was the sunbeam, joy was the jewel, and weary and pale with watching and care—how everything sprang into brightness as she caught the gleam of his eye, the faint smile of his lip! He half rose as if to beg her approach.

"Ah, I was weaker then than now," he murmured. "I fled. I should have staid and conquered. I love—I also love—Genevieve—Genevieve! But never can I make you mine. Forever are you to be to me the sister, the sister of charity. Learn then, teach me also, not to hate, but calmly to endure."

But even as he spoke, his arms were round her, her breath warmed his ice-cold cheek.

Heart to heart, for an instant he held her there, and the instant held eternity.

"For the first, last time, beloved," he murmured.

His grasp loosened, he sank back, whether into sleep or into death he hardly cared. Yet not into death was it destined to be. Slowly the baron warmed back into life, and unaccountable it was that Mons de Montmartons relaxing his rigor left him so much alone with the pale little sister of charity, for Camille was far too much in their interest to be called even a third person. But now Genevieve no longer watched beside the pillow through the long nights, Pierre, Camille, or some other performed that duty while it was needed. But she entered his room with the sunshine, for by some new chicanery of the castle, a partition that slipped aside revealed a great triply arched window all overhung with the scarlet blossoming vines of the cheiranthus, that wall-flower of song. Into this arch every morning, where his chair was wheeled, she came back once more, she brought the flowers, she decked the little breakfast tray with its tempting delicacies, she sang to him again, she read aloud, she listened to all she hour suggested; but she never answered a word to all he said, other than by a sign, and the silence soon bade fair to be perpetual, and what was worse, mutual. For Burnside, not able to fancy that it was even her remorseful pride that sealed her lips, at first believed that the count allowed her presence only on the condition of her silence, and at last believed that all her soul had changed, that in fact she hated him.

"And good reason," said his bitter thoughts. "I, who spurned her love—I could not do otherwise—yet can she help but hate me?" And an invincible melancholy settled on his spirit. "Yet no;" one day he reasoned again with himself, "all these tender cares are not the cares of hatred, nor of obedience to a master. They are the children of love," and suddenly while he thought, the silence became insufferable, and he looked up with beseeching eyes in whose dark depths the passion grew and glowed. "Genevieve, speak to me!" he cried.

The Count Fauleon, unobserved, had entered ere the words escaped him, and was pausing to give some message to Camille.

"Genevieve, speak," he said. "I leave you, you are free. Take fate in your hands!" and he passed out at another door, followed by Camille.

She rose, the young girl; the book from which she had been reading aloud to inattentive ears fell from her hands, the shrouding hood from her hair; crimson grew the beautiful cheeks, deep

and tender the shining eyes. She trembled, she wavered, and then without a word she sprang, she knelt at his chair, she drew his head down on her bosom. For a breath, she hesitated, and then pressed to his own her warm, impassioned lips. He shivered, he withdrew from her embrace.

"And the count, your husband?" he said.

Genevieve sprang to her feet, her whole figure straightened like that of some irate Diana, her eyes flashed, her extended hand was clinched.

"For what do you take me?" she cried.

"What are you yourself? I have no husband! Count Faulcon is my father!"

As she spoke the flush faded, the hand fell, her head drooped forward like a wilted flower, pale and gasping she was about to fall herself. Suddenly all the waiting strength seemed to pulse back in Leigh Verghen's brains. He rose, he caught her, he held the frail loveliness in his bosom, he showered ardent kisses on her lips.

"Can you ever forgive?" he cried. "Can you ever forgive me? O, wretch that I am! Genevieve, Genevieve, assure me pardon, assure me once more of your love!"

The arm stole upwards and round his neck, the eyes looked into his timidly, then firmly.

"You are precious to me," she murmured, briefly. "Indeed, indeed I love you!"

A step resounded without, the door opened and Count Faulcon entered.

"Baron," he said, smiling grimly, "I see that you are so far recovered as to be able to afford me attention on those old affairs of your father's."

The baron bowed. Genevieve, who had darted aside, sank upon some cushions half way between the two. The count seating himself, remained for a moment plunged in gloomy thought. Then glancing up, he said:

"Years ago, I journeyed with my wife into Spain. She died after a few years in giving birth to this daughter. I almost disbelieved my senses, for never, as I told you, Barnadurn, had our race produced a woman. I loved that woman, my wife. But so wretched, so wretched was the life she led me, that I resolved upon total seclusion, and especially did I resolve that my child should be reared in that ignorance of the world that it would have been better had her mother shared. Let me say, let me think no more of that. Therefore I made my house her prison. Yet why that? One wing of it I allotted her; there I heaped all that I knew of delight for her young spirit; there I spent much time myself; I gave her daily exercise in a lovely garden space within the quadrangle's walls. I myself instructed her, and brought her soul to flower—a rare flower, child, have I found

it! I determined that no lordling should know I had a child in existence, and till to-day none did. But as well imprison light. I found that I must allow her to let youth effervesce as it pleased, so long as she never betrayed herself. Whatever pranks as castle spectre she wished to play, she played; I suffered her to turn night into day. Did I not know the little page who slipped among my servants, who scaled my walls, who daringly rode with me to the hunt? If she believed herself so disguised that her father could not recognize her, safe was she from the eyes of others. I determined, in my own time, to choose her a husband, then I, no longer responsible, she could taste life. But was I to have lovers encamping round these towers? Some secret men said I guarded. By my sword, none knew what! Some secret I do guard. Would she ever be safe from pursuit, if men knew that in my child the great Italian line of Montefiascore and Leone meet, and make her the heiress of half the Romagna? Child, if I have been harsh, pardon. I have been less so than you could deem. A father's love is not to be lost. Now that you will leave me, I beseech your affection."

"I leave you, my father?" And she sprang into his arm.

He folded them about her, but did not reply. "Baron," he recommenced, after a moment, "do not imagine that I also did not hear the song in the night, the voice's spell that warbled:

*'Life is too sweet to waste in a tower!'*

Do not think I do not know who sprang into his own bed through the tester; do not think I do not know the hour of the day when the panel slipped aside; did not cause it; not know when the shriek rose, and before I could reach her you had leaped through and extinguished the flames about Genevieve. I knew that you believed her my wife. I watched you; I would see had you integrity. I proved it, long and sorely. Otherwise never would I have fulfilled the old compact with your father and given you my child. It was for that, to find your worth, that I besought your presence here. It is for that I herewith settle all accounts between us, and present you with my daughter and her dowry."

The Count Faulcon rose, and printing a kiss upon her forehead, he loosened the clinging hands, and left Genevieve in the baron's arms.

"The walls of heaven could not have hidden you from me!" whispered the baron.

"Ah, not if I gave you for clew the song in the night," she answered.

And when the baron did indeed resume his travels into Italy, he did not travel alone.



## SAPPHIRES.

Next to the diamond in hardness, beauty, and value, comes the sapphire—the holy sapphire, “which renders the bearer pacific, amiable, pious, and devout, and confirms the soul in good works;” which refuses to shine for the beautifying of the unchaste or the impure; and which by the mere force of its own pure rays, kills all noxious and venomous creatures. How to describe that soft, deep blue—deepest in the males, fairest in the females—to which nothing living can be compared, save, perhaps, the exquisite glory of the Irish eye? The sapphire, in its true color, is blue, blue as an Italian heaven, blue as the deep blue sea; but it is also red and yellow and green and hair-brown—such a brown as the Venetian painter loved, with a golden light striking through—and it is bluish gray, and blackish, and it is sometimes radiated and *chatoyant*. But when all these various colors, it is called by various names. It is Oriental ruby when red; Oriental topaz when yellow; Oriental emerald when green; Oriental amethyst when violet; adamantine spar when hair-brown; emery when in granulated masses of bluish gray; asteria, or starstone, when radiated; corundum when dull and dingy colored. Thus all the finest gems are mere varieties of the sapphire, which stands next to the kingly diamond herself. The sapphire sometimes changes color by artificial light, and Mr. Hope’s “*saphir merveilleux*,” which is a deep, delicious blue by day, becomes distinctly amethystine at night. The finest blue sapphires come from Ceylon, which is a very island of gems; and one of the most magnificent in the civilized world is that in the insignia of the Saint Esprit, among the crown-jewels in France. The dove is formed of a single sapphire of great size and marvellous beauty, mounted on white diamonds, and surrounded by the finest suite of blue diamonds in existence. The blue diamonds are almost as intense in color as the sapphire itself. The asteria, or star-stone sapphire, is a singularly lovely gem; grayish blue in color, but turn it which way you will, you see ever six rays of brilliant silver light stream from it. Sometimes the stone is red, when the star-rays are golden yellow; and sometimes they are purely white on a ground of red or blue. The girasol sapphire has a most beautiful play of opalescent light, pinkish, aurora-colored or bluish. The sapphire is pure alumina, colored by one of the magic agents by which nature transforms her children, and masquerades her servants.—*English Magazine*.

## A BIRTH IN THE FAMILY.

It is strange how, while one soul is passing out of this world, another enters, all unconscious of the strange scenes of confusion which it is to witness, of the hand-to-hand struggle in which it is to be engaged. For some time, various small preparations and signs have given token of an expected event; a pair of bright, dark eyes have grown soft and thoughtful, crochets and brilliant colored zephyr have been thrown aside for tiny stripes of cambric, fine soft flannel and white silk floss, the last of which the delicate hands weave into charming imitations of leaves and flowers. Very recently a small dainty bed enveloped in fleecy folds of a transparent canopy, which only

half conceals marvellous frills and a perfectly miraculous quilt (the work of Aunt Deborah, who once took a prize at the State Fair, for the handsomest coverlid on exhibition,) has taken its place, timidly, at the foot of the imposing mahogany, evidently awaiting for an occupant. This very morning it has found one, a tiny, rosy morsel, so done up in soft warm wrappings, that one can but just get a glimpse of a little red nose, and a twinkle of something like eyes. Everybody says, however, that it is a “beautiful baby,” and the delighted papa astonishes a small boy who has rung the front door bell for cold victuals, by giving him a quarter, instead of a cuff, as usual. The dark eyes which but lately flashed so mischievously are now closed wearily, curtained by long lashes, which lay still on the white cheek. Friends have congratulated; the proud father is full of tenderness and devotion; cherished hopes are realized. Yet at intervals a large tear forces its way down through the tightened eyelids, showing that one heart at least can hardly yet recognize its joy. Who shall fathom the depth of a young mother’s thought as she holds, for the first time, the child she has borne to her breast? Who shall tell the profound emotion with which she dimly sees in her anticipated toy, a plaything, a human soul, a future man, whose strong will and fiery nature it is hers to mould for good or ill? Now, for the first time, she feels that she has become a woman; that with a woman’s crown she has received the woman’s cross, which she is henceforth to bear with enduring love and faith unto the end. Now prays she with the fervor of her youthful heart, though it may be perchance for the first time, for with the birth of her child a new element has entered her heart, a new spirit has been born unto God.—*Jennie June, N. Y. Sunday Times*.

## ANCIENT MYTH.

There was a myth prevalent among the ancients, that in Arcadia there lived a certain family of the Ancei, of which one was ever obliged to be transformed into a wolf. The members of the family cast lots, and all accompanied the luckless wight on whom the lot fell, to a pool of water. This he swam over, and having entered into the wilderness on the other side, was forthwith in form a wolf, and for nine years kept company with wolves; at the expiration of that period he again swam across the pool, and was again restored to his natural shape.—*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes*.

## READERS.

Readers have been divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resemble a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class may be likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class are like the slave in the diamond mines at Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem.—*Home Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HOMESTEAD.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

'Tis autumn—all the chestnut burrs  
Lie crisp and brown along the way;  
And faintly through the crowding firs  
That smile to greet the slanting ray,  
The chill wind breathes with fading swell  
The chime of memory's tolling bell!

'Tis autumn time—the farm-house burns  
In crimson light at day's decline;  
The elm trees arch by shadowy turns  
The long brown field, the path's gray line  
That winds along the river shore,  
And ends before the low red door.

About the sides dark mosses cling,  
And years have left their leaden stain;  
Full many a heart hath danced in spring,  
And many a soul hath moaned in pain,  
Beneath yon roof, where twilight now  
Bends reverent to the moon's pale brow.

I stand, while all the frosty stars  
Are twinkling in the azure dome,  
And gaze beyond the crumbling bars,  
To view this quaint old farmer's home:  
The windows dim with mellow light,  
That flickers from the hearth-fire bright.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is the hand that reaped yon field,  
And laid those furrows bare and dry?  
He heard the call—with bosom steeled  
In patriot faith, he rushed to die  
Where war-clouds veiled the Sabbath sun,  
And carnage piled the flaming Run!

What voice like his could cheer the gloom  
That shrouds a mother's brow of care?  
The flowers along the path may bloom,  
The streams leap forth to summer air,  
The harvest grace the river shore  
In autumn—but he comes no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

My sight is changed—I see the line  
Of white-robed tents beneath the moon;  
I see the sentry's bayonet shine,  
In wild November's starry noon:  
The vaporing breath that steams around,  
The feet that pace the frozen ground!

And from my soul, through night-winds cold,  
A prayer steals up to Heaven's long day:  
"O, thou who cleft the waves of old,  
When Israel held her trembling way,  
Smile on our land, till war's dark tide  
Brings Peace, the crowned and sanctified!"

The stoutest armor of defence is that which is  
worn in the bosom, and the weapon that no ene-  
my can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit.

[ORIGINAL.]

POST-OFFICE BOX, 219.

BY ESTHER ABLE KENNETH.

"How much longer are you going to write,  
Maggie?"

"Only a few minutes, dear. Be quiet; there's  
a good boy. Let me see—where was I? O,  
'Evelyn burst into convulsive sobs!'"

Maggie scratched away rapidly. Charley,  
forced to be quiet, sat looking wearily at his sis-  
ter while she wrote. For over two hours he had  
been confined to his seat, alternately gazing at  
Maggie bending over the portfolio on her knee,  
and at the glowing coal fire, flickering and spark-  
ling in the grate. The room was warm, and  
silent, and dull; the confinement was very irk-  
some; Charley was restless and tired. Sudden-  
ly Maggie looked up again.

"Are you very tired, dear?"

"Yes," Charley said, pitifully.

"I'm very sorry, but it won't be long, now.  
Evelyn has found her father. I've most done."

"What are you going to do with her little  
brother?"

"O, he's going to grow up and marry Lucy."

"That will be nice."

Charley leaned back in his chair again, and  
thought of the characters in Maggie's story for  
awhile. Then he wondered how much Mr.  
Barnes would give her for it, and if he'd pay her  
immediately, or wait a week or two, as he some-  
times did, and Maggie needing the money all the  
time. He hoped he'd give her enough so that  
she could get the new mittens she had promised  
him; and the India rubber overshoes for herself.  
She wet her feet every time she went to the city  
with her old ones. He thought Mr. Barnes was  
too bad; but then Maggie said he didn't realize  
how she was situated, and didn't know anything  
about being poor, so that she didn't blame him.  
But he didn't care, he did.

"There, dear, now you may run. Sister isn't  
going to write any more. You may ask Willy  
Crosby to come up and play with you now. I'm  
going to the post-office."

Charley sprang up and ran away. Maggie  
put her finished story into an envelope, address-  
ed it to a publisher in Boston, and arose to pre-  
pare for her long, cold walk to the city. It was  
a bleak December day, and Maggie wished her  
shawl was thicker as she pinned it on. But the  
ground was frozen so hard she would not get her  
feet wet—that was one advantage she had.

It was over a mile to the post-office. Maggie  
had walked the long, lonely road many a time,

but somehow, it never seemed so long and lonely before. Everything was quiet; she could hear nothing but the crushing of the ice beneath her feet. The sky was gray, and full of scudding clouds; the distant houses looked cheerless and cold; the heavy wind beat against her so that she could make but slow headway. Maggie had walked scarcely ten minutes, before she found that she was crying softly under her veil. All day she had struggled with a headache, and been bright and cheerful before Charley, but alone on the desolate road, desolate and bare as her life, she gave way beneath the depression that had tortured her so long. She sobbed and cried, still walking bravely on, until she came to houses, and then she stopped. But she had not cried away the heavy pain at her heart, when she reached the post-office. The evening mail was just distributed, and she stepped briskly into the office, and rapped on box 219. At the same moment a gentleman put his hand on box 290, which was just above. He did not mind Maggie—he was evidently in haste—and when the clerk handed forth a number of letters and papers, he took them hastily and started for the door. Maggie received the next collection of letters—then some one pressed forward to the delivery, and she gave way. As she walked out of the office she looked eagerly at the letters, then stopped in blank surprise. They did not bear her name—they were all addressed in unfamiliar penmanship to “Mr. Hugh C. Tracey.”

“Young lady!” called the clerk, from the inner office, “I have given you the contents of box 290. You have Mr. Tracey’s mail.”

Maggie’s cheek flushed, for several gentlemen who were in the office looked at her. Giving a quiet glance around, she obeyed her first impulse, to find the Mr. Tracey whose letters she possessed, while he held hers. Springing down the steps, she caught sight of him just stepping into an elegant sleigh, at the corner of the next street. Hurrying on, she succeeded in attracting his attention, just as he started his horses. At sound of her voice, he checked them again.

“You have my mail, sir,” said Maggie, a little flushed and excited.

Mr. Tracey sprang from his seat and stood beside her on the walk.

“Your mail, madam?”

“Yes, sir, the post-office clerk made a mistake and gave me your letters from box 290, while you have mine from 219.”

Maggie laughed a little as she held forth the business looking documents. Mr. Tracey thought she had a sweet face. He drew forth a couple of letters and a paper from his overcoat pocket, and

looked at them as if in bewilderment. So her name was Maggie S. Maynard?

“Certainly—I beg pardon. I might have known better than to take such letters as these.”

He smiled as he handed Maggie the white envelopes, addressed in the delicate chirography ladies usually use. Then he gave her the paper, and in return received his own letters. Maggie thanked him, he bowed, with a smile which made his face very handsome, and the next moment had gone with a musical peal of sleigh bells, while Maggie commenced her walk home. It was a pleasant little incident to stir the monotony of Maggie’s wearisome life, and thoughts of it diverted her mind from a dozen troubles, as she retraced her steps. It takes very little to make us happy, after all. Mr. Tracey’s pleasant words and courteous manner made a sunny hour in the wintry life which was Maggie’s daily portion. On arriving home, Charley met her at the door.

“Has your money come from the ‘Banner’ office, Maggie?”

“No,” said Maggie, realizing the fact for the first time, so preoccupied had she been with other thoughts. The pleasant smile her lips had worn all the way home, left them slowly, as she mounted the stairs, and threw off her shawl and hood in her room. The money she had been depending on to pay her month’s rent, and furnish necessities for the coming week, had not come as she had expected, and her portmonnaie held only one dime. Her landlady always demanded the rent in advance; if it was not paid punctually to the day, her tenants had immediate warning to leave. That part of the matter was very bad. As for provisions for daily use, Maggie thought it likely she might be allowed to run up a small account at the store where she usually traded, but she dreaded contracting a debt which she had no immediate prospect of paying. With her hands clasped behind her, and a very old look on her young face, she paced the floor of her little room, wondering which way she should turn. At last she took up the morning’s paper and glanced over it again, in hopes to discover some opportunity of employment, which she had failed to find on her first search. Having looked through the list of “wants,” she was about laying it down with a sigh, when she discovered a call for seamstresses attached to the advertisement of a popular dry goods firm. “Kimball & Tracey” were the names.

Maggie was tired, but there was no time to lose. She put on her shawl and hood and returned to the city, went to the store of Kimball & Tracey, and engaged and received a quantity

of work. The material was coarse, strong print, to be made into sale shirts. She borrowed money to pay her rent, earned money to repay it at sewing; went without the overshoes, and caught several severe colds in consequence; by a sacrifice of personal comforts kept Charley clothed for school, and herself out of debt. And in this painful way the winter of Maggie's twentieth year passed.

But there was a little vein of romance running through the long, cold months, like a golden thread. Every day when she went to the post-office, she received a pleasant smile and a bow from the gentleman whose mail she had once happened to receive. He was always at the office at the hour for distributing the southern mail, as also was Maggie.

One snowy afternoon the mail was detained in consequence of the tracks being blocked up by snow, and as Mr. Tracey and Maggie waited in the office some fifteen or twenty minutes, they fell into conversation. They spoke first of the belated mail and the weather, then of travelling and people, and things to be met in travelling. The office was cold, and Maggie thought Mr. Tracey might have employed his time more agreeably to himself, by a brisk ride in his elegant sleigh, which waited at the door. But Mr. Tracey thought differently. He was very comfortable in his heavy fur overcoat, and very pleasantly entertained by his companion's sweet dignity and intelligence. The mail came in and was distributed at last, but not until six o'clock. It was still snowing. Maggie was startled when she saw how deeply the roads were covered. How could she ever walk home through it in the dark?

"O, dear!" said she. She thought Mr. Tracey had gone, but he had not. He was close beside her.

"You must allow me to take you home in my sleigh," he said; and before Maggie had time to refuse or consent, she was wrapped in the warm buffalo robes, and flying over the snowy road.

Mr. Tracey did not ask her where she lived. Of his own choice he took the road that led to her home. All through the drive he chatted merrily. Maggie was charmed out of herself. The weather was rapidly growing cold. When Mr. Tracey handed Maggie from the sleigh, she wondered if she ought to ask him in. He must be cold, she thought. If it is improper, he will know enough to refuse the invitation.

Evidently to Mr. Tracey's opinion, the invitation was not an improper one. He drove his horse under the shed, accompanied Maggie to her little sitting-room, and took a seat by the

fire. He would stay long enough to get thawed out, he said, laughing. Mr. Tracey was evidently a very strange man. Half an hour after he had entered the house, Charley, shy little Charley Maynard was sitting comfortably on his knee, while Maggie, proud, quiet, reserved Maggie Maynard, was engaged in giving him her confidence; telling him frankly the trials of her situation. The recital of her troubles, and the kind sympathy she received, were too much for Maggie after a while, and she got to crying. Then, suddenly ashamed of her weakness, she turned quickly away from the clear, truthful eyes of her companion.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Tracey. I do not often make such a baby of myself," she said.

"You are anything but a baby in sense and dignity of character, my brave little Margaret," replied Mr. Tracey. "You have proved yourself a true woman in the recital you have given me. But much that you have told me is not new to me at all. I have long known of your cares and weary labors; your exposures to the bad weather; your sisterly love, and your loneliness. You have struggled alone long enough; you need some one to take care of you. Do you know it?"

Maggie looked flushed. She drew back a little.

"Do you know who I am, Maggie?"

"Mr. Hugh Tracey."

"Of the firm of Kimball & Tracey—yes. I am a wealthy man, Maggie, able to provide abundantly for you and little Charlie, here. I wish I had the right."

He took her hand, but she drew it away again.

"Mr. Tracey, in my heart I do not doubt you in the least. I am sure you are a good man, but for Charley, to whom I owe rights as well as to myself, I will make no confessions or promises. I must know more of you before I permit you to address me as you wish."

Maggie said this with a quiet dignity. Mr. Tracey smiled.

"Well, you are right, my practical little girl. You have my full and free permission to make any inquiries respecting my character you may see fit. But I anticipate the result, and if God gives me power to win your love, this shall be the last week of loneliness and care you shall ever know."

Very soon after, he left her, and drove rapidly back to town. Maggie thought it was all like a story she had somewhere read, but she did not stop to dream over it. The strangeness of the circumstances nerved her to action. The next

day that she was able to go into town, she stepped at the house of a friend. In the course of conversation she asked :

"Mr. Graves, do you know Mr. Tracey, of the firm of Kimball & Tracey?"

"Tracey?—H. C. Tracey?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I've seen him, I believe. He lives in the next street—at least that is the name on the door-plate. His wife is called the handsomest woman in town. Why did you ask, Miss Maggie?"

"I thought I had seen him."

Nobody knew how dizzy Maggie suddenly grew; nobody noticed how white her lips became. It frightened her to know how heavy the blow was.

"Married! what did he mean by talking so to me, then?"

Suddenly a strange, hateful thought filled her with a passionate indignation. He had not asked her to be his wife; he had only said: "I am able to provide abundantly for you; I wish you would give me the right." Her cheeks burned like fire. O, how could she have been so deceived! The next day she saw Mr. Tracey drive up to the door. Her blood flowed like lightning in her veins, but she was pale as marble when Mr. Tracey entered the room with Charley. He came forward with extended hands, but at sight of her face he stopped suddenly.

"Good heavens, Maggie! what have you heard?"

"That you are married. That is all, Mr. Tracey."

"It is false! I am not married, nor have I ever been."

He drew the story of her inquiries from her at last, and then came the explanation.

"It is a mistake. Your friend, who probably does not know me, supposed me to be the Henry C. Tracey of High Street. He is my cousin, and married. I can prove it. You shall see him. Dear Maggie, don't doubt me."

Maggie did not. She was only too glad to have her faith in her new friend restored. A very short space of time elapsed before she married him, and time proved him to be all she could desire—a good man, a kind husband.

It is a wise beginning to impress upon the mind of a child that there is a supreme Being, who is the Father of all, and who ought to be loved and obeyed; for, when this great central truth is thoroughly impressed upon the infantile mind, it becomes easy to instruct it in the commandments, and to enjoin obedience to them by precept and example.

#### FOOD TO SUSTAIN LIFE.

In respect to the quantity of food required to support life in the best way, some reliable information has been obtained by experiment. The precise amount which in the adult maintains the weight of the body unchanged during a life of moderate exercise is theoretically the right average quantity. Of course it varies with the kind of food employed; some articles furnishing much more nourishment in an equal weight than others. On a diet of fresh meat, bread and butter, with coffee or water for drink, Dr. Dalton found the entire quantity required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health, and taking free exercise in the open air, to be—of meat, one pound; of bread, one pound three ounces; of butter or fat, three and a half ounces; water, three and a half pounds. This is to say, rather less than two and a half pounds of solid food, and rather more than three pints of liquid. These weights would, of course, be exceeded, if less nutritious substances, such as rice, potatoes, or fruits, formed any considerable portion of the diet. Dr. Hammond found that he maintained his exact weight by a daily consumption of one pound of meat, eighteen ounces of bread, six ounces of soup, four ounces of beet-roots, one ounce of butter with salt, drinking at the same time three pints of water and ten ounces of coffee, with cream and sugar. Any excess above this caused an increase of weight, any diminution caused a loss. Remembering that the doctor is six feet two inches in height, and weighs fourteen stone, we may take these quantities as a fair average for a strong man somewhat beyond the ordinary stature.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

#### THE TONE OF BULLETS.

A soldier, writing from one of the camps of the Potomac, thus alludes to the peculiar noise made by the bullets passing through the air:—"It is a very good place to exercise the mind, with the enemy's pickets rattling close at hand. A musical ear can study the different tones of the bullets as they skim through the air. I caught the pitch of a large-sized Minie yesterday—it was a swell from E to flat F, and, as it passed into the distance and lost its velocity, receded to D—a very pretty change. One of the most startling sounds is that produced by the Hotchkiss shell. It comes like the shriek of a demon, and the bravest old soldiers feel like ducking when they hear it. It is no more destructive than some other missiles, but there is a great deal in mere sound to work upon men's fears. The tremendous scream is caused by a ragged edge of lead, which is left on the shell. In favorable positions of light, the phenomenon can sometimes be seen, as you stand directly behind a gun, of the clinging of the air to the ball. The ball seems to gather up the atmosphere and carry it along, as the earth carries its atmosphere through space. Men are frequently killed by the wind of a cannon shot. There is a law which causes the atmosphere to cling to the earth, or which presses upon it with a force, at the surface, of fifteen pounds to the square inch; does the same law, or a modification, pertain to cannon balls in a flight? I do not remember of meeting with a discussion of the subject in any established work. It is certainly an interesting philosophic question."—*Philadelphia Gazette.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

The home of my youth, a sweet sunny spot,  
Bright roses climbed lovingly over our cot;  
There violets so blue thickly spangled the ground,  
And gems of rare beauty were scattered around.

Those tall, noble elms, where the dear robin's song  
Ne'er was hushed in its melody all the day long;  
And the willow, whose dew-laden branches hung  
low,  
Swayed softly in time to the streamlet's sweet flow.

And the oak, though oft bowed to the storm-king's  
command,  
And swayed 'neath a shroud from his stern, icy  
hand,  
Yet now in full glory of beauty he stood,  
A grand old monarch of dew-sparkling wood.

The stream winding gently through meadows so  
green,  
Tossing sparkles of silver with the day-god's first  
beam,

Its tones of soft music still float through my brain,  
Till enraptured I stand on its green banks again.

The old time-worn bridge, long since gone to decay,  
I have laughed at its trembling, then bounded away,  
Till wearied I paused 'neath its rude shade to rest,  
Culling pebbles that lay 'neath the wave's snowy  
crest.

And the cool shady grove, where the wild bird's  
sweet note

Trilled clear in its bower e'er the morning awoke;  
Where the ruby-red clusters of mountain-ash gleam  
Through the borders of poplar, whose silvery sheen  
Glanced brightly, as soft by the light zephyrs  
fanned,

Seeming blossoms to fall in my outstretched hand;  
And the groundnut's star-flower, with beauty rare  
seen,

Peeping timidly up through its moss-tangled screen.

Those days of bright happiness long since are o'er,  
But their bliss still is garnered in memory's store;  
Their beauty will gladden my pathway each day,  
And mingle their gems with life's sweets all the way.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Dollar Monthly.]

## A CONSULTATION.

BY M. R. B.

THERE is to be a little "re union" at the mar-  
quese's this evening. Poor marquese! she was,  
or rather believed herself an invalid, for in truth  
she did not appear so at all; save a certain pale-  
ness, which rendered her still more interesting,

never had she seemed prettier to us, never had  
her lips been rosier, or her splendid black eye  
more irresistible.

As for the moral—a widow twenty-five years  
old, a rent-roll of a hundred thousand livres.  
And she wished to be pitied! Poor marquese!  
Perhaps, after all, this excess of good fortune bor-  
dered on surfeit?—perhaps the worst of all exile  
is called ennui?

Be this as it may, all the physicians had been  
consulted in vain. A last resource remained—  
Dr. Muller. But every one who wishes to can-  
not see that eccentric old German, and in spite  
of a very pressing letter, he had not yet made his  
appearance. The marquese was literally in de-  
spair; and naturally enough, the little salon was  
sensible of it. A single lamp, placed in an angle,  
seemed almost extinguished, and we were in re-  
ality only lighted by the reddish flames of an im-  
mense fire, before which the conversation vainly  
sought to warm itself. We were talking about  
Hoffmann's "Strange Stories."

Suddenly Dr. Muller was announced, and as  
soon as announced, he entered. A single glance  
rapidly exchanged convinced all that they had  
simultaneously entertained the same thought.  
He was a sort of fantastic apparition; in very  
truth, one of Hoffmann's characters—a large bald  
head, irregular profile, a deep eye scintillating  
like a carbuncle, an arch smile, a complexion of  
old parchment, extraordinary height and impos-  
sible thinness; everything about Dr. Muller was  
strange in the extreme. One involuntarily look-  
ed for claws at the ends of his long ivory hands,  
and surprised himself thinking that there was  
perhaps a forked foot in those large shoes with  
gold buckles.

In other respects, he was a man of society, and  
of the best society. Although his black coat  
with large square skirts was not exactly a la  
mode, it was not lacking in a certain retrospec-  
tive elegance. It was the same with his long  
waistcoat, the veritable vest of Louis XV. One  
especially admired the exquisite whiteness of his  
ample ruffles turned back, and his triple-plaited  
frill, in which shone a rare diamond. The mar-  
quese, however, was excited by his presence.

"Ah, doctor, you will save me?"

"I believe so," replied he, with a singular gri-  
mace, which might be interpreted in different  
ways.

"Do you wish that we should retire at once  
into my boudoir?"

"Useless, Madame la Marquese. There is no  
hurry, we shall be very well here—only let them  
continue to converse exactly as if I were not  
here."

"But, doctor, my malady—this consultation—"

"Fear not, madame. I do not forget you; I feel your pulse." And taking her hand, he seated himself by her side.

A few minutes later they began to joke with this original old man, who took it with the best possible grace. They called him, successively, Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Mesmer; he smiled at all the names as at those of old acquaintances. At length they demanded a full confession from him. He replied in a long discourse, very intellectual, in truth, but very cloudy, and which finished with wishing to pass off the orator as a simple physician, neither more nor less than other physicians. The marquise became more and more disappointed.

"Then," said she, naively, "then, doctor, you are not a sorcerer?"

"I?"

"A little, then; acknowledge it, only a little!"

"Not the least in the world."

"There are ascribed to you, nevertheless, some marvellous cures."

At this last word the discussion re-commenced, and the viscount in turn interrupted.

"Dr. Muller," said he, "is going to explain all the mystery to us himself, if there is still any mystery. Setting aside the purely material prescriptions of his colleagues of the old school, he rose to contend with evil in the mind, from which it ever springs. He bleeds a vice, purges a bad instinct, operates on a passion, extirpates a regret. Then, by way of return, he administers in strong doses generous requitals, affectionate inspirations, good sentiments; that is all. In old times, they used a sort of Latin proverb for summing up this system. It was, I believe, '*Mens sana in corpore sana*.'"

"Exactly, Monsieur le Viscount," subtly remarked the doctor. "Exactly, always excepting the first word."

"Mens?"

"Which means mind, reason, and which consequently leaves a too materialistic precept for your servant. Put in its place '*anima*,' for that is what I treat; with me, it is the soul."

"Doctor," cried the marquise, "that which you effect every day is simply from Christian medicine, then?"

"Precisely, marquise. I have stirred up the dust of the contents of libraries; I have thrown into the scientific crucible myriads of volumes, and from all that mass of whimsical matter, there only remains at the bottom a single particle of gold; and from the ashes of all those printed folios or manuscripts, there only came forth for me a single little volume, the Gospel—but a

single phrase, 'Love one another!' See, madames and messieurs, that is all. In order that you may be healed yourself, commence by healing others. If ignorance, misery and envy are the great infirmities of the lower classes, one too often meets among the higher disdain, idleness and selfishness. These are the chief human maladies. Love one another—that is the universal panacea!"

"This is not a system," replied all the voices together. "Dr. Muller, it is a sermon."

"And," added some, "with all due applause to the excellence of these fraternal principles, we cannot believe that they are as omnipotent as that—"

"It is the exact truth, nevertheless," insisted the old man, with mild gravity. "I could, if need be, prove it by more than one example."

"Silence!" quickly interrupted the mistress of the house. "The doctor is going to tell us a story."

"Well, why not, marquise?"

"That of Madame de C—, who is to-day the freshest, the liveliest, the happiest of all women, and who goes about telling every one that it is now some fifteen years since, already more nearly dead than alive, you have, so to speak, resuscitated her—neither more nor less than the daughter of Lazarus."

"I could not find a more convenient proof, and indeed, since you permit me—"

"I do more. I pray you to do so."

Every seat was grouped around the doctor, every voice was silent, every ear listened.

"The young lady of whom the marquise speaks," continued Doctor Muller, "Madame de C—, was only sixteen years old then, and was called Edith Van Oren. She was the daughter of the celebrated Holland banker, whose immense fortune and patriarchal good-nature had become universally notorious. Married purely for convenience, and left a widower almost immediately, Van Oren, in all his long career, had had but a single joy, a single consolation, a single love—his daughter. Considering that perfect felicity only exists in the possession of riches, the good man would have slain himself body and soul, in order that Edith might become the richest heiress in Europe. This dream once realized, Van Oren naturally thought that she must be the happiest of all young girls. Had she not her millions? Judge then of the astonishment, of the despair of this poor father—so rich!"

"Suddenly on the very next day after, I don't know what successful speculation which augmented still further the paternal treasure, to Edith becomes sad, languishing—ill. They call—"

ed in the entire medical faculty to the hotel of the Holland Crosses. The scientific opinions there disagreed. A hundred disagreeable questions uselessly fatigued the dying young girl; finally the malady was unanimously declared incomprehensible, 'hieroglyphique,' incurable. Then only did they have recourse to me. Although enjoying already a certain reputation, I was then considered only as a quack doctor, at whose door one never knocked save when the case was despair of. I was, nevertheless, only the more eager for it. I hastened at once. The porter waited on me to the outer door, a second lackey to the middle of the court, a third under the arch, a fourth to the top of the stairs, and further to the *salon* which opened into the chamber of the sick one. In this *salon* Van Oren was walking with hasty strides. On perceiving me, the porter had shouted to the second lackey, 'He is here!'

"He is here! he is here! he is here!" had been successively repeated from the second lackey to the third, from the third to the fourth, etc., etc. A true Russian telegraph. All with a great slamming of doors, opened and shut, with stamping, breathlessness, and as they say among the people—all of a shake! I at length arrived in the presence of the banker. He was scarlet, in a state of distraction—he was insane.

"'Doctor,' cried he, bursting into tears in my arms; 'doctor, my child is going to die—doctor, save my daughter.'

"'Hush!' said I, with a discouraging imperturbability. 'Hush! if she should hear you!'

"'Yes—yes—you are right!' stammered the poor father, all abashed, wiping his tears nervously. 'Yes, but I lose my head—I shall become incapable of addition—a banker! Reassure yourself, however, I am going to be discreet—yes, I understand you—she is there—let us speak low—let us enter.'

"At the same time he opened the door. We entered. It was a charming chamber, most artistically furnished with white satin, with curtains of sky blue about the bed and windows, delicate little statuettes in every corner, and everything in delicious taste—a bed of sylphides among flowers, a boudoir of seraphim in the midst of variegated clouds. But the piano of mother-of-pearl and ivory did not seem to have been opened for a long time; the easel, so bewitchingly slight, only held a sketch long since abandoned; the flowers in the little gothic flower-stand hung inauspiciously on their withered stems; and all the little gilded doors of the Chinese aviary swung without restraint in the morning breeze, warblers and doves having flown.

"Before the partially open window, on an elegant ottoman, wearily lay the young invalid, with eyes partly closed and head thrown back, her face so pale one would have pronounced it a marble statue, or a corpse. At the noise of the door opening she did not seem to arouse; we approached, but she made no movement. Van Oren gave me a look which seemed to say: 'you see!' For forcing himself to smile, the broken-hearted old man knelt by the side of the sofa, and murmured three times, with a forced gaiety so dolorous that it wounded the heart:

"'Edith! Edith! Edith!'

"At the sound of the paternal voice alone, did Edith open her great blue eyes. In the act of opening them, she let fall a tear upon each of her pale cheeks. Van Oren at the sight of this quickly turned away to stifle a sob. But in spite of his precaution, his daughter heard it, or rather divined it, for raising herself at once with a start apparently impossible in so much feebleness, she threw herself into the arms of the old millionaire.

"'Bravo!' cried I, then suddenly showing myself. 'Bravissimo!—and good day!'

"Astonished, confused, Edith turned towards me.

"'This is a physician—a great physician!' explained the banker.

"'Ah!' said the young girl, with a charming little pout, but which clearly signified good. 'Still another.'

"And letting herself fall back, reclining on the couch, she abandoned to me one of her almost transparent hands, while with the other she played in a melancholy way with the curling ringlets of her adorable golden hair. Van Oren then proceeded minutely to describe to me, how, for a year past his daughter had become more and more debilitated and exhausted, and how, for nearly six weeks, she had not even wanted to go out of that chamber, when nothing seemed to please her any longer, and where she was slowly letting herself die, without complaint, without regret, without pain, but as if invisibly separated from life by some unknown attraction, or rather from exhaustion, from powerlessness, from weariness of life—at sixteen years old!

"'And,' continued the banker, 'nothing is wanting here which pleases youth, there is nothing which fortune has not bestowed. She knows that she has but to ask for anything which her caprice can imagine—well, she does not even evince any desire. It is true, I hardly give her a chance. She has this, then that, then—'

"The good man had up far been able to talk uninterruptedly, just as on change; for some seconds already I had attention solely to

the artery of the young girl, and already its feeble throbbing had acquainted me with all. Yes, marquise, I had divined why this charming creature, so wonderfully favored, no longer cared for the country or the city; neither for her hotel, nor her chateaux, nor for balls, nor for '*la toilette*,' nor her piano, nor her coach, nor her books, nor her flowers, nor even for her poor birds set at liberty. It was that she felt herself also in a cage, too uniformly gilded; that nothing stirred up the heart of young sixteen; that she was weary of being too happy; that in the midst of so much material luxury she was dying from the want of nourishment for the soul, from the want of a contest for her intellect, of some obstacle to be overcome, of some tears, of work, of feeling herself useful, of charity—of love! Yes, for an instant that had come, when Van Oren cried aloud:

"Moreover, would you believe it, monsieur, I wanted to marry her to young Storfus & Co., of Frankfort—a charming young banker—"

"At this name the pulse of the young girl beat suddenly with a sort of indignation. It evidently protested.

"Very well," said I, rising at the same time. 'I perfectly understand the case.'

"Van Oren hastened from the chamber at once, to find materials for me to write a prescription.

"It is useless," replied I, pushing aside the pen which he offered me. Then, turning towards Edith, I said:

"Mademoiselle, have you, perchance, some little insignificant bonnet?"

"Yes, doctor, but—"

"Some very simple shawl or scarf, in addition to your invalid's dressing-robe?"

"Undoubtedly, but—"

"The toilette of a little *bourgeoise*, then, which could be donned in five minutes."

"But why—wherefore?"

"Well, that you may go out with me."

"With you?" said she, raising herself with a half-curious air.

"What, then, does this mean?" demanded the father, perfectly thunderstruck.

"That is my secret."

"Ah!"

"Mademoiselle, I will wait for you—you have five minutes." And in order to make her decide, very softly in her ear I added this gross falsehood, 'It will save your father's life.' Then turning towards Van Oren—"Let us leave mademoiselle to dress herself," said I. 'Come.' And I hurried him, mute with astonishment, into the adjoining apartment.

"Now, then," said he, as soon as the door

had shut upon us, 'now, then, you will explain to me—'

"Nothing at all!"

"But—"

"Van Oren, your daughter is ill—very ill—extremely ill!"

"Alas, I know that only too well!"

"Do not question me, then, but permit me to cure her."

"You will then explain to me?"

"Yes, if you will trust yourself blindly to me, if you give me *carte blanche*."

"What do you demand—let us see?"

"It is necessary that for two whole days Edith should go out alone with me."

"Alone?"

"Alone, in the morning, for three hours."

"But tell me, then, at least—"

"Nothing whatsoever—this is the price of her safety—do you wish me to save her—yes, or no?"

"But she—will she consent?"

"You will soon see."

"The door opened, and Edith was standing on the threshold; a Chinese mantle of dark lilac fell in simple but graceful folds over her dress of white muslin, a little bonnet entirely destitute of ornament—a very wood violet enframed her lovely face. I seem to see her now—dear Edith—she was adorable thus.

"Yes, or no?" repeated I, un pityingly, to Van Oren.

"All the reply the good man made was to convulsively embrace his daughter, and to place her in my arms. And feeling almost sure that she would live, he hastened on change to gain another million. As for me, I took Edith's arm, and helped her, step by step, to descend the stairs, and seated her very gently in my little green coupé—and off we went at a dashing pace."

Up to this point, the fashionable audience had listened to Doctor Muller without interruption. At this part of the story, when he himself paused, every seat was drawn nearer to the old narrator. Then, in a singularly impatient voice:

"Doctor," entreated the marquise, "tell us, then, at once, where you wished to conduct Mademoiselle Van Oren every morning."

"It is all very simple," replied he, with an arch slowness. "Mon Dieu! only on my rounds among the poor! It was then, I assure you, that she found that which interested her, excited her, and made her weep—which agitated her and caused her to live! I did not plead to her on behalf of any misery, any grief, or in any real drama. Noble and generous child! O, I had well divined her heart. At the first house where

we stopped, I was almost obliged to carry her in my arms to the fifth story. She mounted all alone to the second garret, and she reached the third long before me. But there was no more money in her little child's purse!

"I pray you," said I, "do not fear for that—we are not going to ruin Van Oren. And moreover, there are still many other ways of giving consolation and succor!"

"What are they?"

"Let us proceed—and you will see!"

"In very truth, we had good luck on the first morning. A poor septuagenarian, who sought, but in vain, to obtain admission into a 'house of retreat,' and who meanwhile was dying.

"Yesterday, again," said he to us, 'I wrote for the twentieth time, to the minister of the interior!'

"The minister is one of my relations,' whispered my young companion, already becoming filled with reflection.

"Further on, we came to the bedside of a suffering woman, whose husband had been thrown out of employment by the failure of a house in which he had worked six years.

"This concerns M. Van Oren,' distinctly articulated Edith, in whom a will began to manifest itself.

"Further still, we found some poor young girls, who only asked to remain virtuous, and to gain which end it was only necessary that they should obtain work generously paid. Unfortunately, Edith had her dress-maker, her laundress, her milliner, etc., etc. But a little further, we fell in with some children almost naked—and others about to become so; a perfect catastrophe—no baby-linen! The work was found, and the god-mother also. We then proceeded to 'my artists.' Another mission. Some delicate encouragement might create great men! One instance in particular, but we will return to it later. Our visits terminated with a family, a prey to sickness and misery, because their oldest son, their only support, had been a soldier for five years, and for whom they despaired of obtaining a furlough, since it was obstinately refused by the colonel of his regiment, then garrisoned at Grenoble.

"At Grenoble!" joyously cried Edith. "The colonel—but he is an intimate friend of my father; what a coincidence!"

"My child," replied I, kissing her on the forehead, "when one has like you, fortune, position, youth and beauty, these coincidences always happen."

"When we returned to the hotel, Edith had possessed herself of my notebook, and with a

glance of the eye, I read on the first page.

"1. On returning, speak to my father."

"2. This evening write to Grenoble."

"3. To-morrow morning go to my cousin, the minister's house."

"4. Purchases for my pupils."

"5. Same, with my father, among 'my artists,' etc."

She already understood that when one is sixteen years old, and has not less than millions, one has not the right to remain idle, and above all to die. She perceived herself useful, and begun to be enamored of doing good. She was saved, restored, full of life! On the third day, when I arrived at the place of meeting, Edith had already been waiting for me impatiently a long time. At the end of the week she was duly enrolled in a charming regiment, of which I am the unworthy recruiter, and whom I do not hesitate to call 'the angel of Paris.' A month later she was so fully restored, in such perfect health, so joyously active, that Van Oren, transported with delight, declared:

"Now is the time to invite Storfius & Co., of Frankfort."

"Edith's color vanished at once.

"No," cried I, earnestly, "let us leave Storfius & Co., at the other side of the Rhine."

"O, heavens! Do you forbid my child—"

"Marriage, by no means, but the husband—that one particularly. Later we will see. This is my affair."

"How yours?"

"Is she not in some degree my daughter likewise?"

"Yes, yes."

"In point of fact, a few years after, I met Van Oren and said to him:

"The time has now come for Edith's marriage."

"Nonsense—with whom?"

"With Lucien de C—."

"What? That artist whose first picture my daughter made me buy?"

"Say rather a gentleman, who, after having voluntarily impoverished himself to pay his father's debts, has made by his talents a new fortune."

"The fortune of an artist!"

"I add to it for my part a million."

"A million! Where the deuce will you get it?"

"Out of your money chest."

"O!"

"Do you not owe me my physician's fee? Have you not a hundred times repeated after each of my refusals, 'Very well, let it be so—at any time you shall have what you wish. You



could never ask enough for my daughter's safety.'

"'Undoubtedly; but—'

"'If you find that too little, I will call two millions—the dowry of the husband of Edith.'

"Van Oren had no choice but to give his consent. Edith, who without doubt had been listening, then suddenly threw herself into his arms. And this is how I miraculously resuscitated Madame de C—, and the way in which I think rich ladies, young girls, and especially young widows attacked with the Parisian ennui can be cured."

To explain: By work, by charity, by love! Behold all the secrecy of Doctor Muller. The clock struck midnight, and all rose to depart. But before any one had yet gone out of the salon the marquise darted toward the old physician, kissed him spontaneously on both cheeks, and said to him before us all;

"Thanks for this consultation, doctor. Come and take me to-morrow morning on my first round among our poor!"

#### PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and also (though this is generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to see the beauty of the world; or what comes to the same thing, this beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty is developing itself in us. Only reflect what regions, lovely as Paradise, there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the conscious creature. The men who are now living there, do not see the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that, the mind of man once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments he has lost. For one "Paradise Lost," he will sing of a thousand that he has gained.  
—*William Smith's Thorndale*

#### FIRMNESS.

There is no trait of human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil. It is related of Tamerlane, the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all the eastern nations, and on whom victory attended at almost every step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future.  
—*Home Journal.*

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In my boyhood, but old enough to consider and remember, I saw George Washington; in his coach going to church, and at other times when drawn by six horses, with several servants in showy liveries; in his graceful and commanding seat on horseback; in a court-dress, small sword, and hair in a bag, delivering his farewell address to Congress; in his drawing-room, with his secretaries, Pickering, Hamilton and Knox, smoking the pipe of peace with a tribe of Indians, all solemn as he was; and once, as school-fellow and playmate of his wife's grandson, Mr. Custis, I had the casual honor of dining with him in the grave and nearly taciturn dignity of his family circle, with several servants in attendance, and a secretary, Mr. Dandridge, officiating as carver. General Washington's Revolution camp-table chest, presented to Congress on the eighteenth of April, 1844, as a relic to be preserved, is one of many proofs that he not only loved good cheer, but, as governor or manager of men, promoted conviviality as an affair of state and convenience for business. Almost all accounts represent him as grave and stately. But I have known, intimately, ladies who danced with him; have heard companions of his pastime hours describe his enjoyment of not only the pleasures of the table, but those songs of merriment then so common a part of such pleasures. I heard an officer of his military family entertain Lafayette with a recital of some of the expressions which General Washington uttered with passionate outbreak, when disobeyed and disappointed in battle; I have seen his minute written directions for the liveries of his servants, and concerning the choice and rent of a house; and have been assured, by a gentleman who spent some days with him at Mount Vernon, when no longer on his guard, that the once reserved and solemn statesman chatted freely on all subjects.—*Ingersoll's History.*

#### COMIC PREACHING.

On one occasion, when Rowland Hill was preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners—yea, to Wapping sinners." On another occasion, there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel. Hill, remarking this, looked up and said, "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."—*All the Year Round.*

#### THE GIPSEYS.

It is now thought by the learned, that the gipseys did not originate in Egypt, though the name is a corruption of Egyptian. In fact, gipseys are called by a different name in every country in Europe—in France, Bohemians; in Italy, Wal-lachians, etc. A German author, who has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject, comparing the language and customs of the gipseys with those of other races, arrives at the conclusion that they are of East India origin. Their language, character and habits he says are unmistakably Hindoo.—*Newburyport Herald.*

(ORIGINAL.)

MAUD.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes.—WHITTIER.

Through nights of weary watching, Maud,  
Soul-longings for the old, sweet past;  
Through days of dreams, when Fancy seems  
To hold thee still in tender clasp,  
My spirit quaffs from Hope's sweet cup,  
And will not give the old dream up.

Those stolen hours of love-life, Maud,  
Come back like far-off melody,  
With haunting spells, which surest dwells  
Where thy voice first made harmony.  
O Maud, alone thou filled my heart,  
Live out this love the world apart!

At twilight, when the soul prays, Maud,  
To me each life transfigured stands;  
The sky an altar, where we falter  
The vows we pledge with close-linked hands;  
And heaven seems vibrant with soft sighs,  
And hearts are love-hymns sung by eyes.

And thus through weary nights, my Maud,  
Through agonies of doubt and pain,  
I feel this truth—that human ruth  
Will give the sweet past life again:  
And I have faith enough to be  
An exile till Maud calls to me.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE rich sunshine of a September morning  
fell pleasantly over the two young girls who were  
sitting together in the cosy parlor of Paul  
Wynne's house, at Wolfsden.

The window was open to admit the bland air;  
and the plaintive songs of the few birds that yet  
lingered at the North, stole mellowly in to the  
charmed ears of the listeners. The girls sat with  
clasped hands, as all girls love to do, and heads  
leaned together in affectionate, though silent  
communion.

The friendship of Margaret Wynne and Celia  
Earle is a very beautiful thing to remember—for  
between them there was sincere love uncontrolled  
by envy; perfect confidence, undisturbed by  
a single doubt. And in this world of selfishness  
and hard struggle we shall find very few such  
friendships.

But those girls were lovely—each in her own

way. Margaret Wynne, the elder by some three  
or four years, was slight, pale faced, brown-hair-  
ed; with large, clear, hazel eyes, and a smile of  
great sweetness. She was rather quiet and retir-  
ing in her manners—not, naturally, communica-  
tive, but possessed of a strong individuality, and  
an unwavering uprightness of character.

Celia Earle was more like a sunbeam than  
anything else. Rosy-cheeked, golden-haired,  
blue-eyed, and brimming over with mischief and  
laughter. Yet, withal, a sensitive, timid little  
creature—looking up continually to some one  
for strength and support—requiring always some-  
thing above and out of herself to lean upon.

Wolfsden was a lonely village, far up among  
the Green Mountains—but the two girls managed  
to be very happy together—notwithstanding the  
absence of society and amusements which all  
young people love. It was Margaret's home, and  
for this she loved its secluded shades—for this,  
she had no wish to stray beyond its mountain-  
locked confines into the great world of deceit.

Celia was a native of the busy metropolitan  
city of New York, and Wolfsden—which she was  
visiting for the first time—charmed her with its  
novelty. She was never weary of its steep de-  
files, its weird, densely-shadowed valleys, its  
stern cliffs, and rugged promontories—everything  
was new, and very delightful to her.

Margaret's only brother, Harry Wynne, was  
at West Point, and the two girls depended on the  
village lawyer, Elmer Marshall, to gallant them  
about; and Mr. Marshall was in no wise annoy-  
ed, or dissatisfied, with his charge.

Margaret and Elmer had known each other  
from childhood. They had been schoolmates to-  
gether; they had indulged in the same childish  
sports; gloried over the same grand mountain  
scenes—read the same books, and been separated  
from each other only while Elmer was away at  
Harvard.

No word of love had ever been spoken between  
them; no vows had ever been interchanged, but  
there is a silent language by which heart speaks  
to heart, and which is never misunderstood.  
Margaret had long known that away from Elmer  
Marshall her life would be very blank; and in  
the young lawyer's rising of a future home he al-  
ways saw the sweet face of Margaret by the  
right-side.

Now, Mr. Marshall's gay good morning broke  
in on the reverie of the young girls—as entering  
the parlor unceremoniously, he flung himself  
down on an ottoman at their feet. He had a book  
—Tennyson's Maud—in one hand, and a bou-  
quet of flowers in the other. He gave the book  
to Margaret; the blossoms to Celia.

"There girls," he exclaimed, in the frank, cheerful way peculiar to him, "I have made my morning sacrifice to the shrine of beauty, and now you cannot refuse to wish me joy on this, my birthday! Twenty-seven years amid the checkered scenes of this world surely demand and claim your sympathizing congratulations! I want a present from each of you, too. Come, don't be niggardly! What will you give me, Maggie?"

She lifted her clear eyes tenderly to his, and said, solemnly:

"I give you the best wishes I have, my prayers, and my good wishes, Elmer."

"Thank you. I prize them above rubies. And you, little Celia, what shall I receive from you?"

"Whatever you ask, sir beggar!" she replied, gaily.

"You give me a *carte blanche*. What if I should take advantage of it! But to repay your confidence, I will be lenient. You shall give me a kiss!"

Celia's cheek reddened—she drew back, and toyed with the tassel of her morning robe. Margaret started, colored painfully, and employed herself in arranging the books on the table—Marshall, alone, was smiling and self-possessed.

"Come," he said, "I am waiting. Maggie, you shall be umpire. It is not a fair compact? Celia is to kiss me, isn't she?"

"You can decide the matter among yourselves," she said, quietly, "I must see to feeding the canaries," and gliding from the room, she left them alone.

"Well, Celia, are you going to give me my present?" persisted Marshall.

"Not I; you knew I wouldn't! Come let us walk in the garden!" and gayly chatting and laughing the twain passed out into the shrubbery, while heavy-hearted Margaret fed the golden-winged canaries, and moistened their food with irrepressible tears. Ah, it takes little to make a woman happy—and very little to destroy her happiness!

\* \* \* \* \*

That afternoon, Celia and Margaret went whorleberrying. They had expected Marshall to attend them, but unexpected business detained him, and they set forth alone. Mr. Wynne cautioned them about going out of sight of the village—there were wild animals on the other side of the mountain; and they had intended to abide by the warning, but the afternoon was so mild and serene—the air so soft and sweet, and the sky so blue, that they were enticed onward, and far up the opposite acclivity. The sun was declining rapidly in the western heavens before they com-

menced retracing their steps, and the wild flowers on the way tempted them, even then, to linger on their return.

A cluster of scarlet thorn-plums attracted Celia's attention—she stopped to gather it, while Margaret passed slowly on. Absorbed in painful thought, she did not notice that Celia had not overtaken her; but her steps were suddenly arrested by a sharp cry of horror from her friend. Turning quickly, she took in the scene presented to her at one gaze. And no wonder that her heart grew cold with deathly terror!

A dozen rods behind her, on a low, broken rock, stood Celia; her hands outstretched in mute entreaty—still filled with the gorgeous flowers she had been gathering; her face white with mortal fear—her stony eyes frozen in terrible immobility on the destiny so surely approaching!

Not three yards distant from the rock on which she stood, crouched a huge black bear—his savage eyes fastened gloatingly on his victim; his blood red tongue protruding from his ravenous jaws—in a moment more her fate would be sealed hopelessly!

Margaret saw all—realized everything—and for a moment a terrible temptation seized her! The woman who had come between her and the only being she could ever love, was in the grasp of death! Should she save herself and leave her friend?—if she turned back to her assistance, she could probably accomplish nothing more than a temporary respite for Celia, and her own destruction would be certain. No eye save that of God would look on the scene; none save him could judge of her conduct; why not flee, and leave her wretched rival to fate? These thoughts passed through her brain with lightning-like rapidity, but she put them away from her with fierce impatience.

"God help me!" she cried aloud, "I will die with her!"

Seasons of dire temptation beset us all—happy are we if in God's strength we are able to resist! Doubly blessed, if through the forgetfulness of self, we can come out boldly and fearlessly, resolved to do our whole duty, though death stare us in the face!

At all times, Margaret Wynne was no coward, and now she valued life less that she did twenty hours before, for life without love, is, to a woman, but a miserable void!

Nerved by a desperate courage, she rushed back over the distance which lay between her and Celia, and darting before the half-swooning girl, she waved her back with her hand.

"Save yourself!" she cried, "I will fly to flight! to flight! You will not be pursued!"

But Celia was too much benumbed with exceeding terror, to hear or comprehend Margaret's meaning, and like a death white statue, she stood transfixed, leaning against the rock, helpless and motionless.

At sight of his fresh victim, the bear gave utterance to a deep growl of sullen satisfaction—and rising on his haunches, he sprang upon her! His teeth were buried in her white shoulder; his sinewy paws enfolded her in a fearful embrace; his hot breath seemed to scorch her face, and dry up the fountain of life!

Fortunately her right arm was at liberty; and in her hand was clutched the azure silk scarf that had covered her neck during the ramble, and which a moment before she had detached to twist into a slip noose that she was now able to cast over the powerful neck of the monster. She drew in the ends with all her strength—and those terrible teeth crunched through flesh and bone, in fierce retaliation.

For an instant it seemed to Margaret that she must yield; her sufferings were horrible; she felt faint and giddy; the world grew dark as midnight; she was icy cold! but one glimpse at the face of Celia, brought her back to herself again. To save a dear friend, she would sacrifice herself. Elmer Marshall's happiness she desired above every other earthly good, and if it would be secured through Celia's redemption from death, then so be it! She exerted her utmost strength, the scarf, delicate and soft though it was, became in her determined hand no contemptible weapon; the savage brute felt sorely its fatal power. He struggled, reared, released his hold of Margaret's shoulder, and attempted to tear off with his paws the disagreeable noose. His efforts were nerved by fell desperation. Margaret knew that in a very few seconds all would be over! She could not hold out much longer! Crimsoned with her own blood, faint, and gasping for breath, she uttered the simple prayer:

"God receive me!" and closed her eyes.

Simultaneously, a clear, ringing shout came:

"Bend your head, Margaret! and for your life, stir not!"

It was Marshall's voice, and she obeyed him without a doubt. A stunning report of fire-arms broke the silence; the hot blood of the bear deluged the garments of Margaret—he leaped high in the air, and fell backwards down the precipice!

And Margaret felt herself drawn upward and away by strong, tender arms, and a deep, loving voice said, fervently: "Thank God! she lives!" And then followed a long period of dreamless insensibility.

When she once more awoke to a realizing sense of life, Margaret was lying in a darkened chamber, her head resting on the breast of Elmer Marshall, and his dark, sorrowful eyes bent upon her face. A glad light broke over his features; he bent down and kissed her forehead. For a moment she seemed to wander in uncertainty, but directly, memory returned to her, and she would have moved away from him, and he gently prevented her.

"Put me down, Elmer," she said, faintly, "I know everything! I wanted to save Celia for you. Leave me, and make her happy."

"To save Celia *for me*, Margaret? Thank God that you, also were saved! Did you know, little one, that your death would have killed me?"

She looked at him wonderingly; he met the scrutiny with a tender smile.

"And yet you asked her to kiss you?" she said, reproachfully.

"My darling Margaret! It was a foolish joke—and Celia so regarded it! She does not care for me, she never has! Are you so blind, Maggie, that you have never made the discovery which all Wolfeden in ringing with? Celia is betrothed to your brother Harry, and to see her he is coming home next week! And I—I have loved no woman save my first, old love, my Margaret! Will she doom me to despair?"

Margaret's sentence of the petitioner may be guessed at; for four weeks later, in the plain old church at Wolfeden, there was a double wedding; Margaret, pale and emaciated from recent illness, but radiant with happiness, gave herself to Elmer Marshall; and Celia Earle became the wife of the brilliant young West Point cadet.

#### A HINT ON QUOTING LATIN.

One of the most clear-headed ministers we know anywhere, one distinguished for his sterling common sense, and for his own pithy, homely Saxon style, sends us the following, which we commend to all whom it may concern: "Did it ever occur to writers for the public press, whether secular or religious, that the great mass of readers know nothing of Latin, or French, or any other language than their own mother tongue? I heard a very intelligent farmer exclaim, the other day, as he threw down the paper he was reading, 'There, any man who writes for common people to read, and mixes an unknown tongue with the English, without translation or apology, is an impostor. He deliberately insults every common reader, and such imposition I never meet without indignation; and I despise the pedant who does it.' This general feeling, among plain common sense people, it would be well for writers to heed if they wish their articles read."—*New York Evangelist*.

Surely that preaching which comes from the soul, most works on the soul.—*Fuller*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## JENNY DOANE.

A BALLAD FOR MUSIC.

BY LIKUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

O, the sun hath less of brightness, and the earth  
 has lost its cheer,  
 Like a wilderness with upas overgrown,  
 While I linger like an exile mid the haunts which  
 once were dear,  
 Linger desolate, and sorrowful, and lone.  
 For the day hath waned and vanished,  
 Now the heartsome hours are banished,  
 Breathes my weary heart no accent but a moan,  
 While I'm sitting, sadly sitting,  
 Where the shadows, faintly flitting,  
 Gloom and darken on the grave of Jenny Doane!

O, the earth had naught but beauty where her  
 dainty footfall passed,  
 And from nature echoed neither sigh nor groan,  
 Sweet as lullabies her music, on the wings of morn-  
 ing cast,  
 With the murmur of the streamlet in her tone.  
 But the day has waned and vanished,  
 All the heartsome hours are banished,  
 Speaks my burdened breast no accent but a moan,  
 While I'm lying, sadly lying,  
 Where the winter winds are sighing  
 Plaintive dirges round the grave of Jenny Doane!

Winged the heavy hours with sadness, where they  
 lightly sped of yore,  
 Parted with them all I cherished as mine own;  
 Like the softly dying daylight hath my angel gone  
 before,  
 And my hermit-heart is desolate and lone.  
 For the days of joy are vanished,  
 For the blissful seasons banished,  
 Now my pallid lips are ever making moan;  
 While I'm weeping, sadly weeping,  
 Where the dreary moon is keeping  
 Watch and ward above the grave of Jenny Doane!

[ORIGINAL.]

## AGREEABLE MR. MERVIN:

— OR, —

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"WHAT an agreeable, gentlemanly man Mr. Mervin is," said Clara Allerton, as a gentleman with a pleasant smile and polite bow, passed the window where she and her friend, Mary Ellis, were sitting.

"Do you think so?" said Mary. "Perhaps you are not so well acquainted with him as I am."

"Perhaps not; though I have seen a good deal of him for the last six months. I have met him at a number of social parties, and I often see him at Mrs. Benson's, where he drops in quite unceremoniously, and spends an hour or two."

"Have you ever met his wife?"

"I never have. Mrs. Benson has several times requested him to bring his wife with him and spend a sociable evening, and he has promised her that he would, but as yet, something has always happened to prevent him from fulfilling his promise."

"Undoubtedly. Poor Louise!"

"Why do you speak thus?"

"No matter now. You may know some time."

"She is your cousin, is she not?"

"Yes; though she has always seemed more like a sister than a cousin."

"The next time you call on her, will you not let me go with you? I have always wished to see her ever since I became acquainted with Mr. Mervin. What is there to hinder us from calling this morning?"

"I think we had better wait till the afternoon, for as Louise does her own work, it is inconvenient for her to receive callers in the morning."

"Does her own work? Why, I thought that Mr. Mervin was in the receipt of a large income."

"So he is; yet I am pretty sure that he sometimes finds it difficult to meet his expenses."

"Why that seems strange. My brother's annual income must be much less than his, yet his wife always keeps a cook and a chambermaid, and he told me the other day that he had never failed a year since he was married of laying up a few hundreds against a rainy day."

"I suspect your brother has not contracted such expensive habits as Mr. Mervin has."

"I don't know as to that. Both he and his wife have fine tastes, and do not hesitate to gratify them as far as is necessary for their comfort and happiness."

Clara now bid her friend good morning, it having been previously settled between them that they should call on Mrs. Mervin in the afternoon unless prevented by some unforeseen occurrence.

It was about four o'clock when they arrived at Mr. Mervin's residence, and were ushered into a parlor elegantly and luxuriously furnished, by Mrs. Mervin.

Clara Allerton was much struck with her appearance. She was about thirty-five, and though worn and faded, retained traces of remarkable



beauty. Her eyes, which were black, were large and expressive, and an abundance of fine, silky hair, which might well have been called golden, was becomingly arranged round a finely-formed forehead; but the rich bloom of her complexion, which, as Mary Ellis told Clara, had formerly imparted an almost dazzling brilliancy to her beauty, was entirely gone. Her dress, which was a cheap gingham, and which had evidently seen service, had the merit of being exactly fitted to a form of exquisite elegance and symmetry. Her manners were pleasing and graceful, and at times, when she seemed to forget the present, cheerful and even fascinating. Clara found her so interesting, that she would gladly have prolonged her call, and when Mary made a movement to go, she found opportunity to hint her wish to remain longer. Mary, however, appeared to be remarkably obtuse, and either did not, or would not comprehend her meaning.

"How do you like Louise?" Mary asked, after they had taken leave.

"I am charmed with her. I should think her quite equal to her husband, in every respect."

"If in many things she was not his superior, I should not have much respect for her," said Mary.

"I have only one fault to find with her."

"What is that?"

"She does not dress as the wife of a gentleman like Mr. Mervin should. I recollect one day, when he called at Mrs. Benson's, that the conversation happened to turn on the subject of ladies' dress, and I found by his remarks, that his tastes were decidedly in favor of the rich and elegant, and she should consider it a duty, I think, to endeavor to please him."

"I believe Louise always dresses as well as she can, according to her means."

"Is it possible?"

"It is not only possible, but true, as I know—not from any information obtained from her, however. From all that I ever heard her say of him, I might imagine him to be a saint upon earth."

"I believe you must be mistaken, Mary."

"I assure you I am not."

"He may be like the man who one day remarked in my presence that he never minded what his wife wore. She might, he said, go to a haberdashery and buy a sixpenny calico, and he should be unable to tell the next day but that she had on a rich silk or satin. I have never thought well of him since. And yet Mr. Mervin possesses the faculty of making all present happy and pleased with themselves, apparently without any view to his own particular pleasure or comfort."

"A faculty which unfortunately he seldom sees fit to exercise at home. Never, indeed, unless there are persons present whom he considers of more consequence than his wife, or her more intimate friends."

"Why did you make our call so short? I should liked to have remained longer, and thought, as you are her cousin, you would not stand for etiquette."

"I ascertained this morning, after I saw you, that her husband expects half-a-dozen friends to take supper with him this evening, and knowing that she has no one to assist her in making the necessary preparation, I thought we should do wrong to stay longer."

From this time, Clara Allerton frequently called with her friend Mary, on Mrs. Mervin. She grew more and more pleased with her, and before long, became so well acquainted with her, as now and then to call without Mary. Never, on any occasion, had Mr. Mervin been at home, and what struck her as being rather singular, she always had on the same cheap gingham dress she wore the first time she saw her. After a while, she incidentally found in the course of conversation, that Mrs. Mervin, though very fond of reading, had never seen any of the more recent publications. This appeared to her the more singular, as she knew that Mr. Mervin not only read, but purchased many of the new publications, whether they belonged to a class denominated light literature, or to a kind more substantial. Scarce a day passed without his leaving a volume of some new work, a magazine, or literary paper, on Mrs. Benson's table, and if anything was mentioned about returning them, he was in the habit of saying:

"If you can afford them house-room, keep them. As I have read them, they are no longer of any use to me."

At one time, Clara thought of mentioning to him that she had become acquainted with Mrs. Mervin, but for a reason that suggested itself to her mind, she concluded that she would defer it, at least, for the present. In the meantime, he continued to be the same agreeable, pleasant man as ever, and if, as has been said, true politeness consists in making those in our company satisfied with themselves, he possessed the art in perfection.

One day Mrs. Benson said to Clara, "I have been thinking of having a party. The Lyndons, of Philadelphia, you know, are in the city, and I wish to show them some attention. I am also determined that Mrs. Mervin shall, for once, sacrifice her love of seclusion, and come to the party, since she won't consent to spend a social

evening with us. By the way, I suspect that Mrs. Mervin is a little odd, and that she sometimes tries her husband's patience rather severely. You have frequently called on her of late; did you ever observe anything in her appearance to warrant such a suspicion?"

"Never; nor do I believe that she entertains any aversion to appearing in society."

"Then what should prevent her? To me there is a mystery about it. What do you imagine to be the reason?"

"I have never been able to form an opinion on the subject, perfectly satisfactory, and should not like to hazard a conjecture that might prove erroneous. If what I think to be the reason is correct, I don't think that she will attend the party. At any rate, I think you had better send her an early invitation, for, as she so seldom goes out, she may have considerable preparation to make."

"That is true; and very opportunely, here comes Mr. Mervin himself."

The gentleman proved to be in one of his blandest moods. He discoursed eloquently, upon what he termed the beauty of the sex, and none could have doubted, while listening to his remarks, that had the days of chivalry been revived, he would have deemed it a privilege to break a lance in defence of whatever lady might claim his protection, however humble her pretensions might be on the score of beauty. The boldest stickler for woman's rights could not have wished for a more zealous champion. He was pathetic as well as eloquent, and Mrs. Benson, though she thought he went too far, was so wrought upon by the force of sympathy, that, in spite of herself, tears suffused her eyes. Clara, who had much less faith in him than formerly, listened to him with an indifference truly stoical. When, after his enthusiasm, and with it his eloquence had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Benson introduced the subject of the party, and told him that she should insist on Mrs. Mervin's being present, for a moment his countenance fell. He immediately recovered himself, however, and replied:

"Even your powers of persuasion," said he, "will, I believe, for once fail. Mrs. Mervin has come to be a perfect recluse, and, if the truth could be known, I suspect, secretly regrets that destiny had not made her a nun, instead of the wife of your humble servant."

"If my powers of persuasion fail," said Mrs. Benson, "yours may not; and I lay my commands on you, to exert them to the utmost."

"I am all obedience, my dear madam, but—"

And, instead of finishing his sentence, he

shrugged his shoulders in a manner to intimate that he felt sure of being unsuccessful.

"You underrate your talents," said Mrs. Benson. "You will have a whole week to negotiate the affair in, and, with your delicate management, will, I have not the least doubt, overcome every objection."

"Much obliged to you; and I can only promise to do my best."

The preparations for the party, which Mrs. Benson intended should be the most brilliant there had been for the season, were nearly completed. It was Wednesday, the day before it was to come off, and Clara, without mentioning her intention to any one, equipped herself for a walk, and proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Mervin. Just as she was ascending the steps, a young girl opened the door and came out, of whom she inquired if Mrs. Mervin was at home.

"She is," was the girl's answer. "I left her a minute ago in the parlor."

Though on entering the parlor, Clara found that Mrs. Mervin was not there, supposing she would return in a few moments, she took a seat in the recess of a window. She had hardly done so, before she saw through the blinds, Mr. Mervin coming towards the house. Very soon she heard him enter the hall, and the next moment the parlor door opened, and he passed through the apartment into one adjoining, without perceiving her.

"Mrs. Benson," said he, addressing his wife, "is going to have a party to-morrow evening, and wishes you to attend. Can you go?"

"I might possibly have gone, could I have known it a few days sooner; now, I cannot, as you must be aware."

"And why not, I beg to know?"

"Look at this dress I have on; it is the best I have in the world."

"You never, according to your own account, have anything fit to wear. Where is the dress you had a while ago, for which I paid ten or a dozen dollars? Did you not wear it to church last Sunday?"

"I did, but—"

"And yet you told me, not half a minute ago, that the one you have on is the best you have in the world. Your stories don't agree, madam."

"You did not wait to hear what I was going to say. I was about to observe, when you interrupted me, that I *did* wear the dress in question to church last Sunday; but that I could not wear it without a shawl, as the bodice and sleeves are very much worn."

"I can compare you to no one but old

Mother Spikener. She never had a dress that was not out at the elbows."

"I have had that dress five years."

"I don't believe it."

"If you will only permit me, I can convince you that I am not mistaken."

"Well, convince me, if you can; who hinders you?"

"Don't you remember the first dress coat you ever had of Mr. Mills?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with it, I desire to know?"

"You had the coat to wear to your sister's wedding, and I had the dress for the same purpose."

"It isn't five years since Sophia was married."

"But don't you know that you have had ten dress coats of Mr. Mills, and that *that* was the first one?"

"Well, you needn't throw that at me; I have had no more than I wanted."

"I know you have not, and it was not my intention to throw it at you. I only mentioned it as a proof that I have had the dress five years."

"Well, you must have a dress of some kind, I suppose."

"The party is to-morrow evening, I believe you said."

"Yes."

"And it is now four o'clock. It would be impossible for me to obtain the materials for a dress in season to have it made. And even if it were possible, there are several other articles besides a dress, which I should be obliged to have, in order to appear decent."

"A man who has a wife to clothe, these days, has a hopeless task before him. I suppose the next thing you will tell me is, that you have not a shoe to your foot."

"I have only those I have on, which are certainly but very little better than none."

A coarse oath, such as Clara could not have thought it possible could issue from the lips of the pleasant, urbane, smiling and polite Mr. Mervin, was the only response to this remark. Louise remained silent. She might have told him that the few articles of clothing which she had had for the last five years, had been obtained by her needle, and a few little fancy articles she had made and disposed of, through the agency of her cousin, Mary Ellis, on whose discretion she could rely. She had several reasons for not offering them for sale herself, the most weighty of which was, the disparaging remarks which it would naturally occasion concerning her husband. She was compelled to this course, as even the small and insufficient sums which he

occasionally doled out to her, came grudgingly, and were often accompanied by remarks, the purport of which was, that the moment he was married, he entered upon a series of deprivations such, as to say the least, were extremely annoying.

The truth was, he was so supremely selfish, that whatever expenditure did not directly administer to his personal comfort, was met with a reluctance worthy a miser. This selfishness was the natural consequence of his early domestic education. The moment he was old enough to give expression to a wish or a whim, it was gratified by a weak-minded, injudicious mother, unless its gratification went beyond the bounds of possibility. As he grew older, his vanity and love of admiration were fostered and encouraged, and—as like jealousy, they grow by what they feed on—in order to obtain them, he cultivated a suavity of manners, except when in his own home, which made him very acceptable in society.

The first time he met with Louise Ellis, whom he declared to be the most beautiful and accomplished young lady he had ever seen, he made up his mind to marry her. She was not so easily won as he had anticipated, which might have been one reason why she retained considerable influence over him for several years. He liked to have it said that Tom Mervin and his wife were the handsomest couple at a social party, ball, or soiree.

All went on well, as long as the bridal trossau lasted. Mr. Mervin seemed to imagine that tasteful and elegant apparel was as natural to a beautiful woman, as wings of purple and gold are to the more splendid species of the butterfly. As, at the time of her marriage, the wardrobe of his wife, as well as her purse, had been most amply furnished by the maiden aunt who had given her a home since her early childhood, he did not realize how erroneous was the idea he was cherishing, till several years. He had always lived fully up to his income, and previously to drawing a dividend, he invariably decided in his own mind as to the manner of its appropriation.

When, therefore, the sum intended for a champagne supper was required for the purchase of a bonnet and a few other articles for his wife, he felt it to be a direct infringement on his own enjoyment, and though he had the decency not to tell her this in so many words, he had not the delicacy to conceal the reluctance he felt in parting with the sum she needed. Having, after he came into possession of his fortune, learned one good lesson—not to run in debt—the supper was given up, and, for the first time in many months,

he spent the evening at home; not as he might and ought to have done, but in sullen silence. Every attempt Louise made to enter into conversation was repelled by a frown or an impatient movement, and sometimes by something very much resembling a sneer. It was no wonder, that after this, Louise, who was proud and high spirited, forbore to ask any further supply while it was possible to avoid it; and she had, for a long time, ceased doing so altogether, at the time Clara Allerton became acquainted with her; having, by her own industry, been able to supply her more pressing wants.

Clara, who had been an involuntary listener to the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Mervin, found her situation extremely embarrassing. The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she became, as she justly feared that the anger which Mr. Mervin would undoubtedly feel, at having made an exhibition of his true character, would be visited upon his wife. Louise too, she knew, would feel very unpleasantly, as she had always not only avoided with the most scrupulous care making any allusion to her husband's faults, but had taken every opportunity to mention any little trait or incident which might tell in his favor. She therefore concluded to leave the house as quietly as she had entered it, as being, under existing circumstances, the most discreet mode of proceeding. After tea, as he frequently did, Mr. Mervin dropped in at Mrs. Benson's, to chat an hour before joining his club, which met three times a week, and which proved to him a convenient resource, when nothing more attractive presented itself.

"Well, Mr. Mervin," said Mrs. Benson, "you succeeded in obtaining Mrs. Mervin's promise to come to my party?"

"I am sorry to say that I have not."

"I am afraid that I have given you too much credit, as respects your powers of persuasion," said Mrs. Benson, smiling.

"Ah, madam," said he, shaking his head, and affecting a lugubrious air, "I entertain precisely the same fears myself. They certainly seem likely to prove inefficacious in a certain quarter. The truth is, under the rose, ladies," and he bowed to Mrs. Benson and Clara, "Mrs. Mervin, as it is right and proper she should have, has a will of her own."

Clara felt her indignation rise, but did not manifest it, otherwise than by a cold reserve.

"I believe, after all," said Mrs. Benson, "that I must call on Mrs. Mervin myself, and see what I can do in the way of persuading her to come. Do you think I shall stand any chance of success?"

"Were I in Mrs. Mervin's place, you would certainly succeed," said Mr. Mervin, in one of his most insinuating tones. "Now I must reluctantly confess that I think your labor would be lost. Do not, however, let my opinion prevent you from making the trial."

"I shall think about it," was Mrs. Benson's reply, and nothing more was said on the subject.

"Don't you think Mrs. Mervin a strange woman, Clara?" said she, after Mr. Mervin was gone.

"No; but I think Mr. Mervin a very strange man, and I think his wife is much to be pitied."

"Why?"

"For being so unfortunate as to have Mr. Mervin for a husband."

"Most people think she is to be envied on that account."

"That is because they don't know him."

Mr. Mervin did not again allude to the party in presence of his wife. She only knew by the care with which he made his toilet, that it was his intention to attend. He had been gone only a few minutes, when a letter was handed to her. It was from her aunt, the maiden lady with whom she had lived before she was married, and was written to inform her of the death of a favorite nephew, whom she had intended to make her heir. She should now, she said, give the property to her, and as she had found that a little cash in hand might not be unacceptable—certain things considered—the income of the fifty thousand dollars would be immediately secured to her, in such a manner as to be solely at her own disposal.

It was late when Mr. Mervin returned from the party—much later than Louise had imagined it to be, for thoughts of her good fortune had made the time glide away imperceptibly. She greeted him with a smile.

"Since you left home, I have had a letter from Aunt Elizabeth," said she.

"What interest do you suppose I can take in such a funny old woman's letters?" was his response.

"I was only going to mention that she—"

"Drop the subject—that is, if you please. I am in no mood to be bored with the contents of one of her elegant epistles. Give me a light. Do you hear? Give me a light, I say."

There seemed to be no call for a repetition of his order, for Louise at once rose to procure the light. She handed it to him, and putting on his slippers which had been warming by the fire, he went to his own room. He did not rise the following morning till a late hour, and then, as his mood seemed to be still more morose than the

night previous, Louise made no allusion to the letter. She prepared dinner at the usual hour, but her husband did not come home. One, two, three hours passed away, when she heard his well-known footsteps. When he entered the dining-room, she saw that his face was deeply flushed, and that he was much agitated.

"Is anything the matter?" she ventured to inquire.

"Nothing, only that I am a beggar," he answered, grinding his teeth.

"I am thankful if it is nothing worse than the loss of property, for—"

"What in the name of the seven plagues of Egypt would you have worse? To think that Will Marsden should make his appearance, when everybody thought he had been sleeping at the bottom of the sea these dozen years!"

"Why does his unexpected appearance affect you?"

"What a foolish question! Just as if you didn't know that he is my cousin, and that he was the favorite of my grandfather, who in his will gave the whole of his property, except a beggarly bequest of five hundred dollars, which he thought proper to bestow on me. There was, however, a proviso, that should Marsden die before I did, and without heirs, the property was to go to me. Marsden soon afterward went to sea, and from that time to this, I have never heard from him till to-day, when he called on me, and imagined that I should be simpleton enough to be glad to see him."

"All these particulars are new to me. I know that there was once such a person as William Marsden, and that he was called a generous, noble-hearted young man—nothing more."

"Well, you know something more now, and perhaps you will be still further enlightened, when I tell you that the first thing we have to do, is to leave this house. It is Will Marsden's, and he can, if he please, charge me for rent, the whole time we have lived in it."

"He will not ask you to pay rent; I'm certain he will not, and if he does—"

"Nor he wont ask me to pay over to him the heavy sum which the property has yielded me during the time?"

"I think he will not, if he is as generous and unselfish as I have heard him represented."

"You are a fool—otherwise you would never think of so silly a thing—and we are both beggars."

"Perhaps we are not so badly off as you imagine. I was going to mention to you last night what Aunt Elizabeth said in her letter—"

Louise stopped suddenly for a moment, her

husband started, pressed his hands against his forehead, and then fell back in his chair. At the same time without having been perceived by Louise, her cousin, Mary Ellis, accompanied by a gentleman, whose bronzed complexion showed that he had recently been a dweller on the mighty deep, entered the apartment. It was William Marsden, who having received hasty directions from Mary Ellis, ran for a physician, who in less than ten minutes arrived. Mr. Mervin, he said, was threatened with apoplexy, but by prompt and energetic measures, he hoped to obviate the impending danger. Both he and William Marsden remained nearly all night. The physician, who called again early the following morning, was of the opinion that, unless something inauspicious should supervene, the patient with careful nursing, would recover. The opinion proved a correct one. In a week he was able to sit up several hours in a day.

"I owe my life to your skill," said he, one day to the doctor, who had called to make his last visit.

"Not so much to my skill as a physician, as Mrs. Mervin's skill as a nurse," was the reply. "Had she been less careful and attentive, you must have died."

Mr. Mervin made no allusion to this remark of the doctor's to his wife, but there was a marked change in his manner towards her. He no longer appeared to think it unnecessary to treat her with the same politeness and consideration he would any other lady, and if she ventured to make a remark, he ceased to regard it with contempt. When, soon afterward, she again brought up the subject of her aunt's letter, he did not refuse to listen.

"As most of the fifty thousand dollars," said she, pursuing the subject, "is invested, so as to yield from eight to ten per cent., I think we can live very comfortably."

"Yes," was his answer; "if it were not for the ruinous sum due Will Marsden. It will, at the lowest computation, take the whole of the income secured to you for the next twelve years, to pay what would have been added to Marsden's property, had it been suffered to accumulate."

"That is true, and the principal, as I have already explained to you, cannot be encroached upon. I wish Aunt Elizabeth had not made the restriction. But I have heard William Marsden say, that the property, as his grandfather left it, without any interest, is more than he shall know what to do with."

"And I never said a truer word in my life," said a voice at the entrance of the room. "A lad, who like me, can sleep soundly on the soft



side of a board, and dine comfortably on bread, beef and cold water, will find so much money nothing but an incumbrance, and I shall consider it a kindness if you will go shares with me."

"Walk in and take a chair, and we will talk about it," said Mr. Mervin. "You are aware," he resumed, when Marsden had accepted the invitation, "that I have been living on the income of your estate for the last twelve years."

"Yes, I know."

"The whole of which would amount to forty thousand dollars."

"Like enough, though I have never ciphered it up. One thing, however, is certain—I won't have a cent of it."

"It would be difficult to pay it just now, I confess," said Mr. Mervin.

"Well, we will say nothing more about it, if you please, and if it would be any accommodation to you to retain the principal, you will oblige me by doing so."

"Many thanks for your kind and disinterested offer," replied Mr. Mervin, "but as Louise has lately been in the receipt of rather a handsome income, there will be no need of my accepting it, as I think, if I must be any one's debtor, I prefer to be hers."

"I beg you won't speak of being my debtor," said Louise. "You must know that the income you speak of would be prized very little by me, if it could not be made to minister to your comfort as well as mine."

"I believe you, Louise, and am at the same time sensible how little I deserve such consideration. I have been very selfish—have thought little of your pleasure or comfort, if I found means to promote my own."

"Well, now, that's rather mysterious to me," said Marsden. "For my part, I could never enjoy myself if those around me did not enjoy themselves too."

"You were not, like me, taught when a child, to believe that no one was of any consequence but yourself."

"No, and it has been lucky that I was not, or I should not have slipped along through the world so easily as I have."

Marsden, when Mr. Mervin mentioned about moving out of the house, protested earnestly against it.

"I must have a home somewhere," said he, "and if you and Mrs. Mervin will allow me a seat at your table, another by your fire a cold winter's evening, and a place to sling a hammock, if there is not room to spare for a bed, I shall be as happy as a prince. In return, you

shall be welcome to the use of the house as long as you please."

"I am sure that Louise and I shall be willing to give you all you ask, for the sake of your company, putting the house out of the question."

"I am certain that we shall," said Louise.

"Then it is a bargain," said Marsden.

During the long autumn evenings, Mr. Mervin, who no longer possessed the means of indulging in his former expensive mode of life, was somewhat surprised to find so many sources of enjoyment at his own fireside. Books, music, an occasional game of chess, and Marsden's racy narratives of his various hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, particularly the last, though not least, from a Spanish corsair, gave wings to what he had imagined would prove the leaden-footed hours.

Mary Ellis and Clara Allerton often joined the pleasant domestic circle. It soon became evident that Marsden had never, either in foreign lands or his own, met with a lady whom he considered quite so near perfection as Clara; while she, on her part, seemed fully capable of appreciating the many able and excellent qualities which he possessed.

Mary Ellis was of the opinion that she would have been less clear-sighted with respect to these had he not in addition possessed a remarkably handsome form and face.

As the gentleman to whom Mary Ellis was engaged had just arrived from the West, where he had resided for the last few years, it was thought that a double wedding would take place in the course of a few months.

Mr. Mervin was so fortunate as to find employment congenial to his tastes, and sufficiently lucrative; a circumstance which gives double zest to those intervals of relaxation and amusement within his reach, and from which his wife is no longer excluded. He often says that he never enjoyed himself so well before in his life; a declaration to which Louise, as respects herself, can most heartily respond.

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#### THE WORST ENEMY.

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell, and remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the court of chancery does a large estate.—*Waterton's Travels.*

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

A good-wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned:  
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was as wet as it could be;  
And there were puddings and pies to bake, beside  
A loaf of cake for tea.  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbb'd wearily, as she said,  
"If maidens but knew what good-wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed!"  
"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eyes half bashfully fell:  
"It was this," he said, and coming near,  
He smiled, and stooping down, [best  
Kissed her cheek—" 'twas this, that you were the  
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife  
In a smiling and absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She'd not sung for many a day.  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,  
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called, in a breath,  
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He wouldn't, I know, if he had only had  
As happy a home as we."  
The night came down, and the good-wife smiled  
To herself, as she softly said:  
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,  
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

[ORIGINAL.]

MAREZ.

A TALE OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIDEN'S PLEDGE. THE MIRURL.

"*Ve-ri-ra-ka ve-ri-ra-ka!*"

It was the barbaric chant so full of melody,  
which was rung out in a strange chorus on a  
glorious morning of blooming June, in the heart

of the Caucasian Mountains. The scarlet caps  
were tossed up in the air, as the voices of the  
Circassians joined in with the three-stringed lyres  
which the rude musicians played, and the merry  
sunlight smiled down upon the riotous group  
over Kasbek and his hundred peaks, and smiling  
through their crests of snow, ~~in the~~ the little green  
plateau on which the mountaineers were revel-  
ling, seem more warm and beautiful still.

It was a picturesque group. There were the  
simple villagers with their plain loose trousers  
and clumsy sabots, performing their rustic dances,  
beside the gaily dressed mountaineers, whose  
brilliant scarfs were floating the most closely to  
the beauteous forms of the maidens, whose long  
braided hair fell over their tasteful dresses, near-  
ly sweeping the greensward. In the background  
near the modest *chalet*, sat two or three patriarchs  
of the tribe, who looked upon this festive scene  
with grave pleasure, as they stroked their mon-  
strous white beards, and called upon Allah to  
bless their race and blast the Muscovites, in one  
breath.

All at once the melody of the lyres was lost,  
the shouts of revelry were drowned by notes of  
lamentation which reached the ears of the com-  
pany from the door of the little inn, and present-  
ly there appeared from the low entrance a curi-  
ous group. A stout young man, who with  
many deprecatory motions was endeavoring to  
throw off the clasp of two beautiful girls who  
clung to him as if to save him from some dread-  
ful deed. The girls, who were his sister and his  
betrothed, were equally lamenting the presence  
of a stout soldier, who, walking behind the group  
with a long paper in his hand, seemed to be the  
most cool man of the whole assemblage. Quick-  
ly the whole party were surrounded by the curi-  
ous group, and Hamed Rey, the innkeeper,  
spoke.

"I am called to the war. Our general—  
Schamyl—needs me—"

"Long live Schamyl! Long live Schamyl!"  
broke in the group, and their wild shouts were  
echoed far and wide through the loftiest halls  
and majestic arches of the Caucasus.

"Yes, I have the order for three hundred from  
this 'soul' \* and Hamed Rey's name is down  
in the white list," spoke the soldier with the  
paper.

"Yes! think of that, dear sister Marez, and  
you, Limza. I am in the white list. I have  
served before—I must go!"

"Yes, go, then!" said the weeping Limza,  
letting go his arm—"and break my heart."

\* "Abul." The same in the Caucasus as Hamlet, or  
pariah, or district—Armenia.

"But you are the best man in the aoul, dear Hamsed," said Marez, "and could soon get a mirurl (a substitute)."

"O, a mirurl! a mirurl! a mirurl!" chimed in several.

"No! I will go!" again said Hamsed, but his voice was shaken; "and beside," added he, looking around eagerly, rather too eagerly, for a man who was so anxious to serve Schamyl against the hated Russians—"who would be a mirurl for me?"

"Yes, who will leave us Hamsed?"

"Who will spare us Hamsed?"

"Who will replace my son?"—And the voices of Marez and Limza were drowned by the sonorous voice of the old man, who tottered forward supported by his thick staff, and looked at all the company, the young men of which it was composed now being strangely silent.

The old man spoke again after a moment, and took his son's hand in his own weak grasp.

"Go, Hamsed, my boy—go! Your old father bids ye. He cannot be a burden to any one much longer; and when I look towards the setting sun when Allah shall call me home, my last words shall bless ye, my last prayer—that ye shall drive the hated Muscovite forth into his own barren dens—*Estaphir—Allah!*" And the brave old man bent his head upon his staff and wept. It was now that the beautiful Marez came toward the gaping villagers and spoke:

"Who loves Marez?" she asked.

And as if they were about to make a charge, the youths stepped out to the front, leaving only the married men in the rear. It appeared they all loved her. And well they might, for a more glorious creature than Marez Rey the sunlight had never flashed upon. She was not tall, but rather undersized; but her form moulded in perfect beauty, was round and curved more gracefully than any modelled statue since art was born. The Supreme sculptor had created in Marez Rey the sweetest embodiment of the poet's dream, and her virgin charms were just developed as the bursting bud is to the full-blown flower, its sweetness not all unfolded, but at once a promise and a revelation. Her eyes, tender, large, dark and luminous, seemed brooding ever on some sweet thought, and gave a softness and dreamy expression to her face, whose exquisite grace and beauty were now half hidden by her long wavy hair, which, abundant as a Circasian girl's hair always is, fell like a luminous veil down to her feet, whose symmetry you could see, for the low, loose trousers, which were worn on holidays, exposed the well turned ankle, and left it to the gaily-colored shoes with brilliant,

many-hued ribbons, to enhance the beauty of the foot.

"Who loves Marez Rey?" she had asked, and at least a half score had responded.

She slowly unwound a curious old-fashioned golden chain from about her white neck, to the edge of which was appended a rude locket also of gold. She looked at the locket an instant, while her form shook with emotion, and heavy sobs burst from her. All gathered closely around her, wondering to what all this would lead. Kissing the locket passionately, she slowly approached a huge old oak which shaded the door of the little inn, and hanging the locket upon a projecting knot, returned to the wondering villagers.

"You see that locket," she said. "It is my only wealth. It contains my dead mother's hair. I prize it above everything in the aoul. The youth who will take that locket from the tree—who will be the mirurl for Hamsed, I will wed when he comes from the war, be he maimed or blind. I will swear my truth to him upon the holy Koran. Whose bride am I to be?"

And the noble girl stood fronting the staring group, expectant and eager to know to whom she would be bounden. The youths stood transfixed till low murmurs of "shame!" came from their elders behind, and then the first fell back.

"My mother is sick—I am her only son," he said, and slunk away into the deep pass beyond.

"My two fingers are off," said the second, retiring.

"But 'tis the left hand, friend," said the soldier with the list—"you can go."

"Nay, but I have promised to join next year," replied the young fellow, foolishly, as he hastened after his companion.

"I am too young," pleaded another.

"Bah! There is down upon thy cheeks. I will put thy name upon the paper," again spoke the soldier.

"Nay! nay? I live in the other aoul," was the hurried answer, and he too, soon vacated the group.

Marez was trembling with mortification and weeping before them.

"Bendez, Cale, Beyro, Ledi," she cried, appealingly. "None of ye loving me? How often have ye preferred yourselves, ye cravens? Begone! begone! lest Allah should smite ye. Cowards!" And she stamped her feet in very rage.

At this moment the sound of music was heard in the distance, the short, quick thrilling music of the tymbal was echoed far and wide through the mountain passes.

"Hasten, comrade!" said the soldier. "We must be moving. Our force must be with Schamyl beyond the Les Kasbek before three days. Come, away! away!"

And Hamsed moved towards the inn to prepare for the war. The rude lyres which the minstrels had been playing were laid aside, their glasses of foaming mead remained untasted, and the old men were surrounding the young soldier to give him their parting blessing, when a commanding voice from behind the trees at the rear of the inn cried:

"Stop!"

The two girls, Marez and Limza, who were weeping on each other's shoulders, looked towards the spot in amazement, as the tall form of a stranger emerged from the obscurity, and advanced towards the sad group. He had taken on his way to them, the golden chain and locket from the tree. He was dressed in the garb of a peasant, and a very humble one at that. A loose cassock of gray serge was thrown over his shoulders, and he held the broad *bohl*, or sort of peasant's bonnet, over his face so as entirely to conceal his features. All that could be seen was his long flowing beard, which was as black as night.

"I accept the proposal of this beautiful maiden," he said. "I will be your brother's mirurl, and I shall tell thee when I return, fairest child, that no *fana Moscov* infects our happy mountains. It is my *kismet* (destiny) to love thee now—Allah bless thee!"

He knelt down on one knee before the fair Marez, and taking one hand tenderly in his own, kissed it as he would a shrine. She bent over him, her hair falling around his broad shoulders, and placed her hand upon his head while she blessed him in her own simple, fervent way. Tears were in all their eyes; but the band of men with the tymbals in front came up through the group. Hamsed pressed the disguised stranger to his bosom, who, placing the golden chain around his neck, and still holding his *bohl* before his face, took his place in the ranks and marched away, followed by the yearning eyes of Marez.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOST AND WON! THE TRAITOR'S DOOM!

LEAVING the maidens weeping, and the soldiers departing, we next recur to the bloody siege of Akhulgo, \* in 1838. Like an eagle's nest, the fortress was perched on the top of an

isolated, conical peak of rock rising on one side perpendicularly six hundred feet above the Koissu, and of such fantastic formation as to lead to the saying that it was by divine permission the work of the devil.

Here it was the stranger lover of Marez first found himself under the orders of the Circassian chief, who had by this time become the Imam of the nation, the world-famous Schamyl, and as the general strode through the battered castle the night before it was reduced, and saw his brave soldiers piled one upon another, a very wall of masonry, if blood would answer for cement, he saw a blackened figure in one of the crumbling turrets receiving rifles from his companions below, and every fire into the Russian ranks from that deadly aim, a death cry would follow from the ranks of the desperate serfs. Schamyl said:

"Who is that man?"

His answer was—"A mirurl, but we know not what else. He fights a very devil."

"Supply his place, and send him hither," was the order.

The powder-marked soldier knelt low before his chief.

"Who art thou?" Schamyl asked.

"One who loves his country, and who hates the Moscovs," was the reply.

"You fight so bravely—have you private wrongs?"

"They slew my father," the stranger said.

"Thy name?"

"Ismul Radgi."

"I knew thy sire. He was my friend," replied Schamyl, with emotion. "But why art thou a mirurl from another soul?"

"That is for love," replied the youth. And he held up the precious locket.

"For love and for revenge!" murmured the Circassian chief. "I name thee captain."

And ere the young man could thank him, he had given his orders, and he passed quickly away, while the booming shell was bursting over their heads, and the heavy balls from the enemy were battering the walls. The Russians had got possession of one of the detached towers of the fortress, and having been reinforced by five battalions and nine pieces of artillery, so saith the historian, attacked Akhulgo by storm. The Muscovite serfs evinced that ferocious bravery of which their natures are capable, while the Circassians, driven to despair, sought to avenge beforehand the lives they so gallantly laid down. High on the battlements as at intervals the smoke of the two hostile fires cleared away, could be seen female forms, *shaska* or rifle in the little

\* Akhulgo. A Tartar name signifying a gathering place in time of trouble, and now famous in Circassian annals for the wonderful and protracted siege sustained there.—MACKIE.

hands, encouraging the warriors by their side, pressing on with them where the danger was most imminent, and displaying a heroism greater even than that of their own amazons of old, inasmuch as they fought for their lords as well as for liberty.

But amid this scene of general slaughter, when the Koissu ran red with blood, when the heavy discharge of fire-arms would seem like thunder; when the savage faces of the combatants, blackened with powder and furious with passion, were turned towards each other with eyes glancing the hate that was flashed back again; when the clash and clang of steel was mingling with the curses of the combatants; the groans of the dying, and the prayers of many a mourner soon stifled with blood, there was a group surrounding the chieftain Schamyl, contending with thrice their numbers, and sending many a Russian to the stone pavement which should prove his bier, and chief of the Imam's defenders was the stranger captain. The Russians shrunk from him: for his arm dealt inevitable death. And there he stood behind the *abatis* of human bodies which his own hand had slain, terrible to the foe; no bullet harming, no sword cleaving him. And while he covered the retreat, Schamyl fled to one of those subterranean caverns to the river, whence he made his escape to re-appear months afterwards, a terror to the Muscovites in the soul Siassan in the woods of Itchkeria, and soon after to undertake the expedition against Dargo, which swept the Russians from the Caucasus like a pestilence.

It was at Dargo that the Circassians seeing the enemy retreating, slung their rifles behind their backs and rushed into their midst, shaska in hand, dealing death at every stroke. The stranger captain was the centre around which the desperate warriors gathered, and when they swept into the enemy's ranks, a gap was made and more bodies of the slain were there, for the howling wolves who followed behind. In one of these charges a desperate Muscovite turned, and with his long blade struck the stranger from his horse. He fell back gasping in a comrade's arms, his glazing eyes turning to the picture of Marez, as he whispered to his companion:

"I am dying—take this—Marez! soul Tiflis!" And he fainted on the sod, the blood rushing from his wounds and dying the soft moss crimson, while his companion with a strange eagerness clasped the locket and swept on with the tide of battle, leaving the stranger to be trampled there by iron hoofs—alone and dying.

The maiden Marez, how had the days passed with her since the gallant stranger rescued her

brother Hamsed from the war? As the hours always pass with the innocent and happy. In placid peace the days passed on, and when the smiles of spring merged into the joyousness of summer, and its bright flowers were nipped by the frosts of winter, she bore the image of the stranger in her heart, and tenderly watched for his return. Despising the lovers who had failed her in that hour of need, her imagination fed upon the words of her brave rescuer, and she invested him with a romance which her own ardent and bright nature made heroic. How sweet to possess the simple faith of such an untutored heart! One day she sat beneath the old oak which had once borne the precious locket. One small white hand supported her head as her eyes were bent upon the table by her side. The news had reached the soul by one of their Tartar riders, of the victory at Dargo, and the fact of all the Russians being driven to the frontiers, virtually ended the war for the present. Marez heard the sounds of festivity in the distance, but buried in her own secret contemplations did not care to join noisy mirth when she experienced such deep joy. Soon Hamsed and Limxa came forth dressed in their holiday clothes, the latter with a lyre in her hand, and bringing forth sweet music from its hollow body.

"Come, come!" cried Hamsed, gaily, to Marez—"we go to the dance! To the dance! Tra-la-la-la!" And he skipped about like a child, with his arm around Limxa. "Come along, little beauty. Thy lover must return now soon, and then for the wedding dances, and the bowls of foaming boza. Tra-la-la-tra la."

"Nay! nay! I will await you here," she said, smiling. And the happy twain descended into one of the deep passes adjacent, chanting the chorus so sonorous and so sweet, *A-ri-ra-ri-ra!*

The soft winds kissed the cheeks of the dreaming maiden, and played with the golden strands of her sheeny hair. Still wrapped in reverie, she raised her eyes towards the distant Kasbek, while a prayer was on her lips for the absent one, and at that instant a heavy sigh behind her made her turn quickly to the spot. Leaning against the oak was a tall figure in the dress of a captain of Schamyl's guards. His apparel was dusty as though from fatiguing travel, and as he advanced quickly towards the maiden when he was discovered, she noticed that he wore a long flowing beard, heavy and black. Her heart stood still as the stranger approached, but ere he addressed her she discovered that her fond dreams must find a grave. Her young fancy had conjured for her stranger champion a face at least of manly beauty. The priest of her mind's temple



at least must possess the charms of majesty. But no! this man's face was sinister and cruel; one of his eyes was defective; his face bore the marks of a fell disease, and his thin lips were wreathed with a smile which was intended to be winning, but which was cold and bitter. The child-woman trembled as he spoke.

"Marez, dear heart!" he said, "I am come back to claim a bride. Am I welcome?"

She could not speak, but looked at him and fell to weeping.

"Yes, yes, I know," he continued. "You grieve to see me thus disfigured—but 'tis war—it was for thee. But when we are married, Marez, and live in the soul Woden, skirted by the Sweet Waters, you will find me your slave. Do not weep."

He took her hand and knelt at her side.

"Are you, then, the brave man who became mirurl for Hamsed?" she tremblingly asked.

"I am, indeed!" he answered.

She took his hand and placing it to her lips, kissed it—this being the mode amongst the Circassian women to recognize honored guests, but even while she showed the stranger this courtesy, her heart misgave her. She spoke again:

"Have you my gift—the token?"

He drew from the folds of his light *bouka* the golden chain and locket—the token of her love. Ere they could say more, the sound of music which had been for some time faintly reaching them from the passes, now was heard close to the inn in one loud burst of rude harmony, and the voices of the mountaineers were heard shouting:

"*Estaphir Allah! Vori-ra-ka! vo-ri-ra-ka!*"

And as the mountaineers flocked upon the green, their shouts and enthusiasm grew louder and louder.

"Long live Schamyl! Long live our Imam!"

The stranger arose to his feet and would have led Marez away, but it was soon discovered who he was, and the revellers gathered around him with shouts of joy; the music struck up their liveliest tunes; rifles were fired off in quick succession, their sharp peals echoing far and wide through the lofty mountain domes. Beautiful women, their tasteful dresses gaily decked with ribbons, crowded around the stranger, kissing his hands, while the old men tottered to his side and bestowed many a blessing on the gallant stranger. The wild dance begun and a ring was quickly formed upon the greensward for the crowning pleasure of the day. Many of the most beautiful girls were led down from the mountain passes by their closely-muffled mothers, who assigned them to their partners. A merry measure was struck up and the dances begun, the stranger

captain leading forth the blushing Marez, while the lookers-on clapped their hands for joy. Hamsed was crazy with delight, and skipping about with the charming Limza, blended his *Estaphir Allah* with shouts of *Tra-la-la*, and with calls for *boza* from the inn. In the midst of this gaiety the quick sound of a horn reverberating through the mountains drowned the holiday music of the lyres and pipes, and the alarmed mountaineers scattered quickly to the outposts to ascertain why such an alarm was sounded. But the foremost ones returned with great demonstrations of joy, and the words soon rang round the group:

"The Imam! The Imam! Schamyl and his *murtosigators*!"\*

And soon a body of horses dashed up to the green, at the head of which rode the renowned Tartar chieftain, Schamyl, when the wildest demonstrations of joy took place. At this instant the stranger captain who had been drinking freely of the stronger *boza* repaired to the inn for more, and scarcely had he left the side of Marez when she was joined by one of Schamyl's *murtosigators*, who, taking her hand for the dance said, softly:

"Beautiful one! why so sad looking? Shall we dance?" And leading her out, the richly-dressed officer was soon whirling her tiny form through the mazes of the dance. A strange thrill ran through the maiden's heart when she heard the voice of the officer, and her heart itself seemed to choke her almost. She only listened to his words, but she could not speak. There seemed to be a strange protection in his arms, a happy familiarity in the tones of his voice. He whispered to her quickly in the pauses of the dance:

"Marez, I love thee."

She gazed up affrighted into his dark, tender eyes. Ah, he had the long flowing jetty beard, and the handsome, manly face, though a scarcely healed sabre cut was visible on one part of it. "If it had only been this one," she thought, but she said, quickly, timidly:

"Do not—do not say so! I am soon to be married!"

"Married!" exclaimed he, aloud.

Her companion turned pale, and led her quickly from the dance, while he spoke rapidly, and with much excitement:

"Ah, Marez! beautiful child! Have I loved thee so long, so truly, for this? It was my kismet to love thee—thine to betray. I have fought for thee—this wound—ah, canst thou, false one,

\* *Murtosigators*. A sort of life guard, composed of the leaders of the most distinguished bands or tribes.—*Aurora*.

behold me unmoved?—thy brother's mirurl, too. Thou perjured by thy oath—thy dead mother's gift pledged to me—"

"But he has brought it to me. He claims his bride!" she exclaimed, wildly, pointing to the stranger approaching.

"What treachery is this?" cried the officer, as he grasped his shaska. At the instant the stranger beheld the murtosigator advancing, he seemed to recognize him, and dashing to the ground a foaming flagon of boza, he struck an attendant down and flung himself upon one of their fleetest Tartar steeds to fly, but the murtosigator was too quick for him. He saw all his treachery at a glance. His leaving him for dead upon the field, and his base use of the locket, and with a dash he reached the horse's head, dragged the traitor from his back, and with a single blow of his shaska, left him dying on the turf. A Tartar's vengeance is always sharp and sudden. The instant the wretch rolled bleeding to the earth, the chieftain, Schamyl, with his guards and mountaineers surrounded the avenger, who in a few words explained the cause of his violent deed, and pulling from the neck of the murdered Circassian the chain and locket, handed them to Schamyl, who said:

"In the name of Allah, the All-Merciful, this man has been fitly punished. Ismul Radgi, to whom this chain and locket was an amulet, fought with it next his heart until he was stricken down by the foe. This coward left him for dead, and would have stolen this maiden's heart on false pretence. He must have sprung from the Moscow—no Tartar blood leaped in his veins. Allah be praised, the Ever-Just!" And leading the beautiful Marez forward, he placed her hand in that of his tried chief, and said:

"If thy heart is as tender, murtosigator, as thy arm is strong, thou wilt deserve this flower."

And such a shout never was sent up to heaven from the depths of the Caucasus as on that instant from the aoul Tiflis, and midst the echoed *A-ri-ra-ri-ra's*, and the tymbals beating, and the sweet music of the three-stringed lyres, Ismul Radgi led his hard-earned bride, the peerless Marez, away, and to this day curious travellers wandering in Circassia, are shown a little mound overrun with nettles and poison vines, at the base of the Kasbek, and little Tartar maidens will tell them 'tis a Moscow's grave, this fearless people scorning dishonor so much they will not grant a traitor to have Circassian blood.

An old proverb writer says, that "a woman who paints, puts up a bill that she is to be let." In nine cases out of ten the artifice succeeds, and she is let—alone.

#### THE DRUNKARD SAVED.

A little boy came home from school one day, weeping and sobbing bitterly. "What ails you?" eagerly inquired his father. The son answered him, that his schoolmates had called him the son of a drunken father. The parent was at first angry; but on further reflection he said to himself, the boys have only uttered what is notoriously true. What ground, then, is there for cherishing resentment towards them? Thus he was led into a train of thought which completely absorbed his mind. During that day he abstained from his favorite beverage. The succeeding night he found himself unable to sleep. His imagination set before him the terrific evils of a drunkard's onward career. He thought of ruined health and constitution—of a wasted fortune, impoverished wife and children, a character despised by a community that once delighted to do him honor. The prospect also of a drunkard's miserable end—a death in a ditch, or the charity hospital, leaving behind nought but an execrated name and memory, stood like an accursed spirit in the presence of his foreboding and condemning conscience. From the contemplation he shrank back as from a yawning and bottomless abyss. In the strength of high Heaven he firmly resolved to begin from that moment a new life. Next he acted in harmony with his resolve. He not only abstained from tasting intoxicating drink, but scrupulously avoided those resorts, haunts, amusements and associates, which might tempt to a violation of his pledge. He filled up his hours with useful engagements. His leisure time was devoted to good company and interesting books. He resumed sweet intercourse with wife and children, went to the house of God on the Sabbath day, and by sincere prayer, drew down from heaven those merciful aids, requisite to enable him to tread the upward path of reformation and glory.—*Rev. Mr. Clapp.*

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A dear little bright-eyed child, who has been lying upon the fur rug before the sanctum fire, suddenly pauses in her disjointed, innocent chat; says little Blinkey has come to town, and that her eyes are heavy; creeps up to the paternal knee, and half asleep, repeats, very touchingly to us, we must say, and certainly in the most musical of all "still small voices," these lines, which a loving elder sister has taught her:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light!

"All this day thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—  
Listen to my evening prayer!"

The prayer itself dies upon her lips, in almost indistinct, sleepy murmurs; only, when Kitty, who has come for her, is taking her away to the nursery, she says, half awakened:

"—take me when I die to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell!"

Since little Jose went up stairs, we've been thinking of this, and because it interested us, we thought we would jot it down.—*Knickerbocker.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## SUNSHINE.

BY F. O. HANSEN.

The sunshine,  
The soft mellow sunshine;  
In every crack and crevice peeping,  
And through the window-curtains leaping.  
O, how I love the sunshine!

The sunbeam,  
The bright fairy sunbeam;  
Shining and sparkling on the water clear,  
Ever the same gay nymph from year to year.  
O, how I love the sunbeam!

The bright ray,  
The gold ray of sunshine;  
Carrying light to every plant and flower,  
Grateful and pleasant after every shower,  
Without thy light, Nature would pine.

But night-time,  
The dark, gloomy night comes;  
Then you withdraw your bright sheeny light,  
Leaving the moon to guard the dark night,  
And I to long for daylight.

Thus is life,  
Our short, eventful life;  
Mingled with sunshine and with weeping,  
Once in joy, and then in grief, reaping,  
Longing for a pleasant life.

Then night comes,  
The dark night of death comes;  
Then we sweetly fall asleep, dreaming  
Of heaven, whose brilliant lamps are gleaming  
Among the blue starry domes.

(ORIGINAL.)

## GRANDMA HANLEY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY A. MERTON.

"I've been through one war," said the old lady—Grandmarm Hanley, we all called her. "Goodness knows, I don't want to see another while I live!"

She was sitting in her high-backed chair, with her pet kitten upon its arm, and a rosy grandchild leaning upon her knee. I thought surely there never was so pretty a sight before. The soft folds of her black dress hung down as gracefully as any modern belle's, and the beautifully starched muslin cap was a picture in itself. You could have seen your face in the tables and chairs; and the white curtains and bed covering looked as if freshly washed. No eye, however

critical, could ever detect a speck of dirt on the old lady's premises; although she never wore a pair of glasses in her life. The stocking she was knitting was a blue woolen one, and its destination might be guessed; for a tear sparkled upon its seams as they lengthened beneath her still unwithered hand. It was for a grandson in the army. God bless the boy, and return him long before those old eyes shall be closed!

"Yes," she continued, her fingers beginning to work a little nervously about her knitting, "I remember that it was just about November, 1814, when my husband came in and said, 'Priscilla, I am going to the war!' I declare you might have knocked me down with a feather, I was so weak; for I had a great family of children, eight in all, and the oldest only twelve years old, two bein' twins. I never spoke a word, but I think I was a little faint, for Harry sat down and took me on his knee—for I was still young, only twenty-eight, and a little bit of a woman, too. I felt his large strong hands meetin' round my waist, as if he thought I was goin' to slip away from him.

"Now don't act silly, wife!" he said, in a coaxin' way. "Mebbe I shall be gone a month, and mebbe all winter; and you must be a woman, and take care of the children and my poor old father, and perhaps I shall come home better off than I go."

"I said nothing, but I thought of poor Alick Saunders, who had come back without arms and only one leg, and I was picturin' to myself my tall, straight, handsome Harry in the same plight, and I groaned out at the thought. Just then Alick passed the window, and Harry knew then what I was thinkin' of.

"O, I shall come back as well as I go, Prissy. Don't lose a single bit of sleep for me. I am goin' in a vessel, and you know I am a good sailor."

"Harry, goin' in a privateer? O, you will be caught and killed!"

"Not a bit of it!" he said, and his bright smile encouraged me. A real handsome, sunny smile had my Harry.

"Well, if you will believe it, he was goin' to sail next mornin', and had known it all along, but would not tell me afore, lest I should discourage him.

"I hadn't a moment's time to lose. I sat up all night to get his clothes ready, for we had no societies in them days—everybody did their own work. But I had 'em all ready and packed up in his sea-chest before breakfast. I fried pancakes for breakfast, too, knowin' that he liked 'em better than anything else. But I couldn't

eat a mouthful myself, but pretended to be puttin' a button on his coat, so that I needn't sit down to the table. All the children were still abed and asleep, and I wouldn't call 'em up, for I knew I should burst right out cryin'. Well, he went away, and two hours after an awful storm set in. Snow and rain, wind and hail—and my Harry out in the harbor through it all! Folks watched the vessel as long as the drivin' sleet would let 'em, and then everybody settled down to the belief that they were lost in the outer harbor.

"I roused up from my selfishness when I heard what they feared. Other poor women in Mobblehead besides myself were left in trouble, and I sent round to all of 'em a message as full of hope as I could. They were comforted, for they believed what the captin's wife said. I knew their husbands all liked my Harry, and that they would do their best to save the ship; but I had terrible misgivin's that all was lost.

"You may be sure that I didn't go out that winter. We never heard from the ship, for news came slow then. We didn't have these lyin' telegraphs then—makin' up stories, and contradictin' 'em all the next day. Nobody knew anything about the president or his doin's then; and everything seemed far off, almost as if it was a farrin country instead of our own. I tried to do as Harry wished me—not to fret over what couldn't be helped—besides I had enough to do. Harry's father begun to fail arter he was gone, and in two months was laid by entirely. The children had the hoopin' cough and measles, but, thank God, all their lives were spared! Some weeks I didn't have my clothes off at all, for all night long I was runnin' first to grandsir and then to the young ones.

"What I should have done, if it hadn't been for Thankful Martin, I don't know. She was 'a friend in need,' as the sayin' is. Her husband was gone, too, but she hadn't any children, and she spent half her time at our house. She said it did her good—kept her from thinkin' about herself. So she sewed and knit and helped me about the sick ones."

The old lady opened a trunk that stood beside her, and took out a faded knit shawl, red and white. It was beautifully knitted, and in those days must have been a triumph of fancy work.

"Here," she continued, "is some of her knittin'; hard and tight, not like your flimsy, open-work, ragged-lookin' things such as you girls wear now. You needn't shake your head and pout, Elinor Ray; you know it is the truth. Well, 'Thankful knit this expressly for me to go to meetin' with. I told her I should never go to

meetin' again till the war was over. How could I? She coaxed and coaxed. 'Why, look here, Miss Hanley,' she said, 'Anna is quite large enough to take care of the baby, and you must take the other six to meetin'. I will stay with grandsir myself.' And with that she pulled out this shawl from a towel she had pinned it up in, and made me take it as a present from her. No, I would not go out till April, I told her. I would stay and perform the duty that seemed to lay close at my door; and till this had been done, it was no use to sarch for one further off.

"And so I waited. There was little difference in any of the family since my husband went away, except in grandsir and the baby. Little Harry was seven months old when he went, and now he was runnin' alone and had a mouthful of teeth; while poor grandsir had grown almost blind and deaf, besides bein' so feeble as hardly to be able to go up stairs. The next night after I noticed this, I had my own bedroom all ready for him. The poor old man cried like a baby, when I told him to go in there.

"'Poor girl!' he said, 'and so you are goin' away up stairs, with your baby?'

"'No, indeed, father, not to leave you down here alone,' said I. And then I showed him how nicely Charley, the oldest boy, was goin' to sleep in a cot-bed in his room, and that he was to ring a little bell that stood on his table beside his bed, if he wanted anything; and that, if need be, I would take my own bed down into the sittin'-room. He said I was a good child to him, and that paid me well for leavin' my bed-room.

"Well, we got through the winter, and March came on like a lion. My money was almost gone, for there was ten of us, and I would not stint the poor old man nor the children; though many a time I made believe I was too busy to sit down, and then I would have only a bowl of water-gruel for my supper. The children's dresses were of factory gingham that faded terribly, and were now worn out besides. They were not fit to go to meetin'; but my best clothes, not bairn' worn durin' the winter months, were as good as new, and as the spring came on, I thought I would try to get out to meetin' once more. I knew, if Harry was dead, it would make no difference, and I felt that I ought to be reconciled. But when I put on the brown silk that he had brought me from France, and the Leghorn bonnet which he had chosen, I thought I should faint away. But Thankful Martin stood by me and pinned my clothes, and put on my shoulders this shawl, and walked to meetin' with me.

"The minister prayed for those upon the land

and the sea who were engaged in the war. Somehow his words lifted me up, and I did not feel like cryin', as I thought I should, although it set a good many women into tears to hear him plead so pitifully for the poor soldiers and sailors. Ah, I did not know whether my sailor was living or not, but there was a certain something that gin me strength and courage that day. I went out of meetin' with a lighter heart than I went in, and I walked with a lighter step than I had done since November. Somehow the memory of that terrible storm did not make me shudder and turn sick, as it always had done before. I looked at it every way—at Harry standin' in the midst of it, cheerin' and encouragin' the others; and then I saw the ship reelin' in the waves; and yet there was a bright spot beyond it. I felt calm and hopeful like, and I knew that God had given me this peace, that I might feel that my Harry was alive and would return.

"I walked on for half a mile or more, not heedin' my steps, nor seein' anybody in the road, until I heard a voice calling my name. I looked up. The voice came from far above me, and I found it was from the steeple of the meetin' house. I had been walkin' in a circle, and had got back to the same place without knowin' it.

"Miss Hanley," said the voice, "your husband is comin' into the harbor!"

"It was John Turner perched up where the bell was; and he was such a queer, strange man, that I didn't believe a word of it. But he called again, and said it was really the same ship, and that he had a good spy-glass, and could see the captin'.

"Well, I went home and told the children, and I thought they would kill me shoutin' and hurrain'. For two hours I heard nothin' but 'Hurra, hurra, father's comin'!' Then a man rode up to the door on horseback, and said that Captin' Hanley sent him to say he was alive and well, but could not come home till twelve at night.

"What a hurryin' time we had, to be sure! Thankful Martin came in and helped me bake, or rather she did it all; for I went round like a dreamer. I could see the poor soul's eyes water sometimes, for her husband had not been heard from. She helped dress all the children in their best things, though poorly enough they were all dressed; and the fires she made to warm the house to do the cookin' were a wonder to them all, for we had never kept but one fire since Harry went away.

"Grandsir brightened up wonderfully at the news, and seemed a dozen years younger. It was tedious waitin' to him and the children, but

I had enough to do, and the time slipped away. At twelve o'clock the old man and the young children had alike dropped away to sleep. Thankful and I were just takin' the bakin' out of the oven, when I heard a step upon the front doorway. I could not move, so Thankful went and let him in, and close behind him was a man all muffled up to the chin. She turned pale and then red. 'Don't you know me, wife?' he said. Poor soul! it was too sudden, and she fainted, and Harry and her husband took her up and laid her upon grandsir's bed.

"Yes, there was my own Harry, tall, straight, and handsome as ever. He had been very fortunate, he said, in ridin' out the storm. Some poor fellows went to the bottom. He had taken a rich prize, too, and must go to Boston next day to get orders.

"And you must go, too, Priscilla," he said.

"Dear! what should I do in Boston? There would be a terrible talkin' among the neighbors, for I hadn't been out of Mobblehead for twelve years—not since I was sixteen. But Harry would not give up. We had been parted long enough, he said, and as Charley Martin was wanted aboard, why Thankful must come and keep house. And so it was settled.

"We were up early, for it took a long time then to go to Boston. It was so odd to be ridin' out with Harry, especially after so long a separation.

"We were almost there, just comin' to Charlestown bridge, when a lad rode towards us on horseback. He held a long pole in his hand, with a white cloth or handkercher at the top, and was screamin' somethin', but what I could not hear.

"What is it, Harry?" said I.

"He looked in my face very earnest like. 'It means that we shall have no more fightin', Priscilla. He is cryin' Peace! peace!'

"I felt like gittin' right out and fallin' on my knees on the bridge, but I was afraid to give way to my feelings. Inside, however, I was sayin' 'Glory to God!' as well as I could. That was forty-seven years ago next spring, and Harry and I are alive yet."

And long may they live, that good old pair! May they see the end, and that right speedily, of these troublous times!—and may the blessings of peace be with us all forever, amen!

#### OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!  
A thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deeds—nor doth remain  
A vestige of man's ravage save his own!



[ORIGINAL.]

## MY FAITH.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

When quiet reigns upon the earth,  
 And placid is the sky,  
 With not an angry cloud to dim  
 The crystal vault on high;  
 When gentle happiness is mine,  
 And care has fled my breast,  
 When not a stormy trouble tears  
 The calm sea of my rest;  
 O God, I fear that I ignore  
 Thy goodness and thy grace,  
 And turn to other shrines, away  
 From thy resplendent face!

When all around me is serene,  
 No threatening danger nigh,  
 And loving ones are by my side,  
 To bid each sorrow fly:  
 I greatly fear me that I put  
 Aside my sacred trust,  
 And place my faith on other gods  
 Formed out of clay and dust;  
 Though well I know all power but Thine  
 Is impotent to save,  
 And that Thy love, and Thine alone,  
 Can find me in the grave!

But when grim danger glowers at me,  
 And chills my blood to stone,  
 When fickle friends flee from my side,  
 And leave me all alone;  
 When heart and spirit faint and fail,  
 And flesh grows sorely weak,  
 What can I do but come to Thee,  
 Broken, contrite and meek?  
 For when the storms arise and beat  
 My life-bark out to sea,  
 Whom have I, Lord, on earth beside?  
 And whom in heaven but thee?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

On a beautiful afternoon in the month of September, the good ship *Mermaid*, of and from New York, and bound to Liverpool, lay becalmed in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream. She was a fine, medium clipper ship of twelve hundred tons, commanded by Captain Harry Liston, a young man who had, in nautical parlance, reached the quarter-deck "through the cabin windows;" in other words, being the son of a wealthy ship owner, he had attained the rank of commander without any experience whatever of life before

the mast. He had, indeed, acquired a theoretical knowledge of seamanship upon the aristocratic quarter deck, and in the luxurious cabin; but he still needed practice, and the experience of those who, entering by the hawser holes—to use another sailorism—creep slowly and surely aft, and mount the ladder of promotion without assistance, to make him an efficient commander.

His first voyage as captain of the *Mermaid* effectually took the conceit out of him, and taught him that he was not by any means worthy of the post; but he was too proud to acknowledge his incapacity, and still retained his situation of commander, taking especial care, however, to procure a mate upon whom he could rely in any emergency. This responsible position upon the present voyage, was held by Mr. James Wensley, who was the captain's senior by several years, and "every inch a sailor;" but, having no influential relatives to give him an upward push, he had as yet only attained the rank of chief "dickey."

The *Mermaid*, although not a regular packet ship, had good accommodations for passengers, and on the present occasion five individuals had taken passage in her for Liverpool. Among them were Mr. Caswell, a wealthy old bachelor, somewhat fussy and whimsical, and two lovely young ladies whom he had in charge, the one his niece and ward, the daughter of a deceased younger brother, who at his death had entrusted his only child and her large fortune to the care of the kind-hearted old bachelor, the other, an adopted daughter whom he had taken from a foundling hospital in her infancy, and cherished with truly paternal care, intending to make her joint heiress with his ward, of his large estate.

One of the other passengers was a fop and exquisite of the first water, who had been for several months on terms of intimacy with the family of Mr. Caswell the bachelor, and who had taken passage in the *Mermaid* upon the eve of sailing, greatly to the surprise of Mr. Caswell and the ladies. He had, however, explained to them that business matters of importance had suddenly demanded his presence in England, and that he had become a passenger in the *Mermaid* rather than in a steamer, that he might enjoy the pleasure of their society during the passage across the Atlantic; and as they knew nothing of him or his affairs, except that he appeared like a gentleman of wealth, and professed to be engaged in a flourishing business, they were perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

The fifth passenger was also a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, of gentlemanly appearance and refined manners;

but somewhat reserved, and having, withal, a dignified bearing, which, while it gave him a decidedly *distingue* appearance, effectually repelled undue familiarity. He had given his name as Mr. Melvin, and was a stranger to all on board. The ship had been nearly a week at sea, and had just crossed the Gulf Stream, when she became becalmed. By this time the passengers had recovered from the effects of the inevitable initiation to Neptune, and had become somewhat acquainted with their *compagnons du voyage*.

On the afternoon from which we have dated our story, they had assembled upon the quarter-deck, to while away the hours in pleasant conversation. Mr. Fitzgerald, the foppish passenger whom we have previously described, was doing his best to entertain Miss Laura Caswell, and although the lady seemed but little interested in his shallow conversation, he spared no pains to make himself agreeable, for—the reader may as well be informed of the fact now, as at any other time—he had resolved upon wooing and winning the lovely heiress if the thing was within the bounds of possibility. It was for this purpose that he had taken passage in the *Mermaid*, and the “urgent business” which had induced him to cross the ocean was all humbug. He shrewdly concluded that an ocean passage would afford him a golden opportunity for wooing the fair lady, as he would then have the field to himself, and be in no fear of rivals. We shall see what success attended this fine stroke of policy.

The other lady passenger, Mr. Caswell's adopted daughter Carrie, was seated upon the same side of the deck with Mr. Fitzgerald and Laura, but at such a distance from them as to place no restraint upon the soft remarks of the would-be lover, while her pretty fingers were busily engaged upon a piece of embroidery. Not far from Carrie sat Mr. Wensley, the mate of the ship, whose watch below it was, apparently intent upon the pages of a book which he held in his hand, but in reality watching with admiring eyes every look and motion of the fair needlewoman, who sat in a deep reverie, induced by the perfect stillness of everything around her, entirely unconscious of his observation.

Upon the other side of the deck, Mr. Caswell and Melvin were indulging in the fumes of the weed, and engaged in an animated conversation. The old gentleman had got upon his favorite hobby, which was military glory, and was riding it at full speed, while Mr. Melvin listened with the utmost attention, but seldom ventured a remark of his own beyond the brief responses to Mr. Caswell's propositions, which courtesy demanded.

Strange to say, Mr. Caswell, although he had never been a military man, nor even a militia officer, had a most extravagant admiration for military heroes, and in fact for military or naval officers whether heroes or not. War, battles, victories and brave soldiers were his favorite topics of conversation, and he carried his admiration for everything in the remotest possible manner pertaining to the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” to such an extent that the possession of a pair of epaulets was a sure recommendation to his favor, and a never-failing passport to his affections, no matter who or what the fortunate possessor might be. After entertaining Mr. Melvin with a long and eloquent eulogy upon the elder Napoleon, he suddenly exclaimed :

“You, sir, have the bearing of a military man. If it is not an impertinent question, may I ask if you belong to the army?”

“I do not, sir,” replied Melvin.

“Then you belong to the navy, do you not? You certainly have the appearance of one accustomed to command.”

Before Melvin had time to reply to this question, a piercing scream from Laura Caswell caused both gentlemen to spring to their feet, and rush to the side of the vessel. A moment before, Mr. Fitzgerald had called Laura's attention to several porpoises which were sporting in the water beneath the mizzen chains. She had risen from her seat and advanced to the rail to look at them, when, suddenly, a flaw of wind inflated the sails of the ship aloft and aloft, and caused her to make a violent lurch to leeward. Laura was entirely unprepared for this sudden motion, and losing her balance, tottered heavily against the rail; but before she could grasp the mizzen rigging for support, she had fallen over the low quarter rail, directly into the sea.

The accident was the event of a single instant only, but her cry of distress as she fell, had reached the ears of all on deck, and ere she had sunk beneath the surface, Mr. Caswell, Captain Liston, the mate and Mr. Melvin had reached the rail. The captain, as usual, when suddenly excited, had entirely lost his presence of mind, and the mate, who was about to leap into the sea to rescue the lady, immediately perceived that he must remain aboard to give directions for checking the ship's headway, and lowering the boat.

“Down with your helm!” he cried, turning to the man at the wheel.

Before the helm was fairly hard a-lee, Melvin had thrown off his coat and leaped into the mizzen chains, crying :

"Back your mainyard and lower the quarter boat, sir, as quickly as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, as Melvin plunged into the sea, and immediately disappeared.

The ship's main yard was promptly laid aback, and the quarter boat, manned with four oarsmen and a steersman, was in the water before Melvin arose to the surface with the insensible form of the lady clasped in his arms. He was nearly exhausted, but a few vigorous strokes of the oars brought the quarter boat within his reach. The lady was immediately lifted into the stern sheets by the oarsmen, while Melvin raised himself into the bows just as the dorsal fin of a large shark appeared above the surface of the water within a few yards of the boat.

A joyful shout arose from the boat's crew, as they perceived the shark and realized the fearful peril from which the lady and her preserver had so narrowly escaped. Laura opened her eyes at the sound, to the great joy of her rescuers, and in a few moments more had so far recovered from the effects of her fright and long immersion combined, as to be able to express in a faint voice her gratitude to Melvin for saving her from a watery grave.

At the word of command, the boat oars again fell into the water, and the ashen blades bent like steel with the hearty strokes of the boat's crew, as they pulled back to the ship. As the boat glided beneath the Mermaid's quarter, three hearty cheers were given by those on board the ship, and in a moment more the boat was run up to the davits with its living freight. Laura was received in her uncle's arms, who, after conducting her below, where he placed her in charge of her female companion, returned to the deck to express his heartfelt and eternal gratitude to Mr. Melvin for the inestimable service he had rendered.

The young man assured him that he had only performed a simple act of duty, not in the least deserving of such extravagant praise; but Mr. Caswell could not but regard his conduct as most heroic.

"You are a true hero, sir," he exclaimed. "Your gallant conduct in saving the life of my niece is beyond all praise; and I hope that I may be allowed to prove my gratitude by something more substantial than words. I will not insult you by an offer of pecuniary reward; but is there not some service which I can render you, and thus in part cancel my great obligation to you?"

"I fully appreciate your kindness, sir," replied Melvin; "but I am not at present in need of

assistance of any kind. If at any future time I should be placed in circumstances to require your aid, I shall make bold to call upon you."

"Yes, sir. Do so by all means. Any favor which you may henceforth ask of me, shall be granted if I have the power to grant it."

The young man warmly thanked Mr. Caswell for his generous offer, and after a brief conversation, retired below to replace his wet apparel with more comfortable garments. As he entered his state-room he murmured:

"Perhaps I shall one day demand the fulfillment of the old gentleman's promise to grant me whatever favor I may ask, in a manner which he little dreams of."

And then, entirely forgetting his wet and uncomfortable clothing he seated himself in his state-room, and began to pursue a most singular train of thought and reasoning, which we, as a story teller, are supposed to know all about.

"The old gentleman's niece is a lovely girl! I wonder if she is still fancy free!" he thought. "But, after all, why should I care if she is? It can't be that—no, it is impossible, that I, who have escaped so many matrimonial snares, can have fallen in love with a girl upon less than a week's acquaintance. Nonsense! And yet, I never in my life experienced exactly the same feelings in regard to a woman that I do toward her. I can't account for it. Ah, I have it; it must be that I feel thus toward her because I have just saved her life. It must be so. Of course I could not feel indifferent toward her under such circumstances, certainly not. Perhaps her gratitude will cause her to feel a similar sentiment toward me. We shall henceforth be the best of friends, of course, and maybe our friendship will grow into something else; but I don't, I can't believe that I am in love with her yet. However, we shall see what we shall see." And with this profound reflection, he proceeded to divest himself of his dripping garments.

For many days after the events which we have just described, the Mermaid experienced alternate calms and baffling winds; and at the expiration of the third week of her passage, was still far from her destined port. But this delay was far from being tedious to at least two of her passengers—Laura Caswell and Mr. Melvin, who had, indeed, as the young man had predicted, become the best of friends. The natural desire to treat with the utmost kindness and courtesy one who had saved her life, had first caused Laura to seek the society of Mr. Melvin; and finding him to be a gentleman of education and refinement, with a pleasant manner and with a

knowledge of men and things, and having many tastes and feelings congenial to her own, their intercourse had continued, growing daily more and more familiar, until they had insensibly become strongly attached to each other.

This state of affairs was not unobserved by Laura's guardian, or by Mr. Fitzgerald, who soon perceived to his sorrow that the place in the affections of the heiress, which he had hoped to occupy, had been taken forcible possession of by another. Mr. Caswell, although fully conscious of the mutual love already existing between his ward and Mr. Melvin, wisely kept his own counsel, and forbore to interfere, thinking, doubtless, that even if Melvin were not a suitable person to aspire to the hand of his niece—which he had no cause to suspect—any interference on his part would do more harm than good. Moreover, he really esteemed the young man, and had not prudence restrained him from such a course in regard to a comparative stranger, he would have expressed his gratification at the prospect of a possible union between his niece and Melvin.

He endeavored, by an indirect manner, to learn from the young man something of his antecedents, and his present position in life; but Melvin could not be induced to speak of himself, and Mr. Caswell had too much politeness to press him upon the subject. His silence upon this point, and his somewhat reserved manner, was very perplexing to Captain Liston and his passengers, who wished to know something of the history of those about them; and at length, by common consent, Melvin, when not present, was freely spoken of as the "mysterious passenger."

Under these circumstances, Mr. Fitzgerald evinced a tact and shrewdness which did credit to his inventive powers. Feeling convinced that all his efforts to win the affections of Laura Caswell would now be wasted, he immediately devoted himself to the task of wooing her companion, the fair Carrie, who, at the death of Mr. Caswell, would be, also, to some extent, an heiress; but soon discovered that he was again doomed to disappointment, for the undisguised admiration and delicate attentions of Mr. Wensley, nominally chief mate, but in reality captain of the ship, had made an impression upon the young lady's heart, which all the arts and lady-killing graces of the fop could not efface.

In the meantime the ship slowly progressed toward her destined port, sometimes becalmed, sometimes compelled to lay to under storm staysails, and sometimes driven far out of her course by adverse winds. On the twenty-fifth day of the passage, she was swiftly careered over the huge waves of the Atlantic, in the vicinity of the

Western Islands, close hauled to the wind, with all her canvass on, except the fore and mizzen royals. Although the breeze was rather stiff for such a spread of dymity, and the gloomy aspect of the weather's horizon portended a gale, the unusual length of the passage had rendered Captain Liston excessively impatient, and he had resolved to carry all sail as long as possible.

As the day advanced, the wind continued to freshen, until at length the ship was literally flying over the waves at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, with her lee side immersed to the scuppers, and her stout masts bending like forest trees in a gale. But she was heading her course, and Captain Liston absolutely refused to start tack, sheet or halyard until it should become necessary to safety.

At the close of the afternoon watch, Mr. Wensley approached the captain, and for the third time advised him to ~~sew~~ <sup>haul</sup> up at least the main-royal, and relieve the main-to-gallant mast, which had never been a perfect spar, and was already badly sprung.

"Mr. Wensley," exclaimed the captain, with considerable anger, "do you or I command this ship? If you are captain, I will retire below; if not, you may attend to your own duties, and keep your advice until I ask for it."

Of course this silenced the mate, for the word of a superior officer was law, and he immediately left the quarter deck. Hastening forward, he ordered several men of the watch to see the main royal gear clear of running out, and stand by the halyards. He also stationed a man at the fore to-gallant halyards, and then returning to the quarter-deck, placed himself beside the halyards of the mizzen topgallant sail, and calmly awaited the event.

For the following three hours the wind neither increased nor diminished, but the black clouds to windward had been gradually rising and collecting, and ere the commencement of the second dogwatch, the whole sky was overcast with a sable curtain. Mr. Wensley, who had hastily swallowed his supper, was still upon the poop deck, grasping the mizzen topgallant halyards, and casting many an anxious glance toward the threatening clouds overhead, the wildly heaving sea around him, and the broad sheets of canvass which bellied out to their utmost tension, from the yards. The binnacle lamps had been lighted, and Captain Liston, together with Mr. Caswell and Melvin, were standing in silence around the wheel. Suddenly the headsail began to flap with a loud noise, and in an instant more all the after sails were shaking.

"Keep her full, there! What are you doing?"

cried Captain Liston, turning sharply to the man at the wheel.

"The wind has headed her, sir," replied the helmsman, as he threw the wheel to windward.

"All aback for'ard!" cried the lookout man from the topgallant fore-castle at this moment; but the words had scarcely been uttered when there came a sudden and total lull of the wind, and the sails hung straight down from the yards, unstirred by the faintest breath of air.

"Shall I shorten sail, sir?" hastily exclaimed the mate. "I know what this means; we shall have it directly with a vengeance."

"I think we'll take the main royal off, and clue down the fore and mizzen to'gallant sails," replied the captain, who now began to feel somewhat alarmed.

"Clue the main royal up! Let go to'gallant halyards fore and aft! Bear a hand, boys!" cried the mate.

But the commands came a moment too late. Ere a rope had been let go, the howling squall had caught the ship flat aback; and with a crash, and a snapping of stays, the main-topgallant mast broke off short at the topmast head, and came thundering down on deck. The mizzen-topgallant mast, deprived of its head stays, and strained by the shock, immediately followed, and as it crashed down upon the poop deck, an iron-bound brace block struck the mate's head with terrible force, and laid him, bruised, bleeding and insensible, upon the deck.

A scene of wild confusion ensued. The ship was almost upon her beams' ends, and, unless speedily relieved of the pressure of her sails, would soon be inevitably lost. Some of the men had let go the topgallant halyards and sheets and the topsail halyards; but the yards were pressed so closely to the masts that they could not be clewed down. The captain had seized the speaking trumpet and placed it to his lips, but, completely unmanned by the sudden catastrophe, was unable to give a single intelligible order. For a moment every one stood as if paralyzed, and the ship seemed doomed to certain destruction, when suddenly Mr. Melvin sprang to the captain's side, and seizing the trumpet from his hand, shouted, in a voice of thunder:

"Come aft and shiver the main topsail, everybody! Come, be alive, men! Did you never experience a storm at sea before?"

The cheerful tones of his voice enlivened the men as if by magic, and with one accord they ran to the main braces. Melvin stepped forward to the break of the poop deck, and continued to issue his commands, which were promptly obeyed; for the men at once perceived that he

who had voluntarily assumed the command of the ship was a true sailor. Captain Liston and Mr. Caswell gazed upon Melvin in amazement, but the former made no attempt to resume the command which had been so unceremoniously taken from him, for he was fully conscious of his own inability to avert the dangers which threatened the ship.

As soon as he had boxed the ship round, Melvin squared the yards, and stood off directly before the wind, until the canvass had been reduced to whole topsails, fore-topmast staysail and spanker, when bringing her to the wind again he ordered the three topsails to be close reefed.

By nine o'clock in the evening this operation had been performed, the wreck of the two topgallant masts had been cleared away, and everything made snug aloft and aloft, for the night. After thanking the crew for their promptness in obeying his orders, Melvin walked quietly aft, and with a bow, returned the speaking trumpet to Captain Liston, apologizing at the same time, for so rudely usurping the command of the ship.

"Pray do not apologize for what was a noble and praiseworthy act," replied the captain. "I freely acknowledge that I was not equal to the emergency, and without your interference, the ship would have been lost. My gratitude to you is greater than words can tell."

"Let that pass, if you please, sir," returned Melvin. "I think you need apprehend no further danger to-night; but I would advise you to keep a vigilant lookout, and if you need my assistance, do not hesitate to call me."

And Melvin retired below, where he was forced to listen to the thanks of Mr. Caswell and the ladies for what he had done; after which he proceeded to the state-room of the mate, who had been placed in his berth and restored to consciousness. He found the officer greatly weakened from loss of blood, but not seriously injured, and after informing him of the condition of things on deck, and assuring him that the ship was now in comparative safety, he retired to his own state-room, and was soon wrapped in slumber.

He slept quietly until an hour past midnight, when he was suddenly awakened by an unusual bustle on deck. He sprang from his berth, and hastily dressing himself, ascended the companion ladder, where he was met by the captain, who was about to arouse him and demand his assistance in an unexpected emergency. Half an hour before breakers had been discovered ahead and on the lee bow. The captain had immediately attempted to tack the ship, but the ship would not go in stays under so short sail. The wind had increased to a living gale, there was no room



to wear, and the ship was driving directly upon the breakers!

When Melvin reached the deck, the breakers were plainly visible at no great distance from the ship, and their appalling thunder smote with fearful distinctness upon the ear. An unbroken line of surf appeared ahead, while both to windward and leeward a reef or chain of rocks over which the foaming breakers were leaping and roaring, hemmed in the ship. It was evident, at a glance, that her situation was one of extreme peril, and Melvin almost instantly perceived that there remained but a single chance of saving her from destruction. By going about instantly she would be able to weather the outer point of the windward reef, but if she should again miss stays, she would soon be dashed in pieces among the breakers ahead.

"Aloft, some of you for'ard, loose the fore-sail," he cried, and in a moment a dozen brave fellows were ascending the rigging to obey this command. "Man the fore sheet! Stand by to slack away handsomely on the lee clew garnet and buntlines, three or four of you! Hold fast your bunt gasket till we are ready!" continued Melvin.

"Already for'ard, sir," reported the second mate.

"Very well. Let fall the bunt! Haul home the sheet! So—belay! Board the fore tack! Take it to the capstan!" And as the capstan swung rapidly round, the weather clew of the huge sail came slowly down to its place. "Belay every inch of that! Set the mainsail!" exclaimed Melvin; and in a most incredibly short time the mainsail was loosed and safely set. "Stations for stays! Down with your helm! Hard a lee!" shouted Melvin.

"Hard a lee!" echoed the men as they ran to their posts.

The ship's head came slowly to the wind, and presently the head sails were aback.

"Tacks and sheets! Mainsail haul!"

The men gathered in the braces hand over hand as the after yards swung round, and a hope of safety once more animated their bosoms as they perceived that the ship was successfully going about.

"Belay all! Head yards! Fore bow line! Let go and haul!"

In a few moments more the head sails had filled on the opposite tack, and the ship began to gather headway. Slowly she was brought up to the wind with the helm, until the weather leach of the topsails trembled, and then many an anxious eye was turned toward the outer point of the reef, which now bore almost directly ahead, and

it seemed scarcely possible that the ship would pass to windward of it, unless she could lay still nearer the wind than at present. Melvin observed this, and immediately exclaimed:

"We must have the fore-to-gallant sail on, or go ashore! Aloft a couple of smart hands, and cast off the gaskets!"

This order was immediately obeyed, and when the fore-topgallant sail was sheeted home, the ship came up until the reef was bearing close under her lee bow.

"She springs her luff!" said Melvin to the captain. "We shall yet go clear!" And walking aft, he took the wheel from the helmsman's hands, and firmly grasping the spokes, fixed his eyes upon the extreme point of the reef.

A profound silence reigned over the ship, as she swept down with the speed of a race horse toward the breakers. The passengers had been awakened by the bustle on deck, and were, already, fully conscious of their peril. The gentlemen had come on deck, and now stood, holding by the rigging, and gazing anxiously toward the point of greatest peril; while the ladies had assembled in the after cabin, and were listening with beating hearts, to the roar of the breakers and the dashing of the waves about the ship.

In a few moments the ship was close upon the reef, and the spray from the foaming breakers flew high above her main-yard, descending in showers upon the deck, while their angry roar was almost deafening. And now, every eye turned instinctively from the fearful scene to Melvin, who was still holding the spokes of the wheel in a vice-like grasp, and casting rapid glances toward the point of the reef and upward to the sails, which he had thus far kept well filled. But when the ship seemed actually in the very jaws of the hungry breakers, and terror had frozen the blood in the veins of the timid, a loud flapping was heard, and a single glance toward Melvin explained the cause. For the first time, he displayed considerable excitement, as he whirled the wheel down and luffed the ship up sharply, when exactly abreast the extreme edge of the outermost rock. A breathless moment followed, and then, with a shout of joy, Melvin reversed the helm with lightning-like rapidity, filling the sails just as they were upon the point of catching aback; and, ere the passengers and crew could realize that their danger was past, the Mermaid was rapidly leaving the reef astern, with clear water ahead as far as the eye could reach, and only an indistinct line of far distant surf to the leeward.

"Now—ready about!" shouted Melvin, as the men ran to their stations. The ship flew up in the wind, and speedily went about. She was

now heading directly away from the dangerous shore where she had so narrowly escaped destruction; and the veriest landsman could, at once, have perceived that all danger from the breakers was passed.

Malvin immediately commanded the foretop gallant-sail to be clewed up and the mainsail taken in; but, as the gale had somewhat abated, he allowed the foresail to remain set; and, as he turned to go below, three times three hearty cheers, given at the suggestion of Captain Liston, burst from the crew.

Malvin acknowledged the compliment with a bow, and then with Mr. Caswell hastened below, to assure the ladies that they need apprehend no further danger.

The remainder of the Mermaid's passage was soon made. Wind and weather favored her to an unusual degree, between that shore of one of the Western Islands and Liverpool. Before she arrived at her destined port, Laura Caswell and Mr. Melvin had not only "plighted their troth," but had received the unqualified consent of the young lady's guardian, to their marriage.

"Although I know comparatively little of you, sir," said Mr. Caswell, upon the occasion of Mr. Melvin's requesting the hand of his ward, "I have sufficient confidence in your honor to cause me to place the happiness of my beloved niece in your keeping, without hesitation. I respect and esteem you highly, and if you were only a military or naval officer, I should be perfectly happy; but you are a true *hero*, and that is the next best thing. I presume you are, as Captain Liston supposes, a captain or a mate in the merchant service, for your skill in saving the ship from destruction upon that lee shore, proves you to be a sailor."

"I will give you all the information you wish, in regard to myself, in due time, sir," replied Mr. Melvin, as he left Mr. Caswell to convey the glad tidings of her guardian's consent to Laura.

Mr. Fitzgerald, believing that delays are dangerous, had also "popped" the momentous question to Laura's companion; but the fair Carrie gave him a most decided and somewhat indignant refusal; and the crest-fallen dandy hastily left her presence to seek the retirement of his state-room and muse upon the failure of his schemes.

On the following day, the ship arrived at Liverpool. Shortly before she came to an anchor, the passengers went below to make preparations for going ashore. Mr. Melvin was the last to return to the deck, and when he made his appearance, he had exchanged his citizen's dress for the full uniform of an American naval officer.

"A captain in the navy, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Captain Liston, as Melvin approached the group upon the quarter-deck.

"It is even so," replied Melvin, with a smile. "I have the honor to be commander of one of Uncle Sam's frigates, but, being upon a leave of absence for six months, I resolved to drop the handle from my name, and have only assumed my epaulets and my title to please the guardian of my future bride, who seems to regard military and naval officers as something more than mortal."

"I knew you must be an officer!" exclaimed Mr. Caswell, as he grasped the young man's hand.

"And now, captain," said Melvin, turning toward Captain Liston, "will you grant me a single favor?"

"A thousand, with pleasure. To you I owe the preservation of my ship and perhaps of my own life. In what manner can I prove my gratitude?"

"Simply by giving this gentleman, Mr. Fitzgerald, a free passage home, in your ship; for, if I am not mistaken, he has not the wherewithal to pay his passage back to his native land."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Fitzgerald, blustering up to Melvin, and turning as red as a boiled lobster.

"Your matrimonial speculation did not turn out as you anticipated, did it?" replied the naval officer, coolly.

At these words the dandy's confidence forsook him, and muttering something about "having satisfaction for the insult," he hastily left the deck.

"On the evening previous to the sailing of the Mermaid," said Melvin, by way of explanation to his companions, "I chanced to visit a restaurant in company with a brother officer. The stall next to the one in which we seated ourselves, was occupied by several young men of the genus *fop*, among whom was Mr. Fitzgerald. Without intending to become an eavesdropper, I could not avoid overhearing their conversation, as they were somewhat intoxicated, and talked in a loud voice.

"Mr. Fitzgerald informed his companions, that being hard up for funds, he was about to engage in a matrimonial speculation. He had been paying attention for some months to a beautiful heiress, who was about to sail for Europe, he said; and he thought the Atlantic passage would afford an excellent opportunity for 'doing the thing up brown.' He had invested his last copper in payment for a passage in the same ship with the heiress, expecting to win and marry her im-

mediately upon their arrival in England, and thus gain possession of funds with which to pay the expenses of a bridal tour through Europe and their return to America.

"From the further conversation of these gentlemen, I learned that Fitzgerald was a gambler, a man about town, without any visible means of support. As I was about to sail for Europe in the next steamer, the romantic idea of taking passage in the *Mermaid*, which Fitzgerald had mentioned as the name of the ship in which he was to sail, and preventing the fortune-hunter from deceiving the beautiful heiress, entered my mind, and I immediately acted upon it."

There was much laughter upon the *Mermaid's* quarter-deck, at the ingenious scheme of Mr. Fitzgerald, and its utter failure; and Captain Liston promised to give the poor fellow a passage home if he would accept it. The passengers soon went ashore, and before the *Mermaid* sailed again for home, Miss Laura Caswell and Captain Richard Melvin, U. S. N., had been united in the bonds of matrimony.

The happy pair made a rapid tour through Europe, accompanied by Mr. Caswell and his adopted daughter; and at length returned to America, where Captain Melvin resigned his commission, and received a lucrative office under government, which would enable him to remain on shore and enjoy the pleasures of domestic life.

The *Mermaid* was still in the port of New York, when the party arrived there from Europe, and they learned that Mr. Fitzgerald had been compelled to accept Captain Liston's offer, and return to America a *charity* passenger.

Captain Liston had become convinced by the events of his last voyage that he was unable to command a ship, and accordingly resigned his position on board the *Mermaid* in favor of his former chief mate, Mr. Wensley; who, immediately upon receiving the title of captain, ventured to inform Miss Carrie Caswell, who had long ago stolen his heart, that he loved her, and wished to make her his wife.

The young lady did not say nay, and in due time became the loving spouse of Captain Wensley, who is now, not only the commander, but sole owner of the good ship *Mermaid*.

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YOUTH ADMONISHED.—"If it should ever fall to the lot of a youth," said Sir Walter Scott in his autobiography, "to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth." If such a man as Scott thought he had neglected his opportunities, what must the feelings of a really ignorant man be?

#### WHENCE COMES THE COAL?

It has been abundantly shown, and is now everywhere acknowledged, that the coal beds consist of the charred or carbonized remains of an ancient and most luxurious vegetation. The primeval forests were probably swept into basins and covered with mud, which became solidified into rock, and in that condition the wood has gradually altered to coal. The source of the carbon was therefore the same as that of coal or wood now-a-days. In this mode of growth and the source of its elements, the tree is the same now that it ever was, and we know that the charcoal of wood now comes from the atmosphere. It is derived from the carbonic acid of the air. We therefore reach the remarkable conclusion that previous to the deposit of the coal formations, they existed in the form of a poisonous gas in the air. The quantity of carbonic acid must have been very great, and the atmosphere in an excessively poisonous condition. How could animals breathe that atmosphere? Clearly enough, they could not, and hence geologists have failed to find the remains of any air-breathing animals in the rocks below the coal beds. The animals that appeared below the coal inhabited the water and were of the lowest organization. But as the coal was deposited through the growth of a vastly exuberant vegetation, the atmosphere was purified of the noxious element—its carbonic acid was withdrawn, and thus the ancient atmosphere underwent an alteration which fitted it for the appearance of higher animal races. At the same time, by the formation of immense reefs and islands in the ocean, vast quantities of carbonic acid were locked up in the coral-formed limestones. Those little animals that dwelt in the depths of the sea, were thus co-operating with the colossal vegetation above, to deprive the air of its poisonous and deadly constituents.—*Pen and Pencil.*

#### THE TEARS OF OYSTERS.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop (the oyster), we find, amongst other things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth, glittering lining, upon which the fish moves, is known as the *sacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*; and, for explanation's sake, we may add that gourmands practically know the mantle as the beard of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with *nacre*, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth, glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops, real pearly tears, if he is hurt. When a beauty glides among a throng of her admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell fish.—*Leisure Hours.*

[ORIGINAL.]

**NIGHT THOUGHTS.**

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

'Tis midnight—dismally without  
The snow and sleet are falling;  
Fit time for deeds of crime alone,  
Of guilt and sin appalling.

What strange, wild thoughts such nights awake,  
As all alone I'm thinking:  
My soul absorbed in deepest thought,  
Its wells of treasure drinking.

Such strange, wild thoughts, and yet most true,  
My mind and soul engaging;  
Serene and calm, although without  
The wind and storm are raging.

'Tis midnight—I cannot but think  
'Tis midnight on the ocean;  
Perhaps some shipwrecked bark has sunk  
'Neath angry waves' commotion.

Perhaps her brave and gallant crew  
Have with their vessel perished;  
Fond hearts shall wait in vain for those  
They have so dearly cherished.

'Tis midnight—many a homeless one  
Is wandering sad and weary,  
No roof to shelter from the storm,  
Rejected, sad and dreary.

'Tis midnight—many a soldier, now  
On duty as a picket,  
Has naught to shield him from the storm,  
Save but some friendly thicket.

'Tis midnight—and I bless my God,  
His blessing he has given:  
A home, a fireside, friends and health,  
And a bright hope of heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE BLACK KID SLIPPERS.**

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

GEORGE LIVINGSTONE was off to the White Mountains. A three weeks' vacation, which he ventured to take from his business—he was a Boston merchant—would afford him ample opportunity to “do” the wonders at the mountains, and he wanted to shake off the dust and smoke of the city for a season, and live over again the happy scenes of his childhood. He had been reared among the green New Hampshire hills, and the pleasantest hours of his life were those spent in thinking of the dear old times, when

light-hearted and gay, with all a boy's freedom and unrestraint, he had rambled over the hills, and chased gaudy-winged butterflies over crimson clover fields. Well, we all have our tender memories hidden away in secret nooks and corners of our hearts—and there are none among us so harsh and cold, but some fountain of sweetness lies hidden within.

George found the train all ready to start, the bell was ringing, the conductor's “All aboard!” was spoken just as his feet touched the platform, all in good time; he hung his black travelling bag on a convenient peg above his head, took a comfortable seat, drew out the last Herald, and in five minutes had forgotten all about time and circumstances in the interesting editorial on foreign intervention. The two column article being finished, he leaned back in his seat, and took the liberty of indulging in a nap, from which he was aroused by the sharp voice of the stage-driver at the end of the railway line, crying out, “Passengers for the Glen House, come forward, and show your baggage!”

George sprung up, settled his collar, pulled down his Panama, seized his valise, and hastened to secure a seat in the stage. The scenery was delightfully romantic, and it was deep night before they reached the hotel. Our hero, weary with the jolting he had received, retired directly to bed, slept soundly, and awoke next morning with restored energy and a sharp appetite for breakfast.

Of course it was necessary to make his toilet before going down, for he was a handsome fellow, and no good-looking man is averse to appearing his best, especially when there are ladies in the company. George opened the travelling bag for his dressing-case, and the first thing that appeared was a delicate little affair of crimson cashmere and gold braid—suspiciously feminine in the odor of hyacinth which it emitted. George held it up gingerly between his thumb and finger.

“Jupiter!” he exclaimed, surveying it critically, “that's a Zouave, or a Marine, or a Eugenie, I suppose. Hanged if I know the different names of the gimcracks by which the ladies—bless their hearts!—beguile us of our freedom. But this is clearly no piece of masculine adornment. Wonder how on earth it came into my valise?”

He made another dive into the receptacle before him, and this time out came a brush, a needle-book, a nightcap, an ivory crochet needle, and a pair of black kid slippers. Those slippers were George's destiny—his heart was won at once. The moment he set eyes on them, he was literally “done for.” Poor fellow! for years he

had successfully resisted the attacks made on his bachelor affections by the bright-eyed maidens of his acquaintance, but now he was smitten, and by a pair of slippers!

They were so small, so dainty, so Cinderella-like!—he kissed them before he knew what he was about, and then blushed scarlet to think that their owner might possibly be an Irish chamber-maid, or the respectable mother of a half dozen olive-branches! But he rejected the thought almost as soon as it was admitted. It was sacrilege to indulge such an idea; and there in the solitude of his chamber he took a little private vow all by himself, to the effect that he would discover the proprietor of the slippers, and if she was as faultless as themselves, he would propose at once.

No doubt you will call our hero precipitate. We think he was, for we know that we should never dream of falling in love with any gentleman's boots; but then women are not men, which accounts for the difference. It was exceedingly romantic, George thought, to exchange luggage with a young lady so beautiful and charming as the owner of these delectable slippers must be. But the romance took a decidedly blue shade, when he realized that he was minus handkerchiefs, cravats, dressing-gown, clean dickies, and everything else necessary to the making up of a fashionable gentleman.

However, he did the best he could with what he had, and descended to breakfast with a lace-embroidered handkerchief in his pocket. He expected to recognize at a glance the fair Cinderella of his thoughts, but nothing of the kind occurred. There were dozens of pretty ladies present in pink, blue, crimson and white morning dresses; but if they had tiny feet, our hero was none the wiser for it—as no other inquiring individual is likely to be in these days of expansive crinolines and trafficking skirts. George peeped suspiciously under the table as he took his seat, hoping to discover the feet; causing thereby the waiter to inquire if the gentleman had lost anything, and drawing the entire battery of bright eyes upon him till he blushed like a freshly-boiled lobster.

All day George was on the look-out for feet! He made himself a perfect nuisance to everybody by the persistency with which he watched for the appearance of lower extremities. But throughout the entire day, the only view which he was favored with was one gigantic pedal belonging to Irish Biddy, exhibited when she took the liberty of kicking a favorite pointer, that had put his nose too near the soup-tureen!

The following day a large party ascended

Mount Washington, and among them was George Livingstone. Of course, all the ladies were charming, and George, who had by this time made himself agreeable to most of them, was more on the *qui vive* for small feet than ever. In fact, he had very nearly arrived at the conclusion that the slippers belonged to Angeline Hereford—a beautiful Boston belle, with whom George had been slightly acquainted for some time.

Miss Angeline was a tall, stately brunette, with magnificent hair and eyes, and the bearing of a Cleopatra. George would have felt a little better satisfied with the idea of her being the proprietress of the slippers, had it not been for the haughty, almost supercilious, manner in which she addressed the pale-faced young girl that attended her as companion. Her scornful air led our hero to look more particularly at the object of Angeline's evident contempt, and the scrutiny at once interested him in the pretty *petite dependant*. "A poor cousin, probably," he said to himself, sighing unconsciously, as he marked the expression of sadness around the sweet mouth, and in the large brown eyes. He would learn more of her.

Fortune favored him. The young girl, somewhat imprudently, strayed away from the rest of the party, and as it was near the time for returning, George volunteered to go in search of her. Angeline demurred—"Mr. Livingstone need not put himself to that trouble; one of the guides could go as well. But Mr. Livingstone was fond of trouble, according to his own account, and persisted in his original intention.

The search was by no means a lengthy one; he discovered its object very soon, hidden behind the shadow of a huge rock, with blood-stains on her garments, and her face contracted with suffering. He sprang to her side, exclaiming:

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"

She glanced timidly into his face.

"It is not much, I think, sir. I fell and bruised my arm; the shock and the pain nearly overcame me. It will be better in a moment. I will bind my handkerchief around it."

"Permit me?" said George, bounding on one knee, and taking the handkerchief which she held out to him, he saw his own initials in a corner! Here was a discovery! He fastened it tenderly around the fair arm, now swollen and livid with the cruel cut it had received, and then without a word drew forth the fragile member of the unknown Cinderella, and bound that above the other. The young lady started—their eyes met.

"My handkerchief!—how came you by it?" she asked, in surprise.



"And how came you by my handkerchief?" asked George.

"I exchanged travelling bags with some gentleman."

"And I did the same with some lady."

"Then, probably, I have your property in my possession?"

"And I have yours! A clear case of mutual petty larceny! Shall we settle it between us, or resort to arbitration?" he asked, a little mischievously.

"We will settle it, I think."

"Well, then, to commence as we should. Allow me to introduce myself. I am George Livingstone, of Boston."

"I know you very well by repute, sir. I am the music-teacher of Marion, your sister."

"Marion's teacher! Well, this is romantic, surely! Marion has given me to understand that her teacher is perfection, but I had hardly thought the little witch possessed of such judgment. So, then, you are Florence Falmouth?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, Miss Falmouth, I am happy to meet you at last. But it seems a little curious that we should have been obliged to come away up here to the White Mountains to get acquainted, when only a few streets lie between our respective homes."

"There is a wider chasm than mere nominal distance between a wealthy merchant and a poor governess," she replied, a little bitterly.

"Not another word on that contemptible point, or your property shall be contraband; and I will never give up the slippers until—" He colored, and did not finish the sentence.

From that time Mr. Livingstone was particularly attentive to the Hereford party. Not a morning passed that he did not walk, ride or sit with them; and, in consequence, Miss Angeline was in raptures—for George was a most desirable parti, and the haughty belle had no objection to having a splendid establishment of her own, with the necessary incumbrance of so handsome and distinguished a husband as Mr. Livingstone.

Once, in a fit of extraordinary graciousness, she confided her plans to her cousin, and Florence listened attentively, trying to think herself delighted with Angeline's prospective happiness. The expectant bride had decided upon a white satin, with Mechlin lace-over-dress, for the bridal robe; six bridesmaids in pink muslin, and as many groomsmen in white vests and gloves—the ceremony to take place at the Old South Church, to be followed by a trip to Europe, if George was agreeable. Florence—unsuspecting little soul!—sighed softly, and wondered what made her

eyes so dim, that she could not see to thread her needle.

The time for their departure from the mountains was at hand. The ensuing day the pleasant party at the Glen House would be broken up—Mr. Livingstone returned to Boston, Miss Hereford and her retinue were to visit the Franconia range, and afterwards return home by the way of Lake Winnepiscogee.

Angeline, in a most becoming toilet, waited impatiently in the parlor for the coming of George Livingstone. He would surely come to ask permission to call on her after their arrival home; and she had thought to be very gracious and a little tender toward him, that he might know she was not indifferent to him. But the evening drew on, the young moon went down behind the hills, the dampness took Angeline's hair out of curl, and chilled her uncovered shoulders; she waited until ten o'clock, and then slammed down the window and went to bed! A wise proceeding—for in the shady garden at the back of the house, walked George Livingstone, his arm wound around little trembling Florence, while his eloquent lips were trying to tell her how lonely and desolate his life would be without the owner of those black kid slippers.

Florence was poor, and proud, and sensitive, and realized fully the barriers that separated her from George. But he recognized nothing as an obstacle, and before he let her go in, he had kissed roses into her cheeks, and brought brilliancy to her eyes.

Three months afterward a wedding took place at the Old South, and the bride wore white satin, and a Mechlin lace over-dress. But Angeline Hereford was not present—a headache prevented her!

As for George, he keeps in an ebony box the little slippers, and blesses the day when he exchanged travelling bags with the lady who is now his wife.

#### SPRING.

Thank Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may re-visit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness!—*Hawthorne.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO-MORROW.

BY FRED. BROWNING.

To-morrow before us seems ever to stand,  
Holding out towards us a welcoming hand;  
Seemingly cheerful, and happy, and fair,  
Promising freedom from sorrow and care;  
Bringing new strength to the sinning and weary;  
Lighting with hope a life otherwise dreary.  
Seen in the distance enchanting,  
Nothing to charm her is wanting.

There is health in her cheek, and her garments are gold,

And she promises blessings to young and to old;  
We look with disdain on the homely To-day,  
And impatiently ask why she longer delay;  
Anxiously wait for the coming To-morrow,  
Hoping a surcease from sinning and sorrow.  
But when she comes, she brings sadness,  
Where we looked only for gladness.

So the wife of the mariner, day after day,  
As she thinks of the dear one, so long gone away,  
Still hopes that to-morrow will bring him again,  
Nor knows that he's dead 'neath the merciless main;  
Tossed on a bed of keen bodily anguish,  
Many long months did the sufferer languish,  
And talked of to-morrow, still hoping,  
While in the dark valley groping.

To-day we neglect the great work God has given  
To fit us for life and prepare us for heaven;  
The world and its pleasures receive all our care,  
But to-morrow we'll give to the duty of prayer.  
God may not grant us our life till the morning,  
We may be summoned away without warning;  
To-day, then, prepare ye for heaven,  
To-morrow may never be given!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DAYS OF SAMPiero.

## A TALE OF CORSICA.

BY WALTER TRUMBULL.

WHEN Francis I. led his great army to Italy, there was one among the gallant band whom the world must ever regard as one of the truest and bravest of heroes. This man, on whose memory no shadow of disgrace has ever darkened his brave deeds, was yet destined to the deepest sorrows. While his valor wrote itself upon the hearts of his countrymen, he was doomed to bear, through his devotion to his native land, the heaviest domestic afflictions. Life has sometimes the bitterest compensations to bestow upon those

who have earned the sweetest; and we look on in wonderment and dismay at the strange dispensation which decrees some shallow-brained fool to stand in high places, and turns life into gall for the lips of some grand old hero, who has given his martyr heart to the ungrateful world.

They who disbelieve this, may turn back to the page of history on which lie, in alternate black and golden lines, the record of Christo Sampoero, the brave Corsican—brave as he who battled for his country forty years before, and died for grief at its ingratitude—the noble Rinnuccio della Rocca. Young, ardent and impulsive, having faith in God as in the sun, and confidence in his fellow-men that could not be shaken by the few instances of treachery which he deemed the exceptions, and not the general rule of mankind, Sampoero found himself under the lead of Francis. Spain and Germany joined the Genoese against them; but Sampoero fought nobly, and success seemed to be with the Corsicans, when lo! in the height of their victories, France surrendered Corsica to Genoa.

How that true soul pleaded with all whom he deemed the friends of freedom, for his hapless country! Exiled as he was from her bosom, by those who feared his honest purposes and envied his reputation for courage, he seized upon every opportunity to serve the land he loved. He addressed himself to the Italian principalities, called upon the family of Medici whom he had fought for in his first blossoming of heroic deeds, and who had vowed to requite him when he wanted their aid, and thence to other courts. All—all failed him. Then came one of the hardest lessons which human nature ever learns—doubts of its own kind—the old story which Joseph learned of his brethren, and which man learns to-day of his fellow-man and brother.

In the first flush of his youthful renown, after the noble deeds he had achieved for France, and especially for Medici, he had wedded one who had been named the Corsican star—the lovely heiress of d'Ornano. After his sore defeat by the Genoese, he carried his beautiful wife and her babes to Marseilles, to remain while he should go forth to solicit the aid of foreign powers—that errand upon which he was so sadly disappointed.

At Algiers, he learned that the Genoese were seeking to destroy him through his wife and children—a vague story, which, while it brought a momentary thrill to his heart, was put aside instantly before the duty which he owed to his country. He however delegated to a friend the watchful care over his family, which he was himself powerless to assume, and was on his way to the dominions of the sultan, as a last resource,

to ask aid for his oppressed land: but only to bear a renewed disappointment.

With what feelings the brave hero turned his face once more towards Marseilles, can hardly be imagined. True, it was, as he supposed, the abode of his beloved Vanninna and the sweet children who called him father; yet he felt an inexpressible sadness in the thought that they were yet but a family of exiles. Vanninna had been the richest heiress in all Corsica. What would she be now? The hapless wife of a poor, weary, hunted man. It was a sad picture, yet not so sad as that which startled him into a lofty anger when he reached his destination.

He loitered not, we may be sure, as he entered Marseilles. Wife and children were all that were left him, and they must be watched over more fondly and tenderly than before, if that were indeed possible. Sampiero's heroic heart was full of large and deep affection; and the nearer he approached them, the more intense was his longing to see the objects of his love, however doleful must be the news he must impart. At his first landing he was met by the faithful friend whom he had despatched to Marseilles in his stead when he had embarked for Constantinople; and Sampiero saw by the man's face that something had happened. Worn out with the emotions that had torn his heart so severely, he could only utter the words:

"My wife—my children—are they living or dead?"

"Living, I trust," was the answer; "but O, friend, they are not here!"

"Not here!" burst from the lips of the stunned and agitated listener. It was some time before he could be sufficiently composed to hear his friend's story.

Some time before, and while Sampiero's messenger was on his way from Algiers, two of the wily Genoese had gone to Marseilles for the purpose of obtaining, as hostages, the wife and children of the man who, exiled as he was, they still hated and feared above all others. When they first unfolded to the desolate woman their desire that she should return with them to Genoa, she was horrified at the idea of leaving the place where her husband had charged her to remain; and she assured her strange visitors that nothing would induce her to quit Marseilles until his return. Her refusal was met in the blandest manner possible, and her wifely devotion strongly commended.

"But, honored lady, remember that it is solely for your husband's sake that we propose this removal to you. Nothing could so effectually release you and your family from the unpleasant

position you now occupy, alien as you are from home and possessions, as to follow our advice. Depend on it, you will meet a sincere welcome in Genoa; your husband will return and find you there, and all these unhappy differences will be swept away. For your own sake, for your husband's sake, for your children, who must not suffer what you have the power to spare them, we implore you to accede. He whom you fear that this step will injure, will be full of gratitude for your wisdom in taking it." And believing the false tongue, Vanninna yielded.

Such was the false tale that harrowed up the soul of the hero. He spoke no word, uttered no exclamation, until a person in his presence at the time, remarked that he had long known that this would be the end. Then all the fire of the Corsican arose in his breast. In a moment of rage against him who could thus have prevented such a result, he rushed upon the false friend and killed him upon the spot.

The rest was soon told. The person to whom he had given the charge of his family, had arrived at Marseilles just after the deceived woman had sailed for Corsica. He had pursued her in a ship which was manned by Corsicans, and rescued her from the foe. Vanninna, terrified and repentant, had accepted the protection of the Parliament of Aix, which was offered her; and the friend of her husband had returned to Marseilles to meet and console the disappointed hero.

Very terrible was the meeting of the husband and wife. They returned together to the lonely house at Marseilles, but no word passed between them, save that now and then the poor lady attempted to explain how she had been deluded. One glance at the stern, grave visage before her, would check her instantly, and she could only moan and weep. He did not attempt to soothe her, for pity had at that awful moment no place in the heart of Sampiero. Dark thoughts were striving in his breast. O, how he had loved that woman! how every fibre of his being, that was not devoted to his country, was woven about this one dearly cherished being! And she, whom he had so loved, so trusted, could, in his absence, desert the place he had chosen for her, and voluntarily strike hands with the very foe he was seeking to destroy—should trust her innocent children in the power of the enemy, and commit treason of the deepest dye to him and to his native land! Maddened by the thought that was burning his way into his brain already crased by grief, disappointment, and the ingratitude he had experienced from others, he forgot all but her crime, and she fell by his hand.

Does this sound terrible to your ear? Ah, well indeed may it! Yet not more cruel than was the blow which, years and years later, was dealt by his countryman upon the heart of the faithful Josephine. Nay, not half so dreadful to a woman, to die by her husband's hand, as to live on to behold a rival in his affections. Napoleon was capable of a more refined and bitter cruelty than even Sampiero could have dreamed of. But we must hasten on to the bitter end.

As if stung into deeper hatred of the foe, by his own miserable act, he went forth from the presence of the dead, to deal destruction with an unsparing hand. Unaided by any foreign power, he gathered the Corsicans once more under his command. Wherever he went, whatever he planned, men could only look on and tremble at the might which, almost unsustained, could defy legions to conquer its possessor. Like our own Washington, he refused to take any title, save that of the Father of his Country, which was gratefully bestowed upon him by the poor suffering Corsicans to whom he seemed as a saviour.

One joy remained to the man who had passed through such waves of suffering and remorse. It was this. His own son, Alfonso, the child of the murdered Vanninna, fought nobly by his side. The boy, perhaps, knew not the sad story of his mother's death, or but dimly understood it; and his father was to him the impersonation of all that was great and noble. And still, for years, the war went on, and Sampiero's name struck dismay upon the foe who vainly attempted to conquer and subdue that mighty spirit. The devotion of his followers was proof against want and hardship. Cold and hunger were unheeded, if they could but see and hear the beloved leader. Summer's heat and winter's storm had no power to draw them one moment from the execution of his strong and determined will. He bore, it seemed to them, a charmed life; and, while he led the van, their ranks were believed impregnable.

There was no amulet, however, that could protect him against treachery, whatever he might bear in fair and open warfare. There were ruffians in the enemy's camp and traitors in his own; although among the latter, there were no native born Corsicans. And these were bought with so many "pieces of silver," to betray the brave spirit that would not suspect even a foe of such deeds. They succeeded in luring Sampiero, his son, and his nearest and dearest friends to a lonely place. Even the terror of his presence fell so strongly upon them, that they could hardly avail themselves of the perfect advantage they had obtained; but one trembling

hand fired the first shot. It told what was to come. Sampiero ordered his son to fly from the scene, and his own strong arm held the men at bay. But they were encouraged and led on by three of the enraged Ornanes, of the same family as Vanninna, who had joined the enemy. It was a battle of fearful odds indeed; yet the hero defended himself most valiantly, and wounded one of his principal assailants.

It is a night of darkness in the heavens. Heavy black clouds have been gathering for hours, like a funeral pall over the city. The streets are still and deserted, save that at midnight the sound of a horse's feet is heard. A hurried message is given, a single voice proclaims the news it brings, and soon there rises a sound such as never woke slumbering Genoa before. From every palace, from every lowly hovel springs the red light, streaming up to the lurid sky; and from thousands of voices, the loud huzzas are waking the echoes. And in the midst of the illuminated squares men gaze and gaze, with widening eyes, upon some object which seems almost to stop the beatings of their hearts as they look. It is the noble and handsome head of him whom they could not subdue, save by unworthy stratagem, by the treacherous blow of the assassin. Brave Genoa! no wonder that you grace your triumph with shout and song and lighted flambeau! He is dead whom you feared; your paid ruffians, although trembling when his eyes were upon them, have stolen behind him, and with sword and musket and battle-axe, have managed to take the life of the brave hero. But remember! He has left a son, who has sworn over his father's headless body, to avenge him. And for two years longer the Corsicans gathered under Alfonso, in memory of that father, until Genoa, worn out and exhausted, was thankful to propose a peaceful ending to the long and disastrous struggle.

#### EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect, that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO ONE BELOVED.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

I'm sitting all alone to-night  
 Within my silent room;  
 The tapers bright, the warm firelight,  
 Have chased away the gloom,  
                                   Awhile,  
 The evening's deepening gloom.

Beside me stands thy vacant chair,  
 Sole treasure of my heart;  
 You often blessed me seated there—  
 Alas, we're far apart  
                                   To-night,  
 Alas, we're far apart!

There ever moves mine eyes before  
 A vision of the past,  
 A steamer fading from the shore  
 Upon the ocean vast,  
                                   Afar  
 Upon the ocean vast.

She bore thee from my sight away,  
 'Neath skies of cloudless hue;  
 The waves were dancing in the bay,  
 And kindly breezes blew  
                                   For thee,  
 And kindly breezes blew.

O best beloved, if thou wert here,  
 These tears were tears of bliss!  
 While absence makes thee still more dear,  
 Thy gentle face we miss  
                                   At home,  
 Thy gentle face we miss.

And yet it gives us joy to find,  
 In your far distant home,  
 From those you sadly left behind  
 Your heart will never roam,  
                                   Beloved,  
 Your heart will never roam!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY CHARLIE.

## A FIRST-LOVE ROMANCE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

THERE are many Charlies in the world—old and young, handsome and ugly, rich and poor—yet I doubt if among the number you ever saw my Charlie. My Charlie was not handsome; at least the great horrid world would not so have termed him. He had black eyes and hair, features too heavy and strongly marked for beauty,

yet stamped with intellect and genius. He was poor—wore patched clothes, and swept the schoolhouse and made the fires to pay his tuition. His dinner he used to smuggle away in a corner and eat by himself behind his atlas, while the rest displayed their tempting roast fowl or dried venison, snowy slices of bread, spread liberally with golden butter, transparent preserves in little cups put carefully in the little tin pails, together with a silver teaspoon, by indulgent mammas for their petted darlings, and rich cake, heavy with raisins, and white with thick frostings, to tempt the appetites of the little epicures, who thus early in life were laying the foundation for dyspepsia and a score of other miserable ails in after life.

Indeed, we all took great pride in displaying these various articles of diet spread on pieces of newspaper, or dainty napkins brought for that purpose, on our desks. But Charlie—no one knew his bill of fare, until one day a rude girl, determined to satisfy her curiosity, crept to his dinner basket while he was at a game of ball, and held up to our horrified gaze a large slice of coarse black bread spread with molasses.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the rude girl, swinging it in the air. "Ha, ha, ha! who'd carry such a dinner as this?—not fit for the pigs to eat! Ha, ha!"

I felt the blood rush hotly to my face—not that I cared for the silent, bashful boy who never addressed a word to me in his life; but because I felt that the girl who had thus rudely drawn the veil from one phase of his honest poverty, had stepped far across the pale of good breeding, and her words jarred painfully the most hidden chords of my heart.

"Rachel Fox," I cried, indignantly, "what business have you prowling about Charlie's dinner basket? Aren't you ashamed to be meddling with things that don't concern you in the least?"

"Ho, ho! Was it you that spoke, or a cabbage head bursted?" tauntingly exclaimed the great evil-eyed girl, giving me one of the most insulting stares imaginable. "Here, you little brown wizen, with your cat's eyes, come and taste of your Charlie's dinner, wont you?"

"I'm not around tasting other people's dinners, especially behind their backs," I answered, giving my gray eyes a flash. "Put up that basket, or I'll tell Master Burns when he comes."

"Tell him, telltale! Tell him, telltale! Who cares for Guss Lawrence? I don't, I'm sure, so she can hold her tongue if it'll be as cheap. Here goes the pig feed!" And the next minute the contents of the dinner basket were thrown into the middle of the broad aisle.

"For shame!" ejaculated a few of the girls;



but the majority laughed as if the thing was a fine joke.

"I wouldn't carry such dinner," said one, holding up a delicate sandwich between her thumb and finger.

"Nor I," simpered another, taking a white tissue paper from a tumbler of preserved grapes. "I'd be ashamed to be so poor!"

"People can't help being poor, can they? If your father was poor, Lucy Ryo, how could you help it?"

A turning up of the pretty nose and a pouting of the cherry lips was the only reply.

"Besides," I said, feeling quite heroic in defence of the owner of the disgraced dinner basket, "how do you know he is poor? Perhaps he likes black bread and molasses. How do you know?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Rachel Fox, putting her foot upon the dishonored crumbs, "nobody likes black bread."

"Rachel seems to know a good deal about black bread," I said, now thoroughly aroused, and with a feeling of revenge gnawing at my heart. "Who knows but she put it there herself? Maybe she didn't like her dinner, and exchanged it for the remnants of Charlie's lunch. Who knows?"

It is impossible to say what answer I should have received, had not Charlie Graham at that moment made his appearance. His face was very white, his lips colorless as ashes; there was a strange look, too, in his eyes, and a nervous twitching of the facial muscles. He did not look depressed or ashamed, however much he was hurt; his head, with its curling mass of luxuriant hair, was proudly erect, his step firm, his voice steady and deeply modulated.

"This is too much, Rachel Fox," and I thought I would not have received that look and those words for worlds. "This is too much, Rachel Fox. Never touch an article in my desk again!"

The bold, bad girl quailed beneath the black look of scorn and indignation she received; with a muttered execration she turned away, and the next minute was talking in fierce, angry, yet low tones, with a girl of the same feather, and my hero sat down to study, calm and composed, yet looking very white and stern withal. He did not even glance at me that morning; but at recess, as I stood in the vestibule, he came to me frankly and pleasantly, a bright light illuminating his countenance.

"Thank you, little one," he said, cordially. "I heard your defence in my behalf this noon, and considered myself fortunate in possessing so

skilful an advocate; but between you and me, schoolmate, I am dreadfully poor, I don't like black bread, and yet that remnant of dinner was mine."

He had never before noticed me by word or look, and I was mute with surprise. That morning I should have considered the poor tinker—so he was called, for he was a tinner by trade—very presumptive in addressing so entirely *sans ceremonie* the daughter of Judge Lawrence; now I must confess I felt as if he were the condescending party, so highly had he risen in my estimation by his quiet, manly dignity, and the strange feeling of interest I always had for one persecuted or wronged.

"Now Miss Augusta," he continued, in the same lively strain, "I'll tell you all about it. My mother is a widow with six children younger than myself to support, and her earnings and mine can do no more than pay rent for a very small, mean house, and furnish coarse food for eight mouths. Of course I have no better for dinner than breakfast; but it does well enough—healthy, good for dyspepsia they say, though I own I don't use it for health. I work winters in the shop, and go to school summers. It takes some time to acquire an education in that way, yet better that way than not at all."

Of course I consented.

"And some day, little one," a strange, eager look crept into his handsome eyes, "I shall not regret being poor, and making sacrifices, and struggling as I have to, to obtain an education, for you see it tries friends, and you learn to distinguish gold from tinsel; besides, it teaches one to rely upon himself, and discouragements and difficulties are of value if we overcome them, just as that little tree yonder is strengthened by the winds and storms, if it is not prostrated by them."

The bell rang, and I only found time to say, "I shall be your friend, and I know papa would be if he knew you." That was all, and the girls went giggling past us, and the boys laughed significantly. Charlie gave my hand a warm grasp, and smiled softly as we went into the school-room together.

"Seems to me you have a terrible appetite for a little girl," said my Aunt Hester as she inspected the basket of dinner I had been preparing for myself in the dining-room. "A tumbler of marmalade, four sandwiches, two slices of bread and butter, two pieces of apple-pie, ever so much cake and cheese, and nobody knows how much else! You'll make yourself sick just as sure as my name's Hester Lawrence."

"O, I guess not," I said, laughing to myself to think the horrified look my aunt would have bestowed upon me had she known the determined plan that had crept into my brain since the previous day, which I did put into execution much to my own satisfaction, the discipline of my aunt notwithstanding.

At recess I improved the opportunity when all the scholars were absent from the schoolroom, to slip about half of my dinner into Charlie Graham's basket; and this childish proceeding I kept up for a long time, indeed during the whole term, notwithstanding he found me out ere a week had passed, and protested stoutly against my generosity; but I did not know then as I do now that the little delicacies thus bestowed were carried home and were substituted for the coarse fare of an invalid sister's table. I did not know how the pale lips quivered, and the bright eyes filled with tears as she said, "God bless you and her, dear Charlie!" If I had how much larger my appetite would have been declared to be by my Aunt Hester!

Summer passed, with her buds and blossoms, Autumn, with her yellow leaves and golden grain, and Winter came to crown the year with his snowy coronet and icy pearls. In that time my acquaintance with Charlie Graham had ripened into a deep friendship and girlish love—the boy of eighteen and the girl of thirteen were lovers. I write the word reverently even now, after all the sorrow and tears and change that have come since then—the bitter upbraidings, the passionate yearnings, the great heart battle, wherein that word was trampled beneath my feet and blotted from my very heart with tears. I write it reverently for the sake of the old days, with their cloudless sunshine, their balmy zephyrs, their birds and flowers; for the sake of soft words, more of the eye than lips, more of the heart than either, warm, thrilling clasp of hands; for the sake of the old castles that we built in air, the pictures that our fancy wove for the future; for the sake of later years, and the memory of all commingled as it comes to me to-day.

Charlie and I were lovers; yet it was a love that spoke through glances of the eye, quivering of the lips, the warm flush of the cheek, the wild throb of the heart, that made one start at a well-known footstep, and blush when a well-remembered name was spoken never so carelessly. A love so secret it was scarcely acknowledged to one's self, never to another, so delicious it thrilled every nerve with delight, so constant, waking or sleeping it was ever near, in blissful day-dreams or visions of the night.

And yet Charlie Graham had never said,

"Gussie, I love you!" Should two children talk of love? I, a little girl scarce out of my pinafore, and he with his boy's voice and beardless cheek! We speak of love, when my father (bless his dear grey locks!) planned how his little Gus was to be lady superior of Milwaukee Academy, and be the sunlight of his dear, dim eyes! We talk of love, when in the far dim future Charlie was to acquire his education and become great and famous! Forsooth of love, when we guarded that secret from each other with most zealous care, lest it should be scorned with girlish indifference or boyish pride! We talk of love! Only in glances of the eye, tones of the voice, clasps of the hand, and other unmistakable signs was it acknowledged.

Sometimes my Charlie would say, "Wont you go with me to the menagerie, or the concert, or the fair, Gussie?"

But a shrug of the shoulders that rose above the pink and blue chintz, and "Mercy no, Charlie!" would be the invariable answer.

I go with him! What would father say? What would Aunt Hester do? What would people in general say in regard to such a display of juvenile precocity? I have a bean when father and Aunt Hester taught me the next worst thing to the worst I could imagine, was that sort of an individual! little dreaming, dear souls, why their pet was absent minded and less wild and hoydenish than six months before.

But that winter Charlie's desk was occupied by another. And many were the little pretenses by which I sometimes gained a glimpse of him—sometimes to buy a pan or a tin cup, or to get some soldering done for Aunt Hester at the tin shop, who, dear soul, said unsuspectingly, "How obliging our little Gussie is becoming!" And I generally met him at church, too, where a magnetic glance was exchanged, or a few words spoken in the deaf and dumb language, when our fingers could be brought into requisition unobserved; but Charlie never came to my father's house, as I had declined receiving him there, knowing my aunt's surveillance and my father's strictness in regard to his little Gussie's company, and too well I knew the spirit in which a tinner's apprentice would be received at the Hill if it was mistrusted he was even an acquaintance of the future lady superior.

And so the time passed, each of us pursuing the even tenor of our way. Mine led through gardens of flowers, beneath smiling skies. His path was thorny and rugged, with the blackness of night overhead, and the bitter cup of affliction pressed to his lips, toiling daily to supply the wants of his mother and little brothers and sis-

ters, nightly watching with the invalid sister who lay at the very brink of the grave.

Spring came, and Charlie Graham followed that sister to her long home. She was a lovely girl of sixteen, and although I had never seen her in life, I thought her very beautiful in death. There were but few at the funeral, and a very small procession to the grave; and I thought bitterly of the fine assemblage, and the long line of handsome carriages that drove slowly to the churchyard behind the bloated, besotted corpse of a man rich in this world's goods, yet leaving a tarnished name and sullied reputation behind him. And this was the way of the world—scarcely a friend to sympathize with or assist the bereaved family in laying their cherished one away from sight. I think he noticed me at the funeral, although he never mentioned it. But a heavier blow was to fall.

The next year was one that will be long remembered for the ravages of a fearful scourge that, showing favor to neither rich nor poor, swept over the land. Among the victims were numbered my own dear father, several valued relatives, and all of Charlie Graham's brothers and sisters in one day, while his mother followed a week after. The rich scarce received the necessary attention, and then only by a lavish expenditure of gold, so great was the panic; and the poor—God help them! With his own hands Charlie Graham laid his beloved ones in their last narrow beds—his prayers alone consecrated their burial.

I did not know this till long afterwards, for scarcely was my father consigned to the tomb, when I was stricken down with the terrible disorder. Cholera—to this day my blood seems to curdle in my veins as that dreadful, real dream comes back to me. Enough that I lived. I think my Aunt Hester's ceaseless, untiring care, through the grace of God alone, saved me, and I arose from that bed of sickness, a pale, broken-spirited girl, with heavy leaden circles about my eyes, and but little of resemblance to my former self.

It was a chill autumn day that my Aunt Hester bolstered me up in a large easy chair by the window, where the sun came in bright and warm. The room was cosy and cheerful, the fire burned brightly, paws purred softly on the ottoman at my feet, and Aunt Hester, looking pale and grief-stricken, and wearied, in her heavy mourning dress, had put on as cheerful a look as was possible for my benefit, and as she knit, a soft hum kept time to the music of her needles.

Once or twice my aunt glanced at me in a curious, furtive way, as if she had something to

say, but doubted the propriety of giving the thought utterance; finally, however, she came towards me, and shaded the sunlight so it should not fall too full on me, and replenished the fire.

"Do you feel pretty well, little Guss?" she said, at length, in her quiet way, speaking as if she was trying to be very cheerful.

"Yes, well enough, I guess, only so lazy, Aunt Hester. I don't feel as if I wanted to raise my head; not much like giving Blaze the bridle for a break-neck pace over the Bluff, or like a romp through the Stone Quarry."

"No, I suppose not; but you're quite sure you have no pain?"

"O, no, none at all. Why?"

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, Gussie, I just wanted to ask you if you are much acquainted with that tinner's apprentice—Graham, he said his name is? He called here to see you last week; but I didn't think it prudent for you to see any company, especially a strange young man in whom you could feel no possible interest. He informed me he was about leaving Lawrenceville, and he looked pale and sad, and careworn. But you look tired, Gussie."

"No, Aunt Hester," I said, faintly. "Did he say when he is coming back?"

"No; but come to think of it, he gave me a bunch of flowers to give you, and I entirely forgot it."

"Where are they, Aunt Hester?"

"Well, I dare say, thrown out. I put them in a vase on the parlor mantel shelf, and likely Jane has removed them in dusting. Of course they're withered."

I said nothing, but the next day crept down stairs and found the flowers, withered and faded, where my aunt had placed them. Sweet autumn forget-me-nots, still fragrant, although their bloom had fled, and their language sent a thrill to my heart that quickens my blood even now, as its memory comes up to me from the dim valleys of the past.

Misfortunes come but seldom singly, and so it was in my case; the death of my father was followed by the knowledge that he had left of his once fine property but a wreck as his daughter's portion. My Aunt Hester sickened and died; friends who had courted and flattered me in other days, turned coldly from me, and avoided my society, and the faded blue violets, with their gold-tipped leaves, was, perhaps, the mystic language that comforted me, and prevented my heart from breaking outright.

"He loves me, certainly he loves me," I would repeat softly to myself, as I rained passionate and bitter tears over his floral gift; but as time passed, and I never heard from him, I grew to distrust his affection, and my loneliness and bitterness deepened as trials and privations pressed me.

I had acquired a passable education, and maintained myself by teaching the village school, boarding with my pupils. The life I had was a dark one, with but few glimpses of sunshine. Confined eight hours a day to a crowded school-room, and studying at home to advance my own education, I grew moody and silent—not misanthropic, for I had not lost my faith in the world—but a sad, weary-hearted girl, old before my time, brooding over the sorrows of my existence, forgetting—God forgive me!—the blessings given. What had I to live for? Love? Once in a while the old love thrilled me; but it had been chilled, shocked, cruelly neglected, this precocious heart child, and had withered and faded for want of attention and care. I had suitors, but I cared nothing for them. Why should I? The blue violets, perhaps, held my secret.

Thus passed five years of my uneventful and lonely life, varied slightly, perhaps, as months and years went by, yet in the main monotonous and wearying. Of my early love I had heard nothing, and I grew to feel I was forgotten, and to sigh for something true and noble that could satisfy the yearning of my desolate heart.

It may be that had Doctor Ray come at any other time than that sobbing, dreary November day, I should have turned from him with bitterness and scorn. But I was so lonely, and all the scholars had gone home, leaving me in the little red schoolhouse to wander to my boarding-place through the storm as best I might, that when Doctor Ray drove up to the door in his covered carriage, and asked, kindly, "Will you ride home in my conveyance, Miss Lawrence?" I thanked him, and accepted the invitation.

He was a portly, homely man, of twice my age, with a frank, genial smile that made one feel easy and at home in his presence; but this evening he seemed grave and stern, although his voice was tender and gentle as a woman's.

"You look pale and ill, Miss Lawrence," he said, as he tucked the buffalo robe closely around me.

"No, I am well as usual, I think," I said, making an attempt to smile cheerfully.

"Well, we'll not dispute it."

He touched the horse he drove, impatiently, knitting his brows gloomily; then he said, suddenly, in the tone of a desperate man:

"Miss Lawrence—Augusta—do you know I asked you to ride this afternoon, not alone to save you wet feet, but to talk to you? Gussie, we are both lonely creatures, without relatives or near friends, and sympathy is a great bond to connect two such yearning hearts. I have a good home, with all the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life; but I want your face, your smile to brighten it. Dear child, I am a lonely old man; but my heart has not died with my youth. Let me take you to it, and cherish you tenderly, my poor lamb, from the rough storms of life. Be my wife, Gussie, will you?"

As I said, if I had not been so wretchedly lonely, I might have given him back scorn and bitterness; as it was, I laid my hand in his, and said, softly:

"I don't love you, Doctor Ray; but I respect you and esteem you. If that will suffice, take me, I am so tired."

I cannot say that I regretted my answer that night, when Rachel Fox, now Rachel Sumner, said, carelessly:

"You know, Gussy Lawrence, your Charlie?"

"Well."

I felt my blood leap wildly from my heart, flooding my pale face with crimson.

"Nothing, only—Hand me the scissors, will you? I was almost saying I once thought you two would make a match; but your father dying involved disappointed his golden dreams, and he left for another State."

"Well."

My blood leaped hotly now, though I know my face was white as the ghastly moonlight that shimmered down through the naked maple branches, and fell aslant the painted floor.

"Well, Rachel?"

"O, yes. Well, he has made a fortune by marriage, at last, they say. Had a letter from my cousin in the town where he lives. Here it is; you can read what it says."

And thus a portion of the letter ran:

"The Charlie Graham you mentioned does reside here. He came here some five years ago, a poor mechanic; but has climbed fortune's ladder slowly, and has about reached the highest round by a marriage with Sophia Fields, the heiress of the place. He is the nominee for the legislature."

I glanced at the date; it had been written several months before.

"And so the dream ends," I said, softly, to myself. "So much for a first-love romance."

I married Doctor Ray. There have been gayer and merrier bridal; but I was not unhappy. Somehow I felt a great, deep calm in the shelter of those strong arms, and within sound of that

tender voice—tender to me, whatever it might be to others. And the blue forget-me-nots lost their fragrance. I said “my Charlie” no longer. I had no regrets; only a fervent “God bless my husband!”

It was a raw, blustering night, a year after my marriage; the snow lay piled high beneath the windows and across the untrodden front yard of the great stone house where I reigned as mistress. The winds wailed sadly through the maples at the north, and through the grape and woodbine arbores at the south wing, and I shivered involuntarily as I turned from the windows, letting down the heavy brocade curtains, and gave the bell rope an energetic pull for lights. Branz brought in the lamp, and placed it upon the small round table I had wheeled up before the cheerful wood fire; then I brought the doctor's dressing-gown and slippers, and hung the former across the back of his favorite easy chair, and placed the latter upon a tasteful ottoman in front, brought his cigar case from the library and placed it upon the table where it would be ready for him. I had no horror of scented curtains, and never considered the smoke of a choice Havana disgusting, perhaps because I thought more of my husband's enjoyment than my own prudish notions, and he, dear soul, did enjoy a cigar by his own fireside so much after a cold-evening's journey through the country, visiting his patients. Then I resumed the sewing I had put down when twilight fell—a pretty fancy smoking-cap for his Christmas gift, though he, innocent soul, believed it to be a pincushion, when he found it the day before when rummaging my work basket for some silk thread.

“What funny concerns you women do contrive!” he had said, holding the thing up half reverently, half curiously, and inspecting the braiding pattern in a peculiarly ludicrous way that made me laugh outright, though I feared my secret was out.

No need to have feared that, for an idea of the real merits of the case never penetrated his brain, and he decided it, with great solemnity, to be a mammoth pincushion.

I shivered again as the winds shrieked past, and then listened for his step upon the threshold or stairs, or his ring at the door. Tea had been waiting for an hour, and still he did not come; two hours went by, and I waited in vain. It was nine o'clock when he did come, his heavy overcoat white with snow, and his boots clogged with the fleecy encumbrance. I assisted him to lay aside his wrappings and to assume his dressing-gown, wiped the snow from his iron-gray

locks, and rang for tea; then it was I noticed how white and stern he looked, and what a strange look there was in his eye.

“What is it, doctor?” I asked, playfully tapping his cheek with my thumb; but he drew my hand down with seeming impatience, and only said:

“Don't, Augusta.”

“You're a cross bear,” I said, arranging the cups upon the waiter, and pouring the tea, running his cup over as I knew he always liked, and giving him the choicest slice of toast.

He looked up and smiled, but there was a great suffering beneath it.

“It's quite a story,” he said, when the tea things were removed, and we were left alone; “but, my little Gussie,” he put his finger under my chin, and raised my face so that he could look full into my eyes, “it is only duty that makes me unfold it to you. We have been happy for the past year, very, have we not, little one?”

“I love my dear husband best of all men,” I said, tenderly and reverently.

“And yet when you gave me your hand in marriage, you told me you did not love me?”

“But I revered, I esteemed you, and your kindness and tenderness have gained my love since. Love cannot be worth possessing unless founded upon respect and true friendship.”

“And was that the basis upon which was founded your first love, Gussie? Nay do not start or frown. Tell me why you did not marry Charlie Graham?”

I felt that I was very pale. Never before had the name of my early lover been mentioned by my husband's lips.

“I thought that was buried forever,” I said, faintly.

“We will make a grave for it to-night, if you like, Augusta;” the voice was quivering, and full of suppressed suffering; “but first deal frankly by me. Why did you never marry Charlie Graham?”

“One very good reason, *mon cher*, he never asked me,” I replied.

“But if he had?”

“There was a time when I think I would, before I learned his treachery, his forgetfulness; before I discovered he had but won my heart to cast it aside ruthlessly.”

“My dear child,” my husband's voice was very low and tender, “to-night I stood by the death-bed of Rachel Samner, the postmaster Fox's daughter; she used to be a schoolmate of yours. She possessed for your Charlie a wild, fierce passion, that was not only unreturned, but



scorned by the young man with loathing and disgust. Her love, if you can so designate a base, unholy passion, turned to hate; and upon you, as the recipient of his regards, as well as him, her vengeance was wreaked."

The cold sweat came out in beaded drops upon my husband's forehead; he wiped it away hurriedly, as if ashamed of this exhibition of distress, and continued:

"She was the postmaster's daughter when Charlie Graham left Lawrenceville. He left a note for you in the post-office, in which he thanked you for your kindness, and assured you of his affection, concluding that if he ever gained wealth and fame, and became worthy of you, he would return to sue for your hand in marriage. This letter Rachel Fox obtained and destroyed. Another came, begging you to write him, if but a word. This letter Rachel returned to him in another envelope, the superscription of which she made to appear in your hand. More than this, Charlie Graham, although rising in the world, a member of the legislature, and possessing a due proportion of this world's goods, is not married, or suspected of being engaged; all this that dying woman confessed to me to-night, and as a duty, painful though it is, my dear Gussie, I have confided it to you."

"My dear doctor," I clasped one of his great hands in both of mine. I thank you and love you better than ever."

He smiled softly, and stroked my hair fondly, as if I had been a child; but the old look of suffering was there, and when he spoke his voice was full of tears.

"My little Gussie, I understand you. You are kind and gentle, and brave, and you would not wound me by look, word or deed; but I know the old love is not dead, now that you know the truth, now that you know the lover of your girlhood was never false, always true, and, but that an old man stands in the way, might, nay would gladly make you his wife. You have been a great blessing, a great joy and comfort, darling. The year you have made sunshine in this gloomy old house, has been worth more to me than all the other years of my life together. And yet," he put his hand to his forehead in a dreamy, troubled way, "if I had known all this a year ago, I would have put this great happiness away from me, and lived on till the end came, resigned, if not happy."

"How you do talk, Doctor Ray," I said, for his words sent a strange, vague terror through my heart, why, I could not tell. "Let us bury the subject, it is painful to us both, and no good can accrue from dwelling upon it. 'Tis true I

might have married Charlie Graham but for Rachel Fox's deception; but what of that? We might have quarrelled, and made our home a Pandemonium, many other first lovers have done so. Our wedlock has been beautiful, holy and peaceful. Forget it all, all Rachel Sumner's confession, and—"

He waved his hand impatiently. "Don't say any more, my brave little Gussie. Is there a fire in the library? I have letters to write, and wish to be alone. I may be late; retire when you are sleepy, without waiting for me."

He arose, and came towards me as he spoke, took my face between his cold palms, and stooping down, kissed me as a mother might her first-born. Then he walked toward the door, turned and gave me such a look of tenderness and sorrow I shall never forget it until I tread the dark valley and cross the cold river.

I did not retire early; somehow I felt a strange reluctance to sleeping without seeing my husband, and giving him another assurance of my deep and fervent love. I did think of seeking him in the library; but knowing how he disliked to be disturbed, I sought my own room, and being fatigued with the duties of the day, soon fell asleep.

What I dreamed I do not know, but my sleep was disturbed and unrefreshing. I did not, however, fully awake until the cold, gray dawn stole in through the nearly closed shutters, and then to find my husband's pillow was unpressed. He had not retired during the night. This in itself, however, did not alarm me, as he was often called away in the night, and often did not gain more than a few hours' slumber in a whole week during the sickly season. However, this morning I felt strangely nervous and depressed, and I cannot say that I was in any manner relieved when the man Brantz told me, in answer to my inquiries, that his master left with a satchel about midnight. A letter on the desk in the library addressed to me, however, explained all. And this was its contents:

"MY DARLING GUSSIE:—You know why I leave you. Think kindly of the old man whose life is your happiness. You will probably never see me again. Inquiries or search for me would be fruitless, so abstain from anything of the kind. When I have been absent a year the law will allow you a divorce; obtain one, and be happy with the man of your love—of your early choice. I leave you well provided for, you will need for nothing. Adieu! May God bless you, and make your Charlie a better husband than ever could be  
ROBERT RAY."

It is a very convenient thing for novel or romance writers to introduce a long period of

illness following any distressing event in the life of a hero or heroine, and the afflicted individual generally comes forth refined and purified as gold from a furnace, instead of a peevish, irritable invalid, with vitiated and distorted fancies.

My sufferings brought, however, neither swoon nor illness. I suffered deeply, bitterly, wretchedly, with no respite. I denounced myself as the cause of my husband's exile, and reproached myself for not more fully assuring him of my indifference to my early lover, and my affection for him. I listened with apathy when my friends sympathized with me, and indignantly defended him when a word was breathed against his honor or affection. I did not know what Dr. Ray was to me until he was gone—did not know how the tendrils of my heart were twined about his rugged nature, until the attempt was made to snap them asunder. I mourned for him, not in a widow's sable weeds, it's true, yet with my heart shrouded in darkness, and a veil of blackness before the inner gate of my soul's temple. The public said what they pleased, gossips manufactured scandal to their hearts' content—what did I care—when the dear eyes looked on me no more, and I listened in vain for his footsteps—when everything reminded me of him but to bring with that memory the deepest pain, the bitterest of tears!

Where was he? A wanderer upon the face of the earth? O, how in my wretchedness I felt that I could compass sea and land to look into his face and to hear his voice again. Where was he, mourning his blighted life? dying, mayhap, in a stranger land; or lying pale and still beneath the green mould of some distant clime.

And thus another year of my life passed. Another November day dark and sullen, another November night fierce with tempest and storm. Again I sat before the cheerful wood fire, with no gay work for a Christmas gift, with no dressing-gown and slippers before the fire warming for him. I was not listening for his ring, his step, or his voice. I was weary of waiting, weary of watching for him who never came.

There was to be a fair for a certain charitable institution that night, and I made my toilet for the occasion. A year before it had been less plain and sombre, but I never dressed gaily or in colors now. The room was in a blaze of light when I arrived, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the church was crowded to overflowing.

"O, my dear Augusta, I am so glad you have come. What do you think—who do you think is here?" exclaimed Lucy Ryo, seizing my hand as I entered the vestry to lay aside my wrappings.

"Who do you think? Ah, I sha'n't tell you—but what a surprise it—"

She did not conclude her sentence, for at that moment a bevy of lively girls approached, calling to Lucy, and she left me with a merry laugh.

All save myself had left the room, and I sat down to try and compose myself. How nervous I had become; anything seemed to startle me now. When she said, "Who do you think is here?" my heart gave a great bound, and I felt my face pale and then flush painfully. Who could interest me but one? He who had left me a year ago in darkness and sorrow.

A step startled me; a voice—it was not *his* voice—thrilled me to my very heart's centre; a hand was laid lightly upon my shoulder, and these were the words I heard:

"Gussie—Mrs. Ray, wont you bid me welcome?"

I started to my feet as if thrilled by a galvanic shock. Before me stood—older, handsomer, more fascinating, the lover of my youth, my girlhood, Charles Graham!

"Charlie!"

He smiled at my surprise, then he drew me down to a seat beside him.

"Have I changed, Gussie? You are the same little thing who stood up for my black bread the day we commenced our acquaintance; a little handsomer and paler, a little more womanly and thoughtful appearing, but the same Gussie, after all."

I did try to stammer out a few words of welcome; he smiled at my awkward attempts, and continued, in his old candid way:

"You know what I told you that day, Gussie, that there would a day come when I would be thankful for my trials and privations, because thereby one learned to have confidence in himself, and to know dross from gold. It has come at length, that day—and do you know if I had come back and found you Gussie *Lawrence*, I should have been nearly happy."

I wished to be very cold and severe, but the words died on my tongue. I did not refuse when he asked me to permit him to call and see me, yet when he did call I could not resist seeing him. I was a poor, weak woman, with a mad, hopeless love stifled by duty, and yet writhing in agony beneath the infliction gnawing at my heart. When I felt the touch of Charlie Graham's thrilling hand, heard the tones of his deep voice, gazed into the depths of his magnetic eyes, felt the almost irresistible power a strong nature exerts over a weaker, drawing me in spirit further and further away from my marriage vows, I trembled for the future. I discovered the differ-

once between deep friendship and esteem, and blind, mad, passionate love. My husband still dwelt in my heart, but more as a father, an elder brother. God knows how I struggled—madly, desperately, as a dying man against the tide engulfing him, as the blinded, suffocating wretch in the smoke and flames of a burning building.

And all the while Charles Graham's soft, deep voice luring me, his handsome eyes reproaching me; I would not live again those weeks for worlds.

"Heaven knows I would counsel you to nothing wrong, Gussie," he would say, softly, tenderly. "The law allows you a divorce, and—

"Never, Charles Graham—never, "I would say, "what God has joined together let not man put asunder."

"It was not one of God's marriages," he said, softly; "only those joined in heart, only those united in spirit, are one of his appointing, Gussie. Gussie, if only man's decree made you his wife, man's power may sever the bonds."

"If I am not his wife in the sight of God, what am I? No, no, Charles Graham, this is all wrong. I, the wife of one of the noblest of men, must never listen to these mad, wild words of yours, never again."

He attempted to take my hand to caress me, but I started from him as if his touch was fire.

"Never let this scene be enacted again, Charles Graham," I said. "I am a weak, sinful woman, but I cannot forget your duty and mine. Our paths diverge, go your way, and for heaven's sake, allow me to pursue mine. This life is short at best, let us not wreck our souls for the sake of a few short days of pleasure."

"Gussie, you are right," he said, after a pause. "I am wild and hot-headed. My early dream was your love; when a boy I lived only in your presence. During those years when I thought you had forgotten me, I strove to eradicate you from my heart, but when that bitter letter in Rachel Fox's dying hand reached me, all my old blind love was renewed, and yet even then I should never come to you but for your husband's departure, and the rumor that you intended obtaining a divorce. Forgive me, Gussie, I shall leave for Washington to-night, and when you see my name or hear of me, remember I am always your friend." And that was all!

"To arms! to arms!" Over the whole length and breadth of the land was echoed this war cry. Fathers husbands, brothers, left their homes, many of them never to look again upon the faces dearest to them on earth.

I was a lonely woman, and the excitement

aroused me; nurses were needed in the hospitals, and I, with neither child nor child in the world, determined to leave a home that had no charms for me, and endeavor to be of some benefit to the world before I died. I readily obtained a situation in the St. Louis hospital, and was there when the wounded were brought in from Springfield, after that long-to-be-remembered battle.

There was one man in the green uniform of a surgeon, who had been severely wounded while fulfilling his duties of mercy to friend and foe alike. "It was a shameful, craven thing," I heard the assistant surgeon say, as the physicians gathered around to examine this mangled form; but when all had retired I went to his bedside, and started back aghast at the white hair and well-remembered face before me.

"Good Heaven! you, you, my husband!"

He looked up and smiled in spite of his pain.

"Yes—and 'tis you, Gussie, my little one, God be praised.."

I threw myself upon my knees by his bedside, and twined my arms softly about his neck, while my tears fell upon his withered cheeks.

When I raised my head a cloud fell across his face, and half pushing me aside with his feeble hand, he inquired, tremulously, fearfully, as if he dreaded and yet yearned for the answer:

"Gussie, tell me, are you mine still?"

And that moment repaid me for all I had suffered, all I had endured, as I answered:

"Yours, dear doctor; what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"So you *did* love me? Ah, it is sweet to know it now—sweet to die with that consciousness, for I shall die, Gussie. This removal has been too much for me, but I shall die with a prayer for my country and for you upon my lips. Give me a kiss, Gussie; there, let me sleep."

"Ah, and such a sleep—calm, peaceful, holy,  
From which none ever wake to weep."

And as I sit here this spring morning, the cool air lifting the brown, slightly silvered locks from my brow, looking back over my past life, and forward into the future, a great calm and peace is in my heart, for I see how wisely and tenderly the Lord had led me even in my affliction.

Before me lies a card, upon which is traced a familiar name in a familiar hand, and with it a sprig of fresh, blue, early forget-me-nots. Tears fill my eyes, though they are happy tears, and I start as a well-known footstep echoes in the hall. Yet, I dare say, the girls will wonder what Colonel Graham can have to do here. I leave the hospital to-morrow for other scenes; and I add, with a tender, subdued happiness, as the bride of one who has loved me for years—MY CHARLIE!

## The Florist.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers:  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
From lowliest nook!"

### Phlox.

It has been truly said that a collection of phloxes, when properly attended to, would of themselves constitute a beautiful flower-garden. So numerous are the species, and so infinite the varieties, that a continual bloom may be kept up with a good selection from May to October. The genus is exclusively North American, and, in the South and West, is one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the prairies and woods. Among the early varieties which flower in May, is the *Phlox subulata*, or Moss Pink. Its leaf is subulate or awl-shaped; that is, narrow at the base, and becoming more or less curved to one side at the point. This pretty species displays its showy pink flowers the last of April, and in such profusion as to conceal its yellowish-green foliage, and continues in bloom for nearly a month, and is companion with the two following, and, like them, from four to six inches high. It is known by the common name of Moss Pink. It can be so rapidly increased that it may be used to advantage for edgings, but requires some care to keep it in order. There are many improved varieties of this species, viz., white, purple, large pink, lilac with a red eye, etc. In the Snow-white Phlox, the flowers are brilliant snowy white, marked with orange in the centre, on the end of the branches, in bunches from three to five, and make their appearance from the tenth to the middle of May, and continue until the first of June. If the autumn is mild, it will produce a second crop, but not in such profusion.

### The Tuberose.

The tuberose is a tender tuberous-rooted plant, with linear leaves of whitish green, and stems four or five feet high, terminating in a sparse spike of white flowers of very powerful fragrance, which display themselves in August. It is properly a greenhouse plant, but will grow and flower in warm situations in the open air, when planted about the middle of May, but succeeds better when planted in pots, in March or April, and brought forward in a hotbed or greenhouse, and planted in border the middle of June. It delights in a rich, sandy loam. The top of the tuber should be near the surface of the soil. The tubers are generally surrounded with numerous offsets. Strong-grown roots only will bloom. The double variety is the most desirable, though both are equally fragrant. The tuberose is propagated from the offsets taken off the parent tuber, and planted in a light, rich soil. As soon as the foliage is killed by the frost in autumn, the roots should be taken up, dried, and packed away in dry sand or moss till wanted in the spring, but they must be kept secure from frost.

### Primrose.

The *Primula auricula* is a florist flower of great beauty, but has received but little attention in this country; probably on account of the severity of our winter and spring months, or the great heat of summer, which is more destructive to the *auricula* than the cold. The extremes of heat and cold render its cultivation difficult.—*Primula polyanthus*. This is more hardy than the *auricula*, and succeeds well with little care, provided it can have a cool and sheltered spot, a rich and rather moist soil. They are in flower all the month of May, and some of the varieties by the middle of April. The flowers are produced on stems, eight to twelve inches high, in trusses of eight or ten flowers, or pipes, and are of various rich colors. It is easily propagated by dividing the roots after blooming.

### Vegetable Garden.

In the open air peas and potatoes are about the first crops to be attended to. Of the former, the varieties have now become so numerous, that even "new grapes" will soon have to give way in that respect. The earliest are the Prince Albert, and the "Extra Earlies." Of early potatoes, we think Fox's Seedling is the earliest, though in some localities the preference is given to the Early Walnut. Beets, the Early Six Week Turnip-rooted, is perhaps the earliest. Carrot, the Early Horn; Cucumber, the Early White Spine, or Early Cluster; Lettuce, the Silesian, or Early Curled—to cut before heading; and the Early Butter, left to head, are the first in season. Amongst the radishes, the Old Short Top and Red and White Turnip are still ahead; and in Spinach, the old Round-leaved.

### Jacob's Ladder.

Blue-flowered.—This is one of the old standard border flowers, and is known by the common name of Jacob's Ladder, from its beautiful pinnately-cleft leaves (leaflets arranged on each side of a common petiole or leaf-stem; its lively blue flowers, nodding, on the ends of the branches. There is another variety with white flowers. Each variety is worthy of a place in the flower department, being perfectly hardy, and of the most easy cultivation; flowers in June; two feet high.

### Honesty.

The *Lunaria biennis*, or Honesty, is an old-fashioned plant, flowering the second year from seed, and then dying. It produces large purple flowers, in May and June, that are succeeded by large elliptical pods, which, when dry, are rather ornamental. Lunaria is from Luna the moon, in allusion to the broad, round, silvery pods or siliques.

### The Hollyhock.

Few flowers contribute so much to the embellishment of large gardens as the hollyhock. It is a biennial plant, and therefore, to keep up a stock; seed must be sown every spring, usually in a hotbed, and there nursed till the plants are large enough to be put out in the open borders.

## The Housewife.

### Custards.

Boil a pint of milk, with lemon-peel and cinnamon; mix a pint of cream and the yolks of eggs, beaten; when the milk tastes of the seasoning, sweeten it enough for the whole; pour it into the cream, and stir it well; then give the custard a simmer till of a proper thickness; do not let it boil; stir it one way the whole time; then flavor with a large spoonful of peach-water, and two teaspoonful of brandy. If you wish your custard to be very rich, put in a quart of cream and no milk.

### Apple Custard.

Select good sweet apples, such as will cook well; pare, cut and stew them; when thoroughly done, stir them briskly till the pieces are all broken fine. Allow the apples time to cool, and thin down to the proper consistency with good milk, and bake with one crust, as you would bake a common custard, or a pumpkin pie. If a richer pie is wanted, a few eggs may be added. If the apples are totally sweet, but little sugar or other sweetening will be required. If desirable, spices may be added.

### Batter Pudding, with or without Sugar.

Beat up six eggs; put about a pint of milk in a basin; stir in by degrees about half a pound of flour; add a little salt; mix in your eggs with a gill of cream; strain it all through a very fine sieve; butter your mould; tie a cloth over the mould. Send up a sweet sauce, or melted butter, or hot currant jelly; if suet, add to your eggs some sifted sugar.

### Washington Cake.

Beat six eggs very light; add one pound of butter; a pound of sugar; a pint of rich milk or cream a little sour; a glass of wine; a powdered nutmeg; spoonful of cinnamon; and lastly, a small teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake in tins or small pans in a brisk oven, and if wrapped in a thick cloth, it will keep soft a week.

### Muffins.

To one quart of lukewarm milk put a piece of butter the size of an egg; let it melt, then add flour enough to make a thick batter; one tablespoonful of brewer's yeast; let it rise until morning, then put in five eggs well beaten, and bake in rings.

### Wounded Feet.

When a nail or pin has been run into the foot, instantly bind on a rind of salt pork, and keep quiet till the wound is well. The lockjaw is often caused by such wounds, if neglected.

### A substitute for Cream for Coffee.

Beat up a fresh egg, then pour boiling water on it gradually to prevent its curdling. It is difficult to distinguish it from rich cream.

### Lemon Syrup, for a Cough.

To a pint and a half of water, add two large poppy-heads, and two large lemons. Boil them till they are soft, press the lemons into the water, strain the liquor, and add half a drachm of saffron, and half a pound of brown sugar-candy, pounded. Boil all together till the sugar-candy is dissolved; stir the whole till you perceive it will jelly; strain it a second time, and take the seeds from the poppies.

### For a Bruise or Sprain.

Bathe the part in cold water, till you can get ready a decoction of wormwood. This is one of the best remedies for sprains and bruises. When the wormwood is fresh gathered, pound the leaves, and wet them with either water or vinegar, and bind them on the bruise; when the herb is dry, put it into cold water, then bathe the bruise and bind on the herb.

### Barley Water.

Take pearl barley, two ounces; wash it till it be freed from dust in cold water; afterwards boil it in a quart of water for a few minutes, strain off the liquor, and throw it away. Then boil it in four pints and a half of water, until it be reduced one-half.

### Stammering.

Impediments in the speech may be cured where there is no mal-formation of the organs of articulation, by perseverance for three or four months in the simple remedy of reading aloud, with the teeth closed, for at least two hours in the course of each day.

### Camphor Mixture.

Take of camphor, one drachm; rectified spirit of wine, a few drops. Rub them together. Add half an ounce of double refined sugar and one pint of boiling distilled or rain-water. When cold, strain off the liquor.

### An easy Way to clean Plate.

A flannel, and soap, and soft water, with proper rubbing, will clean plate nicely. It should be wiped dry with a good-sized piece of soft leather.

### Chalk Mixture.

Take of prepared chalk, one ounce; double refined sugar, six drachms; gum arabic, in powder, one ounce; water, two pints. Mix them together.

### How the Chinese make Tea.

The art of making tea consists in pouring the water on and off immediately, so as to get the flavor.

### Substitute for Cream.

If you have not cream for coffee, it is a very great improvement to boil your milk, and use it while hot.

### Beverage for Fevers.

Boil two drachms of powdered alum in a pint of milk, and strain. The draught is a wineglassful.



## Curious Matters.

### Singular.

Deacon Titus Smith recently died at Franklin, Penn., at about 9 A. M., and also on the same morning, at about 6 o'clock, his wife, Clarissa Smith, both in the 83d year of their age. Thus, after having lived together for more than sixty years, "lovely in their lives, they were undivided in their death." They were both born in the town of Cheshire, Conn. They had both been afflicted with paralysis for nearly four years. He was nearly speechless, and entirely helpless, for nearly the whole period. She regained her faculties in a measure, and often said that she should die first. On the evening before their death she was helped to the bedside of her husband, who was not expected to live till morning, to take her last look of him. After retiring, one of her children remarked to her that "it did not look much now as if father would outlive you." She replied, "It may be so still." She died two or three hours first.

### Fish and Ink Trick.

The following amusing trick is one of Signor Blitz's:—You bring before the spectators a glass vase full of ink. Dip a ladle into it, and pour out some of the ink upon a plate, to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with pure water, in which a couple of gold-fish are swimming. This apparent impossibility is performed as follows:—to the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle, with an opening into the bowl. In the handle is a spoonful or so of ink, which runs into the bowl when it is held downwards during the act of dipping it into the vase.

### Case of Hydrophobia.

A woman died at Newton, L. I., recently, after four days suffering, from hydrophobia. It is said that she was bitten or scratched in January last by a cat, which, it is supposed, had been bitten by a mad dog. The cat for some time acted strangely, but no particular notice was taken of it. One day she suddenly leaped upon the arm of her mistress, and held so tightly with her claws, that a neighbor, who happened to be in the house, was compelled to use considerable strength to pull the animal off. The wounds made by the cat's claws healed up, and no unpleasant consequences ensued until three or four weeks after, when a spasmodic attack began, which was declared by a physician to be clearly hydrophobic in its character.

### To make an illuminated Bottle.

By putting a piece of phosphorus, the size of a pea, into a phial, and adding boiling oil until the bottle is a third full, a luminous bottle is formed; for on taking out the cork, to admit atmospheric air, the empty space in the phial will become luminous. Whenever the stopper is taken out in the night, sufficient light will be evolved to show the hour upon a watch; and if care be taken to keep it, in general, well closed, it will preserve its illuminative power for several months.

### The Jewels of the Months.

In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is, in consequence, customary amongst friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make on birthdays reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelar stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather of the future destiny, will be realized according to the wishes expressed on the occasion.

### Curious Disease.

The Valley Star, published at Newville, Cumberland county, Pa., says that a singular disease has appeared among the cattle of William Smith, near Oakville, in that county. The disease commences on the side of the head and nose, causing the animal to rub, in some instances, until the skin is rubbed off, and the eye rubbed out. Some eight or ten hours after the disease appears the head commences to swell, and in two hours thereafter the animal is dead. It is supposed to be contagious.

### A mathematical Riddle.

The following is an ingenious riddle, which may furnish an evening's work for some of our young friends who are good at cyphering:—Three sisters go to market with eggs. The first has fifty eggs, the second has thirty, and the third ten. Each asks the same price for her eggs, sells them all and returns home, each having the same amount of money. How did they sell their eggs, and what amount of money did they receive?

### A Lilliputian Couple.

A remarkable matrimonial alliance was solemnized in this city, recently, says the Newburyport Herald. The bridegroom was 42 years of age, four feet and four inches high, and the bride 33 years of age, and three feet and eight inches in stature. General Tom Thumb should have been an invited guest.

### Curious.

There is a family living in Becket, Mass., composed of the parents and several children—and all the children but one have five fingers on each of their hands, independent of thumbs.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### WHY TEAS ARE HIGH.

An impression quite generally prevails that the present high price of tea results from the higher duties paid to the government. This is a mistake; the duties are only twenty cents per pound, and could naturally make only that difference in the price. The true cause is the great rebellion in China, which since our difficulties have commenced has been almost lost sight of. This civil war has been raging for several years, and has lately begun to affect the tea district, rendering tea culture very uncertain and hazardous. Only a few weeks since we had the report that two American missionaries, Messrs. Parker and Holmes, were murdered by the rebels. While such a state of affairs exists, it is evident that the production of tea, in common with all other branches of industry, must languish; and as there is no immediate prospect of any change, the price may be expected to go still higher. The poor quality of much of the tea now in market, is owing to the fact that the high price has called forth a great deal of musty, unsaleable stuff, for which, in the present scarcity an exorbitant price can be obtained. Many fortunes have been made within a few months, by those who were lucky enough to have on hand a large quantity of tea, which one year ago, it would hardly have been possible to have given away.

**ENLIGHTENING.**—Benjamin Franklin commenced life by making candles. He never changed his business; in youth he made light for Boston's lampless lanterns—in manhood he enlightened the world.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**—Senor Francisco Miralles, a young Chilean, claims to have discovered a process in photography to fix the images on canvass prepared for painting in oil colors, "much more perfect than on paper."

**AN OLD ONE.**—There is a veteran of the war of 1812 in New York, named Daniels, who is now in his one hundred and seventh year.

**THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.**—A husband at home in the evening.

### LIFE OF A SINGER'S DAUGHTER.

The Dowager Countess of Waldegrave has passed into another phase of her remarkable history. She is the daughter of John Braham, the noted singer. She first married John James Henry Waldegrave, an illegitimate son of the Earl of Waldegrave, who died without issue; and then she married the Earl of Waldegrave, the eldest legitimate son of the father of her former husband. This she could do because the law does not recognize the relationship which subsisted between her first and second husbands; but the second husband died without issue, and then she was married to Mr. Harcourt, the member for Oxfordshire; and now he is dead, and she is again a widow. This is not, however, all her remarkable history. The father of her first husband, wonderful to say, left all the property of the earldom—the entail having, we suppose, been cut off—to his illegitimate son, her first husband. Her husband left it to her, and she still retains it; while the late earl, who succeeded her second husband, had scarcely enough to live on, until he married a rich widow. The present earl is a minor. He is a grandson of the late earl. The father of this youth, Lord Chewton, was killed at the Crimea. The dowager countess, Braham's daughter, is of course, as everybody knows, of Jewish extraction.

**AN EDITOR'S REQUISITES.**—An editor needs not only to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove; but also to be entirely impervious to praise or blame, and regardful only of what he deems right, let who will hear and who forbear.

**INGENUOUS REPLY.**—An Irishman has always an answer for anything. A Corkonian, on being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said "he slept on his fist."

**HEALTH OF EUROPE.**—The Emperor of Austria, it is said, is so extremely weak that it is impossible for him, just at present, to get up alone (a loan).

**A BIG FIGURE.**—The cost of the railroads built in this country within twenty-five years, would pay our national debt thirteen times.

## HABIT.

The tyranny of habit is the most crushing of despotism. The chains forged by another are shaken off with comparative ease, but those fabricated by ourselves too frequently fetter our limbs as long as life continues. Hence it is of the utmost importance in early life to adopt those good habits which, becoming a second nature, render in time the discharge of our duties to ourselves and others a comparatively easy task.

A traveller in Italy relates the case of a priest, who, for the purpose of self-mortification, condemned himself to sleep for a certain period of time upon a bed of spikes, a sort of inverted harrow. For a long time the practice was what it was intended to be, the severest kind of penance; but the habit after a while became not only endurable, but indispensable—so that after his period of penance had expired, the devotee actually retained possession of his iron couch from preference. On the same principle, soldiers, who have passed many years in the field, sleeping in tents, or in the open air, have found a roof and a bed within doors intolerable, and sleep unattainable, except by a renewed resort to their old campaign habits.

Maryatt relates a strong example of the force of habit in the case of a certain chaplain in the navy, who had formerly been a lieutenant on shipboard, and who, whenever his ship came into action, could not refrain—such was the force of habit—from seizing a sword, and mingling personally in the contest, notwithstanding his clerical garb and functions. The cat metamorphosed into a woman—in the fairy tale—could not help hunting mice whenever they appeared. A footman promoted to a gentleman by an unexpected legacy, and living in great style, could never break himself of the habit of running to the door whenever he heard the bell ring. During the siege of Boston, when General Gage granted permits for females only to leave the town, a young man attempted to pass the lines disguised as a woman. The sentinel on duty doubted whether the pretended lady had the necessary permit. "Yes, I have," replied she, or rather he, "I've got it here in my *pantaloon's pocket!*"

As in trifles, so in more serious matters, the force of habit is frequently invincible. Many inebriates, though convinced of the fatality of their course of life, are yet enslaved by habit to their destruction, and it requires an iron energy, constant watchfulness and care over themselves, on the part of the reformed, to avoid relapses into their old habits. It is true that perseverance will overcome these obstacles; new modes of life become habitual, and the force of old associa-

tions will, of course, grow daily weaker and less imperative.

The vulgar and revolting practice of using profane language is, nine cases out of ten, not the result of a moral perversity, so much as a bad habit. Early vicious associations, at a period when the moral sensibility is readily overcome by novelty and the principle of imitation, plant the seeds of evil, which only the strictest moral culture of after years can wholly eradicate. The training of men is like the culture of a tree—it is easy to give to even the sturdiest trunks and branches, by beginning early, a force which they will ever afterwards retain. Branches designed to grow upwards may be made to grow downwards; limbs intended to entwine may be taught to expand—giants may be dwarfed, and the puniest plants stimulated to increase in stature. And if these changes could be effected in the vegetable kingdom, how much easier is it to change the destinies of human individuals, of an organization much more sensitive and susceptible of impression.

Good habits cannot, therefore, be too early inculcated. As the weeds of a garden grow more luxuriantly than those plants which are useful and ornamental, so do bad habits flourish more rankly and readily than sound principles and healthy practices. But as it is possible to eradicate the weeds from the most neglected gardens, so it is also possible to expel evil habits from the most obdurate natures. Bad habits, by proper discipline, can be supplanted by good ones, which will in time take root and bear abundant fruits and flowers.

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**A SMART RETORT.**—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O, doctor, you're a good butcher!"—To which the doctor rejoined, "O, yes, I'm used to sticking calves."

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**GOOD BUSINESS.**—Messrs. Chickering and Sons have recently manufactured their twenty-four thousandth piano forte. This house has been in business many years.

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**MARRIAGE.**—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

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**A HINT.**—As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Ill nature renders the prettiest face disagreeable.

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**DEEP.**—There are artesian wells in China more than a thousand feet deep.

## ABOUT EAGLES.

We never could bear the idea of shooting an eagle. It seems a species of high treason to bring from his soaring height the emblem bird of our banner—the king of the feathered tribe—the proud lord of the upper air. Yet it was only the other day we read in the paper of somebody in the vicinity shooting an eagle that had lighted on the very tree from which his grandfather shot another eagle a good many years ago. There was no charge brought against the bird of sheep-stealing to justify the charge of swan-shot that was poured into him; there was nothing said of any attempt to carry off an infant or two from the neighborhood—only there was that hereditary reputation of marksmanship at stake, and a sort of proud necessity for a bunch of eagle's plumes to grace the cap of the grandfather's grandson. The first eagle we ever saw was in Essex county, many years ago; and we remember, when he was pointed out to us, being rather disappointed because he did not carry an United States shield, an "E Pluribus Unum" ribbon in his mouth, and a claw full of thunder and lightning, just as the flags and the Fourth of July orators depicted him. We have seen eagles since, and within rifle shot, too; but the idea of cutting a single feather from the broad pens of a single specimen never occurred to us. We consider eaglicide justifiable only in self-defence, or in defence of one's property. We dislike to see an eagle in a cage; it's like the imprisonment of an American citizen. His proper place is soaring aloft in the clouds, or backing liberty on a ten-dollar piece, or helping a patriot out of a dilemma, and filling up a hiatus in an oration.

Christopher North sighed for the "Life of an Eagle written by himself!" and he goes on fancifully to describe such a life from an eagle's—that is, a "bird's eye"—point of view. "He kept himself in constant trainings—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast; paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebrides isles, and returning to dinner in Glencoe. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to an uncle on his mother's side, and returned the next day to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick by the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute."

Then Wilson goes on to describe, in his glowing prose poetry, the wooing of the royal bird, and the process of incubation, concluding: "Through all thy glens, Albin, hadst thou reason to mourn at the bursting of the shells that queen-

bird had been cherished beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the royal pair from rising to setting sun. Among the bright blooming heather they espied the tartaned shepherd, or hunter, creeping like a lizard, and from beneath the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the light he would fain see shorn of its beaks. The flocks were thinned, and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the eagle like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha, was not that a day of triumph to the star-starrers of Cruachan, when, sky hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn castle, they saw, left all to himself in sunshine, the child of the lord of Glenorchy and all its streams? Four talons in an instant were in his heart! Too late were the outcries from all the turrets; for ere the castle gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the eyrie, on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out, his rosy cheeks torn, and his brain dropping from beaks that yelled revelling within the skull! Such are a few hints for 'Some Passages in the Life of a Golden Eagle, written by Himself!' " There is poetry in the foregoing passage, coupled with a fair, sly hit at the "sensational school" of writers.

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**SILVER MINES.**—In the Knowlton mine at Lake Superior, large quantities of silver abound, and it is ascertained that in all the copper lodes of that region rich veins of silver occur with regularity. As the value of silver is one hundred times greater than copper, this discovery will give new impulse to miners in that territory.

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**A NOVELTY.**—A fire-proof and water-proof dress, stuffed with sponges sewed together, has just been invented by a Frenchman named Dervet. It will enable the wearer to enter a burning building and remain several minutes.

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**HORSE FAIR.**—At the World's Horse Fair, to be held in Chicago in September next, there will be premiums of \$1000 for running horses, \$3000 for equestrian performances by women, and others for different classes.

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**CONUNDRUM.**—Why is the year which precedes 1861 like the year which follows it? Because one is eighteen hundred and sixty, and the other is eighteen hundred and sixty too!

## CITY OF AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam is crossed and recrossed by canals in all directions—a city half water and half land—in which the canals are the streets and highways, leading towards the open sea. It is only by means of expensive and most substantial dikes and sluices, that the sea is kept back—and but for these, this city, containing upwards of two hundred thousand inhabitants, would inevitably be submerged and destroyed. Four great canals run across the city, and crossing these, are a series of other canals, converging in the harbor like the lines of a fan. Large basins occur here and there at intervals. The buildings in the best part of the city are magnificent, bearing rich and grotesque ornamental work on their fronts. The soil under these buildings is only loose sand and soft mud, and it is only by means of piles of wood driven far down through the sand into the solid stratum beneath, that a foundation has been gained. The canals by which it is everywhere intersected, and along which all heavy burdens are conveyed, are said to divide it into 90 islands, and are crossed by about 290 bridges, partly wood and partly stone. Its form is that of a crescent or half moon, the horns on either side projecting into the Y, and inclosing the port. On the land side it is surrounded by walls having 26 bastions and a wide ditch; but its ramparts have been planted with trees, and converted into public walks and boulevards; the only defence of the town consisting in the facility with which the surrounding country might be laid under water.

**LUDICROUS.**—The following curious string of puns is taken from a scarce work published in the reign of James the First. A divine, more willing to play with words than to be serious in expounding his text, spoke thus in his sermon: "This *dial* shows that we must *die all*; yet, notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *alehouses*; our *caves* are turned into *eates*; our *paradise* into a *pair o' dice*; *matrimony* into a *matter o' money*; and *marriage* into a *merry age*; our *divines* have become *dry vines*; it was not so in the days of Noah—*Ah, no!*"

**ANTHONY'S LOVE.**—Mark Anthony gave the world for a woman. Dr. Spooner says the bargain would have been a good one had the woman been good; but a bad woman is a poor bargain at any price.

**JUST THE NUMBER.**—A gentleman in St. Louis has two bushel and a half of children. His name is Peck, and he has ten boys and girls. Four pecks one bushel.

## ANECDOTE OF LORD JEFFREY.

Some forty or fifty years ago, when the late Lord Jeffrey was an advocate, he occasionally paid Dumfries a professional visit. On one occasion he was employed to defend a respected baillie of the burgh, who had, in a case with which the Incorporated Fleshers of Dumfries were concerned, spoken of them in an uncomplimentary style. They brought an action of damages against the magistrate, on the ground that he had applied to them a phrase which sounded very like the words, "a pack of swindlers." Mr. Jeffrey admitted in court that his client had used language very like what was attributed to him—language which he (the learned counsel) must allow was not quite courteous, nor yet perfectly correct. The pursuers did not carry on a traffic in pigs, but in the carcasses of sheep and cattle, and hence to say that they dealt in swine was scarcely true; but he submitted that the epithet "a pack of swine-dealers" was a very different thing from "a pack of swindlers," and he trusted the jury would see this to be the case, and honorably acquit the defendant of all intention to libel the Honorable Corporation of Fleshers. The representation of the ingenious advocate was so plausible in itself, and so cleverly pleaded, that the jury, accepting his version of the case, found that there was nothing libellous in calling butchers swine-dealers, and at once returned a verdict of acquittal.

## THE ASPECT OF NATURE.

There is something awful in the immutability of nature—in the unchanging aspect of those glittering stars, that soar, and sink, and wheel in their appointed courses forever and the same. We ascribe to them benign or baleful influences according to our moods, but beautiful as they are, they are cold and unsympathizing. They look down with equal brightness on the city of the dead and the city of the living—on the corpse and on the bride. The nearer we approach the earth, the more ephemeral are the objects that meet our eyes. The trees that stand for centuries yet have their appointed time to fall—Even the steadfast rocks crumble and decay. The life of man, the lord of all, is the briefest of all. Yet something in every bosom tells us that there is a life beyond and above all these perishing creatures—a glorious guardon reserved for man's immortal spirit.

**SAFE PHYSICIANS.**—Dumoulin, the physician, maintained at his death that he left behind him two great physicians, Regimen and Pure Water.



## Foreign Miscellany.

The dog tax in England yields a revenue to the government of a million of dollars per annum.

Musical artists who go to St. Petersburg cannot stay long on account of their lungs.

In Liverpool, England, 36,000 persons are said to live in cellars, under ground.

Cotton planting is to be extensively undertaken in Algeria.

Miss Kellogg has been engaged by Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

Tedesco has gone to Algiers. She is plump enough to please the Moors.

A son of the late Julien intends giving monster concerts after his father's style in London and Paris.

M. Blanchard, the celebrated French engraver, has been decorated by the emperor with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The memoirs and entire correspondence of Washington Irving are to be published in England, by Mr. Bentley, during the coming summer.

The Greek government is putting down its rebels and in that way it is really helping the Turks, against whose continuance in Europe all Greek insurrectionary movements are really directed.

The Emperor of France has signified his intention of giving from his privy purse a sum of 100*fr.* to each poor family which had a child born on the 16th of March, 1856, the birthday of the prince imperial.

The latest census reports state that there are in England fifty-seven suicides to every million of inhabitants; in Scotland, thirty-four; in Sweden, forty-one, and in Prussia one hundred and four.

Dr. Reed, the philanthropist, lately deceased in England, has left a sum of money to form a fund, the interest of which is to be devoted forever to buying toys as Christmas gifts to the orphan children in an asylum at Wamstead.

The cultivation of leeches is growing to be a profitable business in France. After a while leeches reproduce themselves at the rate of sixteen each per annum, which, at the prices paid, give excellent returns.

The fossil of a gigantic saurian, 120 feet long, has recently been discovered near Poligny, while digging for a railway. It is supposed to have existed near the end of the tertiary period, but one who is no philosopher thinks it is long enough to have extended through the whole period.

The last gift of Prince Albert to Queen Victoria was "Leubia," a picture painted by the artist Bouvier, who wished it to be exhibited at the International Exhibition. But the queen, in view of the circumstances of the presentation, cannot part with it even for a short time.

A writer in the London Times states that he knows of a drug called "drei," which, once brought in contact with living flesh, begins to throw out filaments which choke up the passages, and in about three weeks, causes death, while, as the filaments decompose, no trace of the poison is left.

Some fearful earthquakes have lately occurred among the Sandwich Islands.

Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) has been performing a theatrical engagement in London.

We hear of great distress among the poor, especially of the western districts of Ireland.

The amount of the annual tax of Great Britain is one hundred million of dollars!

The city of Berlin is about to build four Turner Halls, of which the cost will be about 600,000 thalers.

The Rev. W. Arthur has translated twenty of Mr. Wesley's sermons into Italian, for distribution in Italy.

The latest accounts show pretty conclusively that the great exhibition building cannot be ready at the appointed time.

A famine is raging in the Herzegovina and spreading to Bosnia, from which cause it is necessary to carry provisions from Constantinople.

At the Liverpool Police Court, lately, the witnesses and solicitor in two cases bore the ominous names of Death, Debt and Daggers.

It is hinted that the British parliament will amend the royal marriage act, so that the Prince of Wales may select a wife among the gentle maidens of England—a very sensible plan.

Since the execution of Dumollard, the infamous wholesale murderer of young girls, two hundred people in the south of France, who had the misfortune to bear his name, have applied to the tribunals for permission to change their name, which is a very common one in that region.

Smith O'Brien has challenged Sir Robert Peel to the field of honor, the last field that Sir Robert would feel at home in. He never pools for the fight, and will probably keep clear of Mr. O'Brien as he has kept of the O'Donoghues. His fighting education was entirely neglected.

A few days since in a menagerie at Lynn, England, a new lioness, valued at £200, on being introduced into the cage where the famous lion "Wallace" and a lioness were, was set upon by both, and, after a sharp fight, the new-comer was killed.

Leotard, the gymnast, has just concluded an engagement for two years certain, by which he binds himself to give eight performances a week. For this he is to receive his expenses, namely, suitable "bed and board," and the enormous sum of £500 a week, or no less than £26,000 a year.

Nesselrode, the great Russian statesman, lately deceased, was immensely wealthy. He owned a flock of 150,000 sheep, vast numbers of serfs, and entire towns and villages. His chief passion, apart from politics, was for cooking, and he invented several new dishes. He was eighty-three years old at the time of his death.

The Sacred College at Rome is composed of seventy cardinals. The Cardinal Macchi, the oldest, is in his ninety-second year, and the youngest is but forty-five years old, while ten are seventy-five and upward. Of the entire number fifty were born in Italy, nine in France, three in Spain, four in Germany, and one each in Belgium, Hungary and England.

## Record of the Times.

The wheat crop in Ohio is remarkably promising.

The price of gas in Philadelphia has been reduced to \$2 per thousand feet.

The contract price for the new Ericsson iron-clad batteries is \$400,000 each.

A "redan" is a kind of rampart in the form of an inverted V, the angle outward.

There are 150,000 children at the various public schools in the city of New York.

Harvard College library contains about 150,000 bound vols. and many thousands of pamphlets.

It is found that lemons can be profitably raised in various parts of California.

Gentlemen who attend to such matters tell us that we shall have a great fruit season, this year.

Pork, we see, is *only* fifty dollars a barrel in New Orleans. This is making it a luxury.

Two new coal mines have been discovered in Michigan, one near Lansing and the other in the vicinity of Jackson.

Foley and Kavanagh, the billiard players, are to have a match at Buffalo some time hence for \$1000 a side.

The New Haven Horse Railroad Company has declared a dividend equivalent to 8 1/2 per cent. a year.

Labor is in so little demand in San Francisco, the *Alta* says, that many common laborers stand ready to work for barely enough to keep body and soul together.

Embroidered muslins will probably be more fashionable than ever now, as the queen has taken under her protection the hitherto waning embroidery manufactures, and has given extensive orders for all sorts of ladies' apparel for herself and the princesses.

There are now sixteen prisoners under sentence of death in Pennsylvania, owing to the fashion that no governor fixes the day for the execution of any one condemned during the incumbency of his predecessors. Some have been under sentence eleven years.

Within forty years there will be several lines of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many a person now living will take the railway train in Russia, and Turkey, and go by steam through the heart of Asia to the Pacific ports of India, China and Japan.

The police of New York recently made a descent upon a gambling saloon, and were much surprised to find several gentlemen sitting round a table, while the proprietor was apparently explaining to them a passage in the Scriptures which relates to a wicked and perverse generation seeking after a sign. The police apologized and retired, for no sign or implement could they find.

There are at this time 50,000 more females than there are males in the city of New York. In 1859, there were 7335 more women than men. In 1860 the excess of females had risen to 21,053, and at this time, the drawing off of the men for the war has left the excess as above stated.

There are four hundred and seventy-two chaplains in the United States army.

The army of the United States now numbers about 700,000 men in active service!

The American lakes contain more than one half of all the fresh water in the world.

Twelve thousand United States muskets are now manufactured monthly at Springfield, Mass.

A large portion of the sugar crop of Barbadoes, we learn, has been destroyed by rats.

The demand for lumber in Maine is not lively, except for "shipping boards." The saw mills will not begin operations for two or three weeks yet. The prospects of river driving are good.

Mr. Page, of Poland, Me., has a cow which in three years has given birth to seven calves, and she now has three at her side, giving milk sufficient for their sustenance.

Concord, Mass., furnished sixty-four three months men and seventy three-years men for the war. The town expended \$640 81, and \$5000 was raised by voluntary subscription in aid of those volunteers. The population is 2246.

The people of Weymouth, Nova Scotia, have forwarded to Boston five hundred pairs of socks to be sent to the Maine troops at Ship Island, Port Royal, and elsewhere—fifty pairs to each regiment. This is indeed neighborly.

The fire companies of Saco, Me., have voted to surrender their engines and fire apparatus to the selectmen, in consequence of the inadequacy of the sum—\$750—appropriated by the town for that department.

A German, eighty-nine years of age, who had come to this country in the steamer *Bavaria*, at New York, to join his children, was met by two or three of his daughters on the steamer, and died soon after a most affectionate greeting, from overjoy.

The rage for envelopes decorated with patriotic or other embellishments seems to be subsiding. Letters travel without the protection of a flag, and portraits of distinguished personages cease to occupy the corner opposite to the physiognomy of Washington.

The islands in the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio are all named, and below the Ohio they are numbered. Island No. 1 is below Cairo, and they continue south in numerical order to No. 125, at or near Tunica Bend, in Louisiana, about 120 miles above New Orleans. From that point to its mouth the river is clear of all islands.

A man named Maxwell had his hand caught lately in a part of a leather splitting machine in Norway, Me., and his arm was fairly wound round a roller of five inches in diameter up to the shoulder. The belt which drove the machine slipped off the pulley so that the roller stopped when it touched the body.

In one respect the recent floods in California have had a beneficial effect, to wit, they have developed new mines, and in many instances formed new deposits in the gulches and river beds, long since worked out and abandoned. The *San Francisco Bulletin* thinks the total damage caused by the floods will not exceed three and a quarter millions of dollars.

## Merry-Making.

Prentice says there is no braver soul on earth than the soul of our Foote.

A city belle is like a steamboat—she has always a swell after her.

Can a watch, fitted with a second hand, be called a second-hand watch?

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

What is joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

"I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

Woman has found her true "sphere" at last; it is about twenty-seven feet round, made of hoops.

"How come are all things here below," as the swallow said, when he was perched upon the weather-cock.

The man who "kept his word" gave serious offence to Webster, who wanted it for his dictionary.

Some of the young ladies say that the times are so hard that the young men cannot pay their addresses.

They have come to solisting shoes with cedar shingles—veneering wood with a piece of poor sheepskin.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a patch of grass, is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

A strange dog is the hardest thing in the world to get acquainted with—worse even than an Englishman.

A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.

An Edinburgh paper states that an American has invented a machine which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

Sum for the boys. If a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do if it was a pound?

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is."

The sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea urn, on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

The man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has concluded to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offence.

"Pappy, I know what makes some folks call pistols, horse pistols." "Why, my son?" "Because they kick so." "Mary, put that boy to bed, he is so sharp he will cut somebody."

A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!—grele, grele, tout, grele!"

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a dear little thing.

It does not look well to hear a young man advocating the prize-ring.

Care is considered a very bad thing; and yet we are told all the time to take care!

An inebriated man can weigh nothing correctly; he is always losing his balance.

There is a man out West who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.

Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

Why is a lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot iron over a suit of clothes? Because he is pressing a suit.

A down-east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted, to go and steal fruit where a watchdog is on his guard.

Accounts from Rome announce that a new tax has been decreed on all horses and mules. None is yet announced on "bulls."

The pugilist who bets a penny on the result of his encounter, is "in for a penny, in for a pound."

One's sweetheart is always the flower of humanity; one's wife sometimes the flour of sulphur.

It makes a material difference to a lamb whether he is gathered into the fold by a shepherd or a snake.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the doughnuts remarked, when the girl was making them.

What is idleness? Working yaller mountains on a pink sub soil—or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

How to find the cab fare to any part of London—Ask the cabman how much he wants, and give him half the amount.

An architect proposes to build a Bachelor's Hall, which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

An Irish journal says: "The following bill was presented by a farrier to a gentleman in this town, 'To curing your pony that died, £1 1s.'"

A western paper asks, "Why do officers usually wear their swords in the street, while tailors never their shears, nor bricklayers their trowels?"

Naturalists tell us that "wild boars" are become extinct in the land. What a capital thing if "tame bores" were to follow the example.

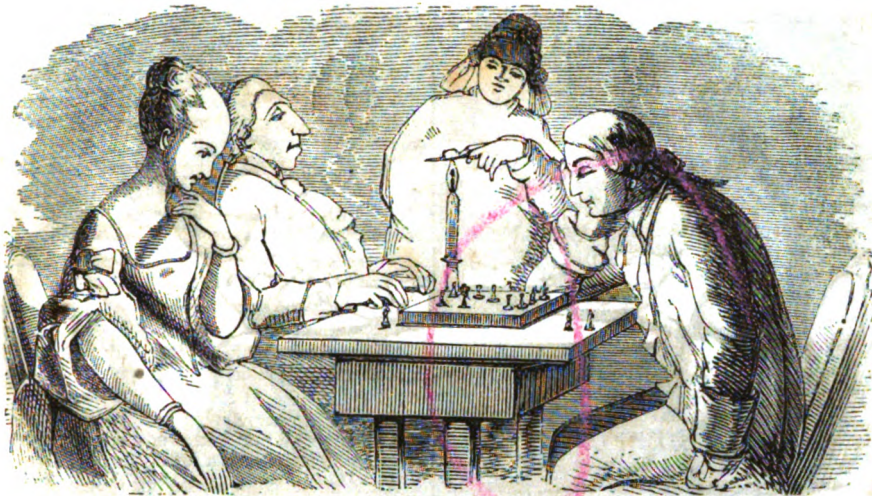
"Are you Mr. Bigg?" "Who? Bigg, that vulgar fellow? No, thank goodness, I'm Mr. Little." "Ah, I see; you are too little to be Bigg."

A bachelor the other morning remarked that wives who use the needle are like the enemy spoken of in the parable—they sow tares while the husbandmen sleep.

"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss aint always round his shop interfering with his own business."



## A PECULIAR GAME OF CHESS.



No. 1.—At Chess—Candle snuffed out



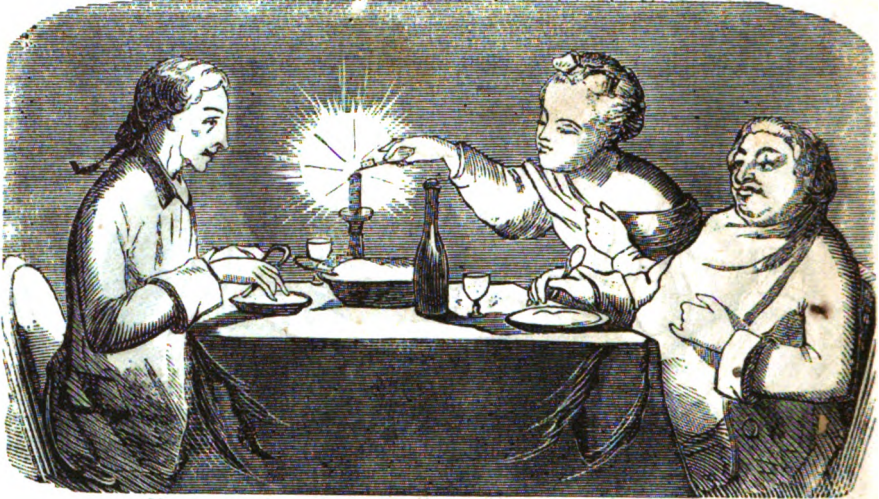
No. 2.—A dark Transaction.



No. 3.—Unaccountable Derangement.



# THE SUPPER PARTY OF THREE.



No. 1.—At Supper—full Bottle in view—Candle snuffed out.



No. 2.—A sad Leakage in the Bottle.

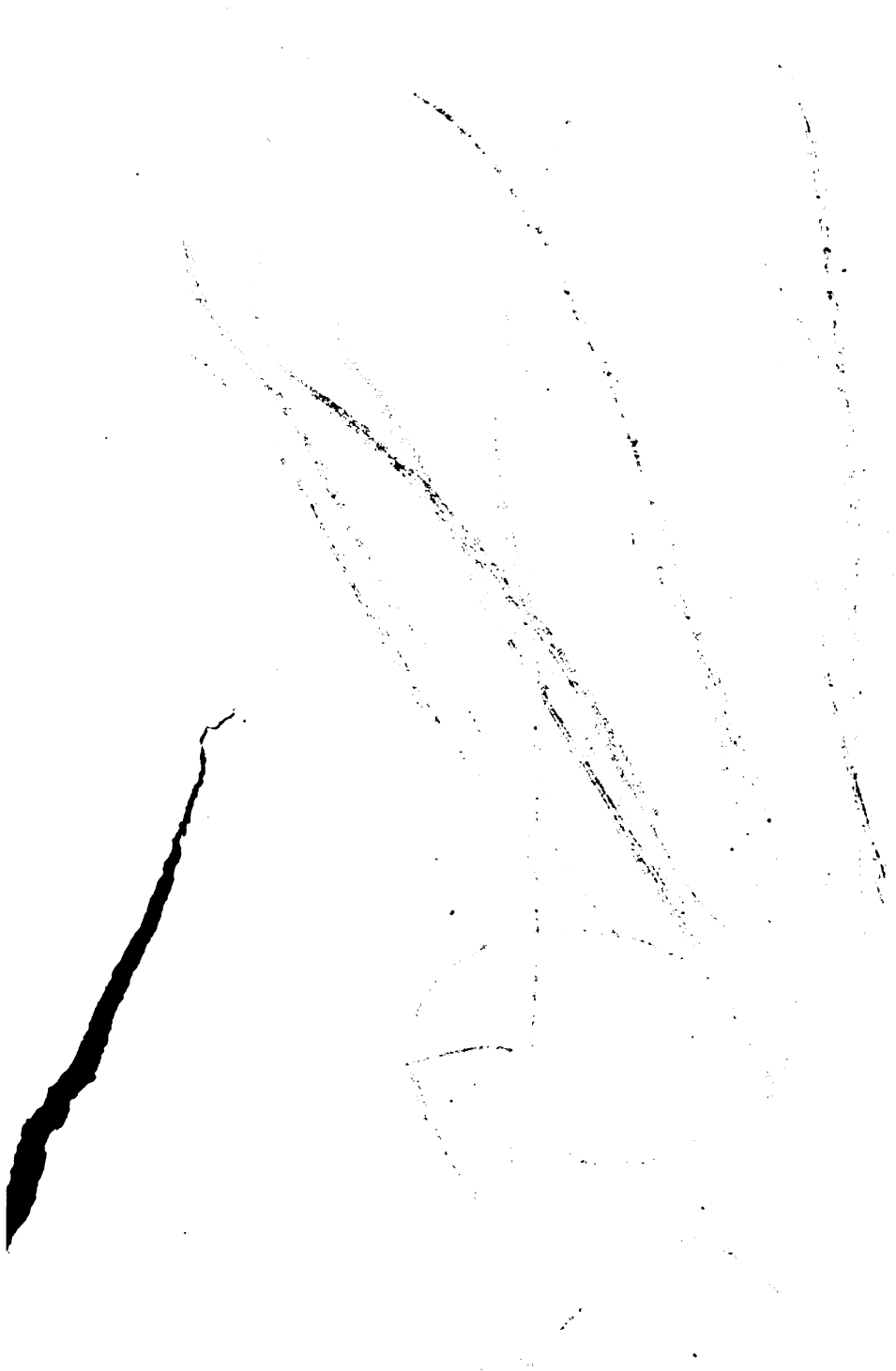


No. 3.—Results of the Leakage—Bottle Empty.









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